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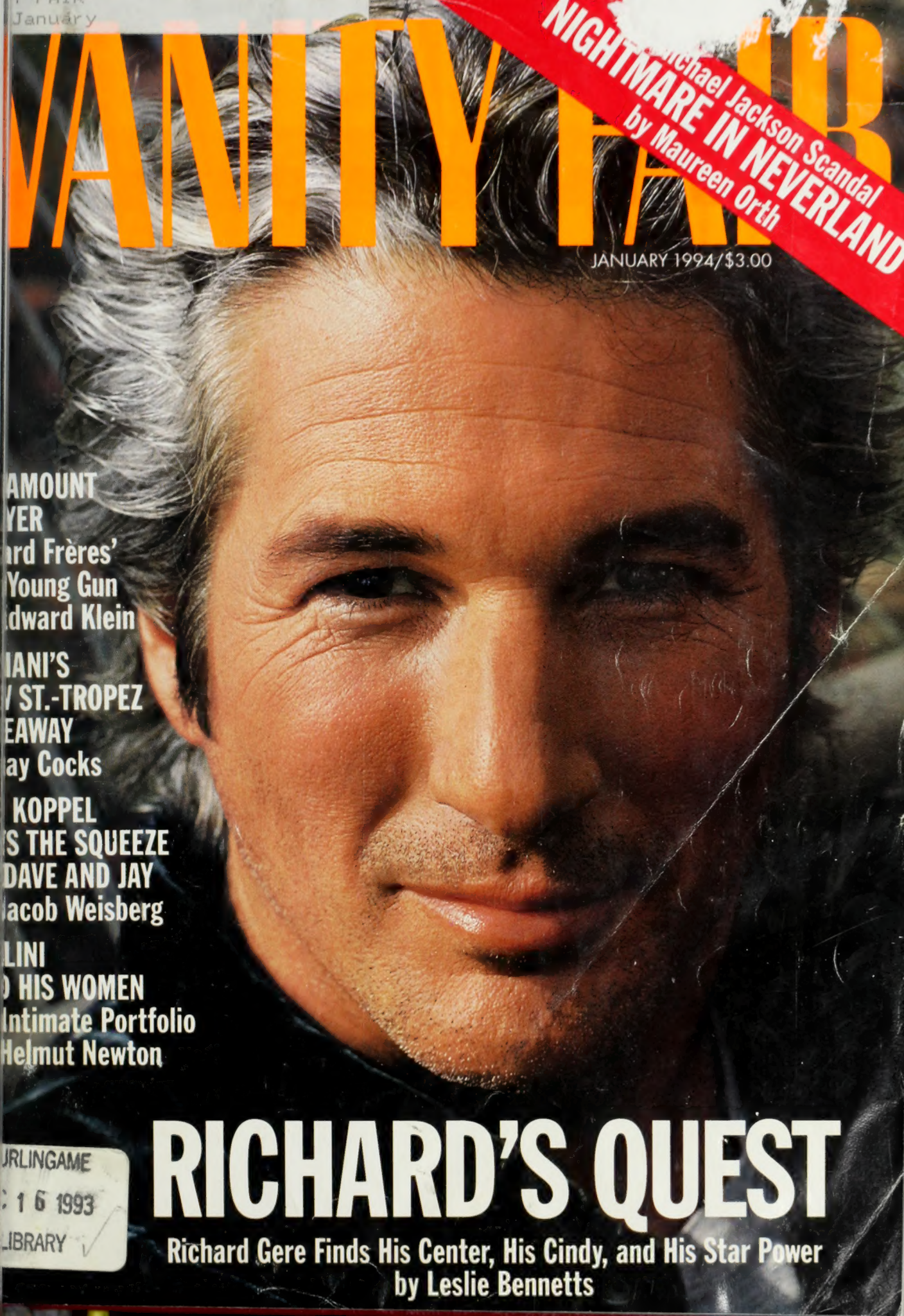
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NIGHTMARE IN NEVERLAND
by Maureen Orth

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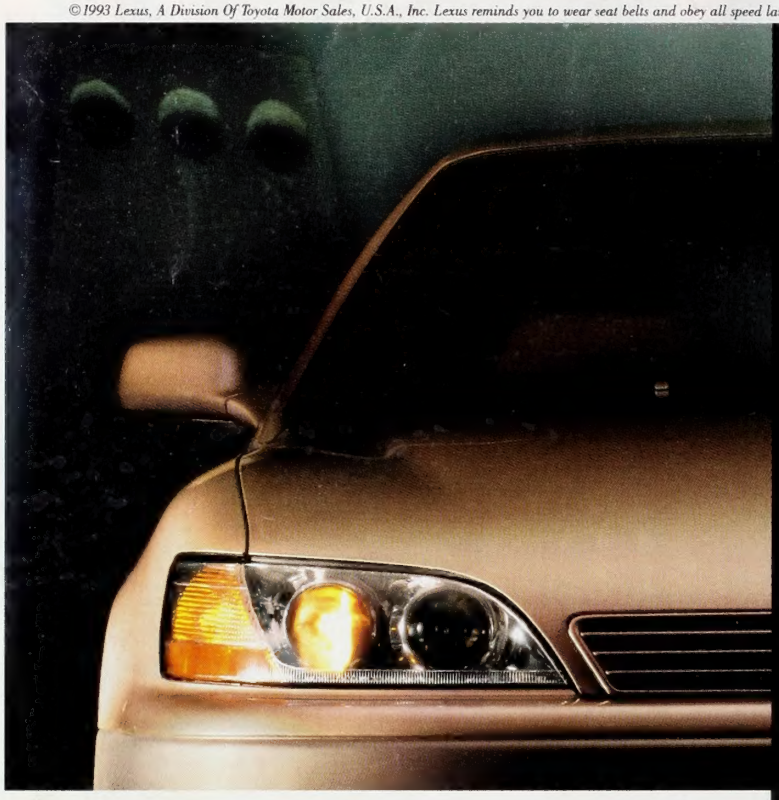


RICHARD'S QUEST

Richard Gere Finds His Center, His Cindy, and His Star Power
by Leslie Bennetts

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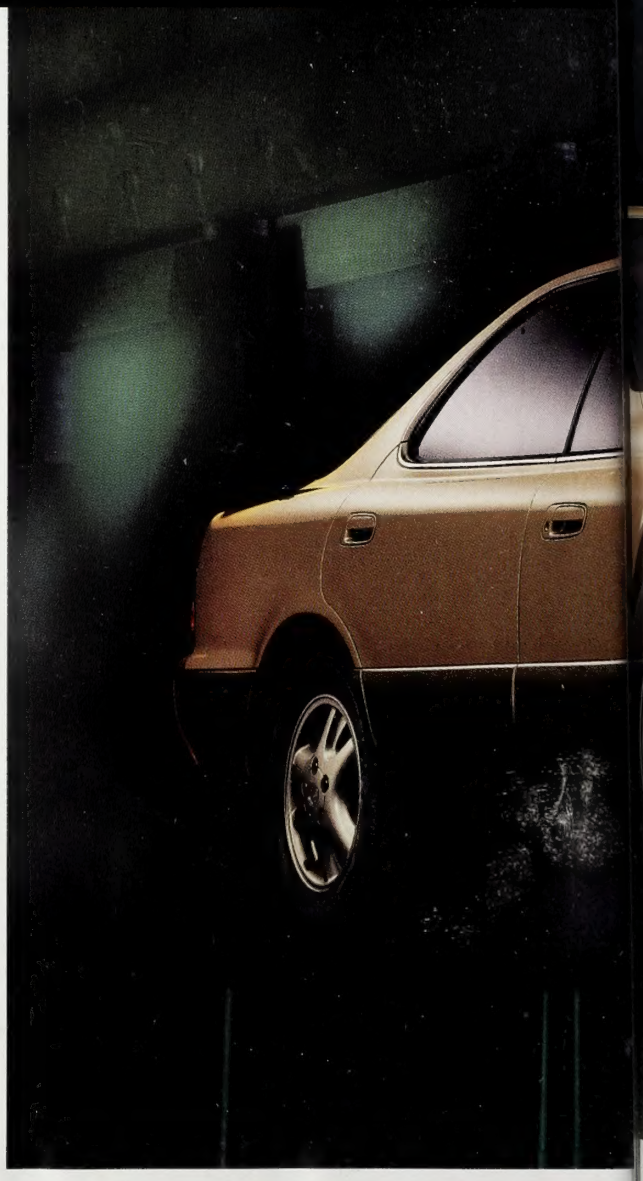


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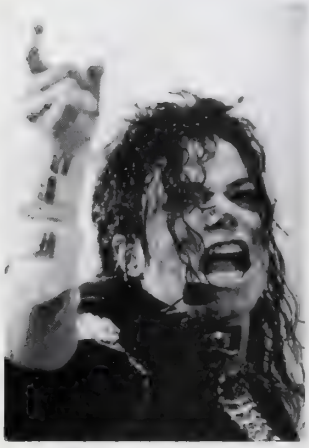
Beyond the luxury of a silky creme, its performance is substantiated: The appearance of diminished wrinkles and increased firmness for face and throat.




LANCÔME
PARIS

VANITY FAIR

Volume 57 Number 1 January 199



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Armani's escape, page 100.

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Top Gere: Once Hollywood's brooding rogue, Richard Gere has finally found personal and professional peace of mind. Though his new film is called *Intersection,* he is back on the Leading Man superhighway. And, he tells Leslie Bennetts, life is sweeter since he started sharing it with Cindy Crawford. Photographs by Herb Ritts 64

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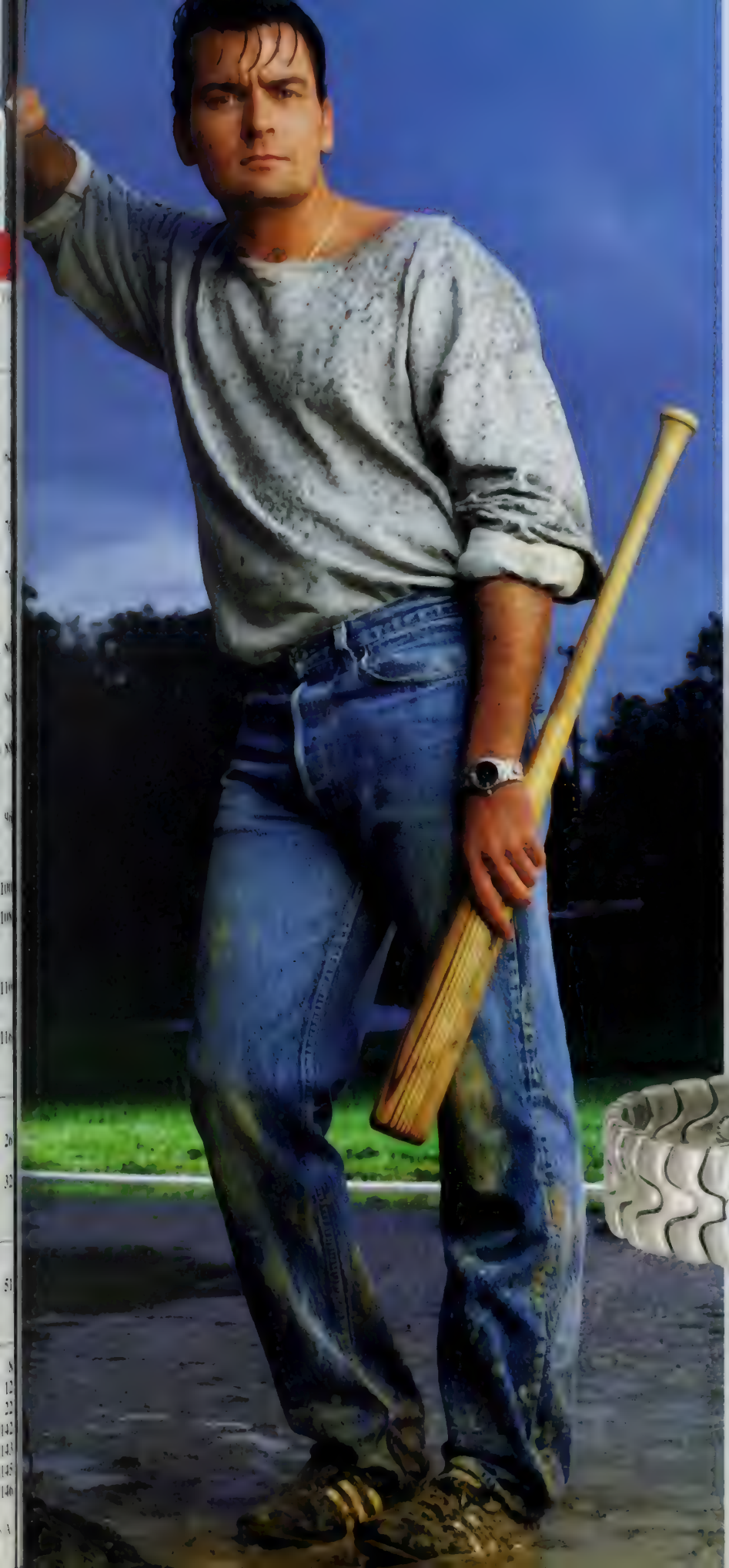
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Editor's Letter

Scandal in Hollywood



In the early 20s, Fatty Arbuckle, then one of the nation's most popular silent-film stars, was accused of sexual assault and manslaughter after an actress died from injuries received at a Hollywood party. The ensuing scandal effectively ended Arbuckle's career, and he died a decade later, shunned and broken.

Arbuckle's name has been brought up frequently during the ongoing drama of the Michael Jackson scandal. Does a fate similar to Arbuckle's await him? He is inarguably the world's top recording idol, and if the civil suit filed in Los Angeles by a young boy and his parents goes against him, his fall could be even more precipitous than Arbuckle's. The money at stake is enormous, and Jackson has a battery of lawyers and spokesmen haggling in pre-trial maneuvers, hoping that it never comes to that. It is a classic Hollywood scandal, in which rumor, money, and the tabloids combine to obscure the truth.

This month, *Vanity Fair* goes inside the two opposing camps to present the most detailed account yet of the Jackson affair. Special correspondent Maureen Orth has investigated everything from the exact nature of the allegations and the complex background of the young accuser and his parents to the eerily unique personality of Jackson himself. Orth, who cracked open the Woody Allen–Mia Farrow scandal for *Vanity Fair* and has in the past contributed controversial interviews with subjects ranging from Madonna to former British prime minister Margar Thatcher, believes this to have been one her toughest assignments. "This is an e tremely difficult story to report becau people are intimidated by Michael Jackso by the tactics of his spokespeople, and b his celebrity, his status," she says.

Her story (page 70) is nevertheless a fe of reporting, particularly in the way that reflects on the nature of Jackson's outsi celebrity, the privilege that it confers, and the unparallele opportunities for abuse that it has accorded him. The re world has suddenly intruded upon the fantasy world Jac son has built for himself in Neverland, and he is undoub edly suffering from the publicity as Arbuckle did.

Is he guilty? That is for the courts to decide, but Orth article comes closer to giving us the answer than anythin so far written, or said, about the Jackson scandal.

Whatever the result of the civil action and the polic inquiry, it is well to remember that although Fatty Arbuck le's career was ruined and his name was forever tainte with scandal, he was in the end acquitted of all the charge that caused his astounding fall.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Still Gere

ON THE COVER
Richard Gere wears a shirt by Alberto Biani and T-shirt by Calvin Klein. Hair by Max Pinnell. Grooming by Leslie Lopez. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.







HERB RITTS

Richard Gere was photographed at his home in New York's northern Westchester County for this month's cover. Pretty woman and a gentleman Gere and *V.F.*'s Marina Schian *far left*, take to the water for a pose in the pond. Gere plants one on old friend Herb Ritts, *above*, whose early photos of the actor helpe launch both their careers.


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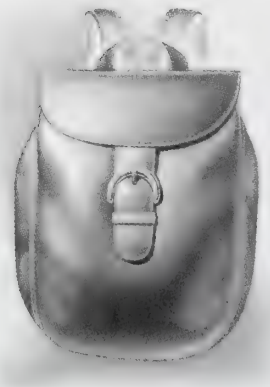
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Contributors



Maureen Orth investigated the charges surrounding Michael Jackson for her story on page 70 and says, "So many people either are afraid to talk or want to be paid to talk. The aura of Jackson's celebrity distorts all reality. The characters I ran into in the reporting of this story could not be made up in a novel."

Leslie Bennetts says of her cover subject, "Although he's been a movie star for many years, Richard Gere is refreshingly unpretentious. He doesn't take himself or his career too seriously, and he seems to have a healthy perspective on the vicissitudes of fame."

Eric Boman says of his photograph of yesteryear's supermodels, "The funny thing about this picture is that when I came to New York in '78 and started out as a fashion photographer, these were the kind of girls it was really difficult for me to get. At the time it would have made me weak at the knees to have them all together. And they're even more fabulous now. The quality that made them stars in the first place doesn't just go away."

(Continued on page 16)



Zoë Heller, who profiles Michael Crichton in this issue beginning on page 32, says, "The public perceives Crichton as sort of a Superman figure—tall, handsome, and ridiculously brainy. But in person he's rather retiring and almost dweeby—he's actually a lot more like Clark Kent."

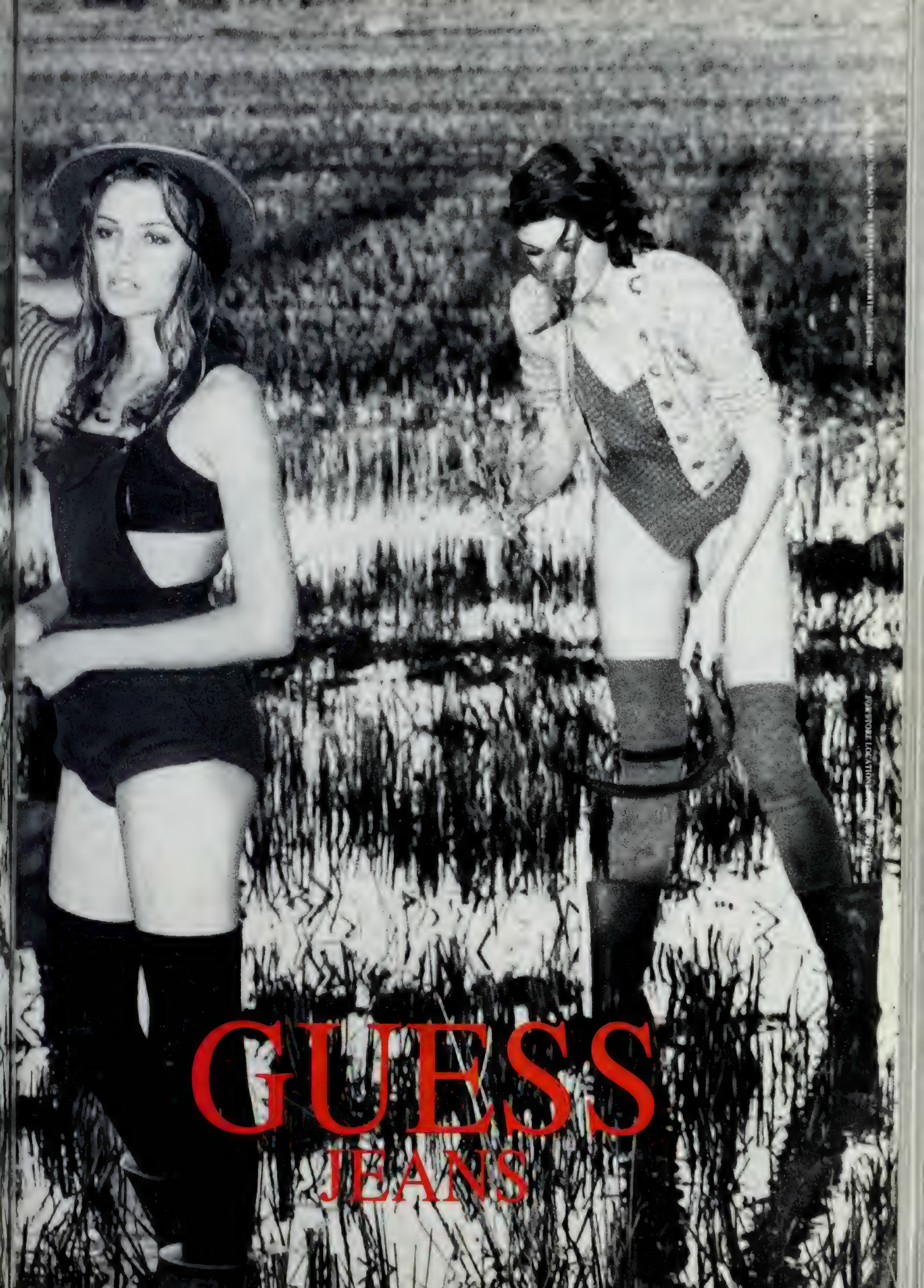
There are three indispensable items for every Finnish fishing excursion: a fishing pole, a fishing buddy, and, of course, Finlandia. (As you might guess, one of these items may be a little more essential than the other two.)



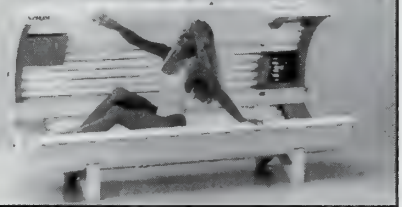


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Contributors

(Continued from page 12)


LISA GARCIA

Graham Boynton reports on Irish director Jim Sheridan's new film, beginning on page 110. He is currently writing a book for Random House about postcolonial Africa.

Jay Cocks, a contributor to *Time*, was a film reviewer there for eight years. He co-wrote, with Martin Scorsese, the screenplay for the recently released film version of *The Age of Innocence*.

Christopher Hitchens's book *For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports* is out from Verso. He lives in Washington, D.C.


TIM SHEAFFER

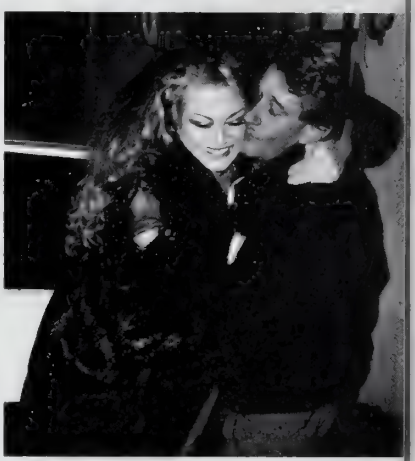
Edward Klein says of Lazard Frères banker Steven Rattner, the subject of his article on page 80, "He wrote a number of stories for me when I was the editor of The New York Times Magazine. *As an ex-journalist, he's plenty savvy about dealing with the press, which made our exchanges very lively."*

George Kalogerakis, who writes t ''Hype & Glory'' column in ''Van ties,'' is a contributor to *Vogue*.

Michael Lutin's *Childhood Risin The Astrology of Your Mother, Yo Father, and You* is just out in pape back from Dell. His latest musica *What God Says Goes!*, is playing Los Angeles and Boston this winte

Douglas McGrath, a columnist f *The New Republic*, collaborated wi Woody Allen on the screenplay Allen's next movie.

William Norwich is *Vogue*'s edito at-large.


PHILIPPE SERIEYS

Helmut Newton, above with Anita Ekberg, knew and photographe the pantheon of Fellini's divas (page 88). A selection of Newton's photographs is on view at Hamburg's Deichtorhallen exhibition h He is at work on an autobiography and a new issue of his journal, Helmut Newton's Illustrated.

Christopher Simon Sykes, the ph tographer, has recently completed tw books: *Great Houses of England a Wales* (Calmann & King), which w be out this fall in the U.K., and *Livi with Books* (Carol Southern Book Crown), on private libraries, to b published next year.

Jacob Weisberg, a senior editor *The New Republic* and a *V.F.* co tributing editor, says of his subjec ''Ted Koppel is perhaps the most vi ible and least understood personali on TV, and I wanted to find the ma behind the monitor.''



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– Victoria Glendinning, *The Times* (London)

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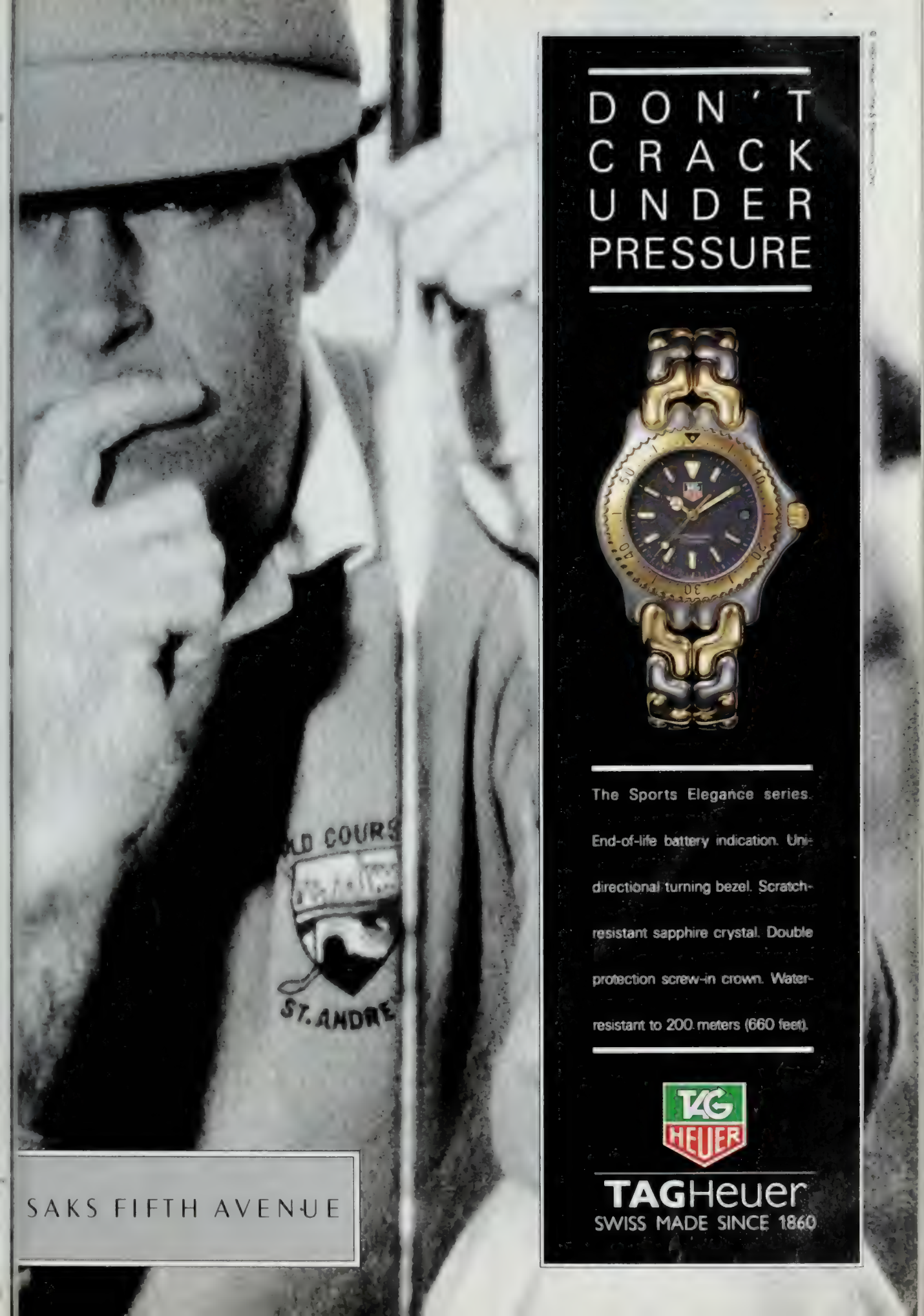
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VANITY FAIR is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,
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— Lynn Darling, *Harper's Bazaar*

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Letters



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Blood Brothers

As a victim advocate for more than 10 years, I was touched by Dominick Dunne's candor in reporting on the Menendez murder trial [''Courtroom Notebook,'' October]. The fact that Jose and Kitty Menendez's tragic, violent, and unnecessary deaths could be portrayed as anything *less* than senseless murder is appalling to me. What is truly frightening is the possibility that future brutal homicides perpetrated by greedy, uncaring individuals could be excused by self-defense theories similar to those utilized by the Menendez brothers.

ANNE SEYMOUR
Arlington, Virginia

I spent five years as vice president of corporate communications and public relations for Live Entertainment, working very closely with Jose E. Menendez, and later spearheading the company's crisis-management effort after the slaying of Jose and his wife, Kitty. I knew all four family members and was a guest in the Menendez home both prior to and following the killings. My husband served as the estate's real-estate broker.

Mr. Dunne comments that Jose was ''deeply despised by nearly everyone who worked for him.'' In contrast, I and the majority of senior management were deeply *distressed* by his violent death. In fact, for some time, many of us met at night at one another's homes in impromptu support groups. Jose was undeniably a tough executive, as are many executives at his level with whom I have worked. I'm sure that he was *not* the perfect father. Few are.

I am personally outraged—as are other former executives of Live—by certain allegations that we view as either unfounded or distorted. I particularly find distasteful Mr. Dunne's interjections of every unrelated Hollywood scandal in recent memory.

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The loss of Jose Menendez was felt both personally and professionally by a great number of people with whom I remain in contact.

VICKI D. GREENLEAF
President, Contemporary Communications
Los Angeles, California

Dominick Dunne's "Courtroom Notebook" was absolutely fascinating. I couldn't believe he actually pulled off the "follicle pastry" bit. It certainly set the tone. I think it's a first.

LUCIANNE S. GOLDBERG
New York, New York

I don't know which trial Mr. Dunne is at, but it doesn't seem to be the same trial I am watching on television. I find the testimony of both Lyle and Erik Menendez heartbreaking. Whether they are acquitted or not, these boys are scarred forever. I don't believe these were cold-blooded murderers; they were terrified children fearing for their lives. There is a saying that keeps coming to my mind when these horror stories of abuse and control are told: some people just need killing.

LISA MARIE DE NICOLA
Brooklyn, New York

Cut and Run

Surgeon James Sehn's experiences with the Bobbitt incident ["Sex, Lies, and an 8-Inch Carving Knife," by Kim Masters, November] drove home a unique point about domestic violence in America: given the opportunity, women are just as violent as men! While it is true that women report victimization by men at an alarming rate, women's sympathetic feelings and sense of being empowered by Lorena Bobbitt's savagery truly speaks volumes about where those women's heads are at. Do women realize that this misdirected enthusiasm endorses domestic violence against *them?*

PAUL EVANS
Boston, Massachusetts

On the Sly

What a way to attract attention! You sure got mine with the cover featuring Sylvester Stallone ["Sly's Body Electric," November]. Zoë Heller's article not only shows him as an intelligent individual and talented actor but also as the caring, gentle person I suspected was there (under all those beautiful muscles).

GERRI WONNACOTT
Lansing, Michigan

The cover picture of Sylvester Stallone may show a muscular body, but his effeminate face makes him a caricature of masculinity. And Zoë Heller really got to the essence of this middle-aged man when she wrote of his "rosebud of a mouth" and his "gurgling, childish giggles." What a wimp!

HAZEL O. EDWARDS
Houston, Texas

Poetry lovers everywhere should be grateful when a hunky superstar like Sylvester Stallone confesses to laboring mightily in verse. He shoots himself in the glutes, however, when he says of his oeuvre, "It's not iambic pentameter or anything. . . . It's blank verse."

Yo, Sly! Blank verse happens to *be* unrhymed iambic pentameter, a long line of 10 syllables and five accents, employed so majestically by Marlowe, Milton, and of course Shakespeare: "Some glory in their birth, some in their skill, / Some in their wealth, some in their body's force. . . "

But hey, man, don't sweat it. You probably meant that you communed with the Muse in *free verse,* which has a broad general rhythm but no fixed pattern or rhyme. That puts you in the exalted tradition of, among others, Walt Whitman. So hearken to Whitman's "Song of Myself," in which he seems to speak for so many of us: "I dote on myself. . . . there is that lot of me, and all so luscious. . . "

AL RAMRUS
Pacific Palisades, California

And Another Thing...

The term "Realtor" was used incorrectly in your August issue ["New York Diary," by Deborah Mitchell]. It must be capitalized and followed by a registered mark. This term is not generic and cannot be substituted for real-estate broker, real-estate agent, or realty agent.

LINDA BUCKLEY
Training coordinator, San Jose Real Estate Board
San Jose, California

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, Vanity Fair, *350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.*





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Elton John follows his record-breaking album The One with an unsurpassed collection of TWOs.

On Duets, Elton performs 16 songs with today's top artists, including

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Tammy Wynette	Chris Rea

and Leonard Cohen.

The album also features "True Love" with Kiki Dee and the No. 1 hit with George Michael "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me."



meat loaf
bat out of hell II: back into hell

In 1977. he made music history with an album of classic proportions.

Now, the legendary Meat Loaf returns with the long-awaited sequel.

Featuring the international smash hit "I'd Do Anything For Love (But I Won't Do That)," Bat Out Of Hell II proves that the Bat is back and better than ever.

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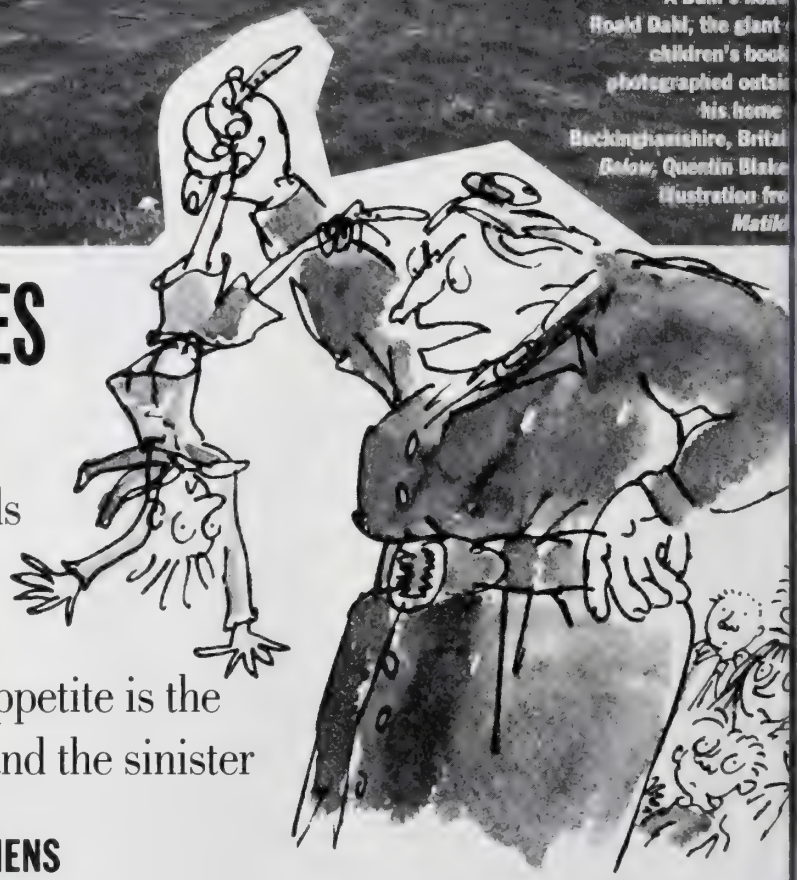
record town MUSIC & VIDEO



A Dahl's hous
Roald Dahl, the giant
children's book
photographed outsi
his home
Buckinghamshire, Britai
Below, Quentin Blake
illustration fro
Matild

THE GRIMMEST TALES

Politically correct parents can try force-feeding their kids with sugary tales, but as Roald Dahl knew, what really excites a child's appetite is the grotesque, the subversive, and the sinister



BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

A thing that you have to read, if you desire to know what's cooking in the culture, is the *Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom* of the American Library Association. It carries reports from innumerable fronts in the long guerrilla war for the hearts and minds of children. Here, for example, is a parent named Mary Arnold, from Amana, Iowa, who can know no peace until Roald Dahl is removed from the curriculum. She doesn't care for his best-selling efforts *The BFG* (Big Friendly Giant) and *The Witches:*

Arnold charged that the books were too sophisticated and did not teach moral values. She read passages to the committee that included a witch plotting to kill children, a reference to "dog droppings" and people's "bottoms" being poked or skewered.

Fat chance, lady. The word is out about bottoms and dog doo-doo, and while you may want less of it, the kids are unanimous. They want more. They also wish for more and better revolting rhymes, sinister animals, and episodes where fat children get theirs.

And the buying spree this Christmas won't be any different. As it got under way, I went and stationed myself in the children's book section of Doubleday in New York, where I kept a loitering vigil until I attracted too many glances. Young purchasers—the ideal Dahl age-group is between 7 and 11, though


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books such as *The Enormous Crocodile* and *Fantastic Mr. Fox* are for first-graders—made straight for the Dahl shelf. It was pointless, for the most part, to try to interest them in anything else. And this was not just because of the dismal worthy competition, which did include (I swear to God) prominent display of an enticing volume called *Carl Goes to Daycare*.

It was a few Christmases ago that I gave a Roald Dahl to the bright nine-year-old daughter of some friends. She actually got up and left the heaped Christmas lunch table to lie down and—this really is the *mot juste*—devour the book. I was impressed enough to start reading the stuff myself. Apart from anything else, why did this appetite so upset her parents?

Dahl, I discovered, is more than a Pied Piper. He is a genuine subversive. In his world, kids are fit to rule. They understand cruelty and unfairness and, I'm very sorry to say, are capable of relishing it. They also have a rather raunchy idea of what's funny:

> And then, a little further down
> A mass of others gather round:
> A bacon rind, some rancid lard,
> A loaf of bread gone stale and hard,
> A steak that nobody could chew,
> An oyster from an oyster stew,
> Some liverwurst so old and gray,
> One smelled it from a mile away,
> A rotten nut, a reeky pear,
> A thing the cat left on the stair.

Ah, the joys of the gross and yucky! The above is the fate of little Veruca Salt on her way down the garbage chute at Willy Wonka's chocolate factory.

Children need their own world, with secret rooms and eerie happenings. That Dahl furnishes these rooms cannot be doubted. It was well put by Teresa Root of Altoona, Wisconsin, who tried to pull *James and the Giant Peach* from a local reading list. To quote the A.L.A. report:

> The book is about a boy's adventures when he spills magic crystals onto a peach tree and is taken into another world. Root objected to the use of the word "ass" and to parts of the book that dealt with wine, tobacco, snuff and to certain other words, including a reference to a female spider that she said "can be taken two ways."

You couldn't put it much better than that if you were Dahl's own publicists. The same proof is offered in a different form by Bruno Bettelheim in his classic *The Uses of Enchantment*. Anyway, he phrased it well, if rather doggedly:

> There is a widespread refusal to let children know that the source of much that goes wrong in life is due to our very own natures—the propensity of all men for acting aggressively, asocially, selfishly, out of anger and anxiety. Instead, we want our children to believe that, inherently, all men are good. But children know that *they* are not always good; *and often, even when they are, they would prefer not to be*. [Italics mine.]

He is a genuine subversive. In his world, kids are fit to rule. They understand cruelty and unfairness and are capable of relishing it.

In his pedantic way, Bettelheim went on to make several other good points about children's relative closeness to nature and animals, and about the guilty thrill that accompanies the loss of a parent or parents. But expert as he was, he could no more have written *Danny the Champion of the World* than he could have flown to the moon. In *Danny*, Dahl introduces us to a seven-year-old boy whose mother is dead and whose father illegally keeps him out of school so that he can help in the auto-mechanic business. No wonder the child is devoted to Dad, who also shows him around some scary woodland in order to teach him how to poach pheasants. A fine example to our budding youth! By the way, when the boy does get to school he finds that the headmaster has been driven to the gin bottle by his wife, and that the most prominent of the teachers is a twitching and irrepressible sadist.

Charles Dickens, who understood something about children and who, what is more, understood something about the durability of an unhappy childhood, once wrote: "Little Red Riding Hood was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding Hood, I should have know perfect bliss." Not after the wolf had finished with her, he wouldn't. But one sees the potency of a good yucky tale nonetheless. Roald Dahl also grasped the point of Charles Dickens, who is often thought by children to be an adult's idea of a good read, and it's suggestive that in *The BFG* the child is advised to get hold of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by an author named "Dahl's Chickens."

Roald Dahl's life, which has been read by millions of children in his two memoirs, *Boy* and *Going Solo*, was full of ripe stuff. His father and an older sister both died when he was three. At school he was bullied and thrashed in fairly spectacular ways, and quite obviously never forgot the fact. (The vile teacher in *Danny* is a straight lift from *Boy*.) Having been sent to the colonies to earn a living, and having been badly injured as a wartime flier, he married and had several children of his own, with the actress Patricia Neal, to whom he famously wasn't very nice. One of these, his daughter Olivia, died of measles when she was seven. Another, her younger brother, Theo, suffered brain damage when his stroller was hit by a taxi. So Dahl knew from the outset that God and nature are not just, that parents and teachers are not to be counted on to stick by you, that Providence doesn't protect the innocent, and that not all animals are furry friends. Perfect.

I'm only guessing, but I believe that Dahl must have read the stories of "Saki" in his youth. H. H. Munro, who took this pen name from the cupbearer in *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, was a natural genius at making up absurd and sinister names. He was a snob and a bit of a Jew-hater and died heroically on the Western Front in 1916. His best-known short story, "Sredni Vashtar," is still read with shudders by parents and guardians with bad consciences. It concerns a beautiful and vicious polecat of that name, kept as a pet by an affection-starved boy named Conradin, who is only 10 years old:

> Mrs. De Ropp was Conradin's cousin and guardian, and in his eyes she represented those three-fifths of the world that are necessary and disagreeable and real: the other two-fifths, in perpetual antagonism to the foregoing, *were summed up in himself and his imagination*. [Italics mine.]

In the end, after various propitiations and incantations, "Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful" tears out the bad woman's throat and runs off to freedom. It's one of the most moral stories I have ever read.

There's nothing very mysterious about Roald Dahl's formula. It consisted, as he proudly confessed in one of the last inter-


SMIRNOFF
PURE PARTY.
SMIRNOFF

views before his death in 1990, of "conspiring with children against adults." He described it with some satisfaction as "the path to their affections." One of the reasons for adult dislike of Dahl's work is undoubtedly that of jealousy. In the mega-selling *Matilda,* for example, the parents and sibling of this precocious and put-upon pint-size heroine are coldly set down as "the father," "the mother," and "the brother." An enchanted privacy is woven by Matilda to escape these horrors, and the stuff of enchantment is great literature.

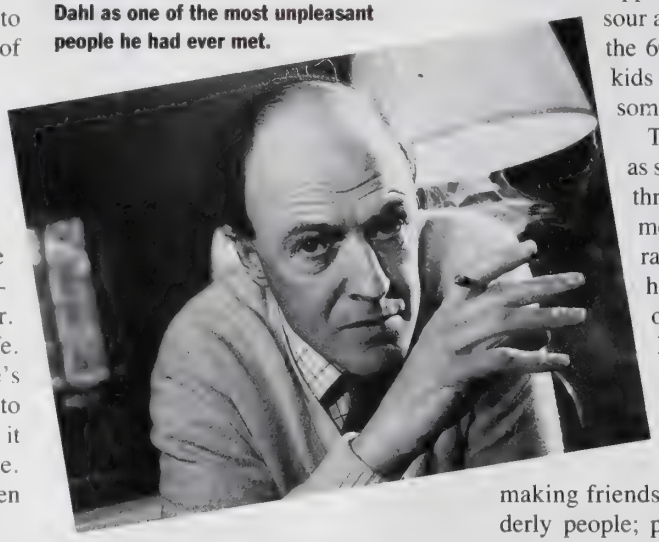
And then, of course, because it has to happen, come the forces of P.C. Having spent years decrying and deconstructing the very idea of authorship, and saying that as an individual enterprise it hardly counts at all, the same forces are now concentrating entirely on the private life of the writer. Dahl, it appears, was mean to his wife. He was explicitly anti-Semitic. He's been accused of giving dope and booze to his own kids to keep them quiet. So, is it true? *Of course* it's bloody well true. How else could Dahl have kept children enthralled and agreeably disgusted and pleasurably afraid? By being Enid Blyton?

In his memoirs Kingsley Amis, who must be rated as having a high tolerance for the politically incorrect, describes Roald Dahl as one of the most repellent people he ever met. For one thing, he arrived at a lunch party by helicopter (something, of course, that no child would ever be remotely interested in doing). For another, he scorned Amis's own, relatively low income from fiction, and urged him to try children's books because "that's where the money is today, believe me." When Amis doubted that he had the requisite sensitivity, Dahl cut him off by saying, "Never mind, the little bastards'd swallow it." Shocked? Amis was almost struck dumb. But I was charmed, as I was by Dahl's breezy dispatch of another Establishment fiction writer:

> The one thing I hate more than anything else in anyone who is successful is pomposity. It's a very easy thing to acquire—especially for men. You don't very often see pompous women. What happens to women is something else—somebody like Iris Murdoch. What would you call her? Not pompous. But there's definitely something irritating there. I saw her about six months ago on television saying it was very important children should read books and I thought: "Well, you silly old hag, why don't you write some for them?"

Having once met Dame Iris, I hugged myself when I read that. But I can't say that I exactly hugged myself when I heard Dahl on Salman Rushdie, whom he blamed for his own misfortunes, or on the Jews, of whom he said, "I am certainly anti-Israel, and I have become anti-Semitic."

Kingsley Amis described Dahl as one of the most unpleasant people he had ever met.



Dahl, it appears, was mean to his wife. He was explicitly anti-Semitic, and he is accused of giving dope and booze to his kids.

The best defense here has probably been mounted by Michael Dirda, the children's book critic, who won a Pulitzer for his efforts: Roald Dahl "remains the Evelyn Waugh of children's books—compellingly readable, deeply disturbing, outrageous, manipulative and witty." Not to mention a racist, sexist colonialist.

A torrent of gunk is about to break over the scene with the publication of Jeremy Treglown's *Roald Dahl: A Life.* Here indeed we learn about the scuzzy bits of the author, Jew-hating and all. And never fear, there is lots of gruesome stuff about the Dahl family circle. In the press, early warnings are starting to appear, as if the grown-ups were saying, with some satisfaction, "*See.* I *told* you so. I told you not to take sweets from that nasty Mr. Dahl," before going back to the routine sweep of the metal detector over the Halloween and Christmas candy.

"As a matter of fact," Treglown told me, "though Dahl loved to be shocking and nasty in his private conversation, he's actually a very intriguing figure. He started writing for children when he was in his 20s, which is an odd age to start. Then he dropped it all in favor of a rather sour adult fiction. And then in the 60s he began to write for kids again because he had some of his own."

Treglown describes Dahl as someone who was misanthropic and slightly sentimental—a near-ideal natural combination. "He was himself always in search of father figures, having lost his own father. He was also in pursuit of mother and child figures. His ideal plot involves small children making friends with middle-aged or elderly people; people above the age of the ordinary parent."

As usual, the political-correctness accusation turns out to be a snare and a delusion. "It was pointed out to Dahl that teachers were reluctant to read *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* aloud in, say, downtown L.A., because the Oompa-Loompas seemed too much like pickaninnies. So he rewrote and reissued that chapter to make them pink-faced hippies with long hair," said Treglown.

"The overwhelming bulk of the rest of so-called 'children's literature,' " wrote Bruno Bettelheim in *The Uses of Enchantment,* "attempts to entertain or to inform, or both. But most of these books are so shallow in substance that little of significance can be gained from them." He recommended the primeval drama of the folk fairy tale, with all its random seductions, imprisonments, executions, cannibalisms, and monstrosities. There is a reason Twain and Kipling and Saki go on succeeding generation after generation, even more than the ghastly Brothers Grimm, and it is the same reason that motivates the bores and schoolmarms to try to repress them. Much to the discombobulation of respectable and tedious parents, their children quite like the idea of a mysterious uncle, and, given the choice, they will always pick the wicked one. □

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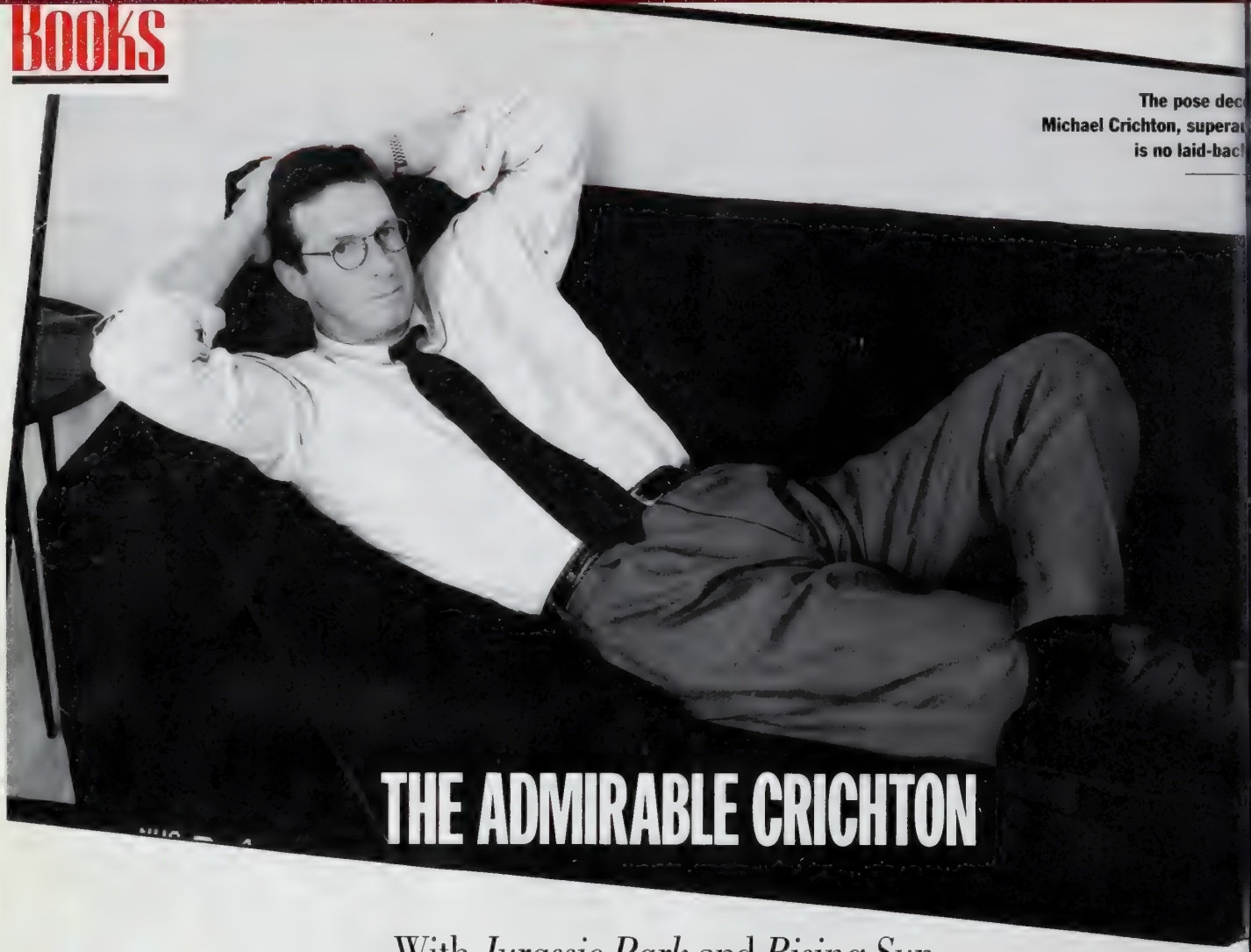
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The pose dec
Michael Crichton, superai
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THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

With *Jurassic Park* and *Rising Sun*, Michael Crichton proved that a novelist can make news. Now the man with the golden pen has another page-turner, *Disclosure*, about another explosive issue: sexual harassment

BY ZOË HELLER

When Michael Crichton, author of *Jurassic Park* and *Rising Sun*, turned 50 last year, one of his friends gave him a hand-drawn birthday card depicting 50 of his favorite things. In the Santa Monica bungalow where Crichton writes his best-selling books and where I have come to meet him, the birthday card, now framed, hangs amid a selection of Jasper Johns prints on the living-room wall.

Many of the items on its list are unremarkable. It is nice to know that Crichton likes Theater, Blondes, his wife (the actress Anne-Marie Martin), his daughter (four-year-old Taylor), Aspen, Film, Computers, Harvard, and Good Wine—but not, in the end, particularly surprising. More interesting are the abstract nouns that have been included: Balance, Clarity, Brevity, Vision, Global Thinking, Strategy, Direction, Elegance, Excellence, Beauty.

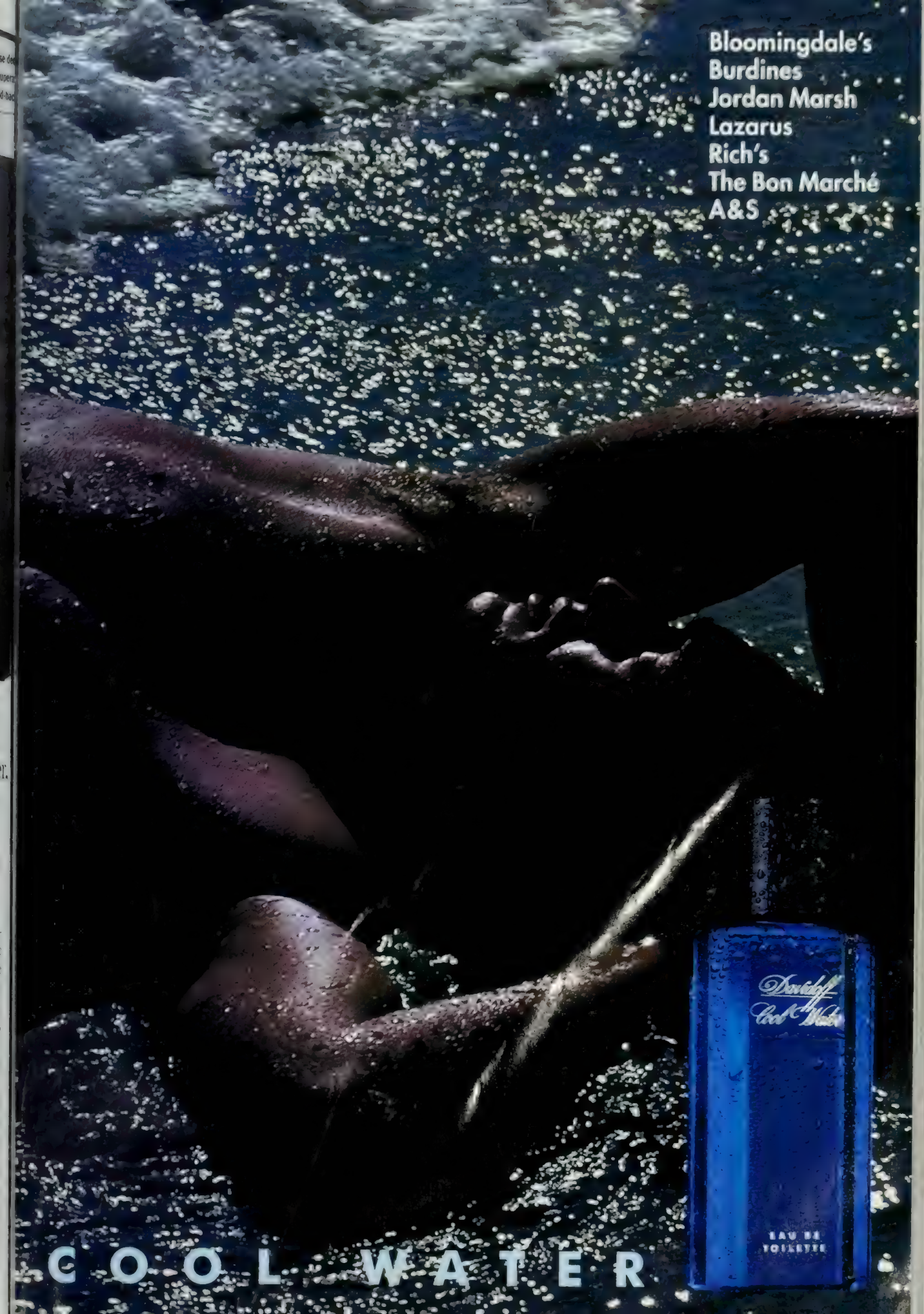
I am wondering if there isn't something a little icy and Nietzschean about a man who counts brevity and global thinking among his 50 favorite things when Crichton, who was taking a phone call when his secretary let me in, arrives in the living room to greet me. He is vertiginously tall—six feet nine, to be exact—and has to stoop to make it through the doorway.

"So, you like blondes?" I ask chattily as we settle down in our chairs and he crosses his great spaghetti legs.

He pauses for a long time before answering—so long, in fact, that I have started to say something else by the time he finally speaks. "Three of my four wives have been blonde," he says. "Make of that what you will." He digs into a bowl of cereal—something grainy and healthful-looking—and offers me a cool smile.

Crichton has the supercalm, detached manner and the propensity to curt, slightly gnomic utterance that you often find in shrinks. He observes you like a shrink, too—quietly nodding as you start babbling to fill in his silences. Even his editor at Knopf, Sonny Mehta—a man with quite a reputation of his own for formidable taciturnity—admits

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


Bloomingdale's
Burdines
Jordan Marsh
Lazarus
Rich's
The Bon Marché
A&S
Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE TOILETTE
COOL WATER

to finding Crichton's self-containment a little awesome. "Michael doesn't talk much," he says. "He just acts."

This can be daunting—especially at eight in the morning. Santa Monica is only beginning to wake up: it will be another three hours, at least, before the girls with Rollerblades and bored expressions begin whizzing up and down the beach walkways. The cabdrivers waiting outside the hotels are still slumped over their wheels. The roads are dead calm. But here, on a pretty residential street just north of Wilshire Boulevard, the laconic superauthor has been up for hours.

Today, he explains, since he's not working on a novel, he is taking things pretty easy. In the first stages of a book, he drives here, from his rather grander residence two miles away, at six in the morning. As the book proceeds, he will get up earlier and earlier. "It's five, then it's four, then it's three," he says. "Eventually, I'm going to bed at 10 and getting up at 2."

He knows, because he has a computer program that keeps track of it, exactly what his work rate is. "I am not in any way a natural writer. I find writing difficult and I am always looking for ways to do it quicker. I write in very short bursts—10 or 15 minutes. Sometimes, I can write a page an hour. On a good day I can write five pages. The average is four pages. I can do a first draft in 40 days."

For the duration of that draft, he lives the life of an eremite. He works seven days a week and cuts out all leisure activity apart from jogging and some time spent with his wife and daughter. In an effort to reduce unfocused variety, he contrives to eat exactly the same thing for lunch every day.

"When Michael is working," his wife, Anne-Marie, says, "he works *hard*. Toward the end of a book, it's like I'm living with a body and Michael is somewhere else. Then, when the book's finished, Michael comes back."

Lesser mortals can find Crichton's rigor hard to take. Mike Backes, his cowriter on the screenplay for *Rising Sun*, describes the minimalist environment that Crichton has developed to enhance his writing efficiency. "External distractions are practically nonexistent," he says. "Every *paper clip* is organized." Adapting to such working methods was, he adds, like "trying to leap onto the wing of a passing Concorde." Despite the steely discipline, Crichton's friend writer Joan Didion says she is amazed at the idea of Crichton's being considered aloof or Howard Hughesian. "He's just in another place," she says. "He is shy and there is a great natural reserve about Michael, but it is not actual weirdness. He is one of the smartest people I know."

Using this intelligence, Crichton has produced some of the most lucrative prose in literary history. *Jurassic Park*, first published in 1991 and currently in its 66th edition, has now sold more than nine million copies. *Rising Sun* has sold more than six million. Since June 1992, sales of Michael Crichton books have reached 30 million in the United States alone. Worldwide we're talking McDonald's figures. The number of Crichton books in print has now passed the 100 million mark.

Lynn Nesbit, Crichton's agent for some 25 years, refuses to reveal how these sales translate as royalty statements, or what kind of advance her client will command now that he is about to negotiate a new book contract with Knopf. Doubleday's David Gernert, who edits John Grisham, Crichton's biggest rival on the best-seller lists, says the advance will certainly be seven figures, "possibly eight, depending on how many books it's for. Crichton has yet to go over the million mark in sales of hardbacks, but *Disclosure* may be the one to do it."

Just how many good fairies were in attendance at Crichton's birth? And what were they on—amphetamines?

You can also get a sense of Crichton's earning power from the movie deals he has made in recent years. Together, the film versions of *Jurassic Park* and *Rising Sun* earned Crichton around $3 million. The deal he made with Warner Bros. in June, for his latest novel, *Disclosure*, a novel about sexual harassment, to be published in January, is worth $3.5 million. Long before he had completed the manuscript, the rumor that Crichton was writing a novel about gender politics was sufficient to make Hollywood's studio executives mad with desire. Bob Bookman of CAA, who conducted the auction for the film rights, said he had never received so many calls about a book. The $3.5 million figure was, at the time Crichton signed the deal, the highest that had ever been paid for film rights on a book. (A couple of weeks later, not wishing to be outdone in extravagant gestures, Universal paid John Grisham $3.75 million for a book he hadn't yet written.)

Crichton shrugs and shifts uncomfortably in his chair when the subject of money is raised. He truly isn't much interested, he says. "I think it's true what John Kenneth Galbraith says—that there's a very great difference between not enough money and enough. And very little difference between enough money and more than enough. When I was a student I was always on a tight budget. I wanted to be able to go to a restaurant and order without looking at the prices on the menu. That was what signified 'enough.' But I also saw how people developed a very expensive existence and then had to work to maintain their lifestyle. I made a sort of pact to myself that I could always go back to a one-bedroom apartment. I always wanted to work because the work interested me and not because I needed the money."

He admits that he may have welshed on this pact with himself. He says that despite his phenomenal earnings in recent years he would only be able to go at most 18 months without working before his standard of living began to suffer. "And I'm concerned that I'm getting used to having money!" Nonetheless, he is adamant that *Disclosure* was not written with an eye to what would make the best-seller list.

His story of a female boss who sexually harasses her male employee advances a generally skeptical view of attempts to render corporate life an offense-free zone. It also argues against any "special protection" for women. Like *Jurassic Park* and *Rising Sun*, it seems destined to spark a national furor. "To say anything on this subject," Crichton comments a little wearily, "is to be controversial. To say anything." But the lure of Mammon, he says, did not motivate his choice of subject. "I don't have any sense of the commercial marketplace. I feel that when you start to think, Will this sell?, that's death. As soon as you allow those considerations into your thought, then you're lost, you know?"

I glance at him to check whether he is saying this for real or just being cute. But he looks perfectly earnest. Cuteness doesn't *(Continued on page 43)*


FOR ALL THOSE WHO HAVE A FAMILY
BUT AREN'T READY TO SETTLE DOWN.

For all those who continue to be a kid, even when they have one.

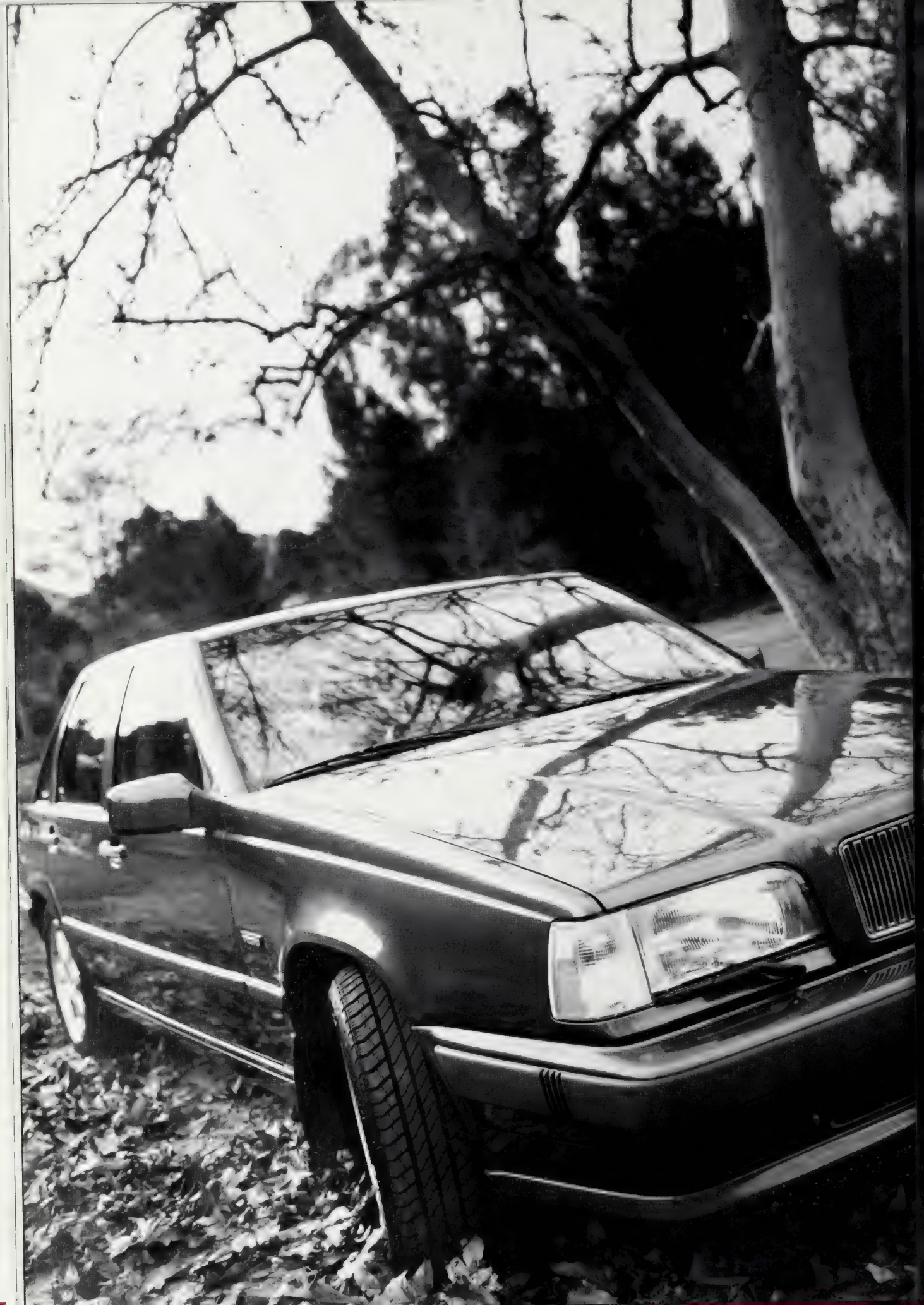
For all those who have their feet on the ground, but find a lot of neat things to do there.

For all those for whom childbirth is the continuation of an adventure, not the end.

For all those whose kids tell them to turn down the radio.

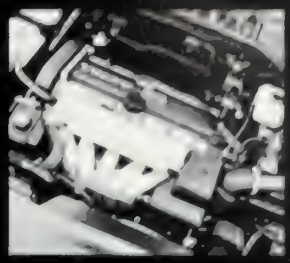
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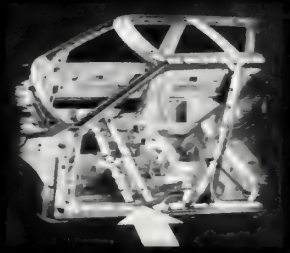
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(Continued from page 34) figure large
n Crichton's conversation.

"People do imagine cynicism in me," he observes. "I don't know why. I'm the least cynical person I know. I'm clearly often culpable of the charge of naïveté. But I'm not cynical. Cynicism is cheap."

There are several reasons people might want to impute cynicism to Michael Crichton—not least of all envy. The gods are famously unfair in allocating gifts among mortals, but we like to believe that their decisions follow some system, however crude. Great beauties, we observe, are rarely blessed with great brains. And, conversely, towering intellects don't often come in gorgeous packages. By such generalizations are we reassured that a sort of rough justice does, after all, prevail. But Crichton messes everything up.

The knowledge that a man with an uncanny knack for writing best-sellers is also handsome (he was recently voted by *People* magazine one of "The 50 Most Beautiful People in the World"), tall enough to be a basketball champion, and ludicrously fit (he looks 20 years younger than his age) is enough to make some people feel a little queasy. That he is also academically brilliant represents what is generally known as the last straw. Just how many good fairies were in attendance at Crichton's birth, people ask. And what were they on—amphetamines?

Crichton's curriculum vitae makes for wide-eyed reading. After graduating summa cum laude from Harvard (with a thesis on ancient Egyptian racial history) he was a visiting lecturer in anthropology at Cambridge University at the age of 23. He trained as a doctor at Harvard Medical School and paid his way by writing thrillers—at first under a pseudonym and then under his real name. By the time he qualified to practice medicine, he had already written a best-seller—*The Andromeda Strain*—and sold it to Hollywood. He then pursued postgraduate studies at the Salk Institute in California for a year, before he decided that he was "too imaginative" for medicine, and took up writing full-time instead.

It gets worse. Aside from having written 13 novels, each of which displays an intimate knowledge of a different, specialist subject—Viking warriors, primatology, neurobiology, biophysics, international economics, genetics—Crichton has directed seven movies (including *Coma, The Great Train Robbery,* and *Westworld*). He is a computer expert who wrote one of the first books about information technology. He has designed a computer game called Amazon. He is a committed collector of modern art and the author of a learned study of Jasper Johns. He is a fine cook—his preferred cuisines are Italian and Indian. He has also built his own rocket and flown it to the moon . . . no—just kidding.



Michael Crichton at the premiere of *Jurassic Park* with his wife, Anne-Marie Martin. "Three of my four wives have been blonde," he says. "Make of that what you will."

"People do imagine cynicism in me," Crichton observes. "I don't know why. I'm the least cynical person I know."

"I feel very blessed, very lucky," he says of his polymathic achievements. "But if you push me, I don't know what luck is." He massages his face thoughtfully, leaving large white fingerprints on his pink-brown skin. "I think . . . my perception still is that accomplishment is a consequence of effort." (Crichton often talks this way—picking up his interlocutor's ragged sentences, tidying up the ideas a little, and then submitting a careful, superrational response.)

Insofar as he will acknowledge the concept of luck, good or otherwise, he thinks he is probably lucky to have had parents who encouraged his intellectual development. He grew up in Roslyn on Long Island in New York State, the eldest of four children. His relationship with his father, an executive editor of *Advertising Age,* was not a happy one. (In *Travels,* his book of autobiographical essays, Crichton describes his father as "a first-rate son of a bitch." His immediate response to his father's sudden death at the age of 57 was, he writes, " 'Yeah? Fuck him.' . . . That pretty much summed up my feelings.") Nonetheless, he credits both his father and mother with giving him a very useful belief in his own abilities.

"My parents," he explains, "were very inclined not to set limits on the exploration of their children. They were always saying, 'You can do that.' So I never had the feeling there was some area that I was incompetent in. I mean, computer programming—why not? If it's something to learn, I can learn it. I didn't have that sense of 'I'm not good at that' or 'I can't do that.' " He pauses for a moment to consider. "Well, there were a few areas where I did feel that, rightly or wrongly."

"Oh? What were they?" I ask. (The question comes a little too eagerly.)

"Well, I think I have bad balance, so all things that require balance—like skiing—I feel I'm not good at." Not much of an Achilles' heel, but, hey, it will have to do.

Crichton's continual mastery of new subjects and ideas can boggle even those who know him well. "A while back, I heard he'd given a lecture on hotel design," Sonny Mehta says. "I was somewhat surprised, so I asked him about it. He said, sure, he'd become interested in the subject while he was doing research into controlled environments for one of his books."

And it is this autodidactic impulse, rather than any longing for the big time, that has really shaped and driven Crichton's career, his friends say. "His books all emerge organically from his own interests," Bob Gottlieb, his former editor at Knopf, says. "That's what makes

them different from everybody else's. They stem from his intellectual curiosity, from Michael becoming interested in a certain subject and wanting to figure it out."

To the extent that his intellectual curiosity has often interrupted the steady production of novels, it has probably *impeded* his commercial success, Gottlieb goes on to say.

"Michael's books have been successful for a very long time, but one of the reasons why he had to wait for the kind of success he's having now is that he's moved in so many directions. Most best-selling careers have a rhythm to them—a book a year, say—but Michael has always pursued whatever he's interested in and been ready to leave writing to do other things."

In the Hollywood context, all of this helps to make Crichton a little bit of an oddball. "We prefer crappy, dive restaurants to expensive French places," his wife says. "We're both homebodies. We don't feel good going to Hollywood parties—we find it's just anxiety-provoking, so we stay away."

Crichton's retiring ways have sometimes been interpreted not just as eccentric but as cold or standoffish. "There is this idea about Michael—that he is just locked within his mind as far as emotions go," Mike Backes says. "It's really not true. He can be a little buttoned-down with people he doesn't know very well . . . but he has a lot of emotional accessibility." Henry Aronson, an old friend of Crichton's from Harvard, believes that Crichton, for all his *Wunderkind* credentials, is a profoundly *shy* man. "Shy people are often perceived as being clipped or arrogant," he says, "and certainly you would never employ Michael to work a crowd for you. He's not good at that stuff at all. But the idea that he is cold or whatever is completely wrong. He is a wondrous gem of a resource as a friend. He's just very private."

The point is driven home on my second stopover at his bungalow office. We had agreed that today we would visit his house, but overnight he had second thoughts and decided that he doesn't feel comfortable letting me into his home. Instead, he takes me over there in his Land Rover and allows me to look at its exterior. The house, which appears to have two stories (Crichton's office will not confirm this), was built in the 1920s and is now painted a pretty, cornflower blue. It seems a rather modest place for a mega-selling writer to shack up. It has no pool. The front drive is filled with Mexican workmen who are in the midst of an elaborate project to shore up the house's foundations and keep the hillside in back from sliding down. "That's where all the dinosaur money has gone," Crichton sighs. "It's been spent on holding back the hills."

The workmen begin to stare at us with curiosity. They are wondering, no doubt, why their boss is lurking in a car outside his own house, with a strange female. Crichton is perfectly friendly about this rather bizarre outing and clearly doesn't want to be obstructive. ("Do you want to drive by one more time?" he asks.) But he is firm. He isn't going to relent and let me inside. I feel vaguely foolish driving up and down the road, rubbernecking at a housefront, so I put him out of his misery and we leave.

"Michael has to guard his privacy very carefully," Anne-Marie tells me later when I comment on her husband's reticence. "All the publicity and attention has made it much more difficult for him to just be a mole in his room, and that's what Michael likes to do best." Even when the attention takes the form of extravagant approbation, Crichton is apparently unmoved. Appearing in the *People*-magazine list of "The 50 Most Beautiful" struck him as ludicrous, and he aims for a similar indifference to the critical attention he receives. "I am reminded," he says, "of that famous comment made by Tommy Lasorda, the manager of the Dodgers. 'Opinions are like assholes. Everyone's got one.' " But some opinions clearly have the power to get him riled. "I don't like being attacked," he admits. Thus, while he claims he is resigned to being placed at the bottom end of the literary caste system—to having his books dismissed as airport reading—he is clearly maddened by what he sees as a critical bias in favor of highfalutin obfuscation.

"I think the obligation is to keep your audience awake and interested. Even as a student, I hated Henry James."

"Listen, I have absolutely no difficulty being obscure. I don't think it's difficult to write prose where you have to read it 10 times and by the end you're still saying, 'What the hell is he talking about?' But I think there is some obligation to keep your audience awake and interested. Even as a student, I hated Henry James. I hated it. Every time I read one, it was like, Why? No! What is this? No! I mean, Jane Austen—of course, please. But it was absolutely obvious to me that a lot of Henry James was incredibly badly written. It looks like a first draft! I have always been drawn to people whose reputation is less secure. I like Poe and Conan Doyle and Louis Stevenson."

Even his biggest fans are inclined to admit that Crichton is not a great stylist. "He's not *interested* in literary style," Lynn Nesbit says. "That's not what he's after. He's interested in educating people." But Crichton contends that he *is* actually rather interested in matters of style. "It seems to me that I spend a tremendous amount of time working on the prose and engaged in some intricate juggling act about what I'm going to say in a way that's comprehensible to someone else."

The commonplace complaint that his novels are entirely "plot-driven"—that his characters are mere ciphers—also bugs him. It springs, he says, from a misunderstanding of what he is trying to do. The first epigraph to his 1972 novel, *The Terminal Man,* is a quotation from the English scientist J. B. S. Haldane: "I have come to the conclusion that my subjective account of my own motivation is largely mythical on almost all occasions. I don't know why I do things."

Crichton believes that *none* of us really knows why we do things. (After years of being in therapy, he has concluded that it is mostly tosh: "The superego," he says, "does not have the validity of Newton's law of gravitation. Bring me someone's superego—cut a brain open and hand it to me. It's not there! It's all baloney, all late-19th-century Viennese wank.") And if we don't know why we do things, it is not, he believes, the novelist's job to make guesses.

"So all you can plausibly point to as an author is your characters' behavior?"

"Yes. That's absolutely right. Be-

ause everything else is supposition . . . I think the people of the 21st centu y will look back at us the way we ook back at people who believed in the our humors. They'll laugh and say, Those were the days when human be ngs thought you could explain why peo le did something. They thought they new why people acted as they did.' "

Crichton's real interest as a novelist s in Big Ideas. Increasingly, his novels ave come to function as the mere wrap ing paper for political or philosophical rguments. Lynn Nesbit calls them "is sue books." The reviews they receive reat them accordingly—dissecting their heories in much the same way that a treatise or extbook might be dissected. This was particularly true of *Rising Sun*, a book which was widely taken to task for advancing racist ideas about the Japanese and which has served to establish Crichton, in certain quarters, as a dyed-in-the-wool reactionary. Crichton insists that his political opinions are not so easy to categorize. He has great admiration for Ross Perot. ("There's no market research with Perot," he says. "He's just saying what he thinks is right. Everybody else is a manipulator of opinion polls or whatever the political context is that they can manipulate. . . . I feel that the country needs a person of conviction.") But he is, he claims, a "liberal" on most social issues.



In addition to the lucrative literature, Michael Crichton has directed seven movies. He is seen here on the set of *Coma*.

Adapting to Crichton's work methods is like "trying to leap onto the wing of a passing Concorde."

"I guess I'm a social liberal and a fiscal conservative—a combination that tends to produce some areas of conflict!" he says. "I mean, I was at a thing for Al Gore the other night and a very well-known Hollywood person came up to me. He said, 'What are you doing here? You're not a liberal!' "

"What did you say?"

"I said what is true—I said, 'I don't vote the straight ticket on anything.' He says, 'Well, you're contrary.' I said, 'I'm not contrary!' If you notice, the people who really look at the world and draw their own conclusions, they tend to adopt positions which don't follow any easily defined alignment."

But Crichton knows very well that in the publishing niche he occupies nonaligned political positions tend to get traduced. When the first reviews of *Rising Sun* appeared, he had already begun work on *Disclosure*, but he was so discouraged by the reactions that he temporarily ground to a halt. "I couldn't proceed for several months. I thought there was a possibility of such a strong response to this book that, emotionally, I wasn't sure I'd be able to do it." He now seems pretty much steeled for the inevitable onslaught.

As one reads *Disclosure*, it is quite easy to anticipate the form the onslaught will take. As with *Rising Sun*, the book's plot and dramatis personae, particularly when conveyed in broad strokes, are easily seen as serving a reactionary viewpoint: an extremely unsympathetic female protagonist makes a lurid sexual advance toward her male deputy (who is also a former boyfriend). When she is rebuffed, she claims that he has sexually harassed *her*. The male in question is given the option of leaving his job with a handsome payoff, but instead of going quietly he decides to fight back. His honorable struggle to preserve his career and good name sheds light on the double standards and knee-jerk hypocrisies that have come to characterize the feminist cause.

However much complicating nuance Crichton adds to this basic scheme, one might argue that the fundamental opposition of good man versus bitch-woman is what really takes root in the reader's consciousness. Crichton's fury that his "subtle" arguments about Japanese trade policy in *Rising Sun* were interpreted as "Yellow Peril"–style racism did not take into account the way in which mass entertainment tends to be consumed—the way it registers in the popular imagination. He is perhaps guilty of a similar naïveté concerning *Disclosure*. The book contains a far more complicated argument than any simple "anti-feminist" label would suggest, he says. It is an attempt to explore some of the problems, both ideological and practical, that often get overlooked in the debate about sexual harassment. "All these areas, it seems to me, are characterized by extremes that are black and white. Whether we're talking about rape or about sexual harassment, there is some category of behavior that everyone agrees is illegal and inappropriate. And there are some categories of behavior that everyone would agree are not illegal, but simply part of the wear and tear of daily life. And then, in the middle, there is a gray area where people differ. What's happened is we're attempting to find our way in this gray area."

By making the book's exemplary harasser a woman, Crichton says, he aimed to illustrate that abuse of power is not a male monopoly. The view of sexual harassment as an exclusively women's issue is predicated, he says, on a belief in special treatment for women which is profoundly anti-egalitarian. The feminist movement has, he claims, developed an unhealthy attachment to the cult of victimhood.

"People in this country now perceive great power in the strategy of terming themselves victims. I think it's a very bad deal to define yourself as a victim—a very bad strategy for women. I'm not in any way opposed to feminism as it was initially defined in this country. My view is that feminism has been phenomenally important and, in broad strokes, a very successful movement. But every movement enters a crisis when its initial goals start to be attained, and it is at that point that the pedants enter—that you begin to get foolish elaborations. It's like the politicians who lived through the

Cold War. The Berlin Wall comes down, Russia collapses—but they can't give up the Cold War. They're still talking in exactly the same old terms, and you can see them becoming fixed in some anachronistic posture."

His view of feminism, as having achieved pretty much everything it set out to achieve, is perhaps a little premature, I suggest. Most of its triumphs have, after all, not been felt outside the ranks of the white upper-middle class.

"Absolutely," Crichton says. "No question about it—but that's the group I'm talking about. If you want to talk about blacks and Hispanics, then you're talking about something that, I'm sorry to say, feminism in this country has never addressed. And nobody knows it better than black women. They often say to the feminists, 'I'm not with you—my mother worked for your mother.' "

But even if you define feminism as an exclusively white, middle-class movement, it still seems a little hasty to assume that its most important work has been done. There are lots of women even among the privileged group that Crichton describes who still encounter problems in combining family and career. There are lots of men who still have problems dealing with powerful women. I remind Crichton of an essay in *Travels* in which he describes the unpleasant experience of being "treated as a sex object" by a 28-year-old Los Angeleno career girl called "Andrea."

"I lay there in bed, feeling worse and worse, while she got dressed," he writes of the postcoital scene, "and pretty soon she waved goodbye and then I heard the door slam . . . and I thought, *I feel used.*"

Crichton says he doesn't have a particular problem with aggressive women. "I don't find aggressive behavior more unattractive in women. I just don't like it, whoever is being pushy." And there are plenty of men, he says, who feel very happy playing second fiddle to a female. "I know plenty of men who are, in essence, kept by their wives," he says. "Plenty! And they're quite content to be more home-focused, to earn less. It's just a question of picking the right mate!"

Crichton knows a lot about picking a mate. Although the problems he has experienced have not been those that average guys encounter in their search for a partner. Many of the women he has dated in the past proved to be too beautiful and too famous for comfort, he says. "You were always dealing with the attention that followed them at all times and it was just very hard to have a normal relationship."

At other times, his girlfriends found *him* too beautiful and famous for comfort.

"Even though you keep out of the spotlight for most of the time?"

"Yes, I was aware that they would go off into whatever their world was and people would say to them, 'Oh, you're going out with Michael Crichton. Blah, blah, blah,' and it would be made into something in their minds and I couldn't control that. Everyone has their stories—what they've heard, their points of view. This is a town that just parboils itself in gossip. I got very irritable about it, and there was a period when I decided that if I was seeing a woman and she came back to me and said, I've been talking to so-and-so-and-so and they say you're hostile to women or you live only in your head, I would stop seeing her."

That was a bit harsh.

"It was harsh, but I got annoyed about it. It's very important for me in an intimate relationship to be seen . . . seen for what I am. There is a fantasy about me—there is speculation about who and what I am—but there's an actual person, and I want the relationship to be about the actual person."

He had his aura "fluffed"; he traveled back to his past life as a gladiator; he went to the desert and enjoyed very moving conversations with a cactus.

Even applying this vetting rule, Crichton has still managed to make a lot of mistakes. ("Haven't you ever heard of pre-marital sex?" Steve Martin once asked him.) But Crichton says getting married so often was surprisingly easy to do. "I'd fall in love and my notion of love relates to family and making a unit. I always thought it was better to do that married—that's what made me comfortable. I surely didn't marry everybody I met or even everybody I lived with. But as a general statement, what happened to the marriages was that we found ourselves in disagreement about goals. In one case, she wanted to start a family and I didn't. In another, I wanted to start a family and she didn't. These are very major gulfs. It's very difficult to bridge it when you really start to have diversions of that kind."

Throughout his first three marriages he believes, he was an unhappy, confused person, "fumbling around" for a way to handle life. Occasionally, he would sense a sort of contentment in older friends like Jasper Johns or Sean Connery, but he had no notion of how to acquire it for himself. In particular, Connery, whom he directed in *The Great Train Robbery* in the late 70s and for whom he subsequently created the role of John Connor in *Rising Sun*, provided a puzzling source of inspiration. "Sean would sit there, and I would think, He has figured something out. What has he figured out? I didn't know—I just knew he had his hands on something. . . . It took me a long time to understand the general shape of the issue, which is that at some point in your life you say, 'O.K., now what? Why? What for? Write another book? Why? How about another marriage? What for?' You know, you want to know, what are you doing?"

In search of answers, Crichton spent several years in the 80s traveling in remote areas of the world and trying out some of the more unconventional routes to enlightenment. He visited psychics, he had his aura "fluffed," he bent spoons, he traveled back to his past life as a gladiator in ancient Rome, he went to the desert and enjoyed very moving conversations with a cactus.

And, strangely enough, all of this nonsense seems to have proved helpful. Crichton came out the other end of the decade feeling a lot better. What made the crucial difference? What was the epiphany?

"Everything was helpful," he says.

"But not one thing in particular? Like talking to the cactus, say?"

"No, it isn't a one-thing thing. I mean, if you could get this into a store, if you could bottle it, there would be a run on it."

Pressed to divulge a little more, Crichton eventually elaborates. What has provided him with fulfillment turns out to be a suspiciously conventional-sounding set of precepts. "It's paradoxical, but diminished expectations seem to make for more happiness," he says. "You don't expect to eat birthday cake every night. And, actually, in the peri-

of your life when you did eat birthday cake every night, were sick. It's not actually very rewarding to eat birthcake like that.''

iminished expectations! It sounds like one of those T-shirt ans: ''I traveled back to a past life as a Roman gladiator all I came back with were these lousy reduced expecta-s.'' Crichton waxes stern.

Sean [Connery] once said something to me that I've never otten. He said, 'Discipline is always worthwhile.' That's olutely right. But this is a society that thinks discipline is drones or for people who don't know any better.''

richton's journeys of discovery have earned him the in-e admiration of his agent. ''Michael,'' Lynn Nesbit i, ''has gone through real periods of depression in his —we're not talking about Mr. Narcissist here. But he's of the few men I know who've really devoted time to king about their interior life. He has really tried to make nges.''

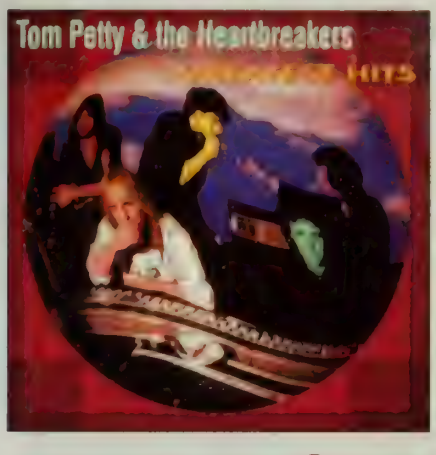
nd this readiness to make changes is what has finally en-d the success of his fourth marriage, Crichton believes. the past, I really did have the belief that if something was ng in my relationships it was because the woman was ng. Because how could I be wrong? I was perfect! And at e point it became clear to me that that simply couldn't be . And I was having one of my on-again, off-again relation-s with Anne-Marie and I just decided, you know, I really t this relationship and I'm going to do whatever it takes to e it work. What's it going to take to make it work? Well, 've got to change. O.K., I'll change.''

Anne-Marie he has found, he says, his perfect mate. ometimes when I talk to my wife, I'm aware of what a rare on she is. She's very beautiful, very athletic, very funny, very smart. That combination is rare. I can really talk to in a way that is natural to me and she understands it. She t always saying, 'What're you talking about? Why did you that?' She sort of gets it.'' She is also tough, he says. ''I m, I know I'm no day at the beach, but she's tough. She's gh in all ways. She's physically tough, she's mentally gh, she's a pain in the neck, and she's great, you w?'' Crucially, she never came home and reported ru-s about him during their courtship. ''She heard all the ies,'' Crichton says, referring to the usual remarks about aloofness and emotional coldness, ''but she never ever ntioned them. It was years later when she looked at me said, 'Oh, God, you have no idea what people used to to me about you.' ''

Not only has Crichton now found the right relationship but, so many men of his generation, he has also discovered the s of late fatherhood. Driving me back to my hotel, he points a miniature tiara lying on the floor of his Land Rover. hat,'' he says adoringly, ''is part of Taylor's Princess Jas-e outfit.'' I look blank. ''*You* know,'' he says, ''from *ddin*.'' Family life has now superseded professional ambi-in his priorities, he says, and at last, after many years of fusion, he has entered a ''happy time.''

'You know, the first therapist I ever saw,'' he says, ''was a y distinguished senior person. I was young and my life was lisarray. He said to me, 'I look forward to every day. I get eager to see what the day will bring.' And I thought, I 't. How do you get to do that? I get up bored. Or fearful. angry. Or hungover. But I don't get up excited. I'm just of dragging myself through it all.'' Crichton smiles a owing, Zen smile. Things change. ''Now,'' he says, ''when t up in the morning, I feel excited, too.''

for anyone who cares about american rock — from where it's been to where it's going



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"The Waiting"
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Vanities



Patra's Side

Jamaican dance-hall music has its first international queen of the genre, and her name is Patra. The voluptuous 20-year-old, who has the bearing of a mocha-tinted four-star general, is strutting her pum-pum shorts into raga-rap consciousness with an aptly titled debut CD, *Queen of the Pack* (Epic), and a smash video, "Think (About It)," which is in heavy rotation on music channels. Armed with a thick patois and tressed up in her trademark Medusa coils, Patra can come across as, well, domineering: "I'm a dangerous black woman," she says. "I do what I have to do." And so, what, if anything, does love have to do with it? "I'm very single. I haven't made love in a while," she says. "My music is my man right now." *Patra*fying! —GEORGE WAYNE

Photograph by NAOMI KALTMAN

Vanities

Hype & Glory

By GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Help Wanted: 365-Day Period in World History Needs Reviewing—Many Tragicomic Elements, incl. Life/Death, Civ. War, Job Loss/Gain, Etc....

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ILLINOIS COUPLE, south-of-the-border-bound for nine days of sun! and fun!, seek sitter for two daughters, ages nine and four. On second thought, forget it.

ATTENTION, TERRORISTS

★

Seeking confederates to assist in hush-hush plot to blow up World Trade Center on Friday, February 26, 1993, at about 12:18 in the afternoon. Interested parties should assemble at Ryder truck rental at least two hours ahead of time. Note: Participating terrorists should arrange for their own transportation back to N.J. following explosion, as van will be left behind in the W.T.C. garage with bomb.

Call 555-1111.

Call only from pay phone: secrecy paramount.

★OPPORTUNITY★

INVITING APPLICANTS for position of attorney general of the United States. Must be intelligent, accomplished, female. Past instances of noncompliance with federal laws prohibiting employment of undocumented aliens as household workers no obstacle! Box 202.

FEISTY MILLIONAIRESS ballclub owner, recently suspended, seeks private instructor in Cincinnati area for intensive "multicultural training." Objectives: getting me back into baseball; finding out what the hell I'm supposed to call those people anyway. Box 131.

OPENING . . . AT THE TOP. Position as greatest basketball player ever is available. Contact the N.B.A. NEW LISTING.

FACTORY CLEARANCE. Everyone should have a Warhol—or two! For info on our *low* prices, call 555-1515.

ATTENTION !!!

FLAKY, UNPREDICTABLE ANCHOR seeks comely newsreader to share adventures in TV journalism. We'll sit side by side, looking vaguely uncomfortable; sometimes we'll talk. And don't worry: if they make us do that fuzz-and-wuzz, cop-shop stuff, I'll be the one crouching in the Balkan thicket in a safari jacket, elaborately ducking the sound of distant bullets for the viewers at home. Box 2222.

ARTIST'S MODELS NEEDED for cover of very famous and very well-respected weekly. Black-female/Hasidic-male applicants only. No nudity, some necking. Historic opportunity to build cultural bridges/reap publicity windfall. Box 43.

THIS COULD BE YOUR LUCKY Self-satisfied windbag ...lizing in

EMPLOYMENT SOUGHT

FORMER UNDERWEAR PITCH BOY, newly unemployed but familiar to magazine thumbers and regular users of surface transit, seeks new career. Can carry a tune and grab genitals on command. Box 1112.

Will do anything. Literally anything. Contact R. Clinton.

HAIRSTYLIST will make house calls, tarmac calls—whatever. Comfortable working surrounded by Secret Service agents. Cristophe, Box 310.

REAL ESTATE—PROFESSIONAL

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE, D.C. AREA. Large director's office—"Emperor's Suite"—in the J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building. Occupancy: February.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE, D.C. AREA. Large director's office—"Emperor's Suite"—in the J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building. Occupancy: April.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE, D.C. AREA. Large director's office—"Emperor's Suite"—in the J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building. Occupancy: July.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE, D.C. AREA. Large director's office—"Emperor's Suite"—in the J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building. Occupancy: August. Really.

FAMOUS OUTER-BOROUGH BALLPARK, dripping with history, may become available if unspeakable club owner moves team. Vacancy not for several years, though bids being accepted now. Box 161.

...v seek new situa-...on, preferably in an august congressional setting.

SCORES OF BUSINESSES, vicinity of famous outer-borough ballpark dripping with history, may become available if unspeakable club owner moves team. Box 165.

REAL ESTATE—RESIDENTIAL

Let's swap houses next autumn. We'll visit Bavaria; you'll enjoy sunny, tourist-friendly Florida. No scary drive in from the airport, either—our house is right near runway #1. Box 1124.

★PRIME★

GREATER WACO. Land for sale. Historic locale. Only slightly charred. Box 525.

MERCHANDISE WANTED

LOOKING TO BUY ANY RECORDINGS OF "THE LONELIEST MONK." I think it's a jazz group. Or maybe a jazz guy? Well, at any rate you can play the saxophone to it. Contact Tabitha S.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

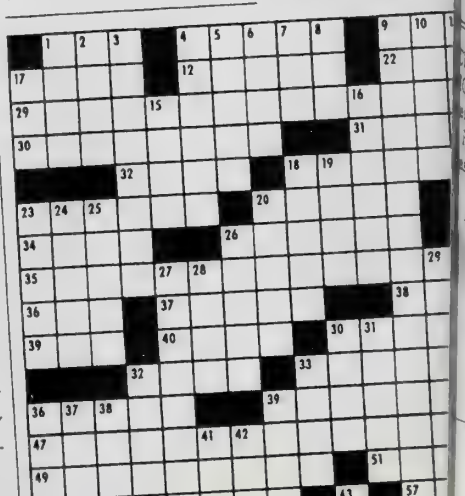
MISSING: Vice President Gor... Last seen on talk-show circu... Come home, Al. That top-list wasn't *that* funny.

MEMORIAL SERVICE. Yugo... via. Send no flowers, send ... help.

SUPPORT GROUP FORM... for underappreciated ...perstars. Did the presider... your record label walk o... the middle of one of your ... certs? Did you star in a m... and never receive the cus... ary Mercedes of grat... from the studio? We will e... thize. Contact Primadon...

ANSWER TO PRE...

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PERSONALS

WE'RE ON THE AIR—and you're not. Love from Dave, Jay, Arsenio, Conan.
♡♡♡♡

SIR BRENT? Or—hey—or is it Sir Scowcroft? Retirement thing here in Houston—peachy. But congrats on the knighthood thing that I read about in the paper, or only read partly about, thanks to Millie. Got to it first. The dog—the paper. Chewed. Anyway, congrats from your prez—I mean ex, ex, ex, ex. G.H.W.B.

?MASAKO-SAN, I will protect you for my entire life. Crown Prince N.♡

net M.: See you in court. Jefy M.

rey M.: Just what do you n you'll "see me in that troom and turn it into a of sex, women, and fun"? M.

R NAME IS BARBRA. me from completely dif- worlds. We collided. w the Zen master be- e shaved chest. DOU- ULTER.

INTRODUCED US. It front of the Magic You: prepubescent. of Pop. Let's be cray-

: You are the least I've ever known!!!

EMENT OF FAM- ON. Full and half- sident Clinton. Razorback Stadi- s. Box 536. Re-

BUY/SELL/TRADE

ELECTIONS BOUGHT & SOLD—Whoa, did *I* say that? Just spinning! A mere exaggeration! Ed Rollins & Associates. "For All Your Campaign Needs." Specializing in Rep. & Ind.

YOU THINK OUR JEANS ARE SLASHED? WAIT TILL YOU SEE THESE PRICES!!! Famous designers—sorry, we can't print the names!—warehouse sale of couture grunge. Lovingly, expensively distressed denim. Flannel-looking silk shirts cut so they can be worn untucked . . . or partly tucked. FREE STONE TEMPLE PILOTS CD WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF $10,000 OR MORE. Call for location and date: 555-7777.

UNDERGROUND TAPES. Wanted: U2 w/ Salman Rushdie, onstage in London. Will trade hi-qual. Woody & Mia on phone OR complete set of Chevy show (your choice). Box 15.

Prominent N. American president, newly installed, wd. like to swap campaign "promises" for administration "goals" in eyes of nation. I know I said I came from a place called Hope —but what I meant was I came from a place called Hopefully.

$ CALL $

If these drapes could talk!
Must raise cash for big house restoration! Previously owned Mark Hampton–inspired draperies—once covered the most important windows in the Free World. *Also:* one huge oval-shaped rug with distinctive bald-eagle seal. Call 501-555-KAKI.

FOR SALE

THE DIARIES OF 1993 in handsome leather-bound deluxe editions. Exciting first two volumes cover late-19th-cent. London and late-20th-cent. Washington. Jack the Ripper and Bob the Bodice Ripper avail. separately or together. Call 1-800-555-0495.

RESEARCHING A ROLE. Comic TV actor developing new shtick seeks Al Jolson/Amos & Andy materials—tapes, photos, recordings. Box 5755.

SEARCHING (RE: A ROLE). Muscle-bound movie star, biggest on planet, stomping-mad over recent failure—well, not failure, let's say "insufficient success"—seeks to terminate those responsible and find a new direction. Range unlimited (have worn glasses on-screen). Box 2131, Venice, Calif.

LOST & FOUND

★★★★

FOUND on Air Force Two, mid-January: spiral notebook, mostly blank, incl. few handwritten pages reading: "Marilyn Tucker Quayle, Marilyn T. Quayle, M. Tucker Quayle, Marilyn Tucker Quayle, M. T. Quayle, Marilyn Tucker . . . " Contact Tipper, Admiral's House, Wash., D.C.

LOST: It. You know. Last spotted flying out the window of a Mercury Capri, Virginia vic. Some sentimental value, but mainly wd. simply like to reattach. J.W.B., anywhere but jail.

HELP!

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER, given to metaphor, weary of

AUCTIONS ETC.

FOR SALE. Paramount stock Highest bidder . . . who isn't B. Diller. Contact Martin. Box 59.

AUCTION

COLLECTIBLE CLOTHING. Dress worn by Marlene Dietrich, dress worn by Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch*, red dress and black feather boa worn by J. Edgar Hoover at the Plaza hotel. By invitation only. Box 145.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPEN AUDITIONS

Bassist needed for legendary rock quintet. Must be able to play along comfortably to *Hot Rocks* (both CDs). Must also be amenable to occasional if-this-is-Tuesday-it-must-be-Shea-Stadium-type package tour with group of retirement-age Brits. Box 81.

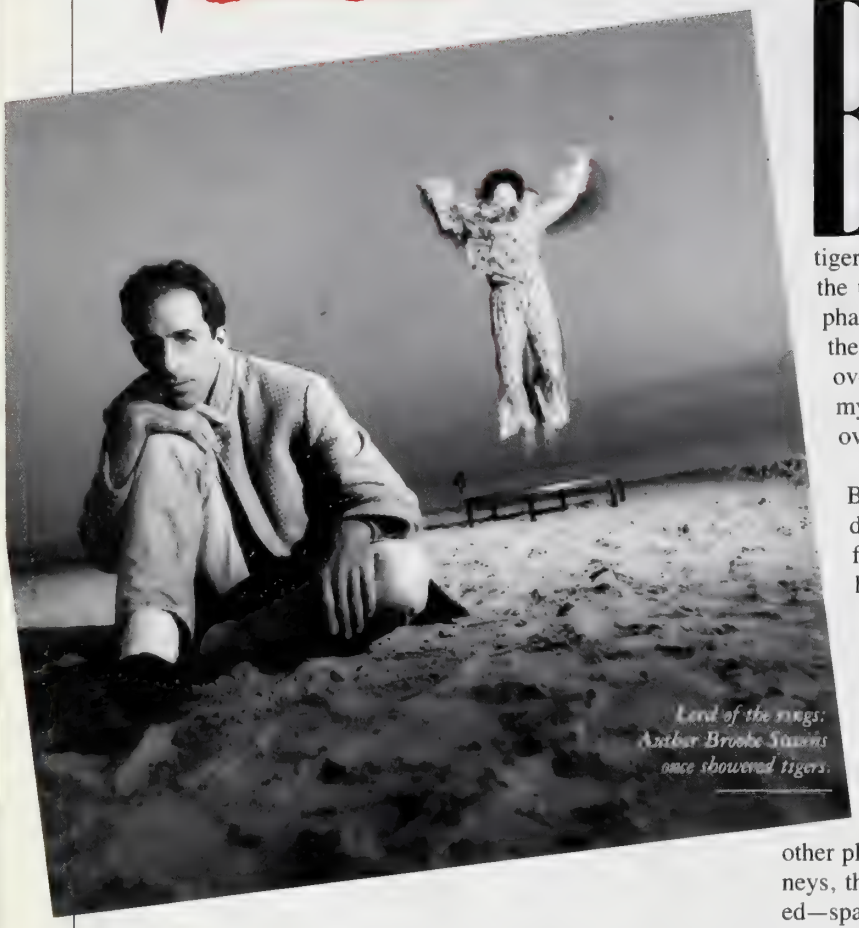
SULTAN OF BRUNEI. Sir: We are Overtippers Anonymous and we can help you make sure that episode at the hotel doesn't happen again. Box 170K.

ACOLYTES SOUGHT

JUG-EARED LUNATIC, experienced in business and politics, ready to look at the bigger—scratch that, the *biggest* —picture. They say He needed six days to create this mess? Silly Putty! I coulda done it in three, turned out heck of a lot better, too. Accepting applications for followers. You know how to reach Me.

MUST

Vanities



Lord of the rings: Author Brooke Stevens once showered tigers.

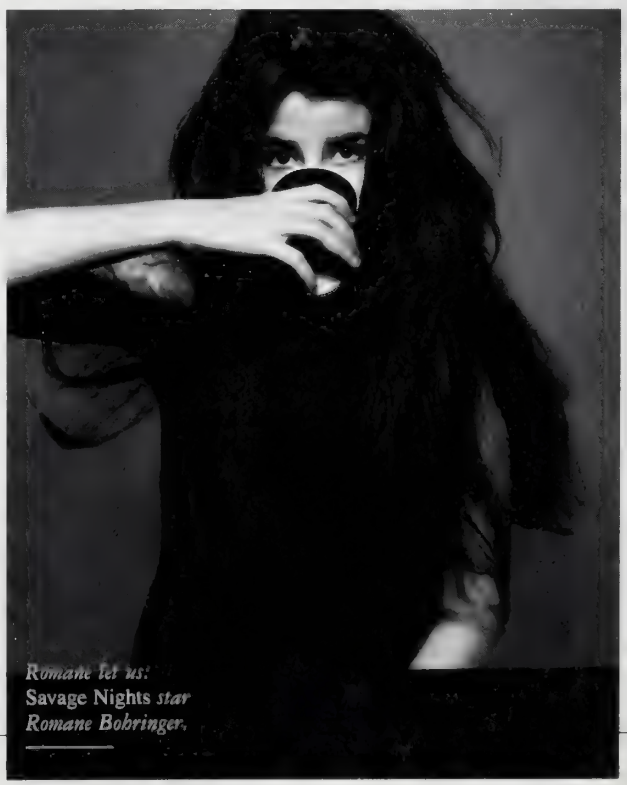
Full Circus

Brooke Stevens joined the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus the day after graduating from the local Catholic high school near his hometown, the small farming community of Bridgewater, Connecticut. A year of showering tigers, hosing down horses, and sleeping in railcars with the usual circus crew (which included 23 swaying elephants) created a new sensibility in him. "When I was in the circus," the 36-year-old writer recalls, "my dreams overwhelmed me. They were far more important than my real life in the circus, and I was terrified that I'd be overcome by this thing inside me producing dreams."

The Circus of the Earth and the Air (Harcourt, Brace), Stevens's first novel, is a dreamy affair indeed. Here, in the shadow play between reality and fantasy, is the exploration of an idea which has haunted him since his own circus days—that "all psyches are deeply connected, and insanity is such an infectious disease that if one of us is insane, then we all are." In dedicating his novel to Federico Fellini, Stevens gives us a clue about just how to read him. The novelist really spelled it out in a letter to the filmmaker: "Your films showed me that on a deep, deep level life is a journey, and that all places on that journey are connected to all other places, as well as to the places in other people's journeys, that the inner world and the outer world are connected—sparks fly when they touch." —SUSAN THAMES

Romane Conquest

Five years ago, Romane Bohringer was just another French teen plugging away at her *école* studies. Now all of 20, she is the star of two films: *The Accompanist* and Cyril Collard's *Savage Nights,* in which she gives a raw, tempestuous performance that earned her a French César award. Collard's film, opening this month, is an adaptation of his autobiographical novel about an H.I.V.-positive bisexual who sleeps with a young woman without telling her of his condition, and then carries on his relationships with both the woman and his male lover. "People seem to think of me as the emblem of a generation," says Bohringer, lighting a Marlboro. *Pourquoi?* Credit her youth and ability, but also the grace and self-assuredness she shows as a spokesperson for the film. Collard, who is also the film's star, died of AIDS last March, at 35, days before the movie was awarded a César for best film. "His movie doesn't give any lessons to people," says Bohringer, noting its cult following. "People are taking out of it the power of life and the desire to go on living." —DEVON JACKSON



Romane let us: Savage Nights *star Romane Bohringer.*

JIM HENSON



THE WORKS

The Art, the Magic, the Imagination

A loving, joyful tribute, filled with nice people (**Candice Bergen, Harry Belafonte, Frank Oz**), fantastic color illustrations (**the definitive portrait of Cookie Monster**), secrets (**how Miss Piggy did the water ballet**) and the quintessential Jim Henson: **a man who created a universe and changed our world.**

RANDOM HOUSE

Kiss Me, Kate

A rolling Moss gathers no stones

She has redefined "waif" for the 90s, but Kate Moss now must battle image-police charges of anorexia. GEORGE WAYNE compels the British beauty to answer her accusers.

George Wayne: *O.K., Miss Moss, what do you say to your critics who call you a chain-smoking anorexic supermodel?*

Kate Moss: Well, I'm not anorexic, but I am a chain-smoker. I try and eat three meals a day. I eat a big breakfast and dinner, and a small lunch. For breakfast I love eggs and bacon; for dinner, Italian food. And there is this brilliant transvestite Thai restaurant in Paris I love going to. It's so fabulous!

G.W. *And you love smoking your Marlboros . . .*

K.M. I know. My mum says to me, "If I see another picture of you with a fucking Marlboro in your hand, I'm gonna kill you."

G.W. *What did she say when she saw that picture of you wearing a transparent shift with black panties and no bra?*

K.M. She said, "You could at least have worn *white* knickers!"

G.W. *You have the longest hair of any supermodel around today.*

K.M. Probably. Naomi [Campbell] has got longer hair, but that doesn't really count.

G.W. *Yeah, one week she has short hair, the next it's down to her waist. She must have some magic formula.*

K.M. She has hair extensions.

G.W. *I know, I'm just kidding.* [*Both shriek with laughter.*] *Tell me about being discovered at J.F.K. airport—I think that's* so *chic!*

K.M. Pan Am was on strike, and I'd been at the airport for three days when Sarah Doukas [head of Storm Model Management] saw me. She sent her brother over to talk to me.

G.W. *Now* your *brother, Nick, is a hot model, and your former beau, Mario Sorrenti, is a hot fashion photographer.*

K.M. Yes. I don't know about Nick being a model. I never thought he'd be a model. But I always thought Mario would be a top photographer.

G.W. *But I hear that you and Mario are no longer girlfriend and boyfriend. What happened?*

K.M. Um . . . well, we're just sort of having a break. He lives in London, and I live in Paris.

G.W. *But London isn't that far from Paris, darling. Is this a trial separation?*

K.M. I dunno. You know how it is—relationships.

G.W. *What shows did you like most this season in Paris?*

K.M. Vivienne Westwood's and John Galliano's.

G.W. *And of all those other supergirls, which ones are you closest with?*

K.M. The super, super ones—Naomi and Christy [Turlington].

G.W. *And now you're a fellow millionairess . . .*

K.M. I don't think about it. The best thing about money is sending my mum checks.

G.W. *What does your mother do?*

K.M. Nothing, really, at the moment. She used to be a barmaid, but she got the sack.

G.W. *A barmaid?!*

K.M. Yes, for ages. She'll kill me for telling people. She doesn't want anyone to know.

G.W. *You should take her to the fashion shows.*

K.M. She came to Vivienne's last year.

G.W. *It's such a trend amongst you models to take Mother to work with you.*

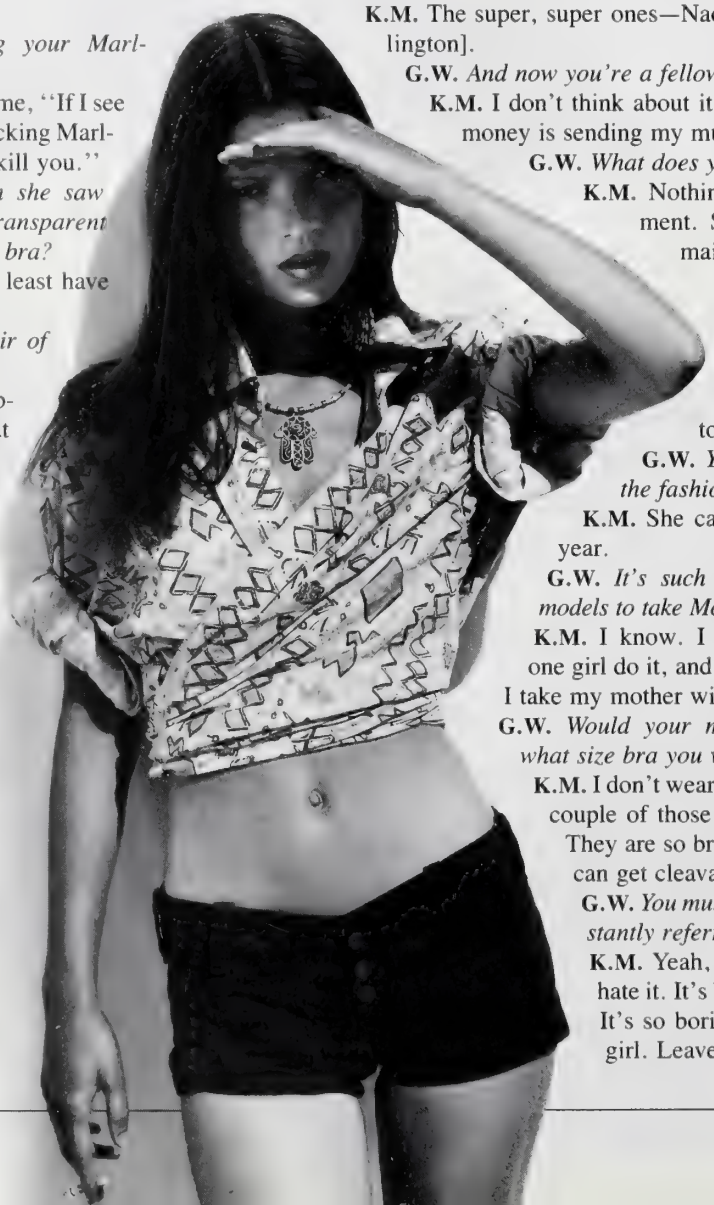
K.M. I know. I think they saw, like, one girl do it, and it's, like, "Why can't I take my mother with me?"

G.W. *Would your mum mind my asking what size bra you wear?*

K.M. I don't wear bras, really. I've got a couple of those Gossard Wonderbras. They are so brilliant, I swear, even I can get cleavage with them.

G.W. *You must just hate people constantly referring to you as a waif.*

K.M. Yeah, I do. I'm sick of it. I hate it. It's been going on forever. It's so boring. I'm just a normal girl. Leave me alone!



Sheikh Chic



Valentino on Valentino: Sketches by the designer Valentino for an opera based on Rudolph Valentino's life.

"I believe in dreams," declares Valentino—whom the Washington Opera inevitably chose to confect costumes for *The Dream of Valentino*, an extravaganza chronicling the lurid, limelit career of the late matinee idol. Dismissing any idea of an affinity between himself and his romantic namesake, the designer says, "His legend endures because of the mysteries in his life: Was or wasn't he a bigamist, a homosexual, a gigolo? Was his death accidental?"

More intriguing to the couturier than the silver-screen swain are the "crazy, absolutely nutty women who surrounded him"—and who transform in one scene into shawl-swathed, fringe-draped "nightmares." Though the costumes, debuting January 15 at the Kennedy Center, are historically accurate, they are "also surrealistic. They reflect a moment when everything—fashion, movies—was beautiful to look at. And," he sighs, "when there was no shame in being glamorous." — AMY FINE COLLINS

Night-table Reading



Naomi Wolf *(writer):* Philip Larkin: A Writer's Life, *by Andrew Motion (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "It's striking to see how one man's life embodies the beauty and the hopelessness of postwar England."*



Jimmy Scott *(jazz vocalist):* Beyond Category: The Life and Genius of Duke Ellington, *by John Edward Hasse (Simon & Schuster). "It brought all the music back. I remember every place and every thing like it was yesterday."*

Cokie Roberts *(news analyst, NPR and ABC News):* Jefferson: A Novel, *by Max Byrd (Bantam). "It's about Jefferson's years in Paris. We get a different view of him—a sense of him as a father and as a complicated and complex person."*



TM SHEAFFER



East of Eden

A Vanities Baedeker to Valley Chic

Once Los Angeles's famously hideous stepchild—a smog-choked, mountain-entombed desert gridiron dotted with car washes and Kmarts; a kind of Long Island, rancho-style—the San Fernando Valley is coming out of its awkward stage. Among its alluring attributes: endless blocks of low-slung dream housing flanked by acres of sprinkler-abetted lawns, new legions of modish stores and restaurants (many of them familiar clones of West L.A. establishments), proximity to the studios—Warner Bros., Universal, Walt Disney, and NBC are all nearby—*and* a comfy distance from the riot-stricken boulevards, gang wars, and charred foothills of Lotusland proper. Even 818, the scarlet area code, has begun to lose the grim connotations it had at the time of Moon Zappa's heroic Valley consciousness-raising efforts in the early 1980s. Valleyites are now willing to stay East of Eden, while, in the past, many of them spent their days dreaming of ways to move west. Here's a guide to Valley Chic. . .

VALLEY DICTIONARY

Over the hill *adv.:* the part of ... south of the Santa Monica M... tains (which form the San Fern... Valley's southern boundary), ... the rest of Los Angeles; e.g., ... *got to schlepp over the hill an... in Beverly Hills by three.*

Ventura Boulevard *n.:* the Val... main commercial street; 16.5 ... long, running from Woodland ... to Universal City; depending ... the stretch, it's "the Rodeo D... of the Valley," "the Melros... the Valley," or "the La Brea ... nue of the Valley."

Gelson's *n.:* redefines the super... ket; fastidious gourmet food e... rium where the apples, oran... and nonfat-yogurt containers ... *never* out of place; major sour... arugula for Valley residents.

THE NEIGHBORHOODS

Encino, *the Beverly Hills of the Valley.*
Pasadena, *the Brentwood of the Valley.*
Hidden Hills, *the Bel-Air of the Valley.*
Studio City, *the Hollywood of the Valley.*
Calabasas, *the Malibu of the Valley.*

STATS

Coordinates: 118 degrees west longitude, 34 degrees north latitude.
Climatic conditions: Semi-arid, Mediterranean climate. High temperatures, 105 to 108 degrees; lows in the upper 20s.



Valley swirl: Clockwise from top right, *David Hasselhoff, Sandra Bernhard, Moon Zappa, Bob Hope, Burt Reynolds, Gabrielle Carteris, and Andy Garcia.*

WESTSIDE CLONES

maturation of the Valley—and the tearful reluctance of Valleyites to carjacking in West L.A.—has drawn some venerable Westside establishments to set up Valley outposts. Among those that have opened Valley: s: Patina (Pinot Bistro), the Bistro Gardens, La Scala Presto, Cha Cha, Toscana, the Columbia Bar & Grill, the Daily Grill illes, and Insomnia Cafe.



THE VALLEY VS. THE WESTSIDE

There are now so many stylish Valley institutions, restaurants, and stores that the glittering Valley can go head-to-head with the glamorous Westside:

Universal CityWalk	=	Third Street Promenade
The Huntington Library	=	The J. Paul Getty Museum
Old Pasadena	=	Westwood Village
The Jackson-family mansion	=	The Spelling mansion
Sushi Nozawa	=	Katsu
Stanley's	=	Hugo's
DuPar's (Studio City)	=	Ben Franks
The Baked Potato	=	The Mint
The Palomino Club	=	Jack's Sugar Shack
Casa Vega	=	El Coyote Cafe
Art's Deli	=	Nate 'n Al
Sportsman's Lodge Bar	=	Dresden Restaurant
Jona	=	Maxfield
Ron Ross	=	Fred Segal
Mel Fox	=	Carroll & Co.
Hubba Hubba!	=	American Rag Cie.

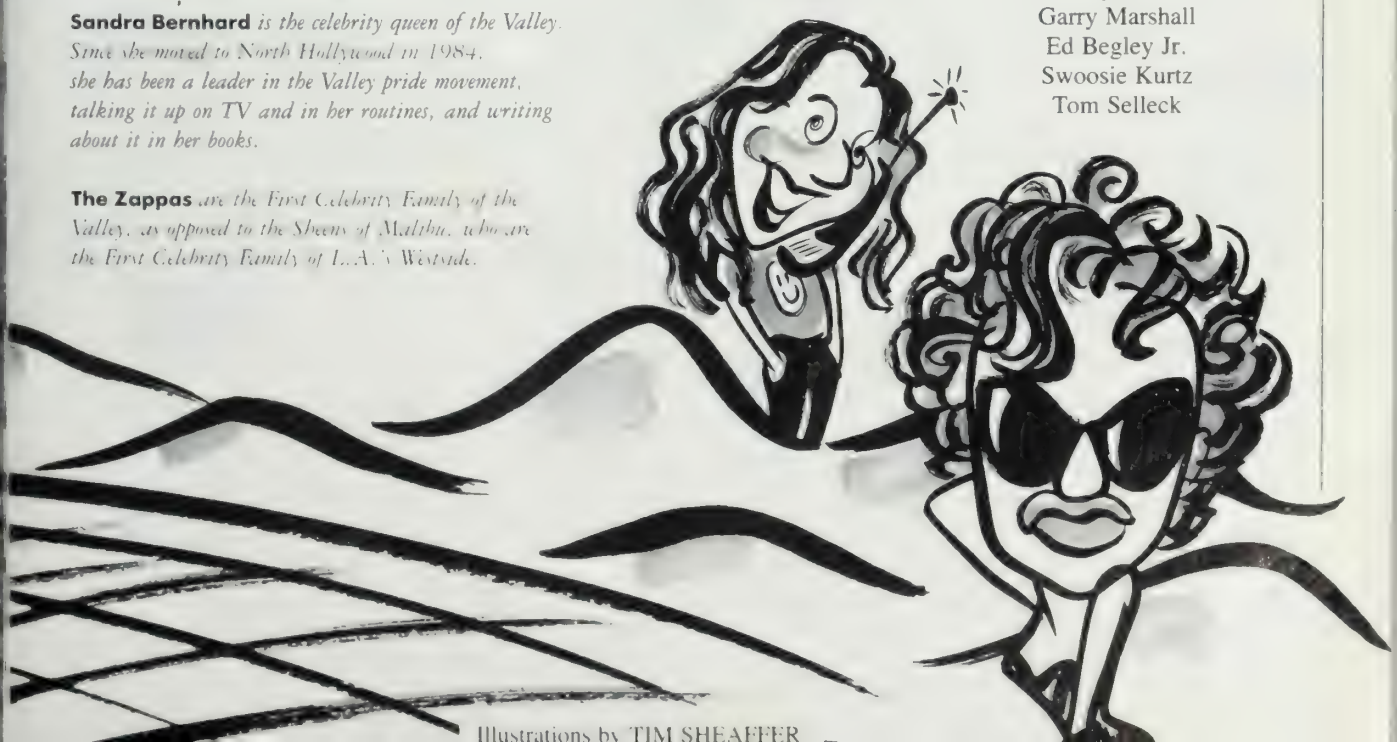
OTHER VALLEY CELEBRITIES

Kim Basinger
Lesley Ann Warren
Tony Danza
The Jackson family
Tiffani-Amber Thiessen
Richard Grieco
Morgan Fairchild
Catherine Bach
Erik Estrada
Jennie Garth
Brian Austin Green
Heather Locklear
Shaun Cassidy
Natalie Cole
Ed Asner
Melissa Gilbert
Markie Post
Valerie Bertinelli
Eddie Van Halen
Doug Llewelyn
Debby Boone
Garry Marshall
Ed Begley Jr.
Swoosie Kurtz
Tom Selleck

THE CELEBRITIES

Sandra Bernhard *is the celebrity queen of the Valley. Since she moved to North Hollywood in 1984, she has been a leader in the Valley pride movement, talking it up on TV and in her routines, and writing about it in her books.*

The Zappas *are the First Celebrity Family of the Valley, as opposed to the Sheens of Malibu, who are the First Celebrity Family of L.A.'s Westside.*



Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER



Year one.

You buy a new Honda Civic, and wonder how long you'll own it.

You drive it to the family picnic. Your brother turns green.

You change the oil.

You make your twelfth monthly payment, and notice there are no door dings.

Your parents visit. They see your Civic, and ask how much you're pulling in these days.

Year two.

You see your boss driving a new Civic.

You drive your boss to the golf course. He seems impressed.

You valet park at a restaurant. They park it out front.

A stranger at the market asks you how you like your new Civic. You tell him it's two years old.

Year three.

You bring in your Civic for scheduled maintenance. (Although it didn't seem to need it. It's running great.)

You accidentally bump into the garage door. No damage to the car.

You replace the garage door.

You buy a new answering machine. You wish Honda made one.

You get new wipers.

You drive to the Grand Canyon. Poor planning means you sleep in the Civic one night. It's quieter than the previous night's hotel.

Year four.

You buy a new VCR. You wish Honda made one.

You move to the other coast. Your family flies. You drive.

©1993 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Your experience may vary.



ar five.

Year six.

Year seven.

Year eight.

TITLE

The bank sends you the title.

You think about a new car. For about two seconds.

2

You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.

You go visit your brother. He shows you his new Civic.

You glance down and look at the odometer. You rub your eyes in disbelief.

You wash your Civic. You are smug.

You let your daughter borrow the car. Her friends stop looking at you funny.

You go fishing. Even on a bumpy road, you hear no rattles.

You vacuum out the car. You are $2.37 and one golf ball richer.

You buy a new birdbath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.

For Father's Day, your son gives you a cassette of your favorite band. You sit in the Civic for two hours.

You fill up with gas. (Hey, it's been a couple of weeks.)

You drive to a ski resort and pass eleven stuck cars. And one stuck truck.

You decide to sell your Civic and buy a new one.

You spend all day washing and waxing it.

$ $ $

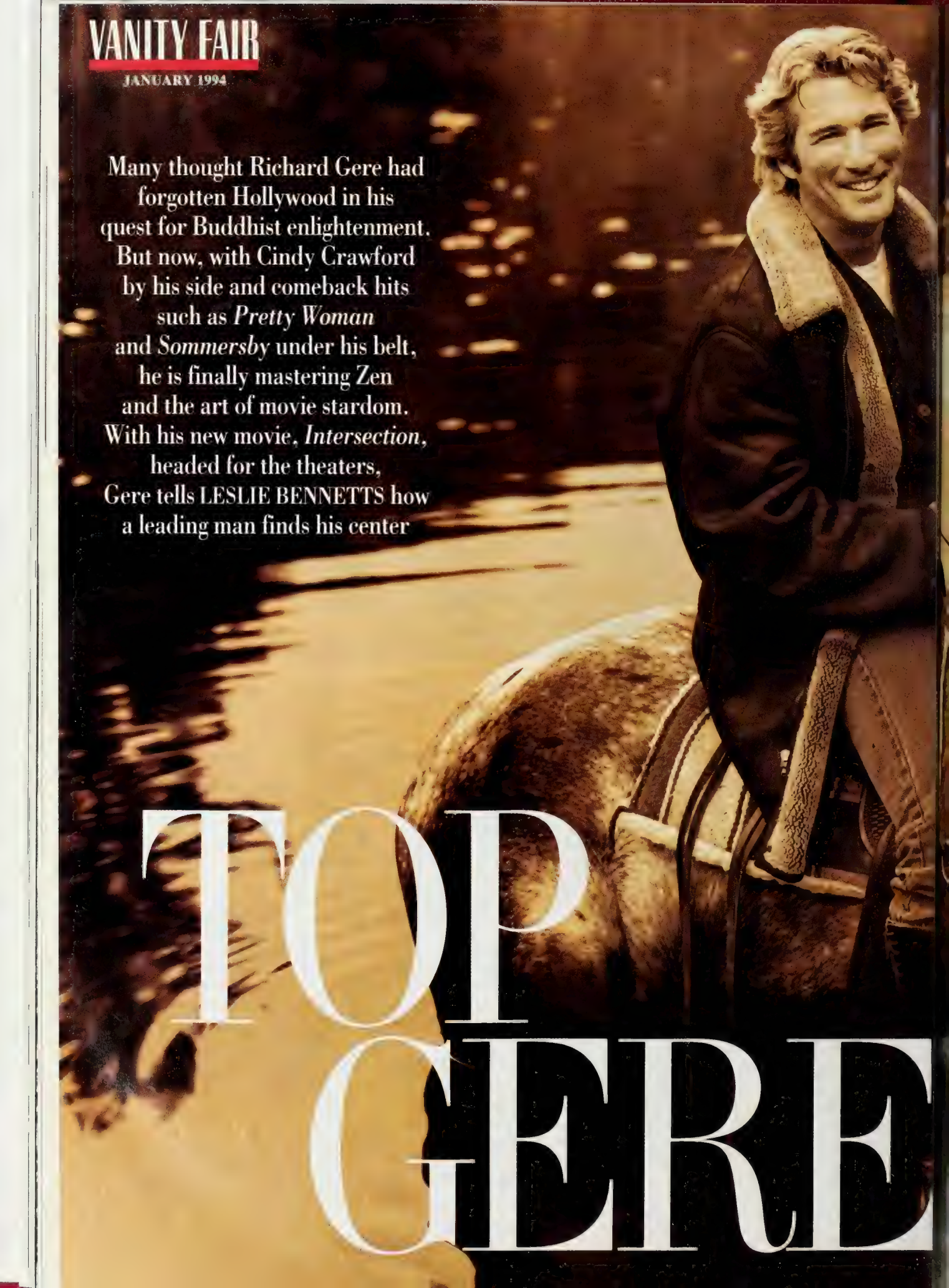
The first person who looks at it buys it. You realize you asked too little.

The Civic
A Car Ahead

HONDA

VANITY FAIR
JANUARY 1994

Many thought Richard Gere had forgotten Hollywood in his quest for Buddhist enlightenment. But now, with Cindy Crawford by his side and comeback hits such as *Pretty Woman* and *Sommersby* under his belt, he is finally mastering Zen and the art of movie stardom. With his new movie, *Intersection*, headed for the theaters, Gere tells LESLIE BENNETTS how a leading man finds his center



TOP GERE



Photographs by

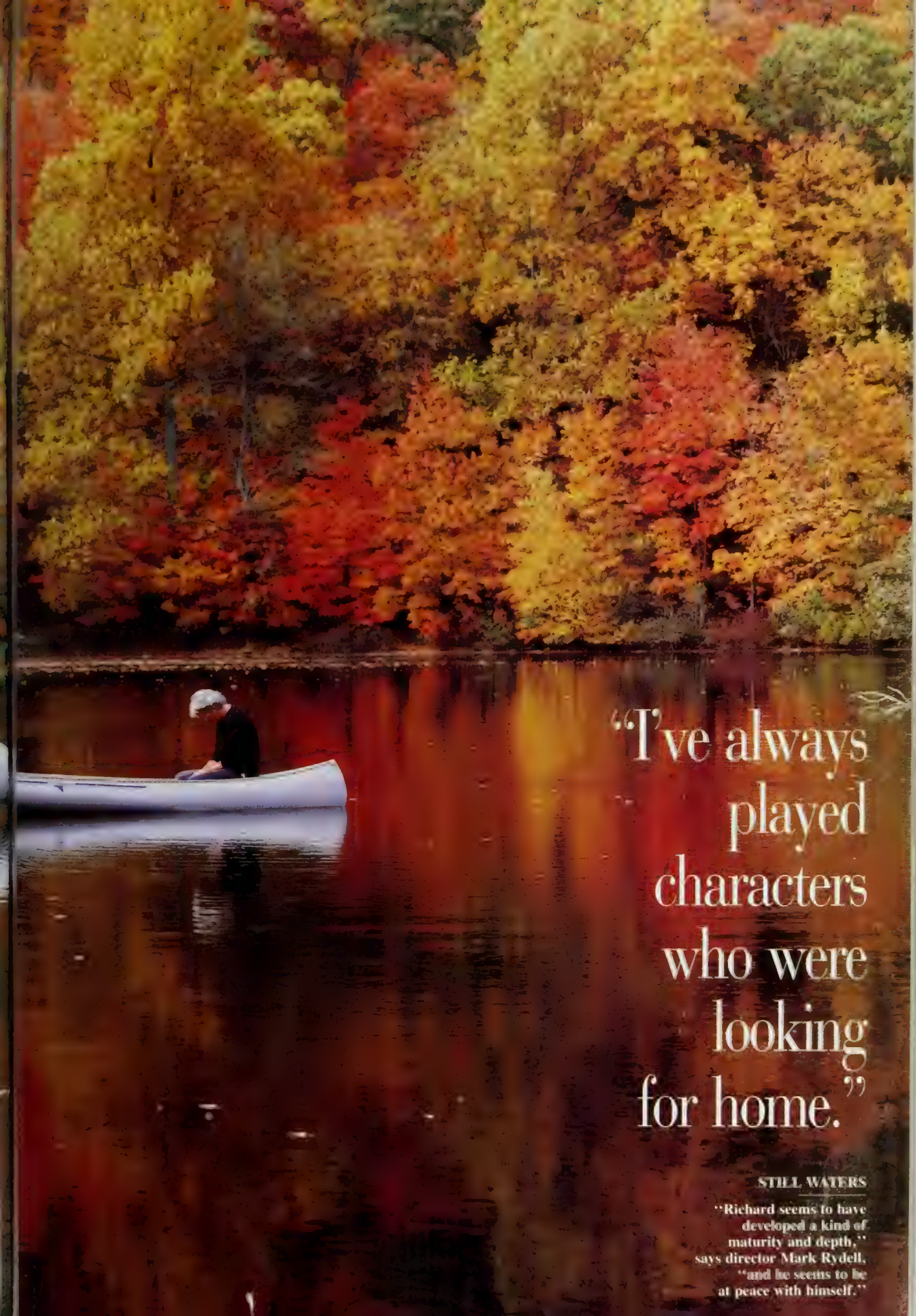
In the leafy courtyard outside the offices of PMK, the public-relations outfit to the stars, a hummingbird hovers in the trees like an evanescent figment of the imagination. I am standing on the balcony, keeping watch for Richard Gere, who is supposed to be arriving from his house in Malibu. Anxious minions have already fetched the decaf cappuccino he favors and have placed it carefully beside the sofa where he'll be sitting. The problem is that nobody knows where he is.

"He's not in his car, he's not at home, he's not at ICM," explains a PMK staffer, looking worried. "His assistant thinks he might be meditating . . ." she trails off apologetically.

When she leaves the room, another employee rolls her eyes at me. "This happens a lot," she whispers.

Ah, the elusive Richard. A little tardiness is par for the course with Gere; he is notorious for his rather elastic concept of time. His well-organized wife is unamused, but friends tend to be indulgent. "His sense of time is very different from other people's sense of time," explains Jonathan Cott, an author and longtime pal. "It's not because he's trying to make people wait for him. He's trying to complete something, and he's not going to just rush out. Sometimes he's riding his horse, or playing B.B. King on the guitar. He's like a child in that way: he's innocent of time. You expect him to be this macho kind of guy, and in fact he's Ferdinand the Bull, wandering in the meadow smelling the flowers."

In the old days, Gere would have been not only late but rude. He was famous for his brooding insolence; he would greet journalists at the door wearing only underpants, scratching himself—and that was the welcome for those he was expecting. Others could get rougher treatment: Gere had no qualms about mooning fans, wrangling with paparazzi, or peeing on the street in front of passersby. Roaring around on a motorcycle in his leather jacket and combat boots, Gere was entirely convincing as an arrogant punk; he wore black all the time, he chain-smoked and did coke, he exuded a sullen hostility, he lived with an exotic



"I've always played characters who were looking for home."

STILL WATERS

"Richard seems to have developed a kind of maturity and depth," says director Mark Rydell, "and he seems to be at peace with himself."

Brazilian artist, and he fit in perfectly with the too-hip-for-words downtown scene of lower Manhattan, his home for so many years.

But today, when he does stroll in, he is smiling, ever so sincere and full of apologies about how he couldn't find PMK, which has represented him on and off since the beginning of his career. (The next day, when he's late to meet me for lunch, he explains that he couldn't figure out where to park and kept driving around the block until he finally called PMK, where someone helpfully suggested he try the restaurant's parking lot.)

Gere doesn't look very different from the first time I met him, over dinner late one rowdy night at Elaine's a dozen or more years ago. He's wearing black jeans and black boots and a T-shirt; the well-muscled body he has flaunted in so many movies is still lean and taut, and only his shaggy silver hair betrays the passage of time.

But this Richard is warm, humorous, kind, and extremely charming. This Richard is so serene and beatific he practically radiates alpha waves. This Richard even grins when he talks about the way he used to behave, back when he was an insecure teenager from upstate (suburban Syracuse was hardly anyone's idea of cool) who came to the big city and re-created himself. "There's a tradition in men's acting of the leather-jacketed loner, hypersensitive, proud, volatile," he says, looking a trifle sheepish. "There was a cycle in New York where I had to kind of make myself a New York guy. It was part work, part survival. I came from a small town, and New York was not me—but you had to do the New York punk thing or you were not taken seriously."

Being taken seriously ceased to be Gere's overriding preoccupation a long time ago. After all, he's been a movie star for at least 15 years. Most audiences became aware of him in 1977, when he burst onto the screen with his explosive role as Diane Keaton's fatal pickup in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. The next year, in *Days of Heaven*, he managed to cuckold Sam Shepard, and by 1980 Gere had found his defining role as the ambisexual male prostitute Julian Kay in *American Gigolo*. Since then Gere's career has soared and swooped like a roller-coaster ride. He has certainly racked up his share of successes, from *An Officer and a Gentleman* to *Pretty Woman*. But Gere has also made more than a few bombs, some best forgotten and others memorable for their excesses (who can forget "Richard's diaper scene," as irreverent observers described the actor capering in a loincloth in *King David*?).

These days Gere takes the vicissitudes of success in stride. His next movie is *Intersection*, in which he stars as an architect torn between his estranged wife, played by Sharon Stone, and his lover, Lolita Davidovich. As usual with Gere, he had to be talked into doing the role, but director Mark Rydell was determined to get him. "He has, in the past five years, really grown up and become a very solid and romantic leading man," says Rydell. "He seems to have developed a kind of maturity and depth, and he seems to be at peace with himself, which is a rare commodity, not only in our business but anywhere. He seems to me to be the Gable for the 90s."

As is also typical with Gere, it was the character's tormented side that really appealed to him. "Here's a guy who seems to have everything in the world going for him, but the story is about ambivalence, about the incapability of this guy to make a decision," Gere says enthusiastically. "He wants everything; he doesn't want to lose anything. And he finally is able to make a decision—and it's too late." Gere beams with satisfaction. "It's very hard for me to make decisions," he adds earnestly. "I tend to see decisions as definitive, rather than part of the flow, where you make it and move on to another one. Cindy is not that way. She's much more able to grab opportunities that come by and not be skeptical. I'm much more skeptical, and skepticism overanalyzes."

The fact that Gere's mind has just jumped to his wife, Cindy Crawford, is not surprising. He went through a long period of indecision before finally marrying two years ago at age 42—and even then he gave in only because he knew Crawford would leave him otherwise. "My present wife was someone I didn't want to lose," Gere says, odd locution, since his "present" is the only one he's ever had). "I realized that it would be a great loss if that person wasn't in my life; I would be very unhappy."

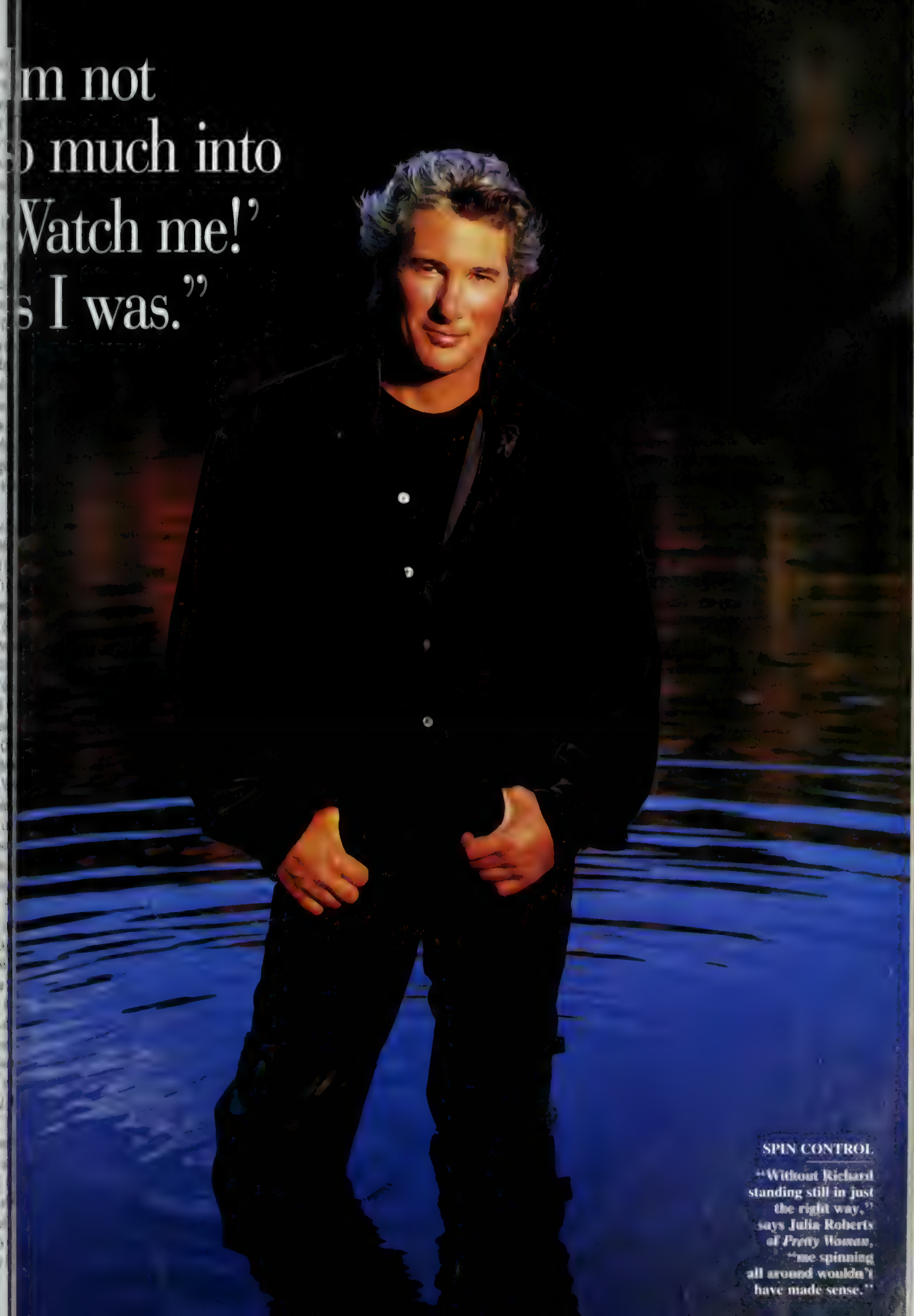
When I ask why he waited so long to marry, Gere laughs and suggests playfully, "There wasn't the right girl. Actually, there was quite a success of "girls," including Diane Von Furstenberg, the late designer Tina Chow, actress Penelope Milford, movie executive Dawn Steel, and Sylvia Martinez, the Brazilian painter Gere lived with for years. "I'm very monogamous," he says. "When I'm with someone, I really with them. I've had long relationships. I never felt particularly right being single. I was always looking to find one person I wanted to focus on."

So why did marriage seem so frightening some? "I think it's because I probably believe in it so much I wanted to be really sure," he muses. "I didn't want to be frivolous about it. I blame myself for the other relationships that didn't work in my life. I wasn't man enough, strong enough, grown-up enough. I could see there were problems, and I didn't embrace the problems and deal with them. I was probably just too weak."

When Gere finally capitulated, Crawford didn't waste any time, even though that meant a hasty ceremony in a Vegas chapel she later compared to an International House of Pancakes. "Cindy called me up and said, 'Richard proposed to me two hours ago. We're flying to Las Vegas in half an hour and you have to come,' " reports photographer Herb Ritts, the friend whose mother introduced Gere and Crawford at a backyard barbecue at Herb's house in 1988. "I was dumbfounded, but it was the best way for both of them, because there wasn't all the hoopla. It really was about them. Cindy made little tinfoil rings and we went to Denny's afterward. Richard had a hard time in his mind about committing to being married. But the minute he did it, it was great."

Not that marriage is ever simple, particularly between a movie star and a 27-year-old supermodel who is very busy empire-building. First Crawford and her mystical mole appeared on more than 300 magazine covers (indeed, her face *(Continued on page 1*

m not
o much into
Watch me!'
s I was."



SPIN CONTROL

"Without Richard standing still in just the right way," says Julia Roberts of *Pretty Woman*, "me spinning all around wouldn't have made sense."

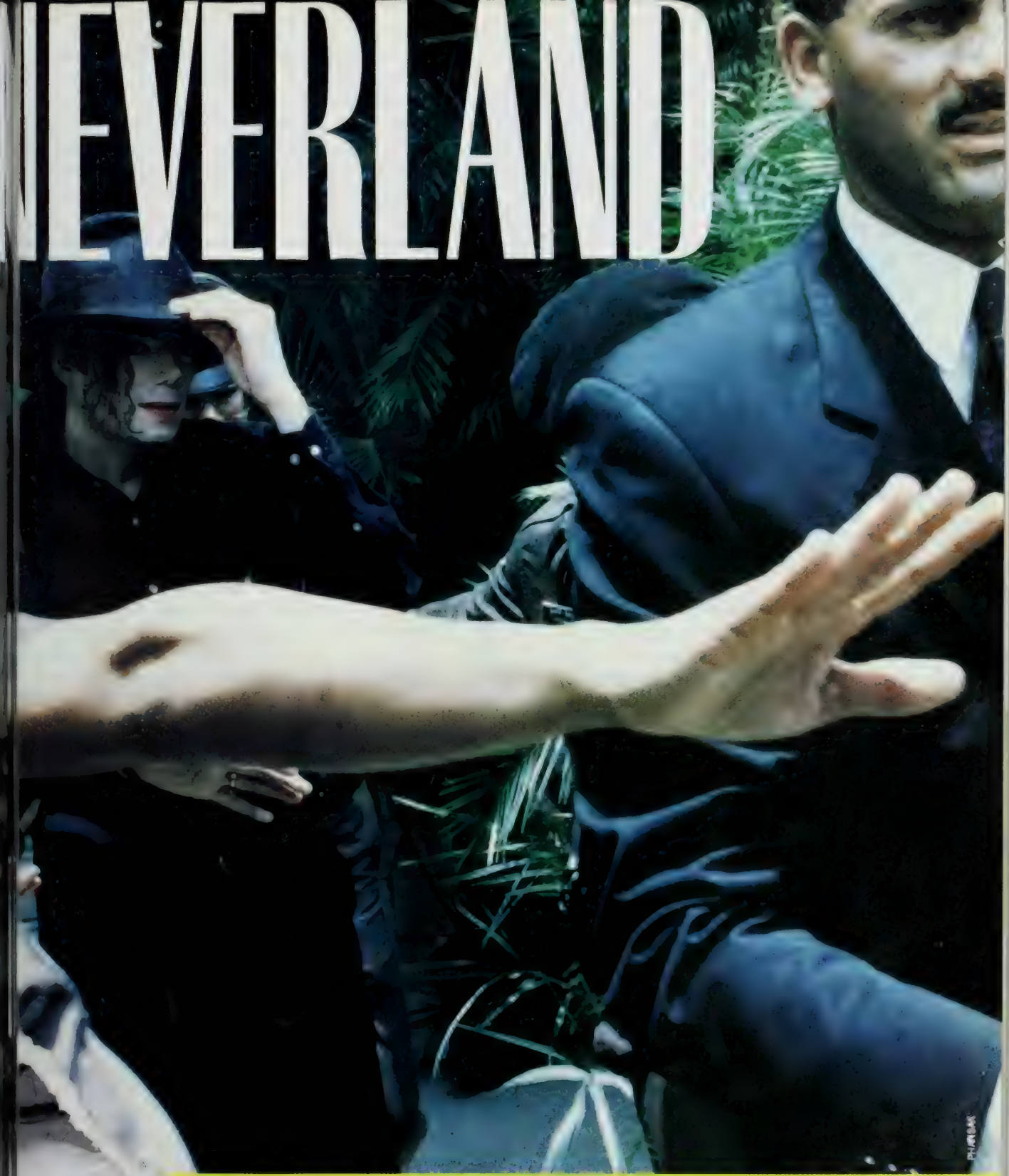
NIGHTMARE IN



The changing face of Michael Jackson mesmerizes his fans. *Opposite*, Jackson in Thailand in August on the "Dangerous" world tour just days after the child-abuse allegations surfaced.

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

NEVERLAND



While Michael Jackson was whisked away to detox treatment, the star's lawyers fought a desperate battle to protect him from facing the sexual-abuse charges brought by his 13-year-old accuser. MAUREEN ORTH untangles the whole painful story to provide the definitive account of Jackson's fall, and in it finds a late-20th-century parable of manipulation, corrupted fantasy, and lost innocence

The tarantulas were out, crawling under the firefighters' boots. Overhead, planes were swooping down low between the ridges, dropping streams of bright-orange flame retardant. As the raging fires threatened to reach Neverland, Michael Jackson's 2,700-acre fantasyland, moguls who owned neighboring ranches were up on the hillsides straining to see through binoculars. Hours earlier, the exotic animals from Jackson's private zoo had been evacuated. At any moment, a capricious ill wind could send everything up in flames. Neverland, like Michael Jackson himself, who was thousands of miles away on his aptly named "Dangerous" world tour, was feeling the heat.

In August, a 13-year-old boy had accused Jackson of sexual molestation, charges he vehemently denied. By the time of the fire in October, he was canceling performances right and left for various maladies, but his lawyers were promising he would nevertheless show up to be questioned. In November, the encroaching criminal investigation, the civil suit brought by the boy, and the nonstop screaming headlines shattered the fragile pop idol's image and his grip. On November 12, cutting short his tour, he abruptly fled Mexico for a secret drug-treatment location, touching off shocking reports—missing medical records, a disappearing witness, a telephone call from Jackson in Switzerland to a friend who said the star was suicidal and was never coming back. Jackson's lawyers fought to keep the civil suit from going forward, arguing that Jackson should not have to be deposed until the criminal investigation was completed—it might force him to take the Fifth Amendment. On November 23, however, a California judge ordered that Jackson would have to stand trial in the civil suit whether or not the criminal investigation was completed. Bertram Fields, Jackson's principal lawyer, blundered by telling the judge that a grand jury was "probably about to indict." Outside the court, Fields said he had misspoken. For Michael Jackson, the millennium came early.

The child's case against Michael Jackson: It all started with a car breaking down. In May 1992, Michael Jackson, suddenly stranded, contacted Rent-a-Wreck, L.A.'s hip car-rental agency. The owner called his wife, a beautiful dark-skinned ex-model, and told her to get right over to where the megastar's car was stalled before he left the scene. Jamie (not his real name), her 12-year-old son from an earlier marriage, to a Beverly Hills dentist and part-time screenwriter, was, like millions of kids the world over, a big Michael Jackson fan. Jamie had met Jackson in a restaurant when he was five, and had sent him a fan letter. He received in return free tickets to a Jackson concert. Now once again Jamie, with his mother and his six-year-old half-sister, met the mythic, androgynous Jackson, the powe multimillionaire self-contained entertainment conglor ate, a professional since the age of five.

Even by Hollywood standards, Michael Jackson's w ness is legendary, but he has always been protected b armor of his celebrity. He is such a highly prized corpo moneymaking machine, such a valuable *product*—albeit as well-known for the cosmetic alterations that feminized once much darker Afro-American features as for having biggest-selling record album of all time—that almost no especially those C.E.O.'s and moguls who make millions him, has ever really questioned his motives: why this re sive man-child with no known history of romantic relat ships prefers to live a fantasy life in the company of child It took this chance encounter to ruin his carefully honed rep tion as the world's richest Pied Piper, Savior of Children.

Immediately after their meeting, Jackson began cal Jamie almost daily. He was about to launch his first co tour in four years, to 15 countries, and he did so by gra announcing the creation of a World Council of Chil "to provide children with a forum to express their uni vision for healing the world." His mission, he said, wa work for all children. "I want to tell the children of world, You're all our children, each one of you is my ch and I love you all." While on tour, Jackson began cal Jamie from different points along the way—the conve tions would sometimes last an hour. Jamie, who is fi boned, delicate, and dark like his mother, and who lo much younger than he is, was thrilled to be the objec attention of his idol.

To those who would build a case against Michael Ja son, these long-distance conversations about video ga and Neverland, the mini-Disneyland ranch to which he ten retreats with young companions, were the beginnin an overwhelming seduction.

They say, however, that nothing happened right awa if anything, events proceeded as if this relationship we tender love story. "Michael was in love with the bo says Larry Feldman, Jamie's lawyer. "It was a gentle, s caring, warm, sweet relationship"—not the alleged per sion that ended last August when Jamie graphically scribed, first to a psychiatrist and then to the police, exa how Jackson had repeatedly sexually molested him. C No. SC026226, filed September 14 in Los Angeles Co Superior Court, a civil suit brought on behalf of Ja charges sexual battery, battery, seduction, willful mis duct, intentional infliction of emotional distress, fraud, negligence. "These sexually offensive contacts include are not limited to defendant Michael Jackson orally copu ing plaintiff, defendant Michael Jackson masturbating pl tiff, defendant Michael Jackson eating the semen of plaint and defendant Michael Jackson having plaintiff fondle manipulate the breasts and nipples of defendant Michael Ja son while defendant Michael Jackson would masturbate."

Jackson's first call inviting Jamie to Neverland, whic

The floor outside his bedroom is wired so that whene

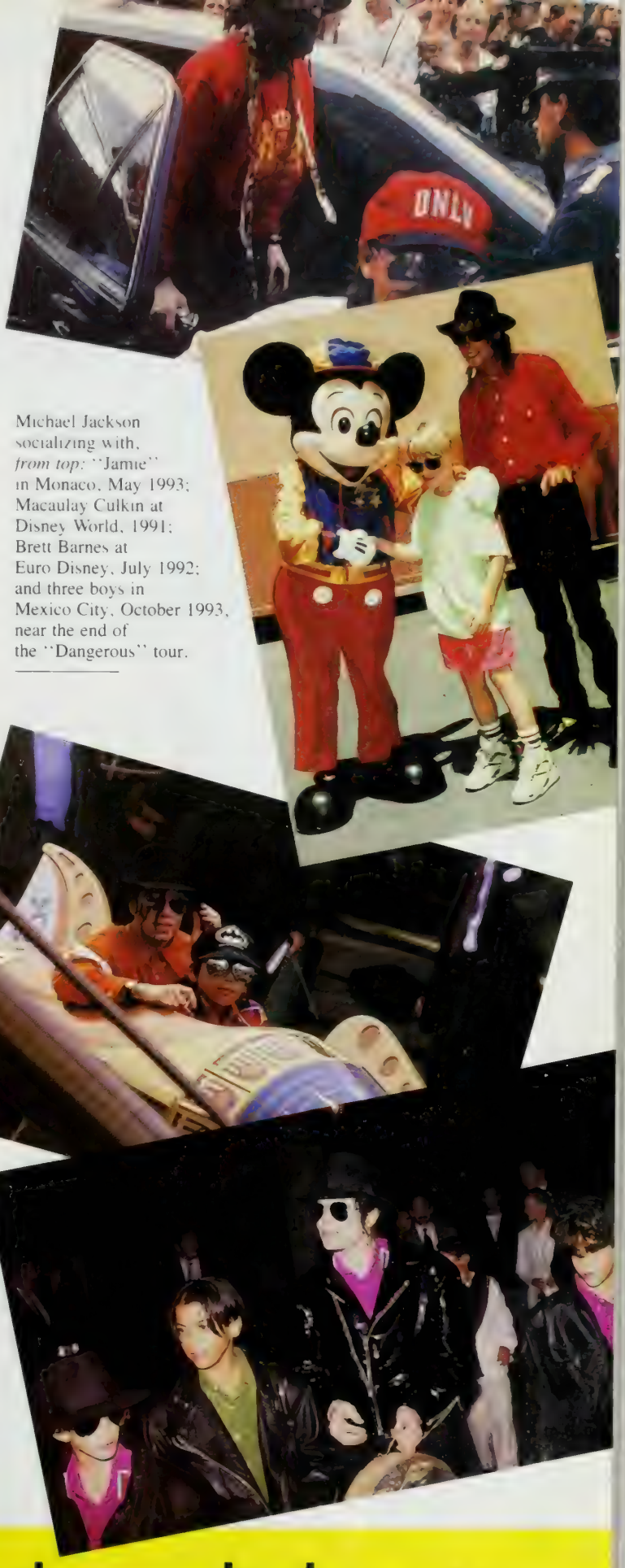
nta Barbara County, a scenic two-and-a-half-hour
north of Los Angeles, came two days after the star's
is interview with Oprah Winfrey aired last February
he Oprah interview was the culmination of a three
global media blitz that had Jackson performing in rapid
ssion at the Clinton inauguration, at the Super Bowl,
n the widely televised American Music Awards. That
veekend, Jamie, his sister, and his mother slept in the
house, which is so far from the main house, where
on sleeps, that paparazzi cannot get the two in the
telephoto lens.

art from the private zoo, the giant sundial made of
rs, the merry-go-round that plays "Like a Virgin,"
iniature choochoo train, the hall filled with every vid-
me imaginable, the theater stocked with nearly every
and videocassette ever made for children, the pool, the
of 56 who cater to their employer's every whim 24
a day, Michael also offered Jamie and his sister a
al trip to Toys 'R' Us after closing time to select a
ping-cartful of presents. Those were the first of dozens
leo games, action figures, watches, jackets, and other
nts Michael would lavish on the children. Jamie's
er eventually got diamonds and rubies as well. Need-
o say, when Michael invited the family to his play-
nd again the next weekend, Jamie was eager to return.
most guests at the ranch, Jamie had to sign a confiden-
agreement that he would not speak to the press or
about anything that went on there. This time, before
returned home, Michael took them in his limo to
eyland, where they got special treatment.

om that point on, Jamie and his mother and sister
virtually every weekend with Michael. The mother
ner current husband were mostly estranged, and
e began to withdraw from everyone else, no longer
ng with other kids. Eventually, he wouldn't speak
father and six-year-old half-brother, even on the
e. He and Michael were quickly labeled "insepa-
." They played with slingshots and squirt guns.
threw water balloons off the balcony of Mi-
's condo in Century City onto passing cars.

March 1993, Jamie spent four days at Nev-
d. Eleven-year-old Brett Barnes was also there.
bsequently told KNBC-TV—as did 10-year-old Wade
on—that he too had slept with Michael, but that noth-
ad happened: "It's a huge bed." Also there that week-
were the Cascio brothers, Eddie and Frank, 9 and 13,
traveled alone with Jackson this fall on his "Danger-
tour. Michael, Jamie, and the other boys would stay
ll all hours, their senses assaulted by music, video
s, and films.

n March 28, a private jet was sent to pick up Jamie, his
er and sister, and Jackson at the Santa Monica airport
fly them to Las Vegas, where they stayed in the Mi-
l Jackson Suite at Steve Wynn's Mirage Hotel. It was
irst night Michael and Jamie would share the same



Michael Jackson socializing with, *from top:* "Jamie" in Monaco, May 1993; Macaulay Culkin at Disney World, 1991; Brett Barnes at Euro Disney, July 1992; and three boys in Mexico City, October 1993, near the end of the "Dangerous" tour.

one comes within five feet there are dingdong noises.

"Minor stated Mr. Jackson told minor that minor wo

bed, Michael wearing sweats, Jamie wearing pajamas. Michael had rented *The Exorcist,* and Jamie got scared. His mother and sister stayed in another bedroom in the suite. The next night the two wanted to sleep together again. But a confrontation ensued, because Jamie's mother objected.

At this point, claim insiders who believe the case against Jackson, Michael began to cry, telling Jamie's mother, "This is about being a family, not making judgments." He declared his love for each of them and pleaded, "Why don't you trust me? If we're a family, you've got to think of me as a brother. Why make me feel so bad? This is a bond. It's not about sex. This is something special." He then said Jamie could sleep wherever he wanted to. That did it—Jamie's mother was won over. From that night on, with few exceptions, she allowed 13-year-old Jamie and his 34-year-old rich and powerful friend to share the same bed for more than three months. Michael essentially moved in, and lived with Jamie in one room of the family's small, unpretentious house in Santa Monica Canyon while his little friend went to school.

Jamie has said that sexual touching began at Neverland in April. It started with cuddling and kisses. Michael began to "rub up against me." He later allegedly told Jamie that their being together was fated "in the cosmos." By this time, on visits to the ranch, Jamie stayed in Michael's bedroom; his mother and sister were still in the guesthou Both buildings are locked at night and heavily patrolled security. Michael's bedroom is connected by a secret st case to a special guest room, the Shirley Temple Roo Former employees of the ranch report that many boys w invited to sleep in the Shirley Temple Room, and that t would often find the bed untouched. Jackson has suc penchant for privacy that the floor outside his bedroom wired so that whenever anyone comes within five feet the entrance there are dingdong noises.

Over time, Jamie says in a leaked confidential Los An les Department of Children's Services report, Mich graduated to "kissing me on the mouth. . . . One time was kissing me and he put his tongue in my mouth an said, 'Don't do that.' . . . He started crying. . . . I guess tried to make me feel guilty." Michael took the family o trip to Disney World in Florida and "continued to rub against me quite often," Jamie said.

In May, Jackson and his adopted family jetted to Mon to the World Music Awards, where Jamie and his si were widely photographed, usually beside Michael Prince Albert's table or on Michael's lap. Most 13-year-boys don't spend hours being held on men's laps, but pe ple at the table guessed that Jamie, who was dressed ide cally like Jackson, was no more than 9 or 10.

"The little boy was loving every minute of it, getting much attention," said a woman who was there. Jacks heavily made up as usual with white pancake, wore a and mirrored glasses to shield his eyes, and covered nose and mouth with his hand. "His nose looked like a w model with most of the wax melted away," the wom said. He barely spoke to anyone other than Jamie and sister, and drank only Évian water which his bodygu poured, even then first wiping the glass with his handk chief. At one point Jackson sent the mother and two frie off in a limousine with a lot of cash and credit cards told them to buy whatever they wanted.

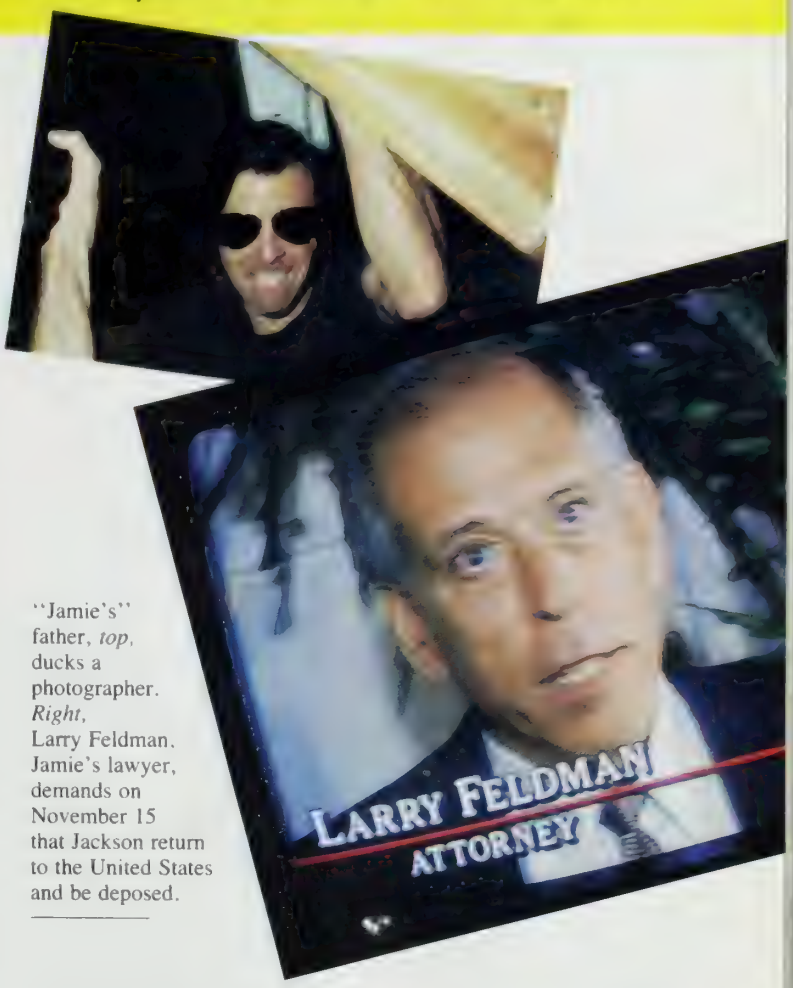
According to the Department of Children's Services port, Jamie said things "really got out of hand" in Mo co. "Minor stated Mr. Jackson told him that M Jackson's cousin masturbated in front of him a that masturbation was a wonderful thing. He erced minor to bathe with him and later, while lay next to each other in bed, Mr. Jackson put hand . . . under minor's shorts and masturbated nor until minor had orgasm at which point Mr. Jacks cleaned the semen with a tissue saying 'Wasn't t good?' This occurred several times; however, M Jackson began eating minor's semen, then 'began m turbating me with his mouth.' Minor denies ever o copulating Mr. Jackson or any anal intercourse."

The family flew home via Paris and Euro Disneyla They made a further trip to Disney World in Flori which Jamie recounted to the Department of Childre Services. "At the end he [Mr. Jackson] had me suck



From top, private investigator Anthony Pellicano and attorney Howard Weitzman represent Jackson at a press conference, September 1; Bert Fields answers questions about Jackson's whereabouts, November 15; "Jamie's" mother with Jackson in Monaco in May.

o Juvenile Hall if he told and they'd both be in trouble."



"Jamie's" father, *top*, ducks a photographer. *Right*, Larry Feldman, Jamie's lawyer, demands on November 15 that Jackson return to the United States and be deposed.

his nipples and twist the other while he [Mr. Jack- asturbated himself.

inor stated Mr. Jackson told minor that minor would Juvenile Hall if he told and that they'd both be in . Minor also said Mr. Jackson told him about other e had 'done this with' but he didn't go as far with ' [Jamie gave authorities the names of four other lichael allegedly told him about. Macaulay Culkin's appeared in the report, but he has denied any wrong- on the part of Jackson.] Minor stated Mr. Jackson make him hate his mo. and fa. so that he could only Mr. Jackson."

n Michael looming as the dominating presence in his mie began missing many visitations he would ordi- have had with his father, the Beverly Hills dentist, remarried and has a son with his current wife. In the ning, patients say, the doctor would brag about his friendship with Jackson. The dentist, who had sold reenplay, seemed eager to continue in show business, mie, who had given him the idea for the screenplay, was made into a movie, wanted to be a director. The seemed pleased that Michael and Jamie were going nd five days together at his house, sleeping in a bed- they would share with Jamie's half-brother.

n Jamie's father saw Jackson and Jamie in bed to- . They were fully clothed, but his suspicions were d. Michael and Jamie told him, he has said, that they n't stand Jamie's mother, and that she hated his wife. seemed to be playing the parents off against one an- Jamie's father eventually came to believe that be- of Michael "there is no family anymore." Jamie's r, with whom the dentist had always enjoyed a ly relationship, scoffed at his concerns.

arly June, the father saw his ex-wife and their son at ol graduation ahd angrily demanded, "What's going h Michael?" They argued, and the father did not see n again until mid-July. By then he was feeling desper- nce he knew that his ex-wife was planning to take out of school so that they could go with Michael and a n the "Dangerous" tour in the fall. One day the father down and began to cry while treating a patient who ned to be a Beverly Hills lawyer: Barry Rothman.

hman agreed to represent the dentist, whose relations is ex-wife had become acrimonious. A custody battle rewing, and legally the father was not in a strong n: he had never paid Jamie's mother child support, e owed $68,000. When the father became more and irate and demanded a meeting, the mother confided in n, who in turn called *his* lawyer, Bertram Fields, to ene. Fields did so aggressively, even though minor ly disputes are hardly what he, as one of show busi- most visible litigators, normally gets paid $500 an for. Fields called in private investigator/negotiator/ sic audio specialist Anthony Pellicano.

ou're on the side he's against, the flamboyant Pelli- cano, who also writes on the side, is a goon and a bully who fights dirty. If he's on your side, he is an invaluable ally, a trusted adviser, a canny investigator. He is most often called in when there is deep doo-doo all over that needs to be avoided or slung in the opposite direction. In this case, Pellicano soon became a major player. "If this is such an innocent relationship," asks Larry Feldman, "why have the likes of Fields or Pellicano?"

On July 9, Jamie's mother and stepfather met with Fields and Pellicano in Pellicano's office, on Sunset Strip. After listening to long conversations which the stepfather had secretly taped of himself and Jamie's father concerning the father's suspicions about Michael, Pellicano drove over to Jackson's Century City condominium, where Jamie and his sister were visiting. He questioned Jamie alone for about 45 minutes as to whether anything sexual was going on between Michael and him. Jamie said no.

Meanwhile, Jamie's father, through his attorney, went to a Beverly Hills psychiatrist, and, without disclosing any names, posed to him as a hypothetical situation the relationship of his son with Jackson, including mention of what the psychiatrist called Jamie's mother's "condoning attitude." He wanted to know if his son might be the victim of child abuse. In a written reply, the psychiatrist reiterated the presented facts, including: "The child's mother has received numerous and substantial gifts both monetary and material from the adult male." He characterized the "13-year-old

male (the child)''—whose relationship with an ''idolized male who is more than 20 years his senior, [and] a celebrity of some sort,'' is described as ''inseparable''—as being ''at risk.'' ''Events as presented above provide the basis for the conclusion that reasonable suspicion would exist that sexual abuse may have occurred.'' The psychiatrist also concluded that ''psychotherapeutic intervention'' was indicated for everyone involved.

Such would not be the case. Instead, the fighting continued. The father kept demanding a meeting with Jackson, and Rothman suggested to Fields that serious criminal conduct had occurred. The father had repeatedly threatened on tape that he had incriminating evidence against Jackson. On July 11, Fields, acting as an ''intermediary'' between the father and mother, ensured that Jamie would be given to his father for one week's visitation. During the course of that week, Jamie's side alleges, Jamie admitted to his father that sexual touching had occurred between him and Michael. The father, convinced that his son had been ''brainwashed,'' refused to give Jamie back and again demanded a meeting with Jackson. On July 12, the mother signed an agreement stating she would not take the boy out of Los Angeles County without the father's consent. That wasn't enough for the father, however, and the mother began taking legal steps through *her* lawyer, Michael Freeman, to force the father to give Jamie back. The father, meanwhile, repeatedly threatened to go public with his information.

Fields, at this point, stepped aside and ''let Anthony deal with it.'' On August 4, a meeting of Jamie and his father with Jackson and Pellicano took place on the top floor of the Westwood Marquis Hotel. The only thing the two sides agree on is that the father read Jackson parts of the criminal code about reporting child abuse. Money was never mentioned, although Fields and Pellicano, who say they suspected extortion from the beginning, were constantly asking the father and Rothman what it was they wanted.

That same night Pellicano and Rothman got together in Rothman's office, and Pellicano heard for the first time what Jamie's father did want: $20 million (for a trust fund, Jamie's camp says, to be set aside for Jamie's use only). Pellicano refused. According to Feldman, ''The father might have thought, I could have put a bullet in Michael's head—that's what he deserves. I could have run to the D.A. and had this sideshow, or I could've tried to punish him financially and get him to go and get help so he wouldn't do it again—it's a trade-off.''

After inconclusive phone conversations, a second meeting took place in Rothman's office on August 13, with Jamie's father present. Pellicano offered the dentist a $350,000 script deal. He suggested that the father and son could foster their relationship by writing scripts together. The father refused.

On August 16, Michael Freeman, Jamie's mother's lawyer, informed Rothman that he would be filing papers early the next day that would compel the father to turn over the boy by seven P.M. Rothman asked for time to inform the father, who was performing eight-hour dental surg... Freeman refused.

On August 17 came the dénouement. Jamie's father, ...perate that he would lose his son, made an early-mor... appointment with the psychiatrist to whom he had pose... hypothetical situation: Dr. Mathis Abrams. During a n... three-hour session, Jamie told Dr. Abrams for the first ... the full extent of his alleged sexual relations with Jack... By California law, such an accusation must be reporte... the appropriate authorities, which automatically trigge... investigation. A police sergeant and a social worker ... the Department of Children's Services interviewed J... and found that his story was consistent. The therapist ... the authorities that he felt the boy was telling the truth.

Michael Freeman, meanwhile, had filed the custody ...pers and obtained a court order to have Jamie returne... his mother by seven P.M. But that was held in abeyanc... the psychiatrist's reporting of the alleged abuse. Jamie ... said that, the week before, his mother had come to get ... for lunch and informed him that she was taking him ou... the state until the ''investigation was completed.'' He ... away from her and requested that he be allowed to cont... to live with his father. He told authorities that his mo... liked the ''glitzy life,'' and that he was afraid she w... allow Jackson to see him again. Jamie also told police ... he was glad his father had finally ''brought all of this o... the open''; he was ashamed and embarrassed but relie... When authorities told Jamie's mother what he had ... them about Jackson, she reportedly broke down and ... she couldn't believe how stupid she had been.

At first Children's Services wanted to take Jamie ... custody. Their report recommended that the mother ... questioned about ''her ability to protect minor,'' and ... the father be questioned about the discussion of mone... keep the whole thing quiet—which Jamie had also tal... about. Ultimately, Jamie was allowed to stay with his fat...

Anthony Pellicano had no idea that any of this was go... on. He had not heard from Barry Rothman since Au... 13, when his $350,000 offer was rejected, so while Ja... was in Dr. Abrams's office telling him about the alle... abuse, Pellicano was calling Rothman, determined, ... says, to tape him without his knowing it and get him on... record about the $20 million. Pellicano tried his bes... make Rothman admit that he wanted $5 million each ... four screenplays, but Rothman avoided discussing the m... ter. About 11:30 A.M., Rothman faxed Pellicano a let... formally refusing the $350,000 ''to settle and release ... civil claims our clients have a right to assert against y... client.'' Pellicano faxed Rothman a letter back which ... mie's side characterizes as a ''cover your ass'' letter: ''I... *not* recognize any civil claims against my client what... ever. We *have not and will not submit* to the extortion... attempts you and your client have subjected us to.'' T... day was the first time the question of extortion was rais...

On August 20, Michael Jackson, who had been inform... of Jamie's charges, left for Asia to continue the ''Dang...

It started with cuddling and kisses. Michael began

our, sponsored by Pepsi-Cola. Anthony Pellicano with him. On August 21 and 22, police executed a at Neverland and the Century City condo and carted eral boxes of material. The story broke on KNBC's g news on August 23. The media war had begun

Michael Jackson's defense: "If it's a 35-year-old pedophile, then it's obvious why he's sleeping with little boys. But if it's Michael Jackson, it doesn't mean anything," says Anthony Pellicano. "You could say it's strange, it's inappropriate, it's weird. You can use all the adjectives you want to. But is it criminal? it immoral? No." Bert Fields, Jackson's lawgrees. "Michael never had a childhood. He n the stage from the time he was five, and he's a highly intelligent person, he has a lot ldlike qualities. He really lives the life of a r-old." Fields believes Michael's behavior t of *any* normal 11- or 12-year-old boy. of the things he has done—the things *I* did I was 11 or 12, probably all of us did—was e sleepovers. So he'll have kids stay over at nch or wherever he is. And almost always he eir parents along on all these things."

icano readily admits that Jackson has shared d many times with little boys over the years. u hide something like that, then people are to be even more suspicious, and my view of hole thing is just to tell the truth. He did in beds with little boys. There's no question it. He's got a gigantic bed." Pellicano isn't ed by admitting that Jackson slept with Jamie ie's house at least 30 days in a row, either. *invited* Michael to stay there. Michael crash their house. He didn't say, 'I want to ere.' They *wanted* him to stay there."

ording to Pellicano, there was no cause for in Jackson's having a friend like Jamie. "If el has no sexual preference one way or anmale or female, to my knowledge, and the s of the children are allowing this, you to look at it in the context—especially at nch. They go out and they play and they go rides and they have water fights and do s stuff. And then they kind of like crash. Michael is always fully dressed." Even nie's house? "When [Jamie] went to e had pajamas on, and sweats, and el had sweats and pajamas on. Mi- goes to bed with his *hat* on. I'm s." Adds Pellicano, "It would make uts if you didn't know Michael. It l make you crazy. Not only that—I ht to myself—if a mother or a father 't want this *(Continued on page 131)*

up against me."

On November 12, he canceled the remainder of the tour, pleading addiction to painkillers taken as a result of scalp surgery and distress over the child-molestation accusations.



SPOTLIGHT

The Old Girls' Club

Yes, there *is* a cure for "youthism," Germ Greer's word for a culture hooked on kids. dressiest cure imaginable is this merry ban over-35 beauties, who are bound together their past lives as top models. These "old girl as opposed to the new girls—are news ag courtesy of fashion-photography impresario Br Bantry, who got Seventh Avenue thinking last when he hooked up Lisa Taylor, one of *Vogue's* ste est cover girls in the 70s, with photographer St Meisel. Meisel had never met Taylor, but after sp



n a flight from L.A. he got ideas for a Calvin Klein tion campaign. A subsequent style confab with who happened also to have Taylor on his mind, ned the designer's quest for a new reality in run- hows and certain ad campaigns. The rest is a new er in the history of what is considered beautiful— ling Lauren Hutton hitting her prime rate last year

ntry now manages about 25 former top models who returned to the business. They are actresses, wives, rs, and businesspeople. Modeling isn't their main event, but they are available when the day rate is right. Gathered here for their second coming-out are 13 of them: from left, Susan Forristal, Patti Hansen, Lisa Cooper, mother-to-be Janice Dickinson, Lisa Ryall, Shaun Casey, Dayle Haddon, Bitten, Donna Mitchell, Lois Chiles, Lisa Taylor, Shelley Smith, and Marisa Berenson.

People in the fashion business said Bantry's band would never go from golden oldie to pretty platinum. Well, never say never. Bantry reports that the phones are ringing off the hook. "We're turning women away," he purrs. "We just say, 'You're too young.'" —WILLIAM NORWICH

POSTDEBS

Modeling isn't their main event, but they are available.

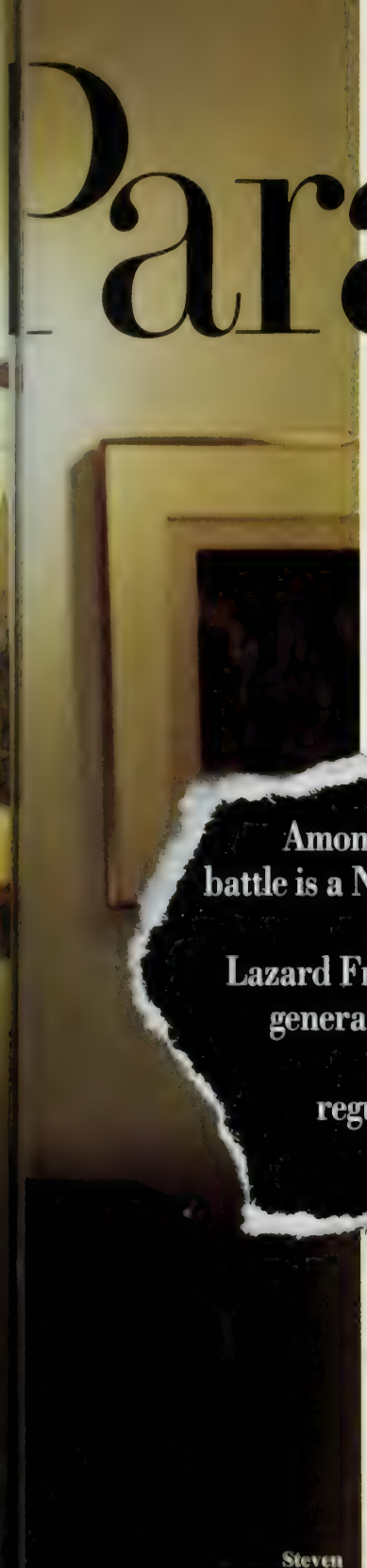


Photograph by ERIC BOMAN • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



Paramount Player

Among the financial wizards involved in the Paramount takeover battle is a New Age breed of Wall Streeter: 41-year-old Steven Rattner, the former *New York Times* reporter who, as a partner at Lazard Frères, is fast becoming the premier investment banker of his generation. Bosom buddy of Arthur Sulzberger Jr. and whispered successor to the legendary Felix Rohatyn, Rattner regularly commands multimillion-dollar fees and bonuses, but, he tells EDWARD KLEIN, he isn't in it for the money



Steven Rattner in his office at Lazard Frères. "The first impression people have of me sometimes is to look and say, 'Who is this kid?' "

"My wife and I were in London," recalled Felix Rohatyn, the legendary investment banker, "and we planned to come back Saturday on the late Concorde. But I had an uneasy feeling that something was going to happen. I talked to Martin Davis, who was in his office at Paramount, and things seemed reasonably quiet there in New York. On Friday night, we saw *The Time of Your Life*, a dreadful play, and afterwards Marty called again, and he said, 'I think you ought to come back.' I was back by 9:30 Saturday morning."

"I was in Colorado, fly-fishing on the Dolores, one of the most beautiful fishing rivers in the world," said Richard Beattie, the chairman of the executive committee of Simpson Thacher & Bartlett and a lawyer who had gained fame in the 80s for representing Henry Kravis in his $25 billion acquisition of RJR Nabisco. "All the leaves were turning bright gold, and I caught some rainbow trout. On Friday night, at about six o'clock, I picked up my daughter Lisa at the Durango airport, and I put in a call to Paramount's

general counsel, Donald Oresman. He said, 'Discussions have started with Viacom. You've got to come back.' I had dinner with my daughter and caught an early plane out of Denver the next morning.''

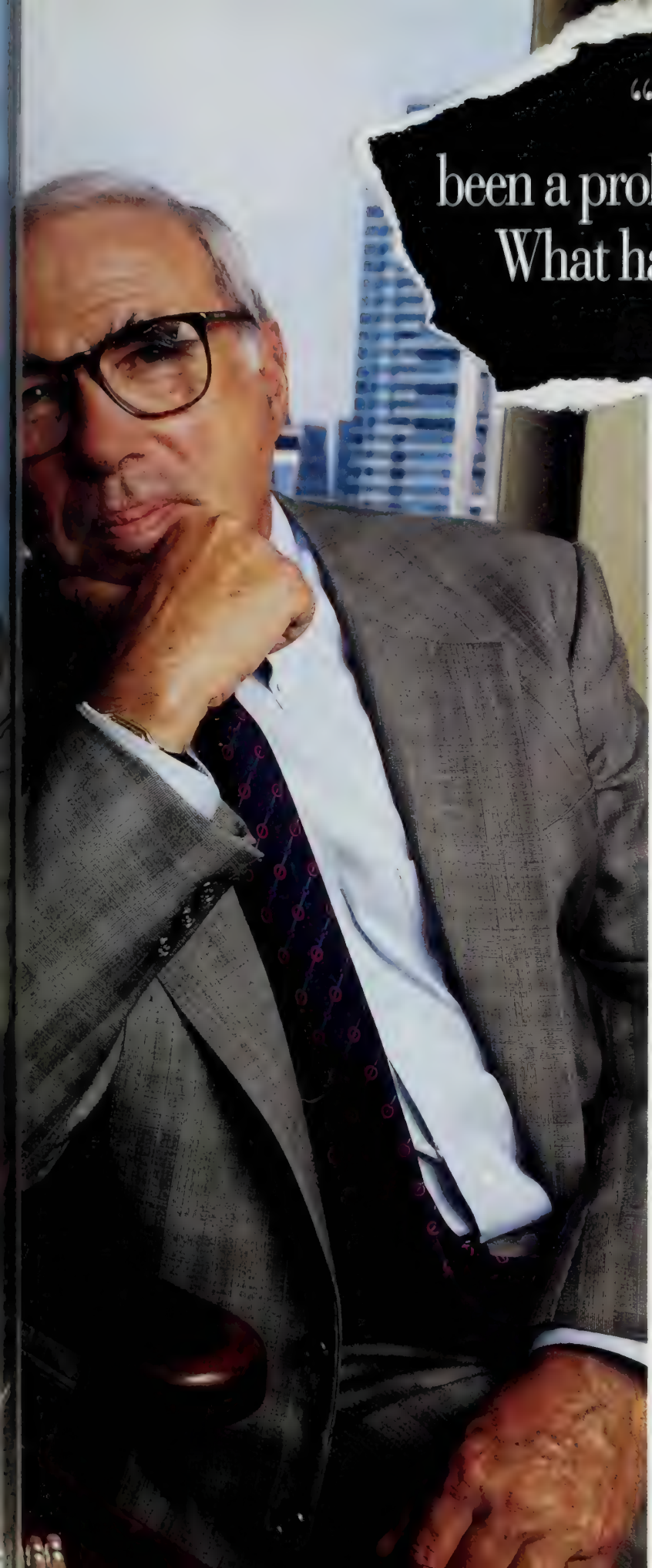
On Saturday, Steven Rattner, Rohatyn's partner at the prestigious firm of Lazard Frères & Co., had a date to play tennis with his father at Tennisport in Long Island City. ''Steve and I have had our Oedipal conflicts,'' said George Rattner, a retired businessman, who has had his plays produced Off Off Broadway. ''Steve was never an athlete as a young man. So he took up horseback riding, because he knew I detested horses. He didn't tackle me directly. But a few years ago he decided to take up the game of tennis and master it. And now he's beating me. But on Saturday he canceled our game. Oedipus took a backseat to Paramount.''

Early that Saturday afternoon, October 23, Steven Rattner arrived at the Paramount building, on Columbus Circle in New York, and took the elevator to the 42nd-floor executive suite. He made his way down a broad corridor paneled in a blond wood the color of his hair, and entered the private conference room tucked behind the office of Martin Davis, the man who had reigned supreme for the past decade over a company once called Gulf & Western and now known as Paramount Communications, Inc. The giant entertainment-and-publishing company was at the center of one of the most brutal bidding contests since the struggle for RJR Nabisco, and Davis had summoned his advisers to his headquarters for a council of war.

The room was decorated with an off-white sofa and club chairs, a conference table, and a brass-trimmed trolley stocked with soft drinks and coffee. The afternoon sun came through tall windows that framed a panoramic view of the Hudson River and the Palisades. The neatly groomed Davis was seated at the table, in shirtsleeves, deep in conversation with his trusted adviser, Felix Rohatyn, who cultivated long, shaggy eyebrows and the rumpled



Michel David-Weill, the world's richest investment banker, whose family controls Lazard Frères, and Felix Rohatyn, Lazard's star in New York.



"Felix has always been a problem for Michel. What happens if he gets hit by a bus?"

look. Rohatyn greeted Rattner, who could easily have passed for his son. Rattner had recently celebrated his 41st birthday, but he looked at least 10 years younger, and the impression of youth was heightened by his casual manner of dress—khaki pants, a gray sweater-vest worn over a button-down shirt, and rubber-soled shoes.

"Part of investment banking is central casting," Rattner told me. "I can't act like a 55-year-older, and I shouldn't. The first impression people have of me sometimes is to look and say, 'Who is this kid?' "

In fact, the "kid" is the most talked-about investment banker of his generation. There are other young hotshots on Wall Street, but Steve Rattner has made himself the most visible banker in the glamorous field of media and telecommunications, which is driving the recent boom in mergers and acquisitions. What's more, he achieved this distinction by making the unheard-of leap to investment banking from the world of journalism—without the safety net of a business-school degree. His close friendship with Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the publisher of *The New York Times*, is part of his aura, and it also doesn't hurt that he is viewed as Felix Rohatyn's protégé—perhaps even his successor.

Today, when C.E.O.'s want to do major media deals, they no longer automatically pick up the phone and ask for the Gleachers, Hills, and Wassersteins—all stars in the 1980s and all still active to one degree or another in the 90s. Often, the person they first think of calling is Steve Rattner. Some of the most powerful men in American business sing his praises. "Steve's a real dandy," says Jack Kent Cooke.



From left: Steven Ra
a Brown University trustee, wi
father, George, to wh
presented a master's in English
Brown in 1988; Mauree
Steve at his 40th-birthday
1992; Rattner's 1977 press
Rattner, Arthur Sulzberg
and Dan Cohen on a hike alo
Appalachian Trail,

"Lazard is an extremely competitive place, a snake pit. Believe me, Steve's no child."

John Kluge adds, "He's very focused, and a pleasure to do business with. He thinks things over before he goes off on a tangent. I can't emphasize enough how courteous he is. Steve's a very polished young man." And Michael Ovitz says, "Steve has a good analytical mind, and he has a real sense of how to put people together."

In the past several years, Rattner has been at the center of many of the largest media deals in history, and he has earned some staggering fees for himself and his partners—$10 million for selling Henry Kravis's Storer Communications cable unit to Comcast and Tele-Communications, $14 million for the McCaw Cellular takeover of LIN Broadcasting, and $20 million for arranging the sale of McCaw to AT&T, a fee that matched the record at the 145-year-old Lazard Frères firm.

Rattner was making $60,000 a year in 1982 when he left his job as a foreign correspondent for *The New York Times*. Little more than 10 years later he is piloting his own airplane and giving away money through his private foundation, which, according to public records, has assets of almost $2 million. After Rohatyn, he is the highest-compensated partner in the investment-banking division at Lazard Frères. And although there are others on Wall Street in trading and sales who make more money, he isn't exactly underpaid. When Rattner peeks into his Christmas stocking this year, he is likely to find a Lazard Frères check which, in the words of one Wall Street expert, will be "in the high single digits"—about $8 million.

Lazard Frères is one of the few remaining private investment-banking partnerships on Wall Street. With about 750 people, it is tiny by comparison with such giants as Merrill Lynch or even Morgan Stanley, but its per-employee annual profit dwarfs that of any other firm. Its partners cloak themselves in myth and mystery, leaving the impression that Lazard is the last of the genteel, Edith Wharton–style institutions. Lazard was once run by André Meyer, the autocratic French banker, who acted as adviser to everyone from William Paley to Katharine Graham to Jacqueline Onassis. But for the past 15 years the firm has been identified in the public imagination with the name and personality of Felix Rohatyn.

Through his public speeches, articles in *The New York Review of Books*, and occasional interviews, in which he inveighs against such things as leveraged buyouts and lavish charity balls,

Rohatyn has created the ima
a serious man of great rect
who transcends mere invest
banking. Most prominently, f
years he ran the Municipal Assist
Corporation, a platform he used
unsurpassed political skill to keep
York City solvent and Lazard Frèr
the public eye. But Rohatyn, wh
cently turned 65 and is the most fa
Democrat on Wall Street, must
been disappointed a year ago wh
failed to cap his long and distingui
career by being named secretary o
Treasury in the Clinton administra

His days of doing big deals, how
are hardly over. In a field populate
far younger men, Felix, as he is un
sally known, is still going strong, g
ating an immense amount of in
ment-banking business, and earnin
himself, in a good year, an estim
$10 to $15 million. "I like doing
stuff as long as it doesn't totally u
ance my life," he told me during a
in one of Lazard's parsimoniously
nished conference rooms. "Let m
it this way: I actually like giving a
at difficult times to people I have
lationship with."

Still, there is talk that Lazard
Felix problem. The firm, it is said,
plan for its survival in a post-Felix t
no matter how far in the future, and



ed toward a wrenching transition
a system based on a single star to a
collegial setup. The person most
mentioned as the leading candi-
to succeed Rohatyn, at least in
of his earning capacity, is Steven
er. *The Wall Street Journal* recent-
plored this succession issue in a
on Rattner, quoting one of his part-
as saying that Rattner's rise had
d "jealousy and resentment."
azard," a veteran investment bank-
d me, "is an extremely competi-
place, a snake pit. You've got to
e tough mother to survive there.
ve me, Steve's no child."

I accompanied Rattner in his two-engine, propeller-driven Cessna 421 on a trip he made this fall to his alma mater, Brown University. He serves on the board of trustees and has pledged half a million dollars to the school's capital campaign. Rattner sat behind the con-, wearing Ray-Ban sunglasses, we taxied down the runway and l off for the 40-minute flight up Connecticut coastline to Provi-e, Rhode Island.

"What started me flying," he said, hat I go to Martha's Vineyard every mer, where we have a home, and are a number of people who fly selves up there. My life is so unpre-ble, and I'm at the mercy of clients. fly when I want to, and I'm not ndent on commercial airlines."

sked him if he had read any of the essays and novels of the aviator Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, who was a kind of prose poet of the skies. "I haven't read him since I was a kid and read *The Little Prince*," he replied. "I enjoy flying, but I'm not passionate about it. I gave Sharon Hoge [the wife of James Hoge, editor of *Foreign Affairs*] a ride to the Vineyard last summer, and she gave me a white scarf. But I couldn't get into wearing it."

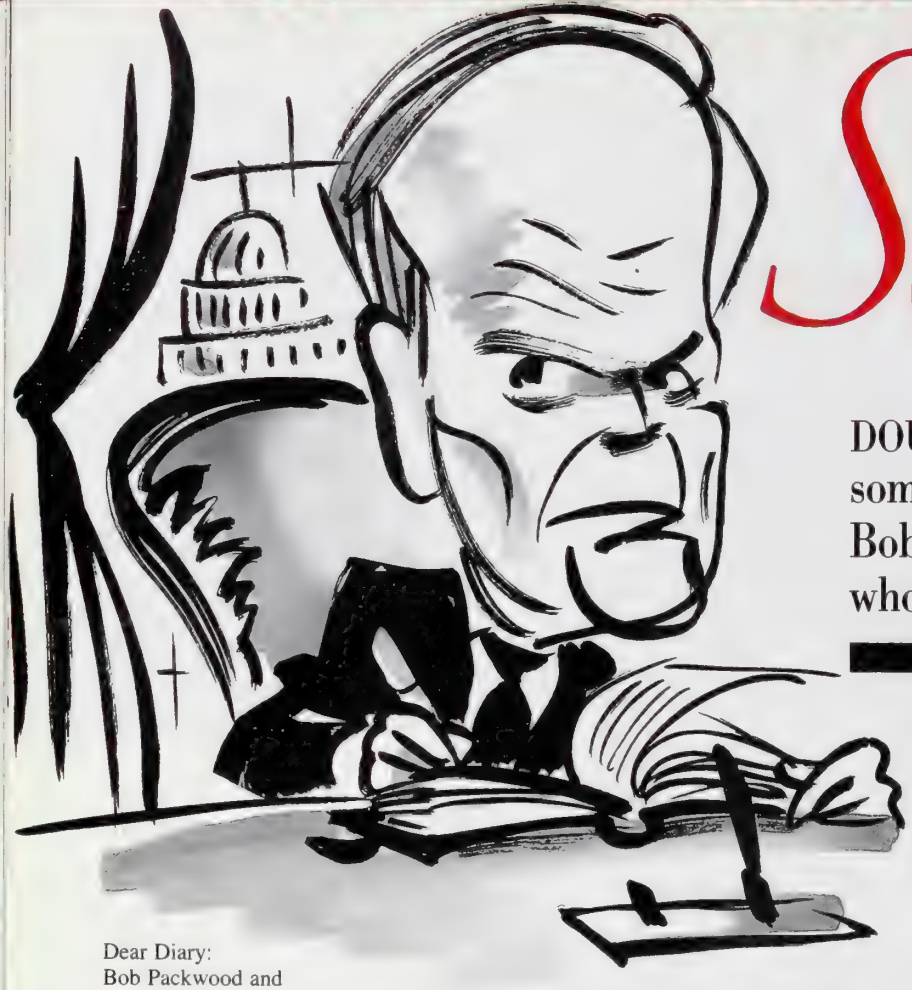
Rattner, according to one of his best friends, is the Michael J. Fox of investment banking. He doesn't speak any foreign languages. He is not at home—as Rohatyn is—in Europe. He has no panache or flair. Nothing sticks out about him. He was described to me by more than one businessman as someone who Zeligs his way through life by blending in.

Some find this quality a serious shortcoming in one who is being discussed as Rohatyn's heir apparent. "Steve has a cool side to him," said another business colleague. "That is dangerous to success, because there's a part of him that appears to be insincere to people. He's got to lighten up a bit and get into people as people and less as objects. He seems totally without passion. And you can't be in a people business without having a human side."

Rattner's wife, Maureen White, naturally sees her husband in a very different light, and she described him to me as a man who is not quick to reveal his feelings. "I had twins a few years ago, who were delivered seven weeks premature," she told me. "Steve saw them in the intensive-care unit of New York Hospital before I did. They were black-and-blue; they were in incubators, and couldn't eat or breathe without assistance. The lungs of one—David—didn't function, and he had wires coming out of his head. When Steven came into my room, he was completely white. I knew from the way he looked that there was something terribly wrong. Steven said to me, 'I think you should wait before you go down there and see the children.' That was the closest I ever saw him to being devastated by anything." The twin boys survived, and are now flourishing.

"Felix and Steve are very different people," said Craig McCaw, the chairman and C.E.O. of McCaw Cellular Communications, who is about Rattner's age. "Steve is not as unconventional as Felix in his approach. Felix has a very strong discipline in how he operates. There is a firmness to Felix, with his Austrian heritage, that is somewhat unique among investment bankers. . . . Steve is a very good P.R. guy. He brings more than the financial thing to the table. During our negotiations with LIN Broadcasting, the first story that appeared was in *The New York Times*, and Steve sat through 60 percent of our interviews."

Curiously enough, for someone who lives by the scorecard of deals and fees, Rattner embraces the upright, self-depriving attitudes of the Bill and Hillary Clinton era. And so does his wife. A suc- *(Continued on page 138)*



Sexual

DOUGLAS McGRATH adds some new entries to the diary of Bob Packwood, the senator who loves to love too much

Dear Diary:
Bob Packwood and
his Senate pages.

November 2, 1993. I want to say something which I believe is true: life is never so unfair as when it's unfair to me. Today, the Senate subpoenaed my diaries. Now everyone and his brother will be pawing over my innermost thoughts and feelings. On the plus side, Carol Moseley-Braun also voted to read my diaries. I think that's her way of saying, "Hey, Senator, I want to get to know you better."

I still feel a need to keep a record of my life as a legislator and a man. So I bought a blankbook and on the cover I wrote, "Painful Choices We Must Make to Balance the Budget." My thoughts should be safe here. Even if Congress finds it, no one will read it.

(Note to myself: Always hide this diary behind the bottle of good scotch, in case someone comes over—and hide the bottle of good scotch behind the bottle of cheap scotch, in case they want a drink.)

November 4, 1993. I left the office early today. It's become awful there. Hostile faxes pour in without stop. The machine got so hot that one of the secretaries burned her hand on it. I offered to lick it and make it feel better, but she went to the hospital instead.

Drove home and tried to work out answers to some of these ridiculous charges. Here's what I came up with:

The charge: I grabbed a woman by her ponytail, stepped on her toes, and forcibly kissed her.

My response: "If I hadn't stepped on her feet, I might have knocked her over backward with what may have been the unexpected advance of my tongue into her mouth. By anchoring her toes to the ground and securing her head, I *supported* her, just as I have supported women's groups for years."

The charge: I attempted to take off a volunteer's girdle.

My response: "Hey, she was a *volunteer*."

Only 22 more to go.

November 5, 1993. Tonight PBS had that timber special I've been waiting for, so I put on my nice soft sweats and got all comfy in bed. (Note to myself: Diary is beginning to show behin scotch bottle. From now on, hide it be hind the Southern Comfort.)

I guess I'm just worn out by all th stress because I passed out right at th climax of an exciting section on so erosion. When I woke up, everythin was fuzzy and then I think there was Mark Russell special on. Usually I lik him—he's so cutting-edge—but, to m horror, he was singing new words t "Old Man River."

Old man Packwood!
He hurt his back good!
By making passes
At female masses
He once wowed Steinem
But she's not be-hein him no more!

November 9, 1993. I guess I'm not total outcast! I had a meeting in the Oval Office with President Clinton. He said that if I voted for NAFTA he would sign an executive order making sexua harassment by any five-term senator from Oregon legal. Gergen looked up and slapped him. Clinton apologized and took the offer back.

On my way back to the Senate, I saw one of my former staffers on the Capitol steps. When she saw me, she screamed and ran the other way. It was pretty obvious that she wanted me to chase her. I didn't, *but do you think the press gave me any credit for that?*

November 10, 1993. Last week I called President Bush to ask if he'd make a statement in my defense and tonight he left a message on my machine. He

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER

Congress



aid, "Hey, O.K., yeah, no, let's lis- n up there, Woodpacker. *Listen and arn.* The Bush ears can tell that ou're in a help-needing mode. I'm —you're a harassment-wrapped-up ind of guy. So let me help you out iere sympathywise: *Know the feeling.* ucked my share of sticks and arrows ll the failed governor of a small state ook the Bush parking place at the Vhite House. And so, but, yes. I'll end a statement, as well as a thank- ou note for asking me. This is the first ng on the Bush phone since Yeltsie as a little over-Smirnoffed one night nd called by mistake. Well, Wood- acker, love to chattanooga, but better ip-cord this. Bar seems to be choking n a leg of lamb."

November 11, 1993. At the office, the ate mail keeps coming. I looked into he mailroom and they were warming achos on the fax machine. One of the axes was from Anne Frank's great- iece. She said I was a disgrace to dia- ies. Asked me to call her so she could ell at me live. Maybe I will. Her handwriting turned me on.

I did have a nice message from Wil- iam Kennedy Smith. He said that when he was on trial his lawyer ad- vised him to get a dog to soften his mage. He said he wasn't sure if that would help me, given that the odds against me are so large. Recommended I get a pony.

November 12, 1993. Alan Dershowitz called. He told me he wanted to serve as a mediator between me and the Sen- ate—indeed, between me and the whole country. I asked him who would pay. He said he would bill me, the other 99 senators, and every citizen of the Unit- ed States. "I'm helping all sides," he said, "so I should be paid by all sides." I said no thanks. He said fine, he'd only wanted to help and he'd bill me for the call. I said, "But *you* called *me!*" He said, "Hey, *you* picked up!"

(Note to myself: Diary is beginning to show behind Southern Comfort. From now on, hide it behind peach schnapps.)

November 13, 1993. Is there no sanctu- ary? I went to morning services to ask God to give me strength, and at the end of "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee" the choir spotted me and started booing.

November 16, 1993. Things get worse and worse. I had my pollster do a poll and these were the results:

- 66 percent said I should resign.
- 34 percent said I shouldn't resign, but only because they didn't want to be denied the pleasure of my impeach- ment.

I feel completely under siege. I was watching *Nightline* last night and Janet Reno was saying, "If the impasse with Packwood goes on much longer, we should go in and seize the diaries. If he lights his house on fire, that's not our fault! But we've got to act! Babies might be being abused!"

I did not become a senator for this. If I wanted the whole country to be angry with me, I would have become president.

The whole thing had me so agitated that I left the office and walked the city for hours. Around midnight I saw the lights were on in Mitchell's office, so I decided to go up. When I went in, he, Kennedy, Nunn, Helms, and some pages were playing Nude Twister. Strom Thurmond had been playing too but his leg had locked and they'd moved him to a corner.

What a great bunch of guys. Even though they said they couldn't help me, they were really sympathetic. Helms said, "All this fuss is caused by high taxes on tobacco! Folks stop smoking and they can't think straight!" Kenne- dy said, "Jesse, left foot, green!" Nunn said that he'd help me get into the navy if I promised not to harass any males. Kennedy said, "George, right hand, red!" Mitchell said I'd have to resign because it wasn't about politics anymore, it was about the honor of the Senate. Kennedy said, "Stop stalling, George, and get your hand on red. There's only one way to get there, and if Jesse can't handle it, that's his problem."

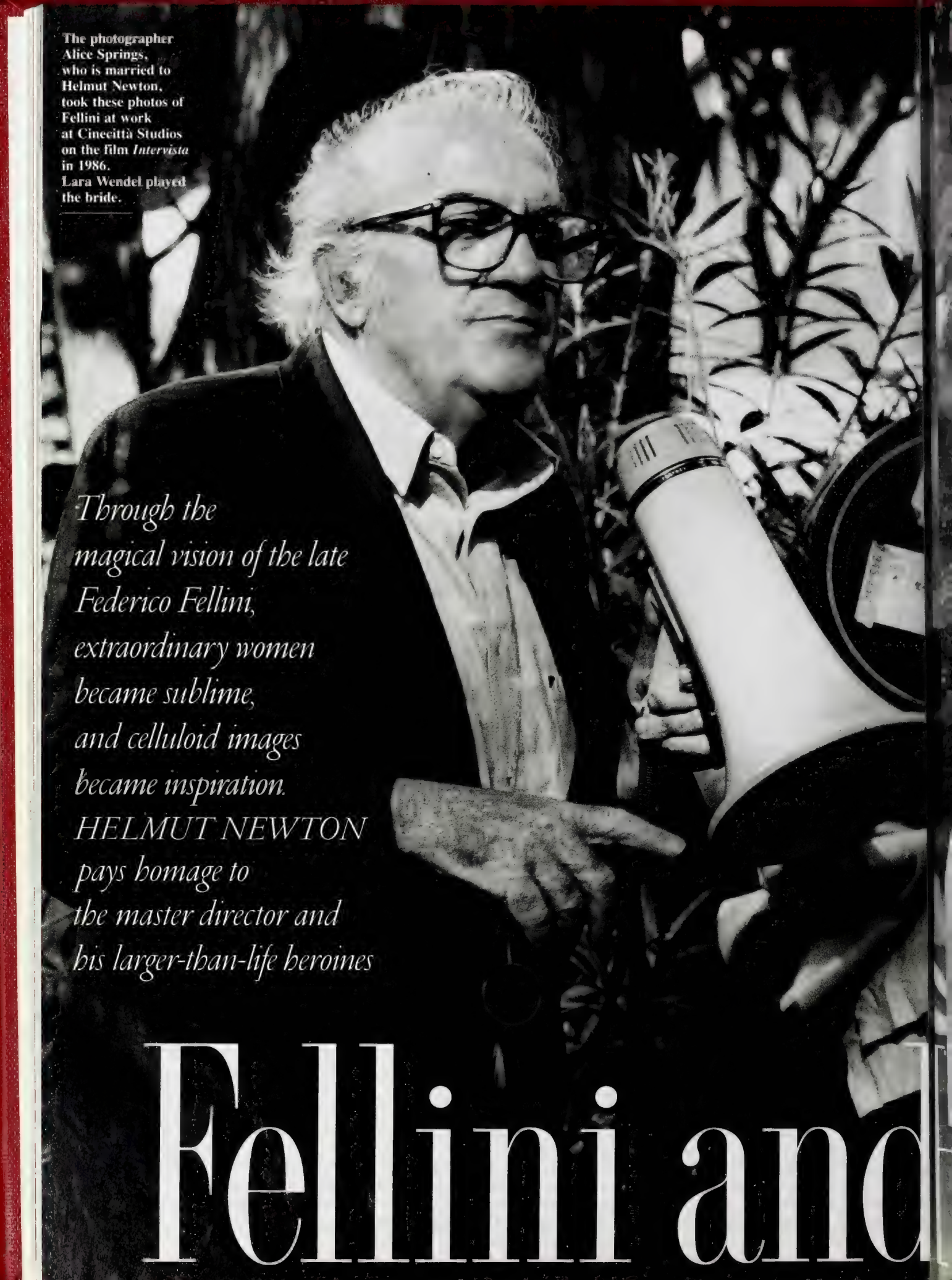
Went home and started feeling better. (Note to myself: Diary is beginning to show behind Aqua Velva. Either need to get taller bottles or a shorter diary.)

November 23, 1993. Congress is ad- journing for the holidays, so, to cheer myself up, I went Christmas shopping. Let's just say my spirits weren't lifted at the mall. There's a Bob Packwood doll on sale. You press a button in the back and its tongue falls out. The slogan says, "You don't squeeze the doll. It squeezes you." It comes with a humili- ating set of accessories: motel keys, a little diary, and a lawyer.

It's just not fair. I've worked so hard for women. I stood up to Reagan on abortion. I fought for laws to make life better for all women. I'm not saying I'm perfect, but I think my qualities as a legislator outweigh my deficiencies as a man. To put it in the most extreme terms, let's say I made a woman have sex with me against her will and I got her pregnant. Thanks to my legislative work, she could get an abortion!

I've learned my lesson: You can em- brace women's causes, but not the women in them. Now that I understand this, I shouldn't have to resign. The subpoena for my diaries is totally un- constitutional. It represents a flagrant invasion of my privacy, and if anyone knows about invading privacy, it's me.

I will not give up. I will fight this all the way to the Supreme Court. I know I can count on at least one vote there. □



The photographer Alice Springs, who is married to Helmut Newton, took these photos of Fellini at work at Cinecittà Studios on the film *Intervista* in 1986. Lara Wendel played the bride.

Through the magical vision of the late Federico Fellini, extraordinary women became sublime, and celluloid images became inspiration. HELMUT NEWTON pays homage to the master director and his larger-than-life heroines

Fellini and



His Women

ANOUK AIMÉE

La Dolce Vita, 8½

You see her looking into a mirror, touching her lower lip, and there is a clock in the background. Maybe, because of all we were feeling when we shot it, with Fellini just gone, it says something about time. Time passing. Time passed.



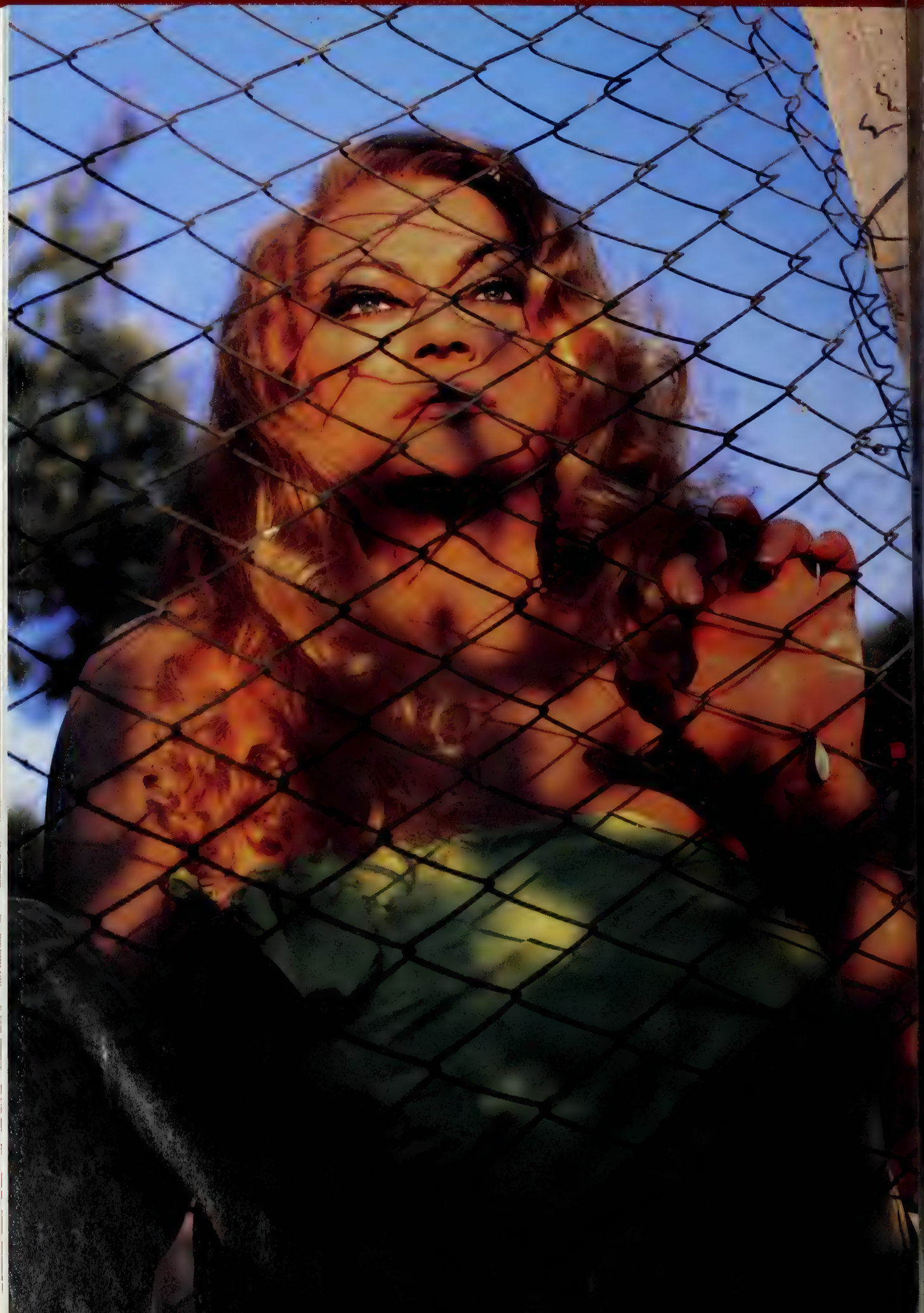
"We have lost our maestro," Anouk Aimée told me over the telephone in late October, a few days after the death of Federico Fellini, who had directed her in *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*. I was sympathetic; I admired Fellini. A lot of the scenes that I have photographed on the beach or by the sea were influenced by his movies. I loved the beach scenes! And the scenes in the popular, cheap restaurants—what we call the *baraques*, the little sheds that serve wonderful food—absolutely influenced me. In the 60s and 70s, I had a house in St.-Tropez and I did shoots on the beach all the time and I would never have observed what I photographed in quite the way I did if I hadn't seen Fellini's movies. The term "paparazzi," which refers to the photographers who buzz like pestering mosquitoes around the famous, was inspired by a character in *La Dolce Vita*, and after I saw the film I started to use actual paparazzi in the fashion shoots I was doing at the time. Nothing would have been the same without Fellini.

I love big women, tall women, powerful women. This is something that is very dear to my heart—and to Fellini's as well. As you go through his movies, there are these large women, these enormously breasted women, some of them almost caricatures, but very beautiful. He saw in them everything that one wants in a woman: sensuality, the mother, protection—everything! His women were never conventional. They were beautiful for all the things inside them that he allowed you to see. You want to keep staring into their faces. Time stops a little.

You know, there is a very famous scene in *La Strada* with Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, dancing in the village square, and watching it for the first time, I just broke down in tears there in the theater. I will never forget it. I just broke down into tears. And I am not the crying type.

—HELMUT NEWTON



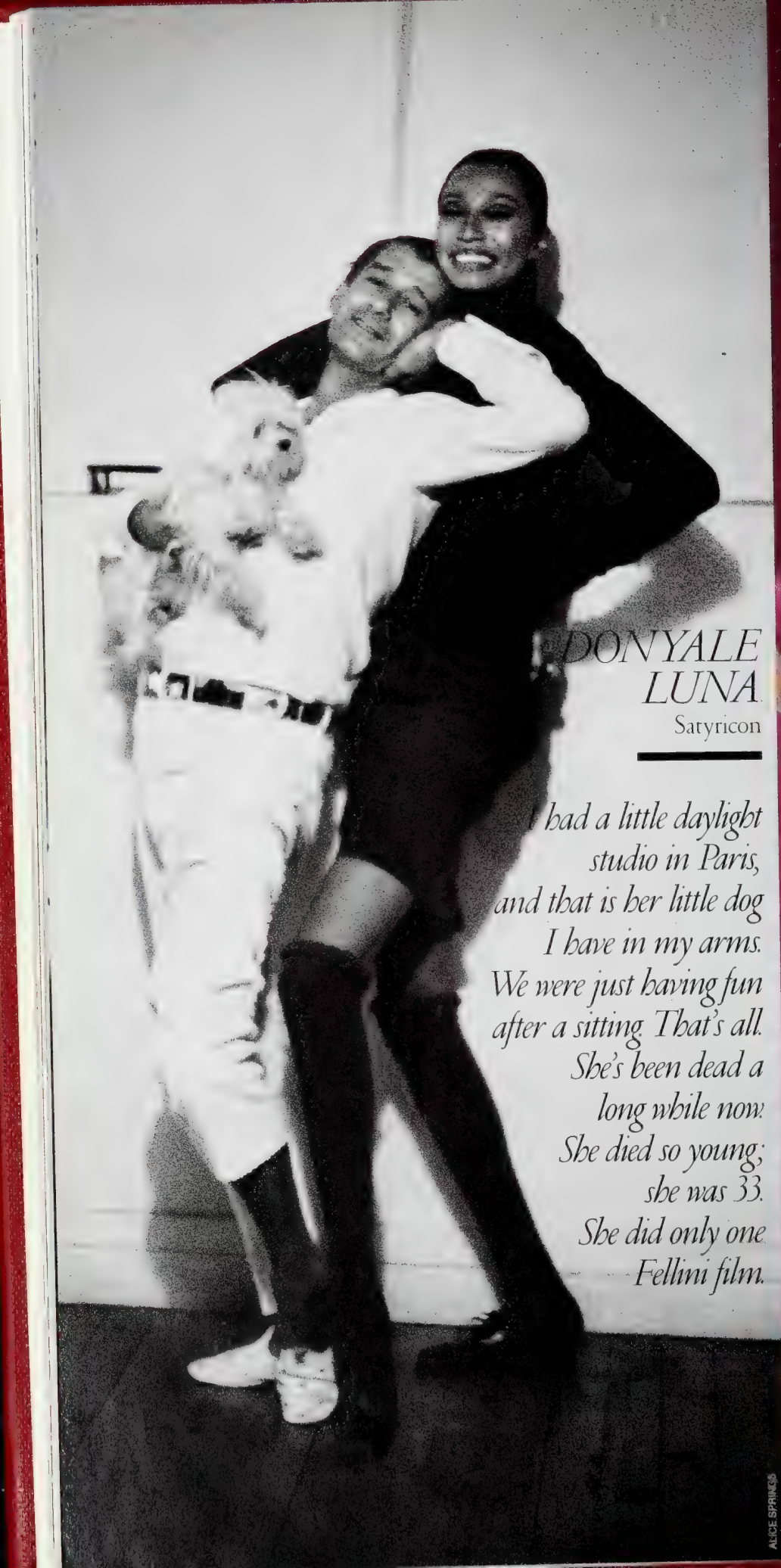


ANITA EKBERG

La Dolce Vita, Boccaccio '70, I Clowns

I've always liked photos of a woman looking out a window, over a wall; a woman looking outside from someplace inside. I think those photographs often take you inside the woman through the eyes. Fellini, of course, did that better than anyone. He took you right inside them through the eyes into the heart.





DONYALE LUNA
Satyricon

I had a little daylight studio in Paris, and that is her little dog I have in my arms. We were just having fun after a sitting. That's all. She's been dead a long while now. She died so young; she was 33. She did only one Fellini film.

ALICE SPRINGS

CLAUDIA CARDINALE
8½

"The sets were never silent,
Claudia said, remembering
Fellini. "He loved confusion.
The last time they spoke,
he was in L.A. "He said to
that it was so silly that
we are never together and he
was missing all the people
that he liked. In movies, we
always working and
going all over the world.
We miss so many things."

HELMUT NEWTON



King Koppel

The dust from the celebrated late-night talk-show war has settled, and a surprise winner has emerged: Ted Koppel, whose revitalized *Nightline* is generating big ratings and bigger revenues for ABC. The ace of interviewers, Koppel is feared and respected in Washington's corridors of power—and now he is breaking his format to take his place as one of the best reporters in the country. But, as JACOB WEISBERG discovers, he will always be an outsider, shadowed by his childhood in Germany and England

Earlier this year, Ted Koppel went to Jersey City to shoot a special *Nightline* about a kid named Hassan who lives in a nightmarish housing project called Curries Woods. The resulting hour-long program—reported in part by Richard Price, the author of *Clockers*—was filmed rap-video-style, in black and white. The show explains the choices Hassan faces at age 14. One choice, to stay in school and pursue his interest in electronics, is personified by Calvin Hart, a good cop who tries to replace the hundreds of absent fathers in the project. The other, more common choice—dropping out, selling drugs, and going to jail—is exemplified by another resident role model: a charismatic hustler named Frankie McCord. Halfway through the broadcast, Koppel, in jeans and a brown leather jacket, talks to Frankie, who predicts the kids playing basketball in an adjacent lot will be dealing drugs in a few years.

"Because of guys like you?" Koppel asks.

"Yeah," Frankie says matter-of-factly.

"Do you have the decency to be ashamed of that?"

Frankie stops dead in his tracks. "Sure," he replies hesitantly. "Sure."

It's a stunning moment, for the audience as well as for Frankie, the highlight of a riveting program. And it's a moment hard to imagine anyone else in television pulling off without appearing to grandstand. It is also an unlikely role for Ted Koppel, more conventionally found in a navy blazer and earpiece, butting in on a monologue by Cyrus Vance or King Hussein.

More nights than not, Koppel still relies on the familiar formula of three experts linked by a satellite, the innovative electronic forum that made him famous in the 1980s. For more than a decade, *Nightline* has shaped the news and even history, as it did when it brought Israelis and Palestinians face-to-face for a 1988 town meeting in Jerusalem that

Illustration by RISKO


RISKO

Jimmy Carter told Koppel helped open the door to this year's peace agreement; or as it did in 1992 when it broke the story of Bill Clinton's draft letter (Koppel read it in its entirety on the air); or as it did last spring when Lani Guinier defended her views on civil rights as Clinton was surrendering on her nomination to the Justice Department; or as it did in September when Clinton himself became the first American president to participate in a network-orchestrated town meeting, on health care.

"Almost uniquely, *Nightline* has the power to either smother or supercharge a story," says Clinton senior adviser George Stephanopoulos. "CNN goes with it all day long, and the news covers it. *Nightline* is your last hope—either to put it out or ignite it."

But after 13 years on ABC, *Nightline* has reinvented itself. When news isn't breaking, the show now becomes a kind of guerrilla public-affairs program that flies in the face of the late-night trend *Newsweek* recently called "Stupid TV Tricks." *Nightline*'s investigative unit did the most dramatic stories on the World Trade Center bombing, and the definitive exposé of Ross Perot's United We Stand organization. In the last year, Koppel has burst the bounds of his studio to create a sophisticated newsmagazine program. Now when he wants to talk about health care, he no longer just calls the Brookings Institution for a specialist; he spends a day in the emergency room of a metropolitan hospital. When he wants to cover the Mississippi River flood, he supplements a top official from the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) with John Lee Hooker and Garrison Keillor. And when he wants to do a program about AIDS, he sends a crew to live with Mary Fisher, the H.I.V.-positive woman who reduced the 1992 Republican convention to tears.

Nightline's new vivacity has meant an enormous commercial success for ABC. Indeed, Koppel has emerged not only as a fighter in the late-night wars but as the probable victor. After running neck and neck with Letterman for the first two months of the fall season, Koppel started November by beating Letterman decisively: 5.6 million households and 18 percent of all viewers were tuned in to *Nightline*, while Letterman pulled in 4.7 million households and 16 percent—an achievement even more impressive for *Nightline* since many more stations delay its broadcast until after midnight. On NBC, Jay Leno trailed with 3.9 million households and 13 percent, and Conan O'Brien brought up the rear with 1.7 million households and 9 percent. In terms of revenue, Koppel does even better. Because of the premium corporations will pay to air commercials on his more prestigious broadcast, *Nightline* can charge $45,000 for a 30-second spot, while Leno and Letterman get only about $30,000—and *Nightline* is cheaper to produce. (These impressive numbers enabled Koppel, who reportedly earns as much as $2 million a year, to recently make the unprecedented demand of working without a contract.)

"We'd love to win it," says Roone Arledge, the president of ABC News, who shares credit for *Nightline*'s resurrection. "Letterman and Leno are fighting over the same people. Ted is different. As far as I'm concerned they can fight all night."

Koppel himself is reluctant to be drawn into the hoo surrounding the late-night wars. "I'm not oblivious to t ings," he admits. "I look at the overnights every morni But I don't think it's right for someone in the news busin to be worried about ratings and what you're getting for second spots."

Others, however, say Koppel is more competitive th he lets on. "There remains in Ted, and people like Ted, desire to come up for the fight when they're challenge says his friend and ABC colleague Sam Donaldson. "T challenge for Ted now is seeing whether he can be the la night king—not just in news but across the board."

A few years ago, *Nightline* seemed to be r ning out of gas. After nearly a decade of c ing the same thing, Koppel was simp bored, and "heading toward the exit," Donaldson's words. After ABC was tak over by Capital Cities in 1985, Koppel w ried, for good reason, about his creative ind pendence. News budgets were being slashe and more and more affiliates were pushing the show later favor of higher-profit-margin *M*A*S*H* reruns. Unsure his future, Koppel started his own production compan Koppel Communications Inc. (he nearly called it Lifebo Productions), which began to churn out critically acclaime documentaries, some of them similar to the specials *Nigh line* has been producing of late.

Then two things happened to Ted Koppel: the Persia Gulf War and Tom Bettag. After agreeing to a contract th reduced his schedule at ABC to three nights a week, Kop pel went back to Roone Arledge to tell him he had to wor full-time to cover the war properly. *Nightline* is at its be when news is breaking, and Koppel felt the tug of the pr gram's roots: the Iranian hostage crisis of 1979, when began as *The Iran Crisis: America Held Hostage*. Koppe folded his independent company. And when the war ende Arledge sent him Bettag as his new executive producer.

Tom Bettag can fool you because he speaks deliberately taking more time to answer a question than any *Nightlin* guest would get away with. With his unruly graying hai and shirtsleeve demeanor, the 49-year-old Bettag seems al most too worthy for TV; he's a guy who still worries abou the Iran-contra scandal, and rides a bicycle from hi Georgetown town house to the ABC building at the begin ning of every 15-hour workday. But Bettag is an incredibly gutsy producer who likes nothing more than making the improbable happen. Most of his career was spent at CBS at *60 Minutes* and *The CBS Evening News*, where he was one of the last pillars of the Murrow tradition. As Dan Rather's executive producer, Bettag saw his old-line values clash with the corporate imperative when Laurence Tisch took over the network in 1986. "I was an enormous thorn in the side of CBS," he says proudly. "Rather and I were perceived as being entrenched allies against change."

Bettag was nearly fired when Rather stalked off the set in Miami to protest the news's being pre-empted by a U.S. Open tennis match, leaving the screen blank for six minutes. And after holding on for several years, he was purged

four of his senior producers in 1991. Rath- out of favor with CBS's new owners, lacked leverage to protect Bettag. "Tom under- ds the psyche, the innards of his anchorper- " Rather says. "You know that Tom is not working to make you look good, but if nec- ry at his own expense. I did all I could to him. I just couldn't do it."

oppel has revised the history of Bettag's ing a bit. He now suggests hiring Bettag was own idea. In fact, as others recall it, Koppel wary about Bettag because he thought the scheming Arledge might try to use the new cutive producer to gain greater control over *htline*. But Bettag and Koppel soon formed a d as close as the one between Bettag and her. "Doing the same format every single nt had stopped being a challenge," Bettag s. "And it defined Ted as the best interviewer he country. But Ted is very possibly the best orter in the country, and that side very rarely came ." Bettag's idea was for Koppel to follow his own, en off-the-wall ideas, to get away from the studio and into the field. Koppel responded immediately to the ative stimulus.

"Ultimately only Ted could reinvigorate Ted," says naldson, "but the catalyst was Tom."

One of the more exciting afternoons in Washington is nt with Bettag and Koppel on "the Rim" at *Nightline*'s ice in the ABC News building in downtown Washing- . The Rim is where Bettag sits, on those occasions when 's sitting, and where the program is planned and pro- ced. There's always a provisional story, usually with ests and visuals in flux, while Bettag debates with Kop- l and other producers whether to switch to one or another eaking story. On a recent Wednesday afternoon they re, as usual, juggling stories. Should they go with Kath- ne Ann Power, the Vietnam-era fugitive who recently rrendered? Or Michael Jordan, who had just announced s retirement? Or Somalia, where 18 Americans had just en killed in a firefight with General Mohammed Farah idid's militia?

There's general agreement that Somalia is too important ignore. Koppel wants a serious roundtable discussion on e implications for American foreign policy. Bookers and oducers huddle around, assembling a long list of possible uests. A booker says she thinks that Henry Kissinger, for- er national-security adviser Brent Scowcroft, and former .I.A. director Robert Gates are scheduled to be nearby at evening for a think-tank dinner. Koppel likes these ree "jaboneys"—*Nightline*-ese for talking heads—but he ants a Democrat too. He pitches Hodding Carter III or bigniew Brzezinski, Carter-administration officials who ealt with the Iranian hostage crisis.

The bookers hit the phones, and within hours all but Zbig" have been confirmed and pre-interviewed. They lso track down Abucar Liban, a former Somalian general who is a surrogate for General Aidid. Bettag wants the uests to sit on the studio set with Koppel, which is unusu-



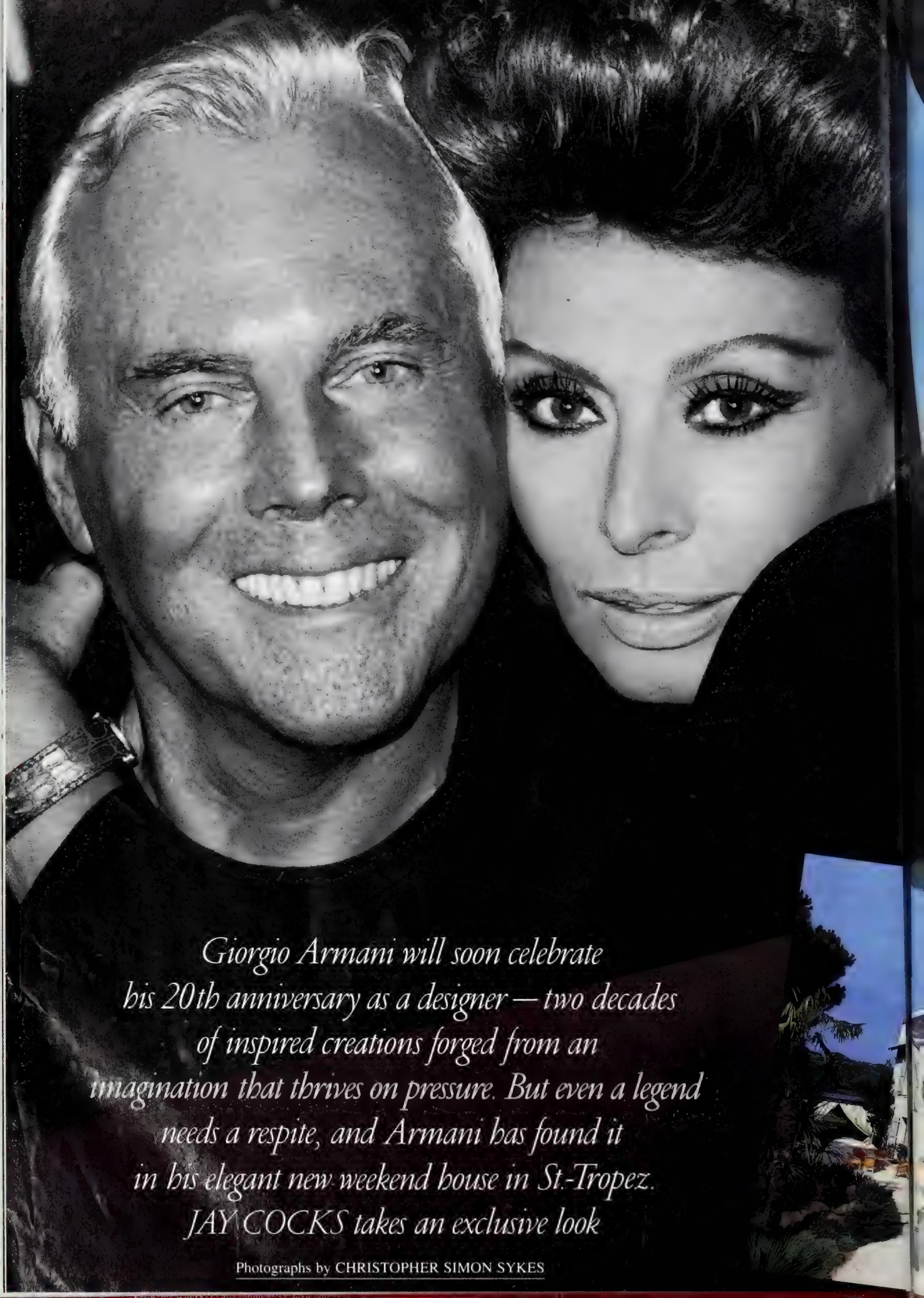
Rocking the Rim: Executive producer Tom Bettag talks with Koppel before the town meeting on health care, which co-starred Bill Clinton.

Some crises are downright hair-raising: the producers can't get through to Mogadishu until 20 seconds before airtime.

al, and thinks the broadcast should be extended to 45 minutes. Koppel agrees and Bettag starts lobbying the suits in New York for the extra time. Part of the program will be taken up with live dispatches, one from Mark Huband, a British reporter still risking his neck in Mogadishu, another from Capitol Hill, where pressure is building on the president to pull out, and another from the Pentagon, where retaliation against General Aidid is being discussed.

As usual, it's a high-wire act. Some of the crises are comical: Gates and Liban, who are not exactly simpatico, arrive early in the greenroom and focus intently on a baseball game to avoid conversing. Others are downright hair-raising: the desperate producers can't get through to Huband on a satellite phone until 20 seconds before airtime. Somehow, it all comes together and the new, more intimate format inspires a spirited discussion.

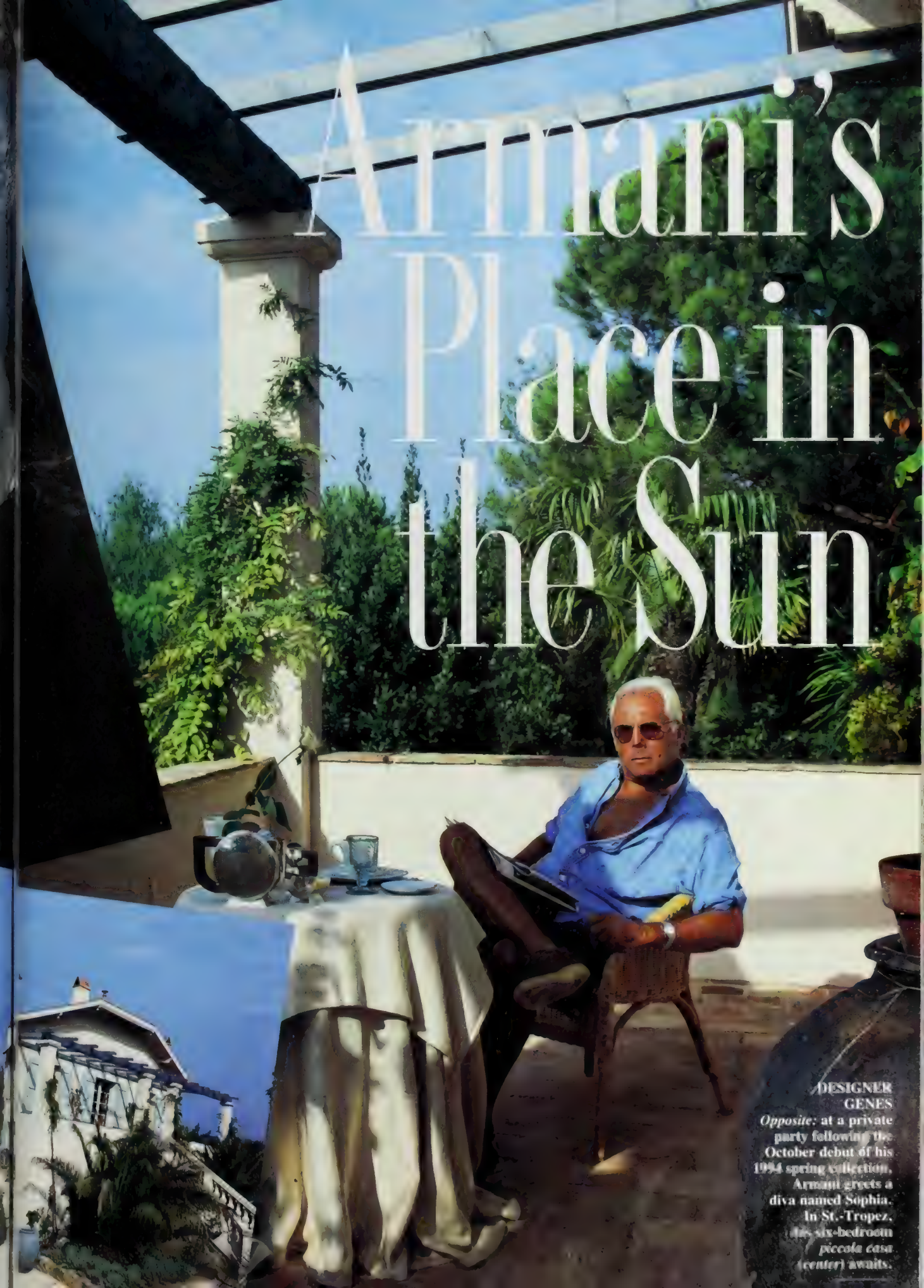
What doesn't come through on the air is what a ham Koppel is. During what might be a truly oppressive frenzy, he is constantly lightening the *(Continued on page 128)*



Giorgio Armani will soon celebrate his 20th anniversary as a designer — two decades of inspired creations forged from an imagination that thrives on pressure. But even a legend needs a respite, and Armani has found it in his elegant new weekend house in St.-Tropez. JAY COCKS takes an exclusive look

Photographs by CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Armani's Place in the Sun



DESIGNER GENES *Opposite:* at a private party following the October debut of his 1994 spring collection, Armani greets a diva named Sophia. In St.-Tropez, his six-bedroom *piccola casa* (*center*) awaits.

It was a good moment to celebrate. After the Milan showing of his 1994 spring collection, Giorgio Armani hosted a private party at the vast apartment above his design studio on the Via Borgonuovo. Fresh from his backstage vantage at the show, the lights and the barrage of the cameras clicking off frame after frame, Armani accommodated himself gracefully to the praise of the partygoers. A television crew was stationed on the floor above, shooting interviews, and guests periodically deserted the buffet from El Toulà to tell the public what they had already told Armani in private. Bernardo Bertolucci spoke of the sensuality of the clothes. Sophia Loren, dressed in Armani, parted the crowd, moving slowly, as if invisible retainers bore an invisible train behind her. Badgered about why she has started to wear Armani, Loren laughed and said something gracious, something about actresses' playing many roles. Armani, she said, allowed her to assume an identity that was comfortable and comforting. Her interrogator, expecting a response more daring than his question might seem to have necessitated, looked hurt.

Balancing a generous portion of risotto on the knee of his corduroy jeans, Armani watched the party from a corner of the room. "You don't like these things?" he asked me. "I don't, either. They make me feel like a stranger in my own house. I look around, make sure everyone is speaking, everyone is fed, everything seems comfortable, see there is no melodrama, then I try to relax. Then I remember this is not the occasion to relax."

Late in the evening, a fashion editor told Armani that he designed for a woman who doesn't really exist—but whom we all want and need to exist. A woman who is both a man's fantasy and an ideal for other women. Armani seemed amused by the high-blown sentiments. His cobalt eyes flashed like pilot lights, but he tried to respond. "If it's the woman in my mind," he began, "I always have to flesh her out. That's what I was doing in this show. Trying to make her real, but not force her to conform to my imagination. I don't want her to conform at all. That's why I made the hems the way I did this season. There should be no ordained, standardized length. No borders of any kind should be defined."

Armani was reflective but restless. The near paradox of personality that gives his designs their tension was much in evidence. In January, Armani, who is 59 now, will celebrate his 20th anniversary as a designer. Yet he still remains work-driven. Work-obsessed. He has lost neither his pride of craft nor his Northern Italian satisfaction in its disciplines. Even his self-doubts about his artistry remain. Armani flourishes under pressure, and creates sometimes burdensome amounts of it for those who work beside him. He can be exacting and intemperate, funny, demanding and forgiving, gracious and sly. He has to strive to relax. It is, for him, a project. Another job.

I know him well enough to realize how unusual it is to find him at a quiet moment in Milan. But my timing is good. The new collection is superb. There is always a moment of decompression after a show, especially after such a strong one, when the models have left the runways and the party's over and the press has moved on to Paris. These are the times when Armani relaxes and considers escape. "Well, we might as well close it all up here, right now," he'll say. "We'll go out on a peak." But, as always, the mood passes, and he is renewed by a fresh dream.

Fashion is a business of fantasy, even for a romantic realist like Armani, a process of fostering and preserving successive dreams of elegance. But it is harder to dream now, after 20 years of innovation. And mystery is in such short supply. "Forty, 50 years ago," he tells me, "people would appear to you as if out of nowhere, from a long voyage or from off a movie screen, as if out of a dream, not looking like anything you'd seen or expected. Now the world is so small, you know about people and places you never heard of before. You can see them, you don't dream about them."

Part of the job, then, is to find new dreams to make and sell. Another is to find new dreams for your own inspiration. Last year, Armani lucked onto a place to dream, and when he started to talk about it, over a coffee on the morning after the show, I could see the tension drain from him. I watched him the kind of ease that is so much a part of his style settled over him. The mention of his new acquisition may not have entirely quieted him, but it confused him.

Last year he bought a house in St.-Tropez. For those of us who have known Armani amid the congenial grandeurs of Milan, it seems like an odd choice. But he dotes on the sun; he has a weekend retreat at the seaside town of Forte dei Marmi, a three-hour car ride from Milan, and an impressively domed Moorish-style house on the island of Pantelleria, 45 miles off the Tunisian coast. But St.-Tropez is still a surprise, for Armani assiduously avoids the haunts of the international set in much the same way he often passes on dinners at trendy restaurants. Running with such a crowd would be for him, the same as running in never-ending circles of business. No way to tackle the challenging job of relaxation, no way to dream.

Armani nods and smiles, maybe a trifle ironically, when these thoughts are expressed. "In the 70s," he says, "St.-Tropez was the hot spot, the hip spot for all Italians. They all used to go to watch Brigitte Bardot." Armani went too, with his close friend and partner, Sergio Galeotti, but less for the scene than the scenery. Armani and Galeotti would drive around in their VW, spending most of their time outside the town, in the countryside under the pulsing sun. "We went to look for a little piece of land to buy because we loved the place so much," Armani recalls. "This was in 1971, and the land was way beyond our means. If it cost 100, we didn't even have 20 in the bank. . . . But the feeling of that time always stayed with me, even when life took me away."

Last year, back again on a lark, Ar-



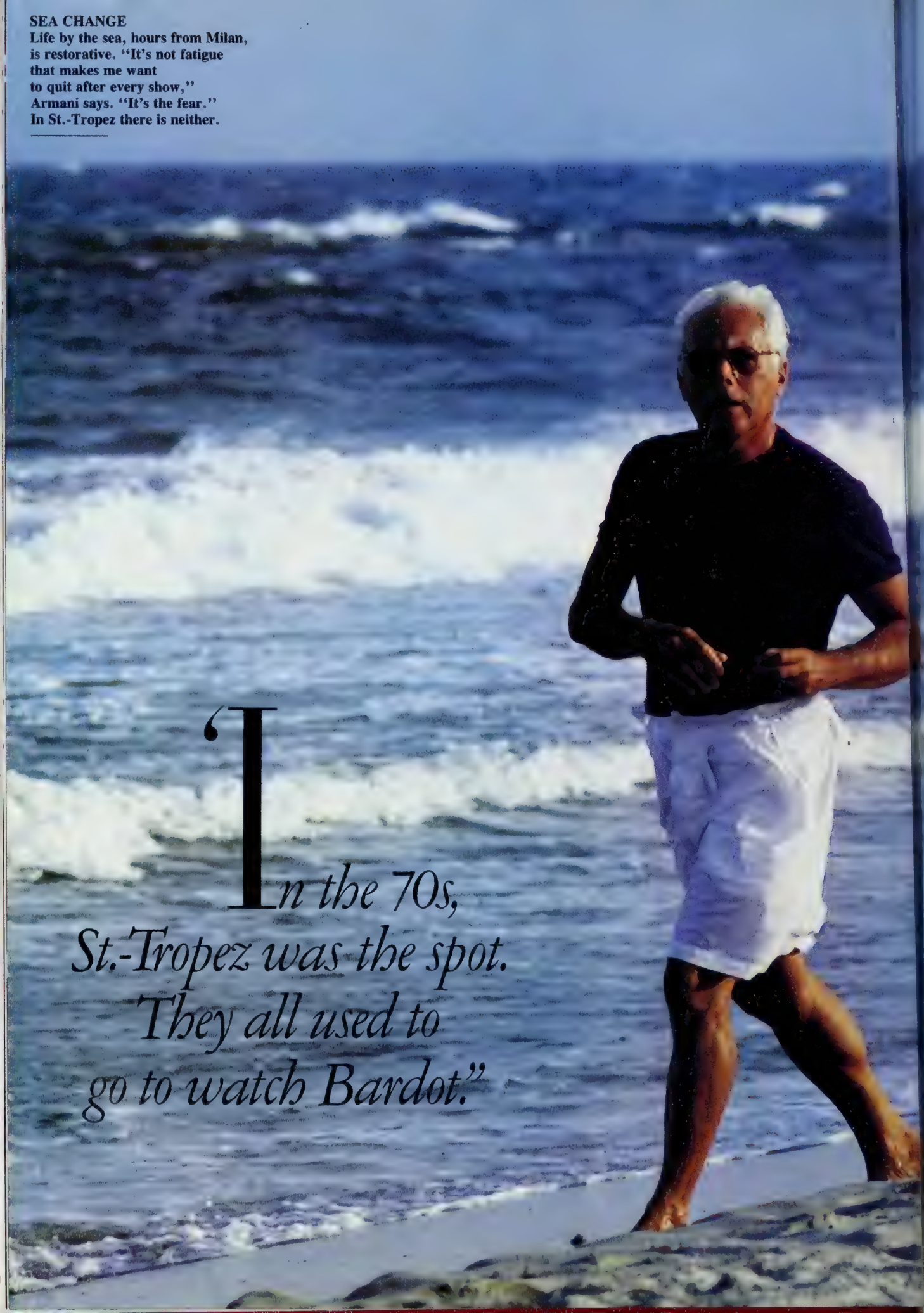
TAILOR-MADE Armani decorated the house quickly, and insisted that the boldly beamed ceilings, like the one in the dining room, remain intact.


'It's removed, different from almost everythin



DREAMLAND
You can hear the sea from the house, but you cannot see it. Parkland surrounds its eight acres. There is a pool, a pool house, and seven palm trees "all lined up like a mini Croisette."

my life. The farmers are already used to me."



SEA CHANGE
Life by the sea, hours from Milan, is restorative. "It's not fatigue that makes me want to quit after every show," Armani says. "It's the fear." In St.-Tropez there is neither.

"In the 70s, St.-Tropez was the spot. They all used to go to watch Bardot."



mani, accompanied by his sister Rosanna, and some other friends, passed a real-estate office as he strolled through the town. "I stopped to look at the pictures and the memory came back. My sister and friends arranged for me to look at a few houses. This time we knew there was money. I saw three houses in the afternoon, and I bought one in the evening. It's not a villa or some show-off place. I liked its human dimension."

It is, indeed, a *piccola casa* in what Armani calls "the real country. It's in the city, but far away from the main town." You hear the sea, but you do not see it. Parkland surrounds his eight acres, which are tended with deliberate roughness. There is a pool, a pool house, and seven palm trees "all lined up like a mini Croisette."

Armani seems to amass real estate the way some other people collect cashmere sweaters: for decoration and purpose, for warmth and luxury and reassurance. He has recently bought another commanding old palazzo on the Via Borgonuovo, just down the street from No. 21, his current headquarters, where he lives, works, and stages all his fashion shows in a large theater on a lower level (where there is also a swimming pool). But the St.-Tropez house is the only one that seems truly like a retreat, a place where Armani can re-address the past and draw from it.

He finished the main work of designing the place over one weekend, a remarkable feat for someone so fastidious, someone used to designing his carpets, his closets, and even the desks he works on. In St.-Tropez he chose not to have an architect. He simply bought a book about Provence, "took all the colors, and told the painters to do every room that way. I only faded the colors so the rooms would look as if they'd been painted for a long time." He bought furniture in the village, put Provençal tiles in the four bedrooms upstairs, and kept the ground-floor wine room and boldly beamed ceilings, which square off the rooms. "It's completely removed from everything, different from almost everything in my life," he explains. "The farmers

and the people who live in the area, they're already used to me. They say, 'Oh yes, the Italian designer, he lives up on the hill.' But I think maybe they're a little bewildered too. I think they must ask themselves, 'What's he doing there? Why doesn't he want to be down in the town with everyone else? He's completely removed from everything.' But being removed was the idea.''

The St.-Tropez house is decidedly rustic, especially in comparison with the various Mediterranean splendors nearby. But the offhand elegance, the lack of fussiness together with the emphatic order of the whole place, suggests a single guiding hand and one very refined, very demanding eye. In contrast to Armani's country estate at Broni, a handy drive from Milan and the designer's usual weekend retreat, the St.-Tropez house may look like the home of the richest citizen in Dogpatch. But by any usual standard it looks like elegance effortlessly and expensively achieved—just like Armani's clothes—a dream with the gleam of newness deliberately rubbed off.

The Broni estate, of sufficient size and magnitude to recall Visconti's locations for *The Leopard*, is surrounded by great stands of poplars, cedars, and magnolias. In the autumn, fog wraps the hillsides. But, for Armani, the St.-Tropez house is more personal, a connection to the past—to youth and the time when Galeotti was still alive and when every workday was a fresh chance to scale the heights instead of scraping to stay on top of them. And St.-Tropez is close to his present, a five-hour journey by car from Milan.

When I first interviewed Armani, in 1982, for a *Time* cover story, he had achieved some renown. His costumes for the film *American Gigolo* two years before had attracted a lot of American attention. But his reputation and sales had yet to reach their current, celestial heights. I had no fashion expertise, no technical background, and no command of the language or the politesse of fashion journalism. But I did have the foresight to wear an Armani jacket—purchased in 1978. ''My jacket?'' he said to me in fractured English as he recognized it.

The day after the Milan show, I mentioned to him that I still had the jacket, that I *(Continued on page 125)*

SPOTLIGHT

Chen Up

With her close-cropped hair and slender, taut-as-a-riding-crop body, Joan Chen is that most enigmatic of cinematic female fantasies: a hoyden with a harlot's dangerous allure. She proves that swaggering talent is just as tempting as smoky beauty.

"I never knew until I began to live here in America that a pretty girl could get by on just being a pretty girl," says Shanghai-born Chen, who caught American eyes in TV's *Twin Peaks*. I had asked her what it was like to relinquish any vestige of vanity in her latest role, as the weathered matriarch in director Oliver Stone's *Heaven and Earth*. The film, based on the autobiographies of Le Ly Hayslip, centers on a Vietnamese woman who endured the cruelties of both the Vietcong and the U.S. troops during the war. Though Le Ly triumphs, it is her beloved Buddhist mother who bestows dignity upon her life—and indeed the film. Stooped and stoic, her teeth blackened, her skin leathered with worry, Chen could well garner an Oscar nomination for the role. Her portrayal of the opium-addicted wife of Pu Yi in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor* was a critical favorite.

Chen was China's biggest movie star as a child and recently returned to do a film. "While there I drove from Beijing to Mongolia, and all along the route, people would break into tears when they saw who I was. Of course, what they saw was that little girl they loved so."

Does Chen still see that girl when she looks at herself?

"Inside, yes," she says. "I am still that little girl."

—KEVIN SESSUMS

JOAN CHEN

"I never knew until I began to live here in America that a pretty girl could get by on just being a pretty girl."

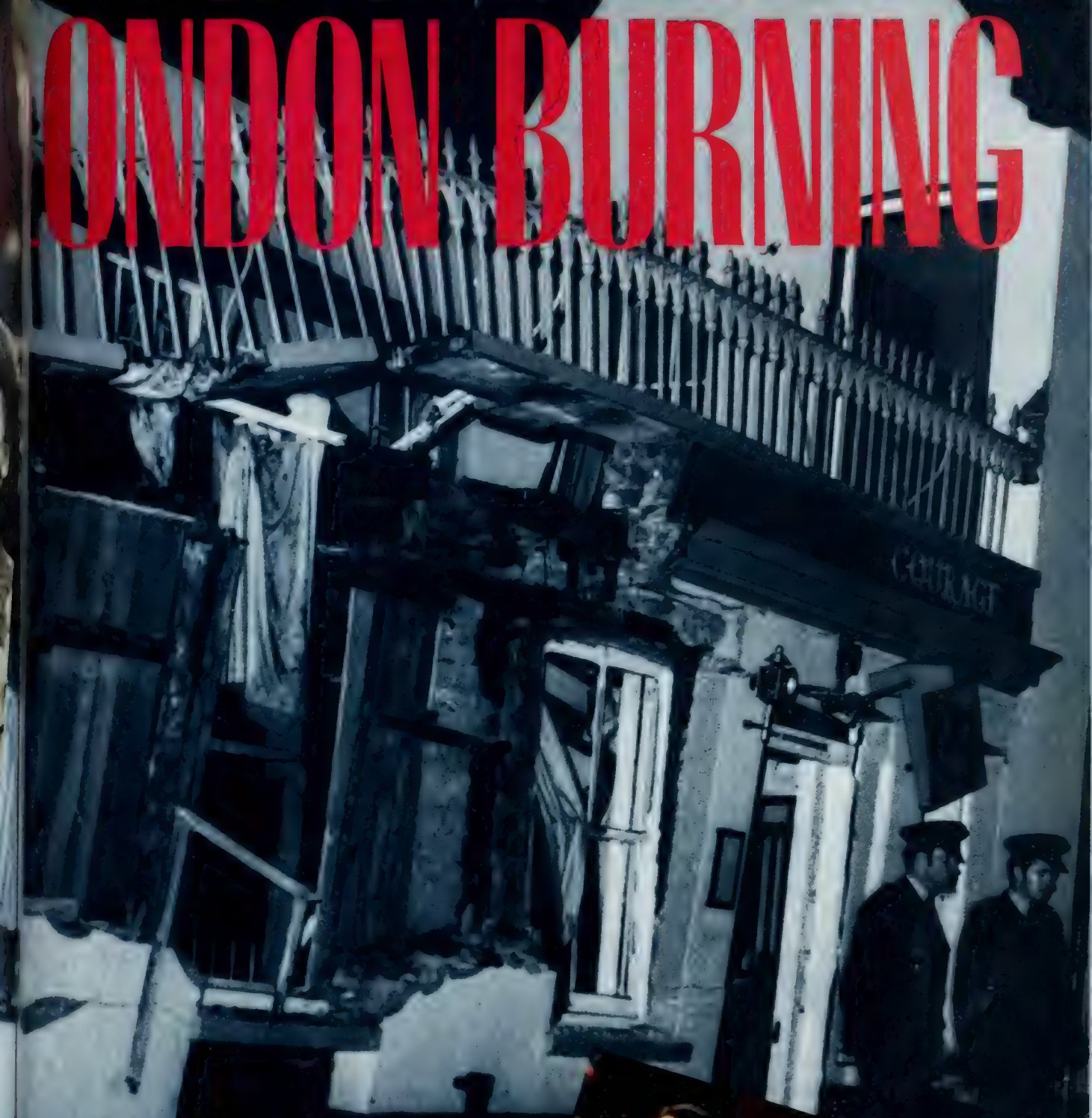
Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI



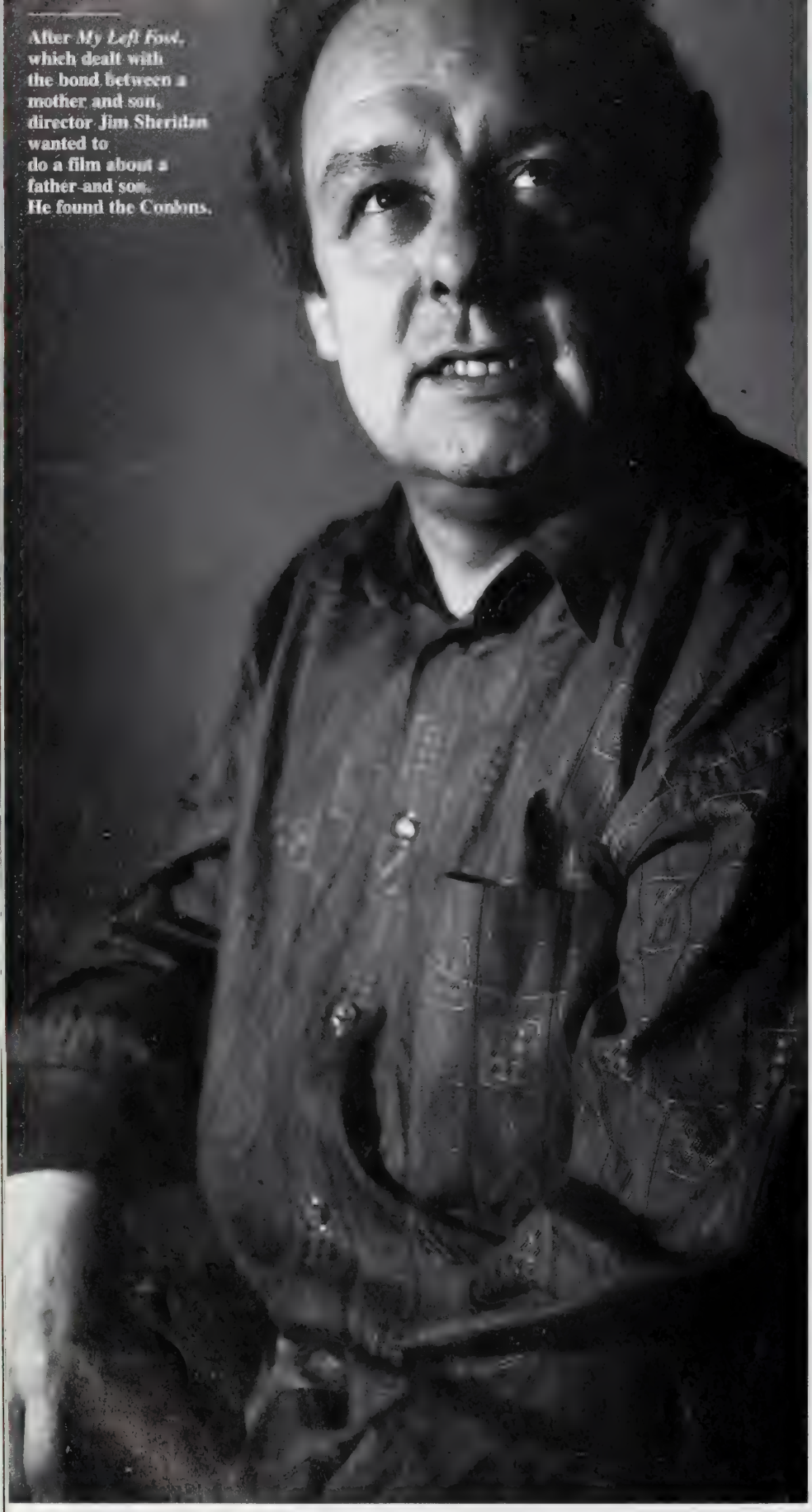


Above: Gerry Conlon—free at last—leaves London's Old Bailey in 1989 with his sisters. Conlon and others were jailed in 1975 after the bombings of the Horse and Groom (*right*) and Seven Stars pubs in Guildford, England. *Inset: In the Name of the Father* stars Daniel Day-Lewis and Emma Thompson.

ONDON BURNING



As fresh spasms of violence
ck Belfast, two of Britain's hottest actors
are championing their new movie,
out the wrongful conviction of 11 innocent
men and women for involvement in
three brutal I.R.A. bombings.
GRAHAM BOYNTON finds
nma Thompson, Daniel Day-Lewis, and
director Jim Sheridan under siege
as the British establishment
reacts to their controversial message



After *My Left Foot*, which dealt with the bond between a mother and son, director Jim Sheridan wanted to do a film about a father and son. He found the Conlons.

"I don't give a fuck, quite frankly," says Emma Thompson. She says it in this quite impeccably, strangely hybrid, seemingly classless modern Brit accent. Somewhere between BBC English and suburban-London staccato, it doesn't sound at all vulgar, just emphatic, *certain*.

Thompson is responding to the bloodying she has been taking in the British press since accepting a role in what seems destined to become one of the more controversial movies in recent memory. *In the Name of the Father* is directed by Jim Sheridan, creator of the much-lauded *My Left Foot* and the brooding little masterpiece *The Field*. It centers on the wrongful conviction on murder and bombing charges of 11 people in mid-70s London who became known as the Guildford Four and the Maguire Seven. From the start, all 11 protested their innocence. Not until 1989, however, were the convictions quashed and the Guildford Four released. (The Maguire Seven, with the exception of Guiseppe Conlon, who died in prison, had already served their full sentences by the time their convictions were overturned two years later.)

Sheridan's film, which opens in the U.S. just after Christmas, has been taking hits in the British press since shooting began last spring because it tackles the issue that for 25 years has divided British society like no other—the Irish Problem. It is likely to seem even more provocative now, given the latest wave of killings in Northern Ireland, which began when an Irish Republican Army bomb killed 10 (including two children) and wounded 60 Saturday-afternoon shoppers in West Belfast. It escalated in late October into a series of tit-for-tat slayings carried out by the I.R.A. and its Protestant paramilitary enemies.

Such callous, wild-eyed slaughter of civilians has exacerbated the tendency of the great British public to view all Irish people as potential, if not actual, bombers and terrorists. It is a view fanned by the more reactionary ele-

"The courts were responsible for a miscarriage of justice

Photograph by ALASTAIR THAIN

nents of the British press, as Sheridan and his crew found out. In March, an I.R.A. Active Service Unit (A.S.U.) bombed a busy shopping mall in the North of England, killing two children; soon after, another bomb ripped apart the City of London, causing hundreds of millions of pounds' worth of damage. The press reared up in the wake of the bombings, taking to task not only Thompson but also her "fellow travelers," the "luvvies" (*Private Eye* slang for preening artistes) who were helping perpetuate the trouble by meddling in things they didn't understand.

Emma Thompson believes that the accused were victims of a terrible miscarriage of justice. This belief and the fact that she—the country's premier young actress—has chosen a "lefty alternative" film have had the conservative papers in apoplexy. London's *Evening Standard* suggested that Thompson's choice, following her Oscar for her rather less controversial role in Merchant Ivory's *Howards End*, was not "the wisest decision a British actress could make. Given the prevailing mood in Britain, it is likely to turn her from darling to rebel overnight."

Thompson shrugs her shoulders. "I have taken a part in a film that does not have a political bias, although it does tell a political story. This is a typical hysterical, knee-jerk reaction which is frankly an insult to the intelligence of our press. It's absolutely beneath them."

She plays Gareth Peirce, the civil-rights lawyer who represented Gerry Conlon, one of the Guildford Four. In the late fall of 1974, Conlon, Paul Hill, Paddy Armstrong, and a 17-year-old working-class Londoner, Carole Richardson, were accused of being I.R.A. members and of planting time bombs in two Guildford pubs. Hill and Armstrong were also accused of throwing another bomb into a Woolwich pub.

They seemed an unlikely quartet of terrorists. Conlon and Hill worked days on building sites and sank pint after pint of Guinness in Irish pubs by night. Armstrong and Richardson lived in a North London squat, where they dropped acid, smoked dope, and generally drifted through their rather vague hippie days.

To some, it might appear that this motley crew of layabouts lacked the discipline and ruthlessness that make the Active Service Units such deadly urban guerrillas. But the police were under tremendous pressure, as indeed they are today, to stop the bombings, and the arrest of the Four brought a sigh of relief from the beleaguered British public. Confessions followed the arrests, extracted—the Four maintain—after beatings and threats. Gerry Conlon has said that during interrogation police squeezed his testicles, hit him in the kidneys, and slapped him around. "I was crying and frightened," he later said. "[An investigating officer] said that if I didn't make a statement he would ring Belfast first thing in the morning and I would never see my mother or sister again. The last of my resistance shattered when he said this."

Not long after the first arrests, a number of Conlon's relatives, including his father, Guiseppe, and the Tory-supporting Maguire family, were arrested for making the bombs for the Guildford Four. They, too, were unlikely suspects: Paddy and Annie Maguire were members of the local Conservative club and vocal supporters of the British monarchy. Their two sons, 15-year-old Vincent and 13-year-old Patrick, were London-born and had no interest in Ireland or its politics. Patrick's ambition, rather ironically, was to become a commando in the British army.

The Guildford Four were convicted on the basis of their confessions and given life sentences. A few months later the Maguire Seven were also found guilty and received a range of jail sentences (young Patrick picked up four years) for handling and manufacturing explosives. "The courts," wrote author Robert Kee, who has reported extensively on the case, "were responsible for a miscarriage of justice on a scale unprecedented in Britain in this century."

Late last spring, as the cameras rolled, the British press rose up again in defense of the judicial system and the police, this time in response to the acquittal of three police officers accused of tampering with evidence in the Guildford Four case. Detectives John Donaldson, Thomas Style, and Vernon Attwell had been branded liars by an appeals-court judge when the Four were acquitted in 1989, and accused of fabricating the confession taken from Paddy Armstrong.

Several newspapers claimed, quite wrongly, that the acquittal of the police officers could mean that the Guildford Four should not have been released. "[It] suggests," said *The Daily Telegraph*, "there are reasonable grounds for suspecting that two of the Guildford Four, Mr. Patrick Armstrong and Mr. Gerry Conlon, might have been guilty after all." The *Daily Express* wondered whether the "progressive glitterati" making the Guildford Four film would make a sequel "to mark the victory against injustice won by the three acquitted police officers. But somehow we doubt it." *The Times*, the once faultless Thunderer, had the discourtesy to describe the director as "Peter" Sheridan before implying he was merely jumping on the Guildford Four commercial bandwagon with the rest of the bleeding hearts.

From a strict legal standpoint, the acquittal of the policemen has done little to undermine the Four's claims. Their supporters point out that the charge that the detectives had concocted evidence was a small part of their claims to innocence. But Conlon and Armstrong remain bitter about the way the trial was handled and what they feel constitutes a retrial in the pages of the English press.

Jim Sheridan throws the morning press aside in irritation. "Reading these papers," he says, "makes me feel that there's a propaganda war being fought. You can see it has nothing to do with justice, it's to do with politics." He erupts at the

n a scale unprecedented in Britain in this century."

"An officer said that if I didn't make a statement I would



implication beneath all the stories: that his film glorifies I.R.A. violence. "Anyone who has read the script would know that is not true. The film is saying violence does not work."

Sheridan is thinking of bringing legal action against several newspapers which suggested some months ago that the filmmakers would have to rewrite the script in the wake of the detectives' acquittals. "In a way, I'm not sorry the police officers were acquitted," he says, "except that it casts doubts on the innocence of the Guildford Four. But who wants three [relatively] low-ranking officers to be held responsible for something that obviously went much higher?"

The crucial point in all this is that for more than 15 years, since the time of the original sentencing, evidence pointing to the Guildford Four's innocence has been in the hands of the English authorities. A witness corroborating Conlon's alibi that he was asleep in a North London men's hostel at the time of the bombings had given a statement to police. This statement had been turned over to the Crown barristers, who chose to ignore it and who failed to pass the name of the witness on to his defense counsel, which was legally required. Furthermore, two I.R.A. men captured around the time of the Guildford Four trial confessed to the bombings and told authorities that they had the wrong people in jail. This was perceived by British authorities as a case of the I.R.A. protecting its own.

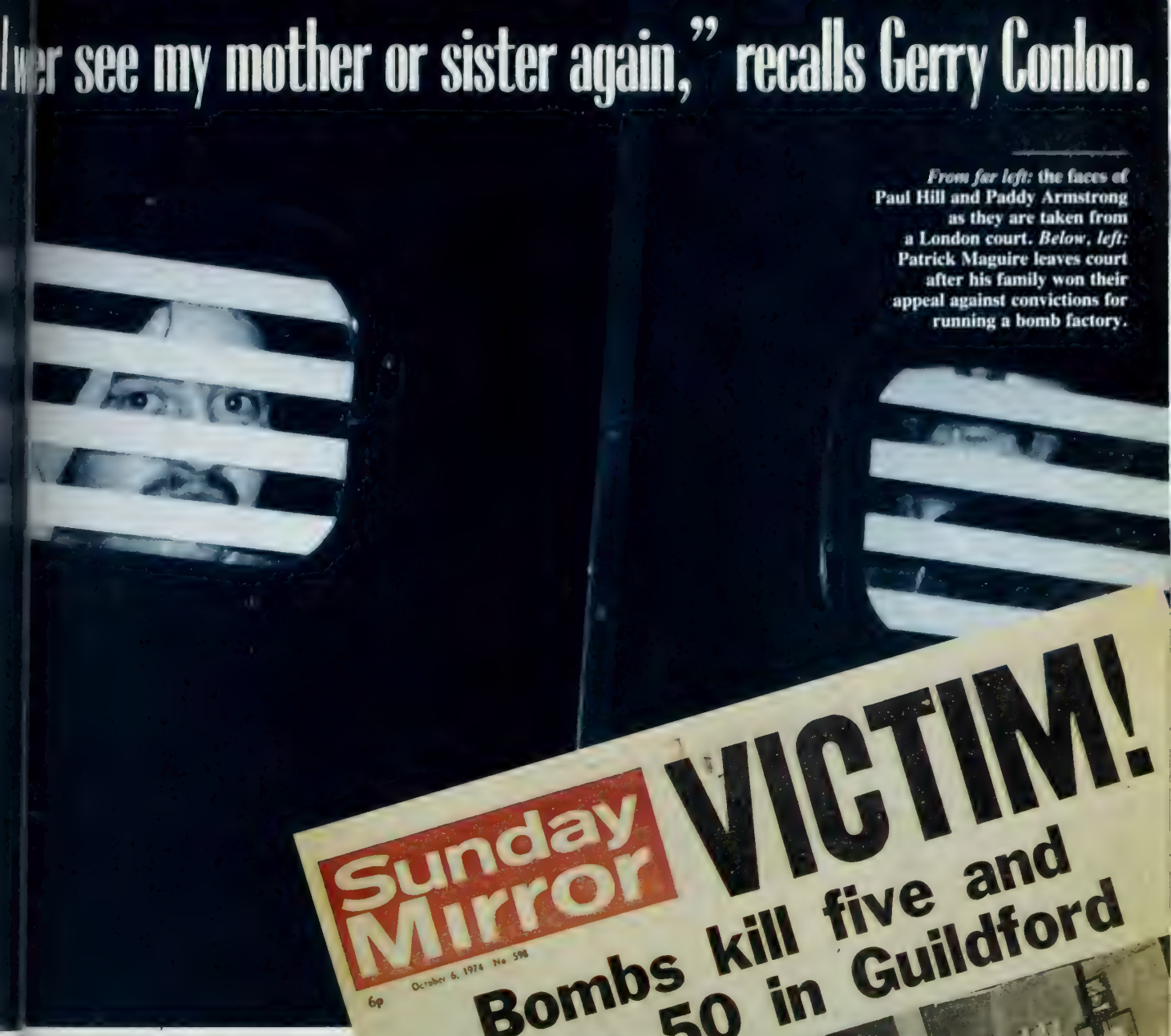
"The problem is the reluctance to confront the issues. To say the system doesn't need an overhaul when it patently does is crazy," Sheridan says. "The English judicial system was the foundation of the modern world's judicial system, so it has great value and deserves great respect. But it needs to reappraise itself."

At the heart of the problem is the Irish dilemma. He says it's a blight on Ireland "for the Irish people to be called bombers . . . and mad . . . and terrorists.

"It's not that the atrocities won't win for one side or the other—they could well. But the price paid isn't worth the victory. This is fuckin' Western Europe at the end of the 20th century—we should be capable of solving this without dynamite, internment camps, and soldiers on the street."

Sheridan is right. A propaganda war

...er see my mother or sister again," recalls Gerry Conlon.



From far left: the faces of Paul Hill and Paddy Armstrong as they are taken from a London court. *Below, left:* Patrick Maguire leaves court after his family won their appeal against convictions for running a bomb factory.



...being fought. The English establish-...ent is under siege, its central institu-...ons in disarray. The monarchy is a ...damity; the Conservative government ...der Thatcher's dithering successor, ...hn Major, is driving the country to ...e wall. And now, as "the Troubles" ...gain reach crisis point, one of the ...llars of British democracy—the ju-...cial system—stands tainted.

Sheridan says the newest upswing ... the bombing and killing has no ...mpact on his film. "I don't think it ...akes any difference," he says. "There have been upsurges of vio-...nce for the past 20 years. It ...on't affect our plans to open. ... What this film is saying is ...at violence doesn't achieve ...nything."

But the recent violence as *(Continued on page 125)*

A LADY AND HER COURT

A string of high-profile trials have made Court TV's Cynthia McFadden *the* hot media ticket. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS tunes in

"I drove a U-Haul truck from a log cabin to 119th Street and Amsterdam and said, '*What have I done?*' "

What Cynthia McFadden had done was leave small-town Maine for Columbia Law. What she has done since is become a very hot TV ticket, the darling of some high-powered New York media types and a growing number of televised-trial buffs all over. McFadden, who graduated from Columbia in 1984, has never practiced law. Instead, she was snapped up by Fred Friendly, broadcasting's éminence grise, to produce his *Media and Society* seminars for PBS. Now, at 37, she's an anchor and senior producer at Courtroom Television, where the recent string of high-profile trials (William Kennedy Smith, Rodney King, the Menendez brothers) has swelled her cult way beyond Maine. Nora Ephron is "just completely besotted" with her, calling her "poised beyond imagining." Steve Brill, who brought her on when he launched Court TV in 1991, says bluntly, "Cynthia's not afraid to be smart on television." Barbara Walters thinks she "has a huge future," and adds, "I hope that she'd come here [to ABC]."

Off the air, McFadden runs with a gang of prominent New York women—including New York City parks commissioner Betsy Gotbaum, writer Marie Brenner, and columnist Liz Smith. They like to whoop it up periodically in restaurants. But mostly she works, which is not always easy: she has Crohn's disease, a serious autoimmune disorder, now in remission but still a fact of her life. She's comfortable discussing it—indeed, she's comfortable discussing *anything*. She's a terrific talker. "Puh-*leeze*" punctuates her conversation. "Jeez, Louise" is another favorite. At one point she says something that sounds alarmingly like "Oh, *doggies*." Her clothes are more Bean than Beene. This exuberance and lack of pretense ("I'd rather be a hick than whatever passes for sophisticated") is a key to her charm and success. When talk[ing] to the camera, she says, she's really addressing her p[a]rents, whom she adores. Her father assembled his o[wn] satellite dish and cleared some pine forest so he co[uld] watch her. "He told me, 'Yeah. You're a 10-tree dau[gh]ter,' " McFadden says.

McFadden's mentor is none other than Katharine H[e]burn. Twenty years ago, the teenage Cynthia was int[ro]duced to the actress on a Connecticut beach, and they [have] been close friends since. They've traveled togeth[er]. McFadden essentially lived at Hepburn's for a time, and [in] 1989 she was married at Hepburn's house (to the Pulitz[er] Prize–winning journalist Michael Davies, from whom s[he] is now "amicably separated").

"She was at a point in her life where I think she w[as] looking for someone to pass it on to," says McFadden [of] the friendship. "She wanted to show someone how y[ou] should plant a garden, the right way to fix a comforter [at] the foot of a bed, how to arrange flowers on the dinin[g] room table, how to fix a fire. She took pleasure in showi[ng] me, and I took pleasure in learning." Among the "rules f[or] living" McFadden has picked up from Hepburn: "Nev[er] buy wood—steal it or cut it yourself. Think twice befo[re] buying anything yellow. Only sleep on white sheets—any[-]thing else would change your personality. Never use a[n] electrical appliance before nine A.M."

And Hepburn? She tends to explain McFadden this way: "Illegitimate." McFadden's always loved that one: "[I] would say to her, 'Who is Daddy? Was it Spence-ah?' " Regarding McFadden, Hepburn admits, "Well, I don't watch TV much. But I watch her *in real life*. She's brilliant. Some people are called brilliant." A chuckle. "They're not. She *is*."

This month, both are nominated for ACE Awards, for hosting documentaries. "I mean, *imagine*," says McFadden, her face aglow. "The thrill of losing to her is going to be so enormous." It's a thrill she shouldn't necessarily count on. □

Photograph by BRIGITTE LACOMBE



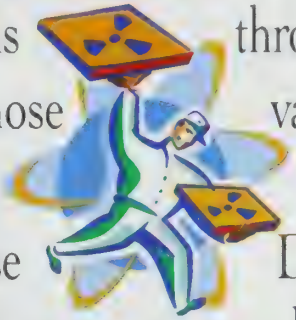
Cynthia McFadden: Her trials have only just begun.

Danny Allen buy
all of his Saturns fr
Terry Harvey
at Saturn of Irvin

It isn't exactly delivering pizzas, but if he's not there in twenty minutes, Danny Allen might as well just turn around and go home.

Tick-tock-tick. The phone rings—the patient is ready. Tick-tock. The driver starts the car. Tick. The pharmacist calibrates the dosage—the driver packs the medicine—and (tock) it's outta there!

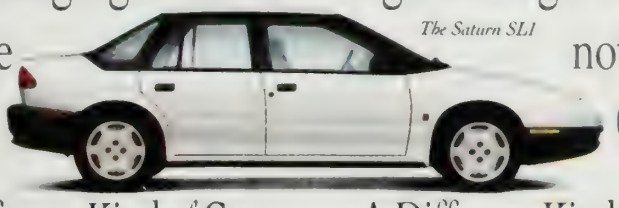
Welcome to NuTech, Danny's nuclear pharmacy in Tyler, Texas. They supply some thirty hospitals throughout east Texas with the radioisotopes used to diagnose various difficult-to-figure-out ailments. Over fifteen years, these extremely short-lived "detective" drugs will expose Danny to less radiation than a typical X-ray, so the only real hazard he faces daily is an economic one. (A single delivery can be worth the cost of the car doing the delivering, so Danny needs a car that isn't going to break down.)



For NuTech, a late delivery would be a bit more serious than a cold pizza.

We're pleased to tell you NuTech has a fleet of six Saturns. Danny says the cars give him the performance he needs and keep his operating costs lower than ever—*and* his drivers are having enough fun in them to keep NuTech in Saturns for a long time. In fact, Danny's on his second fleet of Saturns. After six months and 50,000 miles, the resale value was so good on his SLs that he traded up to a set of SLIs. If Danny keeps changing models, he'll go through our entire line in a few years, and we're not sure how he plans to get around then. (Nuclear power?)

SATURN.



The Saturn SLI

A Different Kind *of* Company. A Different Kind *of* Car.

Danny Allen is pictured with the 1993 Saturn SLI. M.S.R.P. for the 1994 Saturn SLI is $10,850, including retailer prep and optional passenger-side mirror. Tax, license, transportation and other options are extra. If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans, coupes, and wagons, please call us any time at 1-800-522-5000. © 1993 Saturn Corporation

TOP GERE

(Continued from page 68) and décolletage decorate newsstands all over the country even as Richard and I speak). Then there were the annual calendars that made her into a best-selling pinup girl (although she passed on doing a calendar this year because Richard thinks they're "too silly"). Apparently exercise videos aren't too silly: Cindy's first one, which she executive-produced as well as starred in, has already sold more than two million copies in the United States alone, and a second video has just been released. Crawford, who is also a $7 million spokesperson for Revlon, sees herself becoming "the Barbara Walters of my generation," a goal she is currently working toward as the host of MTV's *House of Style*. Crawford wouldn't have made the cover of *People* magazine as half of "The Sexiest Couple Alive!" without Gere, but she can hardly be accused of trading on his success; her official biography doesn't even mention him. Indeed, Crawford's fame has grown so explosively it now threatens to eclipse her husband's. "He'll often say, 'Cindy's more famous than I am! They come out to see *Cindy!*' " reports Maggie Wilde, Gere's producing partner.

Gere says he has no ego problems with his wife's fame, but after two years of marriage he is still sorting out the other demands of wedded bliss. "In a lot of ways it's much easier than I expected," he says. "It focuses energy in a wonderful way. A lot of other things fall away—a lot of extraneous sexual energy, and the accoutrements of that energy loss around the edges of life. But I never thought marriage would require so much patience. I had no fucking idea, and it's a great lesson, especially for someone like me. I've had a great life, a really great ride, and if I don't like something, I move on. That hasn't been without a certain toll. But when you make this commitment you don't just walk. The lessons of patience I have begun to learn in marriage are probably the greatest spiritual lesson I've learned in my lifetime thus far."

Patience is a particular challenge when your spouse has a schedule like Crawford's—or Gere's, since he is apt to take off on location for weeks or even months at a time. And Gere—who has been accused in the press of having a sham marriage motivated more by public relations than true love—is somewhat defensive about how much he and his wife are apart. "We probably spend more time together than most working couples do," he protests. "We see each other almost every night. If we're in the same town, we almost always have dinner with each other. We very rarely spend more than four or five days away from each other. We fly to see each other. We know the kind of time you have to spend together or the relationship begins to suffer, and I think we have to plan that a little better. We both sometimes wish the other person was not as focused on their work. We've got to find a better balance than we have."

The night before my first appointment with Richard, Crawford had flown in from Paris and he joined her on the New York–to–Los Angeles flight, which he just barely made after it was held for a few minutes. But their lives are so hectic they still haven't furnished their $5 million Georgian manor house in Bel-Air. Nor, after two years of marriage, have they consolidated their New York apartments. Their other residences include the Malibu beach house and an estate in New York's Westchester County, where they keep their respective horses. At times Gere and Crawford are so distracted they have their secretaries telephone to find out which house the other is sleeping in on a given night. "They don't see each other all that much," reports one friend. "They're like on a political schedule; they're always in planes."

The whispering about the Gere-Crawford marriage has its roots in the long-standing rumor that Gere is gay. This accusation has haunted him ever since the early years of his career, when he played not only the sexually ambiguous stud in *American Gigolo* but also one of the two homosexual concentration-camp prisoners who enact the notorious verbal masturbation scene in *Bent*, which opened on Broadway in 1979. "I thought it was very courageous of him to do *Bent*," comments Wynn Handman, Gere's acting teacher back then. "Actors were so careful not to have any association with that kind of image at that time."

Gere has never been afraid of such associations, and he continues to stick his neck out while others cower and cringe. A committed AIDS activist, he has long supported organizations such as AmFAR, and the recent HBO dramatization of *And the Band Played On* might not have been made at all if Gere hadn't agreed to take the role inspired by Michael Bennett, the Broadway director and choreographer who died of AIDS in 1987.

Nevertheless, Gere refuses to answer on the record whether he's gay; he feels that to do so would cast an implicit value judgment on others. "It doesn't matter if you're straight or gay," he argues. "Cosmically, there's nothing wrong with being heterosexual, homosexual, or omnisexual—with being anything, as long as you don't hurt anybody, yourself included. The accusation is meaningless, and whether it's true or false is no one's business. I know who I am; what difference does it make what anyone thinks if I live truthfully and honestly and with as open a heart as I can? This kind of silly prejudice cripples everyone—the people who think them, and the people they lay their judgments on. It's insane. It's schoolyard stuff, real kid stuff. But if you start to take a defensive mode and say, 'No, I'm not,' it gives credence to the idea that there's something wrong with it, and there's nothing wrong with it. I have no interest in putting myself in a category. My best friends in the world are gay, and I also have heterosexual friends. Why would I ever put myself in a category that would lay judgment on friends of mine?"

He sighs, rolling his eyes. "If I was a leopard, and someone came up and started screaming, 'You're a cow!'—is the leopard going to be uptight about this? He knows he's a leopard. He's going to think, What silly people."

Close friends attest to the genuineness of the Gere-Crawford union—"They are really in love with each other," says Ritts—and Gere grows impassioned when he talks about his wife and why he chose her. "She's a very, very honest, true person," he says. "There's a Bob Dylan line that always makes me think of her: 'She's true, like ice, like fire.' She's incapable of dishonesty; she's a totally trustworthy person and she's very responsible. I find that more important than I thought. Her word is absolutely rock-solid."

And so, in the end, is Gere's; when he does make up his mind he is so dogged as to be unshakable no matter what the difficulties. "If Richard says something, you can pretty much bank on it," attests his friend Steven Reuther, president of New Regency Productions, which produced both *Pretty Woman* and *Sommersby*.

At the moment, Gere is still smart-

from the unanimous public indifference to his last film, *Mr. Jones*, a labor of love he executive-produced as well as starred in. He spent years on the movie, which went through five cuts, three editors, six writers, nine producers, three composers, and two official directors (and that's not counting the array of unofficial ones who put in their two cents' worth). "There were times when I got very depressed, but Richard never lost his spirit or his sense of humor," says Mike Figgis, the original director. But when *Mr. Jones* opened in October, the box-office verdict was devastating, despite Gere's acutely observed performance as a manic-depressive who gets involved with his therapist.

"It's a total disaster," Gere admits. "I'm very disappointed it didn't work. I've had films I didn't like that didn't do well and I didn't care, but this one I did care and put a lot into. When you fail at this level, with everyone watching, it can hurt real bad. But is it easier for me to deal with that now than 20 years ago? Absolutely. I know there's going to be another one that does work, and there are more interesting things in my life anyway. I've done 20 or 25 movies. That's a lot of movies. A lot of times you make the call Monday morning and say, 'How did it do? Oh. Shit. Fuck. Well, O.K.' By the same token, when it does work, you don't say, 'Yeah! We *killed* 'em!' " He shrugs. "It's all impermanence. Don't overly believe the good stuff; don't overly believe the bad stuff. It's all in a flow."

This last is Richard the Buddhist speaking. Conversations with Gere have an oddly bifurcated quality; one minute you're talking grosses and the next minute he has spun out into hyperspace, tossing off Buddhist phrases and parables with dizzying facility. Any mention of a concept like "the real world" sends Gere into discussion of conventional reality versus spiritual reality, in which he explains why "all things lack inherent existence," as opposed to "nominal existence" or "imputed existence." This is not to suggest that he insists his Buddhism on other people, but it is the central ordering philosophy of his life, and its influence is so pervasive in his thinking that, sooner or later, most discussions end up in the spiritual realm, no matter what their ostensible subject or starting point.

Gere has been a Buddhist for 20 years, and many of his friends attribute the inner peace and equilibrium he has achieved to the impact of its teachings. "His Buddhist practice has really mellowed the edges," says Jonathan Cott. "Richard handles things in a very different way now. He's much more compassionate. He used to flare up a lot; he didn't want to be bothered with people chasing him on the street. But now he'll use the negative energy and try to transform it instead of go right into it."



BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
At times, Gere and Crawford are so distracted they have their secretaries telephone to find which house the other is sleeping in on a given night.

"She's much older than I am, in all ways," Gere says of his wife, Cindy Crawford. "She's much more grown-up than I am."

Celebrity hit Gere like a Mack truck, and for a long time he had great difficulty dealing with its more unpleasant intrusions. However, Gere's intimates claim that his behavior wasn't always what it seemed. "Richard was never an asshole as a person," insists Craig Baumgarten, an independent producer who was one of Gere's closest friends when they were both starting out. "The truth of it is that Richard was painfully shy, he didn't like to meet new people, and he was scared to death of the press."

Buddhism has unquestionably played a major role in helping Gere find constructive ways to handle such challenges. Of course, he illustrates the dynamic in typically convoluted form. "If I have someone who is manifesting a negative influence on me, I can either take this as a horrible person, or I can view it as a person who is under the influence of negative emotions which have reasons," Gere explains. "It disassociates the personal egocentric reaction or defensiveness, and you start to have compassion. With young men, a lot of energy comes out of feeling the universe is assaulting you. You're perceiving all the energy in the world as being threatening. But you can characterize the energy coming toward you as an assault, or you can see the energy coming toward you as a possibility."

In those days, Gere was also tortured by more cosmic issues. "The universe made no sense to me," he says. "I didn't understand suffering. I didn't understand why beings had to die. What is the origin of suffering? Why do not only I feel bad, but why does everyone around me seem to feel bad, even if it's not obvious?"

However, he rejects any conventional Western interpretation of his angst; he tried therapy for a while, but Freudian constructs didn't do it for him at all. "It's a cosmic, universal anger," he insists. "It wasn't specific. I grew up in a family, so obviously I had problems in it; no one escapes that. But it wasn't about killing my father, literally. It was about killing the weight of conditioning. That conditioning is all-pervasive; it's in your face constantly, and that is the biggest impediment to freedom. I think until you start to get rid of some of the bullshit there's no

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way you can even approach being happy, and that takes many lifetimes."

Richard began this lifetime as the second of five children who grew up near Syracuse, the son of a Methodist insurance salesman and a dedicated mother who spent much of her time chauffeuring her talented brood from one music lesson to another. Gere's memories of family life seem to revolve mostly around escaping from the rest of the family, although he remains discreet about their difficulties. "I just would go back to my room and do what I wanted," he says. "I played the guitar a lot—blues-ish kind of stuff. I found a way of disassociating from the problems."

In the past, Gere has expressed his amazement at how much grief began to surface after he got serious about his meditative practices. When I ask where it came from, his answer echoes our discussions about conventional versus spiritual reality. "I think there are two sources," he explains. "In a conventional psychological sense, there's an enormous amount of grief from the time we're pulled out of that womb. All kinds of things hurt, from that moment on. Most things we don't burn up; it isn't exorcised. It's there; it's in the cells of our being, in the everyday experience of being incarnate. And then there's this all-pervasive sense of universal suffering and grief. I don't buy that it's psychologically oriented, in the main. I think it's infinite lifetimes of experience. That's the real stuff. No matter how good Freud was, he couldn't get to the issue. That this person was abused, the simple cause-and-effect stuff, we're capable of—but the big stuff, we don't have the insight. But we have enormous baggage, and we all get stoop-shouldered from carrying the bullshit."

For Gere, any individual's current life experience is not sufficient to explain his or her emotional makeup. "You're locked in too small a frame," he argues. His own torments have often involved a sense of feeling "a separation from the source," as he puts it. "I think that's the kind of dream images I had as a kid." But as he now understands it, "it's not about being born from a woman's womb. It's not about a source. It's about The Source." He remembers "terror dreams, Devil dreams. I was in the dark, in the basement of my house, and there was a spotlight. A head came into the spotlight. It was a Devil-like figure. It just seemed to exude an incredible, dense evil. It was the density of energy that made such an impression on me. It was a recurring dream, and I began to realize that I manifested it as the Devil; I gave it the Devil's face, because I associated this enormous energy as something that was oppressive, because I couldn't handle that energy. We can't handle all the energy in the universe; our wiring is too crude. But what it really was was the god Buddha—*the* source! I couldn't handle the energy of it, because I hadn't been taught. When I wasn't afraid of it anymore, I could see its real face—the face of love. It's everywhere. It's in your true smile. I'm in the process of starting to become more friendly with that kind of energy, which is pure, all-encompassing, cleansing love." Not that Gere thinks he's anywhere near the finish line. Despite his decades of immersion in Buddhism, he adds, "I'm literally crawling on my belly in this stuff." He snorts derisively. "I know *nothing*."

> "I'm like, in the business," he says. "I'm one of the guys you can make a movie with."

The issues that have preoccupied Gere in his spiritual studies cast an illuminating light on some of his professional choices. "Jerzy Grotowski used to say that actors really have one central character," he observes. "As people, there's a root person in there it probably takes a lifetime to find out. If you really look at an actor, if a part really works it's because of tapping into that center. I'm thinking about one actor, who I won't name, for whom that center is self-hatred; that's what his best roles are really about. I think I've always played characters who somehow were looking for home. That's somehow close to my center. I don't think of it in a psychological way as much as a cosmic way: it's trying to get to the *big* home. We're all homing pigeons. We're going back to the light."

Such concerns are startlingly apparent in many of Gere's roles. In *Internation,* he can't figure out where home is: the architect parks his car at his wife's house and his body at his lover's. But he remains so torn he can't even resolve his address, let alone his life. Then there was the is-he-or-isn't-he portrayal of a southern plantation owner coming home from the Civil War in *Sommersby,* an update of the medieval French tale of Martin Guerre. "Sometimes I'm not so sure why I choose the part I do, but with *Sommersby,* there was literally being able to create yourself," Gere remarks. "That's something we all have to do as adults. We own ourselves; we own our lives. We create ourselves in the image we choose, and we're totally responsible for who we are. And it can be changed; that's the joy of it."

For Gere, who was a philosophy major before he dropped out of the University of Massachusetts to sign on with Cape Cod's Provincetown Playhouse, Buddhism has provided the most meaningful way to effect such change. But for a long time his friendship with the Dalai Lama and his activism on behalf of the Tibetan people seemed to push him away from the workaday world to an extent that seriously compromised his career. A series of bad choices compounded the problem, and by the late 80s Hollywood considered Gere "cold as ice," as one producer puts it.

"I fucked up my career, no question about it," Gere admits cheerfully. "I was not giving it the care I should have if I wanted it to be a successful career. I was picking really oddball choices. I was spending more time in India than in Hollywood. If I wanted to be a businessman, I wasn't doing the things I needed to do to keep my business alive. I don't regret it at all, but I'm kind of amazed at how it turned out." He laughs sardonically. "Apparently other people were amazed, too; they had counted me out and dead. Actually, having lost it didn't bother me at all.

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ould work, but it wasn't like I was e of the top five guys; I had fucked it part up. But I like working, and I n't want to make movies that three ople see."

When *Internal Affairs* did well and re won good reviews as the diabolical p Dennis Peck, things started to turn ound. But it was *Pretty Woman*, with a rldwide gross of $430 million to date, at definitively announced his return. "I ink Richard secretly loved being back a movie star," says his agent, Ed Limato. "He's learned how to cope with it a lot better."

Typically, Gere fought success all e way; Jeffrey Katzenberg had to beg m to make the movie. "He turned us wn at least twice," says Steve Reuer, who produced *Pretty Woman*. "He dn't quite see himself in the Cary rant mold."

An old friend as well as chairman of e Walt Disney Studios, Katzenberg remembers going through the same thing ears earlier with *An Officer and a Gentleman*. "Richard said no four times to at movie," Katzenberg recalls. "Once, Odeon, I was on my knees."

In her Hollywood memoir, *They Can ill You . . . but They Can't Eat You*, awn Steel recalls Richard's resistance *Officer*. "It was too commercial for im and he had to be dragged, kicking nd screaming, into it," she wrote. Gere only wanted to do art films." When I lk to Steel, she adds, "Richard didn't ant to do easy roles. He wanted to do ifficult roles, risky roles. He's a matee idol in spite of what he wanted for imself."

Katzenberg attributes Gere's chronic ifficulty choosing parts to the conflict etween art and commerce. "Richard as always been most moved and seuced by the challenge of acting parts, as pposed to making 'commercial' movies," Katzenberg explains. "I think Richard is a great artist—not in a pretentious way, but in a real soulful way. nside every artist is a raging war between the conscience of being an artist nd the demands of being a commercial elebrity. Richard battles with that demon as much or more than anyone I know."

It was that tension that attracted Mike Figgis, who directed Gere in *Internal Affairs* as well as *Mr. Jones*. "There was a frustration in his acting that was interesting," observes Figgis. "He didn't seem totally comfortable, in a Tom Cruise kind of way, with his fortune to have good looks; he wasn't smug about it. There was maybe even a kind of anger. There was an internal conflict going on. He's not complacent, and he doesn't accept his good luck. When you get something so easily, just from being sexy and handsome, it's demeaning. I think Richard said, 'Well, let's do something a bit more dangerous.' I think he was looking for recognition as an artist rather than just beefcake."

Even as a romantic lead, Gere is never just a straightforward good guy. "There's a sort of danger about him," says Steel, the former president of Columbia Pictures. "This is a guy who is completely unpredictable, who's an outlaw, who doesn't do what you want him to do—ever."

Gere's authority in suggesting that an outlaw lurked behind the façade of the loving family man in *Sommersby* certainly enhanced that movie's credibility, despite the considerable weaknesses of its script. *Sommersby* went on to make its producers very happy by earning $150 million despite such commercial drawbacks as the fact that it was a period costume drama that not only killed off its hero at the end but made him hang for a crime he didn't commit. Gere was equally convincing in *Mr. Jones*, and altogether his current stock remains high. "I don't think *Mr. Jones* hurt him at all," says Sherry Lansing, chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount Motion Picture Group. "He could do the same part over and over again; he's very brave to take those chances. Richard's talent is so clearly at its peak."

Nevertheless, Gere understands the cold calculus of the movie business all too well. "I'm very aware of the realities," he says. "There's a movie or two I could have had like *that*." He snaps his fingers. "Now maybe I've got to do some guerrilla warfare." He shrugs, as if the whole question were of rather less interest than what to have for lunch. Gere has never engaged in the kind of minute-to-minute temperature-taking that preoccupies so many movie stars obsessed with how hot they are. Indeed, he seems astonishingly nonchalant about his career, which he appears to value primarily as a path to further enlightenment. "The work stuff is just having a life," he says with another shrug. "I have a body. It's a job I do to make a living. I happen to really enjoy it. It's another venue for learning. All this stuff is very pressured, and if you attack it in a certain way, there's an enormous amount to be learned. To be on a film set and be respectful of other people, to do your best work and bring the best out in other people is really a joyous thing."

As an actor, Gere has a sterling reputation among producers, directors, and actors who have worked with him. Costars particularly appreciate his ease on the set. "He just lets it happen," says Jodie Foster, Gere's leading lady in *Sommersby*. "He doesn't get all anxiety-ridden and talk about it forever. It's not a big emotional hassle; you don't get him constantly crying on your shoulder and saying, 'Am I O.K.? Am I O.K.?' Both he and I do the same thing: we're talking as the clap is going—'Oh, did you read that, too? I really liked that book!'—and then they go, 'Action!' and we just say our lines."

Indeed, Foster was surprised by the experience of working with Gere; his reputation had led her to anticipate something very different. "He has this kind of smoldering persona, and I expected somebody who was much more tough and confrontational," she confesses. "But he's really a gentle, nice guy. He's not a shark at all. When people do bad things to him, he's too cool to get mad about it. He makes jokes. The only way he defends himself is by being witty."

Gere is also capable of great generosity, according to Julia Roberts. "When we were making *Pretty Woman*, Richard did something I think is very unique to talented people, which is playing the low end. He sort of stood still in this perfect way so I could spin all around," Roberts reports. "Without Richard standing still in just the right way, me spinning all around wouldn't make sense. He was the great grounding for that whole relationship. Vivian wouldn't be as interesting if Edward didn't find her interesting; she could just seem like a wacko." And although *Pretty Woman* made a major star out of Roberts, she is under no illusions about her scene-stealing performance. "You can't steal anything unless you're given an opportunity," she says wisely.

Gere had a hard time envisioning himself as the billionaire tycoon in *Pretty Woman;* when he was trying to fend off the job, one of the objections he managed to raise was "I don't know how to wear a suit anymore." He has

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had no qualms about letting his hair go silver, and in fact has even insisted upon it. "Jeffrey Katzenberg made one comment about dyeing my hair for *Pretty Woman,* and I said, 'If anyone ever mentions to me dyeing my hair, I'm walking off, and I want it in my contract!' " Gere reports, his eyes twinkling. (According to Gere, Katzenberg later one-upped him by having Gere's hair retouched in the posters advertising the movie.)

Gere subsequently did color his hair for *Sommersby,* but in deeper ways he is still struggling with his own maturation process—a fact that was driven home to him recently when his wife suggested that he consider a certain novel as a potential movie property. Gere protested that he might be a bit old to play the young lead, a college student, whereupon Cindy looked at him as if he were crazy. It was the older role of the mentor she'd been suggesting. "It hadn't struck me," Gere marvels. "I'm actually viable as the one who teaches. I was still identifying with the person who had to be changed, as opposed to the one who had learned a lot of lessons and was able to pass them along. I felt a little uncomfortable seeing myself as a spiritual teacher, and as an actor I was identifying with the one who has a big character arc—but actually there might have been more emotional riches in the other character." He reflects on this for a moment and then snorts. "It's called long in the tooth," he says wryly. "It's a big leap. It's a leap actors aren't normally encouraged to make."

The exchange with his wife also highlighted their 17-year age difference. Most of the time Gere shrugs off the discrepancy. "She's much older than I am, in all ways," he cracks when I ask about it. "She's much more grown-up than I am."

But there is no denying that Crawford is at a different stage in her life's journey. In the first dizzying swoop of success, one's view is very different from that of the veteran who has ridden the roller coaster for a couple of decades and knows the troughs as well as the peaks. "She's learning different things than I'm learning," Gere acknowledges. "I've learned some lessons that allow me to be more patient about where she's at, and she's able to bring a freshness to some of the lessons I've learned."

Unfortunately, this process of mutual enhancement does not extend to their musical tastes. Gere is an accomplished musician who plays many instruments and possesses an extraordinary guitar collection, but his wife can't abide his taste. "She can't stand Bob Dylan. She can't stand the Byrds," Gere says mournfully. "The first bands I was ever in, all we did was covers of Bob Dylan and the Byrds. That's the music we would tend to play if we were sitting around, and she can't stand it." He shakes his head. "That was her *father's* experience. She grew up listening to her parents playing AC/DC!"

Indeed, Crawford's mother is only three years older than Gere. But at 44 he is still struggling with the next obvious life step of having a child. "I *am* a child," he protested a while back. However, it has become clear that continued resistance to parenthood might cost him his marriage, so Gere's current posture has evolved into cautious acquiescence. "Cindy has been very vocal about wanting a family," he says resignedly. "She's always been clear about that, and I think if it was something I didn't want to do, she would reluctantly withdraw from this relationship. Could I exist without kids? Yes, absolutely. Would I love to have kids with Cindy? Yes, I think that would be fabulous. I know what that would do to her, and I'd love to see that. But I married Cindy; I didn't marry some future children I don't even know yet."

Right now, he adds, the decision about when to go ahead is "really up to her. There are a lot of things being dangled in front of her, and it makes it hard. She's right in the beginning of a wonderful career."

Gere's vision of his own future is oddly entwined with the question of having a family; in the last couple of years he has taken to accosting people who have children to ask if you can still read while you're taking care of a baby. (On occasion, when they recover from their hysteria, some of them even answer him. Yeah, right. *Sure* you can, Richard.) Gere has fantasies about retiring to become a house-husband, rocking the cradle with one hand while holding his book in the other. At one point, when I ask him what he wants to do in the coming years, he replies vaguely, "It would depend on what happens between my wife and me. There could be a totally different kind of life, or it could be exactly the same thing. We haven't worked it out yet. I think careerwise it's kind of ri[di]culous; in some ways, I could not do [an]y of this anymore. Maybe I'll just sa[il] for 10 years."

According to his intimates, Richard has always made noises about giving it all up. "I think he keeps it in perspective that way, by saying, 'I could also walk away from it,' " says Maggie Wildi[ng], a friend since they worked together on *American Gigolo.* "But I don't think he will. I think he likes it. He might walk away from it, but I think it wouldn't last too long."

However, Gere is very clear on where his marriage ranks on his list of priorities. "It's only a step below the spiritual path that I'm on," he says earnestly. "I went into it thinking that I would do [my] absolute best to make this work. I want this deeply growthful, spiritually trusting relationship to last, to get deeper and stronger and more all-encompassing. I want us both to heal each other."

And maybe in the meantime he'll make a few more movies—perhaps for different reasons from the ones he began with. "I don't think anyone starts doing creative work because they're serving humanity," Gere says dryly. "They want to get laid; they want to get money; they want to get attention. It's 'Look at me!' It's a very childish motivation. It's acquisitive, hedonistic. And at some point the motivation for doing the work has to change, or you get locked in. You have to make an emotional transition, and do the work as service, or as learning, which are ultimately the same thing. That's an adult motivation that leads to happiness. I'm not so much into 'Watch me!' as I was when I was a kid. We all like to be appreciated, but I'm pretty sure the central motivation isn't 'Watch me!' anymore."

As for the vagaries of success as defined by the movie industry, Gere is quite convincing in maintaining his ironic distance. Occasionally he slips and uses a phrase like "my oeuvre" without a hint of a smile, but for the most part he affects a humorous nonchalance about his current viability. "I'm like, in the business," he says with a self-mocking grin. "I'm one of the guys it's O.K., you can make a movie with. I've been doing this since I was 19; that's 25 years. You see the cycle come around enough times, it's a bit amusing."

But his face is deadly serious and there is a steely pride in his voice as he adds, "I'm still fucking here, man." □

ARMANI

ntinued from page 108) still wore it n time to time, and that it still looked d. He appeared pleased and a little ful. "I'm glad you think many of the thes don't date," he said. "But, of rse, there's a big difference between n's and women's clothes. You have to ve a little more with women, come up h more ideas, otherwise you get stuck. at's why I try to put new things in h show, even things I don't have full nfidence in. They're like a bridge, to e me from the present to the place I'll in a year, or longer. You know all the ffon pants I showed last night? They rted five, six years ago, underneath a rt. We saw it then, but we didn't see you know? Didn't see it full. Now we it."

He began to talk about the latest collection, about new tank tops that fit like ic dresses, but I wanted to pull him ther back into the past, to the beginng, when, still designing exclusively men, he yanked the structure out of a cket and invented a new and radical ssicism. Martin Scorsese and I atmpted to dramatize this moment in a ort film we made about Armani called *ade in Milan*. We had him literally take e stuffing out of a jacket on-camera, a ocess the designer found exhilarating. e took to the rending with such gusto, id to the whole filmmaking process with such implacable imagination, that an admiring Scorsese, watching him arrange the models for a runway shot, turned to me and said, "He's all eyes and hands. He ought to make a movie himself."

In the early days, Armani was appalled by traditional men's suits. Even custom tailored ones "made me feel like an old man before I was old. Men all looked the same when I started to design; it was the Mao syndrome. They all wore a uniform. Maybe one was a little more fitted here, looser there, but it didn't matter. You could hardly distinguish one from the other. I worked with a factory that also worked with many American technicians, and all the suits had to be the same. No defects. But I *liked* some of the defects. And I wanted to personalize a jacket, make it belong to the person who was wearing it. And you know how you do that? By taking away the structure. By taking things away so the defects come out."

I'd often thought that if Armani had begun as a designer for women, where such revolutionary changes are more immediately noted, his importance would have been recognized even more clearly and quickly. "I can't imagine what would have happened if I'd begun designing women's clothes," he says, then reminds me, "I liked men's clothes and I liked to dress men. That's all. No light of fashion inspiration struck me, like Saint Paul on the road. I didn't play with little dresses on dolls when I was a kid. I just took the discipline I learned working with men's clothes and brought it to women's."

He looked at me at this point as if he had said something quite definitive, as if he hoped we could put the conversation to rest and have lunch in his apartment. His patience was waning and he had begun to vacillate quickly between a sort of defensive cynicism ("Can we say it? This is a shitty business") and his more usual, if worn, passion ("You show 25 jackets and one, right in the middle, say the one with a single button that took a week of testing and fitting, looks so right, so beautiful, finally that's why I love this work!"). I wondered about the quick and acute alteration of moods.

"It's not fatigue that makes me want to quit after every show," he answered. "One good sleep and I'm cured. It's the fear. It's part of the daily routine, like sleeping or eating. I think of stopping every day. The cycle of the new season begins again, and I have 20 appointments. I get irritated, I punish everybody around me, the fabric makes my eyes red. But then I touch one piece of fabric, the first special piece, and it creates a whole chain of enthusiasm. It erases the pain, eliminates all the anxiety, and we start all over again. And I feel good."

I asked him, as we left, if he felt that way in St.-Tropez, and he laughed again and said, "I guess I take some of my world with me wherever I go. To get away is not always an escape." But the ease had settled again into his gaze and it seemed his attention had shifted to the *piccola casa* in "the real country," where it is still possible to dream. □

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Continued from page 115) certainly made the movie a more marketable, commercial property.

In the soft drizzle of a Liverpool spring morning, Daniel Day-Lewis, who plays Gerry Conlon in Sheridan's film, is preparing for a climactic scene. He prowls around at the top of the courthouse steps as Sheridan makes final adjustments to the crowd of hundreds of extras who will cheer Conlon's acquittal. Day-Lewis is as thin as a rail, and pale. His eyes have the intense look of someone who has emerged from a desperate gloom.

Sheridan shouts "Action." Day-Lewis strides down the steps, fists held aloft, and then crosses the street to the cheering, placard-waving crowd. There he delivers his defiant message: "I am an innocent man. I spent 15 years in prison for something I didn't do. I watched my father die in prison for something he didn't do. He was a great man, an honest man. Until my father and all the people involved in this case are proved innocent and the guilty ones brought to justice I will fight on . . . in the name of my father and the truth." Cut.

As Day-Lewis relaxes, two pretty young extras lean out of the crowd and grab him by the sleeve. They look concerned, and there is a plaintive edge to their voices. "Are you all right? What's happened to you? You were so handsome in *Last of the Mohicans*."

They were paying him a great compliment, of course. To transform himself from the Mohican hunk to an undernourished small-time crook from Belfast, Day-Lewis has lost around 30 pounds, lived off an awful prison diet of cold porridge and unidentifiable slops, and has been interrogated by teams of Irish police. While his co-star and fellow Oscar winner, Emma Thompson, chats and jokes with crew and extras during the breaks, Day-Lewis alternately broods and ruminates in some distant corner, far from the perpetual motion that is modern movie-making. For the past three months he has spoken only in the West Belfast accent of his character.

Jim Sheridan's first film since *The Field* is based on Conlon's book, *Proved Innocent*, and weaves the Kafkaesque story of this extended Irish family's ordeal in with the relationship between Gerry and his sickly father, Guiseppe, who died in prison in 1980. After *My Left Foot*,

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which was about a good mother, Sheridan says, he went looking for a story about a good father "and the only one I could find was Joyce's Leo Bloom, and they're not going to make a film about *Ulysses*." Then Terry George, an Irish friend in New York, sent him a treatment for a screenplay of the Conlon story. At the center of this tale of injustice Sheridan found what he was looking for.

Sheridan says the British government went to war against this family. "Don't forget that we're dealing here with a family—a father and a son, aunt and uncle, and the two nephews. The British establishment decided that this was your terrorist family from Northern Ireland, that this was your bombing family. They demonized Irish people, and this story exposes a racial attitude . . . and that racial attitude is at the basis of the conflict in Northern Ireland."

The story begins with the teenage Conlon as a petty thief and general lollygagger in Belfast's Lower Falls Road area. After several run-ins with the local I.R.A. "community policemen" for antisocial behavior in the summer of 1974, he decided to escape the depressing violence of Belfast and try his luck in the bright lights of London. He soon fell in with the local Irish community and the platform-shoed hippie squatters who swarmed through North London at the time.

In October 1974 the I.R.A. blew up the Horse and Groom and the Seven Stars pubs in suburban Guildford, killing 5 people and seriously injuring another 70. Weeks later, two other deaths occurred at a bombing of a Woolwich pub. So began the most intense terror campaign in I.R.A. history. In nearly 50 bombing and shooting attacks, more than 30 people were killed, hundreds more disfigured, and millions of pounds' worth of property destroyed. But even after the arrest of the Guildford Four, the bombings and shootings continued—well into the following year, in fact.

In July 1975, while the Four were awaiting trial, Scotland Yard had a major success and captured members of the I.R.A.'s Northern A.S.U. Among them was Brendan Dowd, a known I.R.A. hard-liner, who was soon to confess to having been involved in the Guildford and Woolwich bombings. A few months later, just a few weeks after the Four's trial, another major police coup led to the capture of the London-based A.S.U.

Like Dowd, the London group's leader, Joe O'Connell, admitted involvement in the Guildford and Woolwich bombings. Both men offered details only the real bombers would have known. O'Connell, in a statement from the dock before being handed 12 concurrent life sentences, said that he and his fellow accused had instructed their lawyers "to draw the attention of the court to the fact that four totally innocent people are serving massive sentences for three bombings. We, and another man [Dowd] now sentenced, have admitted our part in the Woolwich bombing. The director of public prosecutions was made aware of these submissions and has chosen to do nothing."

The judiciary's indifference went far deeper than that. Even before the Four's trial in September 1975, there was forensic evidence that the Guildford and Woolwich bombs were identical to those used in attacks after the Four were arrested.

On October 22, 1975, the Four were found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. The judge, Sir John Donaldson, said he regretted they had not been charged with treason, for then he could have sentenced them to death. They were convicted entirely on the basis of the wildly contradictory confessions they had made in the first week of detention. There were more than 100 discrepancies in their signed statements. For example, the Four disagreed on who planted which bombs, on who drove which cars, and on where the explosives had been stored. But the fact that the confessions had been made was enough for the jury.

What the jury didn't understand was how innocent people behave when confronted with such diabolical misjudgment and misfortune. Totally bewildered by their arrests, the beatings, and the threats to their families, the Four say they believed the only way to stop the torment was to confess. Conlon and Armstrong, according to police, actually confessed twice. Conlon hoped to make things easier for his sick father. They were all convinced that the truth would come out and the confessions would mean



In April, as cameras rolled on *In the Name of the Father*, an I.R.A. bombing in the City of London caused millions of pounds' worth of damage.

The judge regretted the Four had not been charged with treason, for then he could have sentenced them to death.

hing. Carole Richardson said that the tements she wrote "were virtually dic- ed to me and I wrote down what they d. . . . I was forced to go along with at was happening because I was terri- d of them and of what further treat- nt I would get if I continued to deny involvement."

"Can you imagine what it was like?" s Sheridan. "I don't want to impose semi-intellectual ideas on the Four, t it is a fact of Irish life that we like to k, and when you've been deprived of wer, words are your only possession. r English is Joycean—hyperbole, all er the place, big story worlds and cra- storytelling. This is the crazy story- ling of four kids. It's literature in a lice station."

We are sitting in an Indonesian res- rant in Liverpool's Albert Dock, and have had a bottle of California Mer- and Jim Sheridan is getting into his ride. He is cherubic, boyish-looking spite graying hair, perhaps because his oversize trousers and turquoise- jacket with too long sleeves that p over the ends of his fingers. Sheri- n is genuinely outraged that there is ll debate over the innocence of the cused. "As far as the English au- orities were concerned, this mother nnie Maguire] would allow her chil- en to use nitroglycerin, to knead it ith their hands. Anyone who thinks out it for a second knows it is total nsense."

Sheridan's obsession with the Con- ns' father-son relationship has its roots his own life. Sheridan's father was a igely important figure to him, a man ho took him out to the theater and filled m with literary ideas through his teen- ge years. Daniel Day-Lewis also has owerful memories of his father, Brit- n's former poet laureate Cecil Day- ewis, who died in 1972, when young aniel was a bit of a misfit. "It is a great urce of sadness," he has said, "that y father died before he saw me do any- ing worthwhile."

Guiseppe Conlon's relationship with is son, Gerry, is typically fraught and gumentative—until Gerry is arrested. hen the father travels to England to rt the business out and finds himself rrested, convicted a year later of pos- ession of explosives, and sentenced to 2 years in jail. It is here that Gerry egins to recognize his father's great trengths, and they forge a relationship iat sustains both men. "The story tarts with a confessional," says Sheri- an, "which is Catholic, and ends with the individual assertion . . . of Guiseppe, of innocence. The journey from the confessional to the appraisal of self."

For all that, it is still the true story of British authority heaping unimaginable misery on an Irish family that will provide the controversy that is sure to greet the film's release. Sheridan says that his two stars—"the two most established young actors in Britain"—are brave to have taken the roles, and he expects everyone to get more flak before it's all over.

As we leave the restaurant, I remember how a few years ago Sheridan described to me what it was like being an Irishman in London. He spoke of how the overwhelming class consciousness of the English establishment automatically reduced an Irishman—even one as serenely amiable and devastatingly clever as Jim Sheridan—to a subspecies. It wasn't said with bitterness, just delivered in a matter-of-fact manner, touched with a mild incredulity. I kept worrying about it, wondering whether this was more of the Joycean hyperbole. As we walk out across Albert Dock this night I realize that he was not exaggerating.

Emma Thompson points out that she accepted the part of Gareth Peirce before she won the Oscar. But she would have done it anyway. She laughs off the tabloid label of Young Vanessa Redgrave, but she is politically aware and active enough to be quite well versed in the swirling drama that is the Irish Troubles.

She has no doubt that all 11 were innocent. She has spent time with Gareth Peirce, Gerry Conlon, and Paddy Armstrong and says that through meeting them and reading the four books published on the subject "I have got to know more about the way the judiciary dealt with Irish terrorist offenses in that period. And that somehow, in this case, the judicial system broke down . . . because of the violence and atrocities that went with those bombings . . . such fucking pointless violence."

The recent bombings and violence have led to renewed public outrage at I.R.A. terrorism. "So," she says, "anyone raising the question of civil-rights abuses in this climate is bound to come up against public opinion—and public opinion that is in many ways shaped by an hysterical press." So hysterical that one newspaper even introduced a royal slight into the Emma-bashing, accusing her of flying in the face of convention when, at a London premiere, "she spoke to Princess Margaret before being spoken to."

Back in London I arrange to meet the real Gareth Peirce, but first I take a drive around the City of London. On April 24, a dump truck filled with more than a ton of fertilizer explosives devastated an entire block of buildings. The medieval Saint Ethelburga's church was flattened, and several office buildings may yet have to be pulled down. It is eerie passing through these bombed-out buildings, these shattered shrines to Mammon, and a strange calm attends the leveled buildings. It happened on a Saturday, when the City was deserted, and only one person, a photojournalist, was killed.

In her small cluttered law office above the vegetable market in Camden Town, the real Gareth Peirce is not entirely pleased with the glare of publicity Jim Sheridan's film has brought. While she has happily advised the filmmakers about the story and has spent some time with her celluloid alter ego, Emma Thompson, she worries that all of the hubbub may interfere with her work. At the time of my visit, she was defending a young Irishman charged with hijacking a taxi and sending a bomb to Downing Street, the home of the prime minister. The young man is a university graduate with no previous convictions and an impeccable character; he is also five feet two inches tall, while the suspect is supposed to be five feet seven inches. "It is blindingly obvious," says Peirce quietly, "that he is innocent. Ironically, he was asleep in bed at the time of the incident, just like Gerry."

The charges were eventually dropped. But the Guildford and Maguire episodes won't go away—despite partial cash settlements (to three of the Guildford Four only) and the hopes of the British judiciary. Judge Sir William Macpherson stated after the acquittal of the three policemen, "It seems to me . . . the public and certainly those involved on the legal side could not wish to gaze at the entrails of this case further." He is wrong. A former appeals-court judge, Sir John May, is currently conducting a judicial inquiry into the cases, and his report is expected by the time Jim Sheridan's film is released in the U.S. At the time of this writing, no one stands charged with the bombings in Guildford and Woolwich. □

KOPPEL

(Continued from page 99) load, betting quarters (the house limit) on whether they can reel in a guest, ribbing staff members and being ribbed by them. He is a natural clown, performing all the time, doing brilliant impressions of Henry Kissinger, William F. Buckley Jr., or Monty Python characters. If this Koppel were on the air, he'd give Letterman a run for his money at his own game.

Koppel has a flair for pranks too. During the final days of the presidential campaign, *Nightline* negotiated exclusive access to the Clinton camp for a special called *72 Hours to Victory*. The ABC camera crew captured some embarrassing footage of the soon-to-be president swearing a blue streak after losing a game of hearts. A worried Paul Begala, one of Clinton's media advisers, walked to the rear of the campaign plane to ask Koppel if he planned to use the footage. "I'll give you a break on the 'fuck' but not the 'shit,' " Koppel deadpanned. Begala fretted until he saw the program; Koppel used neither. "There was never any chance I was going to use it, but I wasn't going to tell him that," Koppel says dryly.

Koppel may be better liked by his staff than anyone in television. But his colleagues spend a lot of time puzzling over what makes the man tick. "He's the only newsman I've ever known who is not neurotic," says Bettag. "I can tell you what makes Mike Wallace run. I can tell you what makes Barbara Walters run. I can tell you what makes Dan Rather run. But what makes Ted run? He doesn't run scared. He isn't driven by his fears."

Koppel is indeed that rare creature in the land of the anchor-monsters, the mentally healthy star. "Other news personalities get all the adulation and respect he does, and they handle it so badly," says Gil Pimentel, a former *Nightline* producer, now at ABC's *Day One*. "Seeing how others deal with fame and how he deals with it, you get a sense of how well-adjusted he is. Koppel has a keen sense of himself and who he is."

But Koppel is not without his demons. And to understand them, you have to know something of his life before *Nightline*.

The adored only son of Jewish parents who had escaped the Nazis, Edward James Martin Koppel was born in 1940, in Lancashire, England. In Frankfurt, the family had been cultured as well as prosperous: Ted's mother sang with Paul Hindemith and other modernist composers; his father owned one of Germany's three big rubber-tire companies. But by the time Ted was born, his family had been twice dispossessed. His father lost his German factory when he was imprisoned by the Nazis in 1938. And he lost a second one he had been invited to build in Lancashire when the war broke out and he was interned as an enemy alien. As Koppel remembers, "he spent the next 10 years first waiting for the war to end and then going back to Germany to go through the legal process of trying to regain what was his."

Ted had an idea of what he wanted to do even by the age of four or five. "My father used to listen to Murrow, who was rebroadcast on the BBC in England," he recalls. "Somehow there was some kind of an impact. The idea of being a radio journalist, and particularly a foreign correspondent, has been with me for as long as I can remember."

After his parents returned to Germany in 1950 to seek restitution, Koppel spent his summers with them in the Black Forest. For the rest of the year, he was sent to a boarding school in the Midlands called Abbotsholme. To this day he does not talk about the experience easily; Koppel calls it "*Tom Brown's Schooldays* without the charm," adding emphatically that he would never send a child to any boarding school, "certainly not a British boarding school." A small, funny-looking Jewish kid at an Anglican academy, where chapel is still compulsory, and where the older boys had younger ones for "fags," or servants, he "grew up in a hurry," as he says. Was he bullied? "I rather doubt you will find anyone who has been to an English boarding school who has not been bullied." Today, Koppel doesn't know a single one of his schoolmates from those years.

The hazing Koppel suffered at Abbotsholme seems to have had the perverse consequence of nurturing his journalistic abilities. It left him with a keen sense of sympathy and an affinity toward those who suffer injustice, but without a view of them as mere victims. This talent was on view, for instance, in "Streetwise in Seattle," a two-part *Nightline* that aired in September. With the help of photojournalist Mary Ellen Mark and her husband, filmmaker Martin Bell, Koppel updated the story of "Tiny," a street girl who had been the focus of Bell's 1985 documentary *Streetwise*. As in the Frontries Woods program, Koppel does what is nearly impossible for television to do: enter the lives of those at the bottom of society without stereotyping, pitying or patronizing. Koppel always approaches his subjects with respect, whether they are heads of state or ghetto teenagers. He recognizes all people as moral actors, whose misfortunes and difficulties don't excuse immoral behavior.

Koppel's favorites among his staff fit his own profile. They are bright, often usually somehow disadvantaged: blacks, Jews, Latinos, or others who did not glide through Ivy League schools. "The smart underdog is the person he really identifies with," says Pimentel, "not the privileged person for whom everything comes easy."

"He loves nothing more than feeling he's discovered a talent," says Susan Mercandetti, who was a *Nightline* producer for 10 years. "If he thinks you're smart and aggressive, he'll give you chances beyond what you ever thought you'd have."

Along with self-reliance, boarding school seems to have developed a certain reserve in Koppel. "Getting pushed around did a lot to form his character," says another friend. "He is someone who plays his cards very close to the vest. Though he's fun and gregarious, he is very private, and fiercely protective of that which is at his core."

That goes first and foremost for his family. "Keep my wife out of it," he says when a reporter asks one personal question too many. His oldest daughter is going to work for CNN in Japan; Koppel is enormously proud, but hesitant to talk about her or any of his three other children. Friends perceive in him a certain wariness of the world outside. "You fuck with his family and you're dead meat forever," says one former producer.

"He is warm on some things, but cool and rational on others, because he knows how fast things can change," as one friend puts it.

Koppel talks about personal subjects—Judaism, his childhood, his parents—with visible restraint. Yet these things are the key to understanding him, for Koppel is still very much the Jewish kid at a Christian academy, the one who doesn't fit in, no matter how precocious he is or how hard he works. Though he is now the ultimate insider, in television and in politics, he remains a kind of outsider in his own mind. Having

ched the pinnacle of success, he re
sts fitting into any establishment
Koppel is not a creature of Washing-
n. He eschews embassy parties and
ces where others go to be seen. A few
ars ago he turned down an invitation to
n the ultra-Establishment Bohemian
ub, the old boys' conclave David Ger-
n found it painful to quit when he was
pointed to the White House staff. Though
d and his wife, Grace Anne, a lawyer in
vate practice, reside in the tony suburb
Potomac, where they have lived for 20
ars, their haven is a vacation home in St.
arys County, Maryland, where they
an to retire someday. There Koppel
ends weekends sailing his one-man boat
the St. Marys River, while Grace Anne
rsues her interest in the history of the
ea, which was the first Colonial
ttlement in Maryland. Koppel has
veloped a strong connection to
e region as well, devoting an epi-
de of *Nightline* last year to the
amatic archaeological work be-
g done there.

Tom Bettag says St. Marys helps
explain Koppel's sense of "root-
dness," and it is not hard to un-
erstand why he needs one. Ted's
ther got a partial financial settle-
ent from the German government,
nd, in 1953, the family decided to
ove to New York, as Koppel says,
in large measure for my sake."
oming from England, where ra-
oning was still in force, to the land
f plenty was a shock. "America
as a heady experience, but it was
ifficult to absorb. It's like having been on
low-calorie diet for a long time and sud-
enly being put on a very rich protein diet.
hat was also literally true." Koppel still
alks of the awkwardness of immigration.
"The first day of high school I was in
tudy hall. There was absolute silence.
And I raised my hand and said, 'Please,
ir, does anyone here have a rubber?' "
Thereafter, he used the more common
American term, "eraser.")

Outwardly, Koppel adapted quickly.
Unlike his friend Dr. Kissinger, who ar-
ived in the United States when he was
15 and still speaks with a comically
ense accent, Koppel came at 13 and
shed his almost immediately. "Henry's
brother, Walter, who also has very little
ccent, makes the observation that he is
he Kissinger who listens," Koppel says.
Koppel himself betrays only a hint of En-
glish schooling; if you listen carefully
you can hear it when he says the words
"rather" and "four."

His inner adjustment was a much slower and more difficult process. Koppel was bright enough to skip a year of high school, and after being rejected by Princeton, which had a quota to hold down the number of Jews, was admitted to Syracuse University at 16. His passion was the college radio station, where he did everything from reporting stories to producing shows. After getting a master's in mass communications and political science at Stanford, where he met his wife, he remembers, "I couldn't get a job to save my life." He taught English at his old high school in New York City, McBurney on West 63rd Street, while he and Grace Anne papered a wall of their den with rejection letters from "every radio station, television station, newspaper, magazine, and advertising agency."

> "When you have to roll the dice," Stephanopoulos says, "you want to play on Ted's table."

Finally he landed a job as a copyboy at WMCA Radio in New York. The station manager let Koppel go out with a tape recorder to do a story about a neo-Nazi rally in Yorkville. The story aired, and Koppel was required to join the union. But this made him too expensive for WMCA, so he went looking for work elsewhere. He ended up at WABC Radio, on a new program called *Flair Reports*.

Koppel's wife has always been an invisible force in his career. Early in his days at ABC, he had trouble adopting the proper neutrality. In Selma, where he went to cover the great civil-rights march in 1965, he wanted to join the demonstrators. As he told interviewer Nancy Collins in 1984, it was his wife who talked him down. "Look, you've always wanted to be a journalist. The whole idea was to do something good by whatever influence you could. You're a fool to give up the chance now," Grace Anne said to him. But he still struggled to hold back his own views. In 1967, he got his first TV assignment: Vietnam. Like David Halberstam and others who covered the war, Koppel developed an ardent opposition to America's involvement, at one point writing an impassioned anti-war article for *The Nation*.

After the war, however, his foreign-policy views evolved under the tutelage of Henry Kissinger. As ABC's chief diplomatic correspondent, Koppel followed the secretary of state's shuttle diplomacy, and came to share his view of foreign policy—that it is basically amoral. But Koppel learned something even more valuable: listening. As he has said, Kissinger "rarely, if ever, lies, but is awfully good at misleading." The two developed a personal relationship, and Kissinger offered Koppel the job of State Department spokesman in 1974. "He's one of the few journalists who I think would do very well in government," says Kissinger, "because he's highly analytical, original."

"It was very seductive," says Koppel. "I was 34 years old. The government was clearly collapsing at that point; Watergate was in full swing. In many respects Kissinger was running the only part of government that was still functioning well, and that was the foreign-policy part of it. To have been able to get a look on the inside would have been fascinating. But I'm afraid I don't believe much in revolving-door professionalism. I don't believe you can be a little bit pregnant." Koppel retains his admiration for Kissinger and invites him to be a guest on the show often—perhaps too often.

Back at ABC, Koppel waited for his big break. "Ted kept [saying], 'Look at me as an anchor,' " Sam Donaldson remembers. "From the first moment I got to know him, Ted has wanted to get to the top, whatever the top was. The drive has always been there to advance up the ladder in this business."

Koppel finally got a shot at anchoring the Saturday news, but it didn't last long. When Roone Arledge became president of ABC News in 1977, Koppel's prospects slumped. "Roone didn't think much of Ted," Donaldson recalls. As others remember it, Arledge thought Koppel was too funny-looking to anchor, and demoted him. He quit, but before Arledge accepted his resignation, Koppel took it back. "Ted is one of only two people I know of who have ever been really out of favor who have gotten in favor—and I mean in favor in a big way—with Roone Arledge," Donaldson says. "Ted did it through very hard

work." (Who is the other person? "I'm not going to tell you," Donaldson dodges.)

Koppel then worked on a series called *Second to None*, about the American military, and kept "pressing and pressing and pressing to get back into the anchor game," as Donaldson recalls. Finally, his break came during the Teheran hostage crisis when Frank Reynolds, the regular anchor of *America Held Hostage*, asked for the night of his birthday off. Mercandetti remembers Koppel's first performance. "We were bouncing between all these people, on a real tightwire, and we were all shaking in our boots. His confidence and his command were amazing. It was clear we had a winner show."

Koppel continued to substitute once a week for Reynolds, and became a regular once Reynolds left to cover the 1980 election. He by no means had the job, however. "Roone was looking to make it a permanent program," Koppel says, "and he was looking for someone else to do it." Arledge talked to Roger Mudd, Dan Rather, and Tom Brokaw, but none wanted the slot. So Koppel kept doing it, and by default the show became his.

He soon emerged as a star in his own right because of his enormous talent as an interviewer. Koppel has no real "technique." What he does is listen well, which sounds easy but isn't. It means reading your subject and reacting spontaneously, instead of thinking about the next question. Koppel has an instinctual feel for when to follow a compelling line of argument, and when to challenge a flawed or incoherent position. But if he is a great interviewer, it's because the qualities needed for a great interview are his real ones. He has the self-assurance to prefer listening to talking, and a natural curiosity, as anyone on his staff, down to the interns, will testify.

Part of his talent lies in holding back. Rather than impress others with his intellect, he has the confidence to make points through understatement. The supremely self-possessed philosopher king who appears on-air is the real Ted Koppel. Those who work with him have no better idea how he votes than his viewers; those who appear on his show are kept at a calculated distance. In fact, with rare negotiated exceptions, he insists that they talk from a remote studio—even if they're in the same building. When he's on the air, he stares at a green felt screen that remains blank; it is filled in with the video image of his guests for the viewers at home. Koppel can see each jaboney on a monitor, but they can only hear him. The green screen is part of the mystique of the show. It is also a metaphor for Koppel's distance from others.

On the other side of the screen is a man with a deep moral sense, a sense he is able to deploy without sounding sanctimonious. In his recently published anthology of great speeches, *Lend Me Your Ears*, William Safire includes a commencement address Koppel gave to the Duke graduating class of one of his daughters, in 1987. In it, Koppel actually reminds his listeners—with characteristic arch touches—that the fundamental laws of human existence are the Ten Commandments. "What Moses brought down from Mount Sinai were not the ten suggestions," he told the students, "they are commandments. Are, not were." No one else in television, and perhaps no one else at all, could give such a sermon without being snickered at by a bunch of college kids.

Koppel's implicit moral authority helps explain why *Nightline* has become such a key test for public figures: the venue Gary Hart, Lani Guinier, and others have chosen to defend themselves when fighting for their careers. As Mandy Grunwald, Bill Clinton's media adviser, says, "At difficult moments, getting through *Nightline* has become a kind of test of credibility in American politics." Grunwald should know. In February 192. when the Clinton campaign hit the rocks in New Hampshire, she became one of the few guests ever to best Koppel in an argument, attacking him on the air for doing a show on Gennifer Flowers. ("Mandy Grunwald kicked my ass," Koppel acknowledges.) In so doing, she helped to save Bill Clinton's candidacy. This year Al Gore, who wanted to prove what a wild and crazy guy he is, did Letterman. But for Bill Clinton, who had real persuading to do on his health-care plan, a *Nightline* town meeting was the only real choice.

"Ted is so tough, but he's deeply fair," says George Stephanopoulos, "so when you're facing a tough issue and you have to roll the dice, you want to play on Ted's table. It's the make-or-break show."

> Koppel "is one of the few journalists who I think would do very well in government," says Kissinger.

Donaldson thinks Koppel's ultimate "Walter Mitty fantasy" is to be secretary of state, to out-Kissinger Kissinger. It's getting late in the day to change careers, however. "I've toyed with it, but I probably wouldn't do it," Koppel says. "I think I'm enough of a realist to know what I'm good at, and I don't think I would be terribly good at it." The problem, he says, is discipline. He is probably too independent-minded to function within a huge bureaucracy—even if he were one of the central cogs.

Koppel's real ambition at the moment is to finish his second novel. (He co-wrote a thriller called *In the National Interest* with Marvin Kalb, his best friend, in 1977.) He declines to elaborate on the new book except to note teasingly that "there are some things that you can say more honestly in fiction than you can in journalism." Koppel finds time to work on it where he can—"sometimes when I'm sitting on the john."

Someday, he would like to spend six months sailing down the Mekong River, which runs from China through Vietnam. He also wants to make a documentary himself—film it, narrate it, and edit it. Both would be ultimate feats of self-reliance, tests of nerve for Koppel as he enters late middle age.

Those plans will have to wait, however. At the moment Ted Koppel has his hands full ruling, somewhat reluctantly, in the land of late night. □

JACKSON

(*continued from page 77*) to happen, it's t going to happen."

Bert Fields says that he suspected the ole thing was a setup from the begin- g. Furthermore, he doesn't think any- e will come forward to corroborate nie's story. "We've talked to every ild we know of who knows Michael— d had to go back many, many years— d nobody says anything like this ever ppened." He remembers hearing in rly July that Jamie's father was very gry and was demanding a meeting with ichael, because Jackson called Fields out it. "I stopped Michael from going a meeting," Fields says. The next ng Fields did was call Anthony Pelli- no to say the father was accusing Mi- ael of molesting Jamie. They then got a conference call with the mother and epfather. On that very first call, Fields ys, the stepfather told him that he ought the father "wants money."

Later that day or the next, the stepfa- er, in an effort to help his wife, secret- recorded three long phone conversa- ons with the father and reported back to elds and Pellicano. (Ironically, Pelli- no distributed the tape to the media to olster his side, but the tape is crudely lited, full of erasures, and at times actu- ly seems to help the father's case.) om Jackson's point of view, the tape ould have been deeply disturbing, not ly because on it the father threatens to ruin Michael's career" and bring him own, but also because he implies that he as the proof to do so: "When the facts e put together, it's going to be bigger an all of us put together, and the whole ing is going to crash down on every- dy and destroy everybody in sight." mie's father says Michael "is an evil ay. He's worse than bad, and I have the vidence to prove it."

Also disturbing, though, is the portrait f the parents and stepfather that emerges om the long conversations the two men ave. They have both left Jamie's moth- r, who is into "hanging out." The step- ather is immersed in his business and rops into the house irregularly, leaving he family for several months at a time. he dentist seems clearly anguished that Michael has broken up the family." He lks endlessly about the need for com- unication and blames himself for not ntervening sooner in his son's relation- hip with Jackson. He alternates between a kind of impotent anxiety and grandiose threats. But there is no specific mention of monetary gain.

On the tape, the stepfather, who appears to be a longtime friend of the father's, tries to play the mediator when the dentist threatens to ruin Michael, saying that he will "blow the whole thing wide open—I will get everything I want, and they will be destroyed forever. She is going to lose Jamie [*bleep*, break in tape]. Michael's career will be over."

"And does that help Jamie?" the stepfather asks.

"That's irrelevant to me. The bottom line to me is, yes, his mother is harming him, and Michael is harming him; I can prove that, and I *will* prove that, and if they force me to go to court about it, I will [*bleep*] and I will be granted custody, and she will have no rights whatsoever. . . .

"It cost me tens of thousands of dollars to get the information I got, and you know I don't have that kind of money. . . . I'm willing to go down financially."

"Do you think that's going to help Jamie?"

"I believe Jamie's already irreparably harmed."

"Do you believe that he's fucking him?"

"I don't know."

Later, the father asks the stepfather if he's ever tried to talk to the mother about this whole issue of Jackson's coming into their lives. "If Michael Jackson were just some 34-year-old person, would this be happening? No. They've been seduced away from the family by power and by money and by this guy's image. He could be the same person without the power and the money and they wouldn't even be talking to him."

The stepfather's answer is that his major concern has to do with money: "I told her I didn't want him buying her things in Europe. I gave her some money. When he did buy her things and she told me, I got pissed off at her. That's it. That's the whole thing. That's all we ever talked about."

After listening to the tape with the mother and stepfather, Fields and Pellicano believed that the father had Jackson spend time at his house only so that he could bug the room the star and Jamie shared. "And Michael, innocent that he was, went over, and I think spent a week at the father's house in the bedroom with the boy," says Fields. After being told by Rothman that serious criminal conduct may have occurred, Fields raised that possibility with Jackson. "Michael's response was completely inconsistent with guilt. When I told him what he said, he was completely unafraid of any tape that might have been made during that week. It was not the attitude of somebody who was worried about what was on the tape."

Anthony Pellicano took the spin that would become his mantra: "They're all dysfunctional. You have a dysfunctional father, a dysfunctional stepfather, a dysfunctional mother, and possibly a dysfunctional child." He also decided to go right over to Jackson's condo and question Jamie. "I went in there with an attitude that I was not going to prove that Michael was innocent. I was going to prove that Michael was guilty. Because if such a thing could occur—and it never would in a million years—I have to protect my client."

Pellicano is famous for taping people—often secretly—but he didn't tape his talk with Jamie. "Absolutely not. You have to understand, that was a whim, and I could have. I had no idea what this boy was going to tell me."

According to Pellicano, Jamie told him a lot in 45 minutes. "He's a very bright, articulate, intelligent, manipulative boy." Pellicano, who has fathered nine children by two wives, says he asked Jamie many sexually specific questions. "And I'm looking dead into his eyes. And I'm watching in his eyes for any sign of fear or anticipation—anything. And I see none," Pellicano says. "And I keep asking him, 'Did Michael ever touch you?' 'No.' 'Did you ever see Michael nude?' 'No.' He laughed about it. He giggled a lot, like it was a funny thing. Michael would never be nude. . . . 'Did you and Michael ever masturbate?' 'No.' 'Did Michael ever masturbate in front of you?' 'No.' 'Did you guys ever talk about masturbation?' 'No.'

" 'So you never saw Michael's body?' 'One time, he lifted up his shirt and he showed me those blotches.' " Then Pellicano asked Jackson to come downstairs. "And I sit Michael next to him and go through exactly the same thing," he says. Pellicano claims they both maintained that nothing happened, and Jamie began to disparage his father. "He's talking to me about his father never wanting to let him be a boy and never wanting to let him do the things he wants to do. 'He wants me to stay in the house and write these screenplays.' . . . And he said to me several times during this conversation, 'He just wants money.' I said, 'What are you talking about?' " Then, Pellicano claims, Jamie told him the story, confirmed by Michael, that when Michael was over at his father's house his father told Michael he really didn't have the room for him to stay there. "Why

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don't you build me an addition?'' Then he went and checked with the zoning board, and he couldn't put the addition on, ''so he asked Michael just to build him a whole new house.'' Larry Feldman, Jamie's attorney, calls this story ''ludicrous and factually incorrect. I checked with the zoning board, and there are no such restrictions.'' Pellicano says he also learned that the dentist wanted to close down his practice and get involved in screenplays with Michael.

Jamie's father was demanding to see him. So Fields worked out a deal—''We can't have Michael being claimed as the cause of this problem.'' Then he left town, putting Pellicano in charge. ''Bert gives me an absolute free hand when I'm involved.'' Pellicano adds, ''This is problem solving. This is what I make my money at. This is why I have the reputation I have, because I solve problems.''

''The next thing we hear is that the father has an opinion from a psychiatrist, and he will not give the boy back,'' says Fields. ''I take the position I won't talk to the son of a bitch [Rothman] anymore.'' Fields prepared the affidavit to help the mother and her lawyer regain custody. The father was still insisting on a meeting with Jackson, who was ''very hurt,'' says Pellicano, insisting ''Jamie would never do this—his father is making him do this.''

Pellicano's version of the August 4 meeting differs totally from that of Jamie's side. Pellicano says that as soon as the father and Jamie walked into the room they both hugged Michael. ''He's shorter than Michael,'' Pellicano says of the dentist. ''And he's got his head underneath Michael's neck, and he kisses Michael, and he's got his eyes closed.'' Pellicano was astounded. ''If I believed somebody molested *my* kid and I got that close to him, I'd be on death row right now.''

The father began to read the psychiatrist's letter, which cited the criminal statutes that applied to child abuse. ''Jamie was looking down, and he pops his head up and looks at Michael like 'I didn't say that.' *That* kind of look.''

Pellicano said, ''You don't have to recite statutes. I know what the statutes are. Are you accusing Michael?'' The dentist answered, ''This is all about the molestation of my son.'' ''What is it exactly that you want?'' The father answered that Pellicano had told his lawyer ''you would help me do screenplays.'' Pellicano denied it, and the father got very angry. According to Pellicano, he pointed his finger at Michael and shouted, ''Only he can help me!''

''At this point I never heard any extortion. I never heard any demands. I kept wanting to hear demands.'' Michael, meanwhile, was scared. ''The father keeps pointing at him: 'I am going to ruin you! I'm going to take you down!' '' Pellicano finally told the father to leave, and the father and son walked out the door.

''Did you tape this meeting?'' I asked Pellicano. ''No. I don't want to be in the possession of a tape that has my client on it. I don't know what anybody's going to say. And you don't tape-record something unless you know what's going on.''

Pellicano was left puzzled. ''My wheels are turning. If this is an extortion, how am I going to get them in extortion?''

He called Barry Rothman and told him what had happened. They arranged a meeting immediately in Rothman's office.

''The doctor wants to close down his dental practice and he wants to write full-time, and what he wants is this,'' Rothman supposedly tells Pellicano: ''Four movie deals, $5 million each.''

''And I look at him like he's absolutely crazy. You want $20 million? There's no fucking way that's going to happen. I'm not going to pay $20 million—and for what?'' Once again, Pellicano says, his mind races: Maybe Rothman is lying—how do I get this on tape? Later, they go back and forth on the telephone and arrange another meeting with the father at Rothman's office for August 9.

Pellicano claims the dentist tells him that he wants to close his practice and work with Jamie, so Pellicano offers ''start-up money. And Rothman chimes in and says, 'Wait a minute—we've already told you what we want.' Rothman says the $20 million: 'We want four movie deals, $5 million each.' '' Pellicano says he looks the father right in the eye and says, '' 'It's never going to happen. Do you understand me?'. . . He goes ballistic.'' This time it's Pellicano who gets thrown out.

On the phone, Pellicano offers Rothman one screenplay ''at the going rate of $350,000. . . . I wanted to get them to accept it. They would take $350,000, they would have a contract, and the whole thing would be over. I would get them out of my life, and that would be it.'' ''Pellicano was convinced they'd go for some kind of offer, some kind of check, and we'd have them,'' says Fields.

But it wasn't to be. Jackson's side had apparently overplayed its hand. Since Pellicano never heard back, he called Rothman on the fateful morning of August 17 and secretly tape-recorded their Mamet-esque conversation. By that time, the mother's lawyer had already been in court, and the motion to return Jamie to her had been granted. Rothman essentially tells Pellicano that the custody motion was a ''shitty'' thing to do, that the mother is now saying she signed the order not to take Jamie out of L.A. County under duress, and that there is an attempt to try to seal the case, ''making reference to a third-party celebrity with a high profile who doesn't want certain things divulged.'' Pellicano pleads ignorance.

The $350,000 offer is rejected, Rothman says, because Pellicano originally offered a three-picture deal at $350,000 each, and then he backed down. Rothman says, ''You had a discomfort level offering three based on his volatility. O.K., that's what you told me.''

''Look, we're still at this deal now if you're telling me . . . ,'' says Pellicano.

''I just told you why it won't be accepted, and it can't be, because you offered three to begin with, and he feels he's being slapped on the wrist for his emotional response regarding his child.''

Moments later, Pellicano vainly tries to raise the subject of the $20 million. ''Listen, the reason I said no to the deal in the office is that he asked for $5 million per year.''

Rothman counters, ''That's not it. We're past that point.''

''Twenty million dollars—'' Pellicano persists.

''We're past that point.''

But Pellicano won't give up, and Rothman, who still seems eager for a three-picture deal, says, ''You sat across the table from him and said, 'It's not going to be that figure,' and he said, 'O.K., what do you have to say?' That's what he said.

''That's not true!''

''Yes, it *is* true!''

With that, the deal was off, and Rothman and Pellicano exchanged the faxed letters.

In last month's *Vanity Fair,* Bert Fields told Michael Shnayerson that he thought the father wanted the matter to remain private (''He could hardly hope to collect money after it became public'') and that the father didn't know that if he took his son to the psychiatrist the therapist would be required by law to report the charges to the police. In an interview for this article, Fields said the opposite. ''I believe the father knew that when he went to the therapist it now had to become public. And that was his method of making it public, rather than calling a press confer-

e. They let the therapist do the polic
I can't believe I would want *my*
d branded for the rest of his life as the
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uld want to see the son of a bitch put
ail. It's much more important to shel-
your child, I think."

ields thinks that the father con-
ted the story and convinced his son
t this was their one big chance to
re. "I don't believe them." Then
at *did* happen? "It could have hap-
ed many ways. It could be the father
aching the boy, supplemented by the
lice questioning—it could be a combi-
ion of both." As for the mother and
pfather's change of heart, Fields has a
e-word explanation: "Money."

Larry Feldman calls the Fields-Pelli-
no version of events "preposterous,"
isting that it was Pellicano, not the fa-
r, who introduced the idea of being
id for screenplays in order to foster a
ationship with the boy. "We vehe-
ently deny there is any extortion. At
e most there is an attempt to prevent
e type of public circus that has oc-
rred," says the father's new attorney,
chard Hirsch. "The other side is rais-
g the red herring of extortion, which is
t a defense to child molestation."

"I'm really foggy on this," says Pelli-
no, asked why he was unable to prevent
e charges from blowing up in public,
because I don't know what they thought.
doesn't matter now. Because everything
se is history. It's been on TV."

Jackson is under criminal investigation in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles ounties, but he has not been charged ith any crime. A criminal case is far more ifficult to prove than a civil action. In a riminal case, the evidence presented ust convince all 12 members of the jury eyond a reasonable doubt. A case such as his one, consisting of one person's word gainst another's, with no apparent physi-al evidence, would be difficult to prove ithout corroboration. That is what the olice have been focusing on—trying to nd other children with whom Jackson ight have behaved inappropriately.

Suppose there were another child who laimed to have been molested by Jack-on. Would his parents subject him and nemselves to the media madness of a ce-ebrity trial? One anguished father who ad spent considerable time at Neverland alled me in despair over the fact that he ad ever allowed Jackson to share a bed vith his son. He has no proof that any-hing untoward occurred, but he claims that he himself was molested by an uncle and kept the secret from his parents for 30 years. That knowledge tortures him, because he and his wife are divorced, and he lives so far away that he is rarely able to see his son. He says that his wife, who has custody, told him that if he spoke to the press he would never see his son again. A week later, after talking to his wife, who was in contact with Jackson's side, he called again, eager to give me a quote in favor of Michael Jackson. Dealing with these kinds of complicated family histories and emotional flip-flops is part of the normal routine of the law-enforcement officers trying to investigate the criminal case.

In a civil case, however, a jury's decision need not be unanimous, and jurors have only to find that a preponderance of the evidence favors one side—"probably" is good enough. The major difference is that a criminal charge can send a person to jail. In a civil case, the successful plaintiff receives only monetary damages. If the jury finds Michael Jackson liable in the civil suit, he may never have to do anything more than pay up.

Is it likely that *any* jury will put a mega-star of Jackson's magnitude behind bars? "The celebrityhood of this will affect every aspect of the investigation and prosecution. It puts pressure on the police; it puts pressure on the D.A.; it changes everything in a trial—it introduces an *x* factor," says former Los Angeles district attorney Ira Reiner. "It usually helps the defendant. Juries are starstruck like people generally, and like to be friends of celebrities. It's not impossible, but it's extremely difficult, to convict celebrities of crimes."

Jackson's lawyers lost their big battle to keep him from being questioned in the civil suit while the criminal investigation is going on. Over the vociferous objections of Larry Feldman, Jackson's attorneys had petitioned to have the civil action postponed for up to six years while the criminal statute of limitations ran out. On November 23, however, a Superior Court judge in Los Angeles denied that request and set a trial date for March 21. Now Jackson is faced with perhaps having to take the Fifth Amendment in the civil suit, which would not look good.

Feldman emphasized that getting closure for Jamie was critical: "The longer the court case lingers, the longer it takes to begin the healing process." Not only that, minors have a tendency to forget things: "I'm trying to get him to remember what Michael Jackson's penis looks like while his therapist is trying to get him to forget it."

In the course of the hearing, Bert Fields, Jackson's own lawyer, misunderstood information handed down to him by Jackson's criminal attorney, Howard Weitzman, told the judge that a grand jury in Santa Barbara had issued two subpoenas for witnesses, adding, "You can't get closer to an indictment than that." Weitzman appeared amazed at this disclosure; he later contradicted Fields, and within 48 hours Fields was no longer solely in charge of the civil case. Fields has always maintained that a criminal trial for Jackson could be fatal: "The stakes are going to jail and ruining his life, and his life is essentially over if he's charged and convicted."

In ruling in Jamie's favor, the judge honored the California law granting injured minors a speedy trial: "It's a tough little statute."

Once a trial date had been set, speculation grew that Jackson would never come back. "He hasn't sent any money out of the country," says Fields. "He isn't moving to Switzerland. He plans to come back to testify."

On Thursday, November 18, according to Eddie Reynoza, a film and TV actor who was a featured dancer on the "Thriller" video and became a close friend of Michael Jackson's, a despondent Jackson called him from Switzerland and told him, "I'm never coming back. All my money is being taken over here. We're cleaning out all my assets, my accounts. I'm selling all my holdings."

Reynoza, who says he taped a 14-minute conversation with Jackson, says the star "is going from house to house. He's got a lot of influential friends with houses who are hiding him." He describes Jackson as "a mess," although Jackson continues to protest his innocence. Reynoza quotes Jackson as saying, "My lawyers are going to get me out of it. It's nothing but scandal. They want my money. . . . I wake up every day and think I'm in hell. I don't even want to be alive. . . . I can't come back and face that. I can't, I can't, I can't."

Reynoza doesn't believe Jackson is innocent. "He's had little boys around for nine years straight, 24 hours around the clock. People in show business couldn't understand how long it took to get the talk going. The public is 100 years behind on this." Reynoza acknowledges, however, that people close to the star "looked the other way. They were afraid of being fired." As for the children's parents, Reynoza claims that some of

them, like Jackson employees, were showered with gifts. "He would buy five Cadillacs at one time. He gives homes, Jaguars, Cadillacs, trips for their birthdays—like a fairy tale out of the movies."

I asked Reynoza what Jackson is like. He said that they were close for about three years, and then he just got too "weird and freaky. . . . He's worried about his face." Although Jackson admits to only two nose jobs, Reynoza says, "The whole inside of his face is artificial implants. He told me, 'I can't go out in the sun. My face would fall off.' "

Reynoza believes that Jackson's drug abuse is the first step in an escalating series of medical roadblocks. "There's no way in hell he's going to appear at a trial with that little boy. He'll end up in a mental hospital. Next thing will be a nervous breakdown. Don't be surprised. . . . You're going to see a lot more of his people quitting. They don't want to get involved in all the media."

The man on the telephone, Paul Barresi, former porn star, personal trainer, police informant, and hustler, sounded outraged. "All these people coming out of the woodwork, screaming for the sake of morality and asking for thousands of dollars! Well, society is responsible—it thrives on the repugnant. The tabloids pay *thousands!*" He should know. He was selling the same story about Michael Jackson and little boys at Neverland to four British tabloids more or less simultaneously. He had also betrayed the people who had asked him to put them in contact with the tabloids by secretly tape-recording them, photographing them, and giving their names to the police. Now he wondered if *Vanity Fair* was interested in buying their/his story.

"They" are a French couple, Philippe and Stella Lemarque, who cooked at Neverland for nearly a year before they were dismissed, and who say they were eyewitnesses to scenes in which Michael Jackson took sexual advantage of young guests, specifically Macaulay Culkin, who has denied that anything went on between him and Michael. The Lemarques described on tape Jackson's alleged modus operandi: keeping the kids up all night with sound-and-light shows, games, and videos until they were so overstimulated that they barely noticed his fondling. Through Barresi, the Lemarques had tried to sell their story a few years ago to the *National Enquirer* for $100,000, but were told that it would take too much investigation to prove and was therefore legally tricky. But now that Jamie's charges had broken, they were out hawking again, and they had upped their price to $500,000.

Barresi told me he thought the Lemarques were being greedy—they could easily get $100,000 now, and he would take 10 percent. When I told him that *Vanity Fair* doesn't pay sources, he said, "Why don't you and I do the story, split the fee, and not tell anybody?" He didn't take my rejection personally.

We met for lunch in Beverly Hills, and he told me he was furious at Kevin Smith of Splash News Service. I'd never heard of Splash, but I soon found out that it is the hot new packager of stories and pictures in the profitable and ever growing celebrity-gossip mill. About a year and a half ago, 27-year-old Smith and his 29-year-old buddy Gary Morgan, both British-tabloid vets, became Los Angeles's first official tabloid brokers—a clearinghouse for anyone with inside dirt or otherwise about the stars. "People think it's completely normal to be paid for stories," Morgan told me later, "and more so in Hollywood, because in Hollywood basically everyone is out to screw everyone else and make a buck."

Barresi had contacted the *Globe* in London and was on hold for $15,000 from them for a few days when he got impatient and went to Kevin Smith. He faxed Smith his story, and Smith placed it for $2,400 with the London *Mirror*. Then Barresi heard from the *Globe* that it was a go, so he told Smith to stop the deal with the *Mirror*. Smith's failure to prevent the *Mirror* (JACKO'S NEW HOME ALONE SLUR) from scooping the *Globe* (PETER PAN OR PERVERT—WE CAUGHT JACKSON ABUSING CHILD STAR) enraged Barresi. The *Globe* still paid him, but the *Mirror* didn't.

The *Mirror*'s recalcitrance prompted Barresi to arrive at the Splash office, Smith says, with a gun and a huge bodyguard. Smith hastily placed a call to the *Mirror* and assured Barresi he would be paid $1,000. Even so, Barresi felt violated. He fired off a letter complaining about Smith to the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau.

Barresi, who eventually made $23,500 off the story, gave me transcripts of the tapes he had also given to the police and the D.A. The transcripts were carefully annotated as to "inconsistency": for example, when the Lemarques were asking $100,000, according to Barresi, Jackson's hand was on the outside of Macaulay Culkin's pants; when the price rose to $500,000, the hand was inside.

A few weeks later, Barresi called to say that he had decided to pass on his information to Anthony Pellicano. As a fellow Sicilian, Barresi said, he felt simpatico with Pellicano and admired his handiwork. "What he's doing is painting a clear picture of a dysfunctional family." The sex-industry veteran Barresi saw the milieu of Neverland as "a perfect situation for a pedophile. Michael Jackson is able to have that fantasy and could overwhelm kids from dysfunctional families; they're perfect prey." Barresi wanted to make one thing clear, however: "I take no sides. I'm in this strictly for the money."

Pellicano suspects that Splash knew the original source of the leak of the highly confidential Department of Children's Services report, which had actually been given first to Diane Dimond of *Hard Copy,* but which found its way to Splash so soon after that that because of the time difference between England and California, Splash's buyer, *The Sun* in London, could trumpet a world exclusive: JACKO USED ME AS SEX TOY. Splash won't reveal how much it paid for the document—guessers say in the $30,000 range—but it was able to sell the report, whose leak prompted a police investigation, not only in England but also in France, Germany, and Australia. Revenues from the report made up a tidy part of the $100,000 Splash has reaped so far on the Michael Jackson story.

"I don't have any great moral problems paying for stories. If that's what it takes, so be it," says Smith. "If you don't pay for stories, there's no incentive for people to come forward. That's a form of censorship, because the news doesn't get out." Splash was able to be first to confirm that Michael Jackson had been named in the custody fight between Jamie's parents by paying "a regular contact" for original court documents (the theft of which may be a felony).

One unfortunate result of the insatiable media lust was that within days Jamie's real name and picture were appearing in tabloids around the world.

The day I visited the Splash office they were tracking down people who had been with River Phoenix several nights earlier when he collapsed of a drug overdose outside a club. "Pictures of a last night with River Phoenix in the nightclub and then in his dying throes—its worth could be untold: a quarter of a million dollars," said Smith. As for the Michael

kson story, Splash is confident it has ryone else beat. "People at *The New k Times* haven't got the resources of outfit like us," Kevin Smith boasted. our people working flat out on that ty. A *New York Times* reporter hasn't a chance. Also, we got money to w around. So if a *Times* reporter s, 'Give me a story,' they say, 'No y.' " What about the L.A. *Times*? I ed. Smith flashed me a look that said, u've got to be kidding.

It wasn't until August 26 that the story it was mesmerizing the world made ge one in Michael Jackson's hometown, d then, thanks to Pellicano and Jack-n's criminal attorney, Howard Weitz-in, the first two days' coverage in the A. *Times* played up the alleged extor-n more than the molestation charges. ly on the third day did the *Times* finally t around to publishing a response from e police as to whether anyone from Jack-n's camp had ever reported any extor-n attempt to them. No one had. Even en, the paper made only slighting men-n of the Department of Children's Ser-ces report. The paper did report that sse Jackson had urged the *Times* to use ore restraint concerning these child-mo-station accusations. During the whole onth of October, the *Times*, which has ver been aggressive in its reporting on e Hollywood community, ran no stories the case. A lot of people simply did not ant to believe that Michael Jackson uld molest little boys, and the tepid Es-blishment-press coverage reflected the ublic's repugnance and ambivalence.

As much as in any political campaign, edia manipulation and spin are crucial a volatile case like this. Pellicano orked tirelessly to shape the cover-ge, with mixed results. Early on, in is most controversial action, Pellicano troduced to the TV news cameras two oung boys who said that they were close friends of Michael Jackson's and had hared the same bed with him, but that e had never done anything to them. Many people then thought that Pelli-ano's effort to clear Jackson had back-ired. "Do you know an adult now who s not absolutely convinced that Michael ackson did it?" said a prominent crimi-al attorney. "Pellicano ruined it."

Anthony Pellicano's greatest strength eems to lie in getting people *not* to talk. arry Feldman charges that Jackson's ide has deliberately used Pellicano "to e out front and make slanderous charges bout [Jamie] and his parents." He fur-her states in court documents: "Muz-zling independent witnesses, while al-lowing defendant's investigator to say anything he wants in a declaration for the press, is not justice."

Cabell Bruce, a producer for *Hard Copy*, tells of going up to the front porch of a woman who works at Neverland and trying to talk to her. "She literally start-ed shaking, her eyes filled with tears, and all she could say was 'Call Mr. Pellicano.' " Diane Dimond of *Hard Copy* complains that every time she finds a source who has been close to Michael Jackson the response is "Mr. Pellicano has asked us not to say anything."

Pellicano went as far as to offer to pay Kevin Smith to tell him who had leaked the Department of Children's Services report to Splash. When Smith refused, Pellicano pointedly said, "You're not even a citizen" and "I don't want anyone to get hurt in all this." There were also reports that Jamie's father had found a bug on his home phone, and was roughed up at his office. Pellicano denies that he had anything to do with this, saying, "If I had wanted him roughed up, he would have been roughed up."

Diane Dimond, who along with local KNBC has broken more new developments in this case than anyone else, says she has received messages via other reporters from Pellicano: "Tell Diane Dimond I'm watching her." "Tell her I hope her health is good." Pellicano denies any threats.

Jamie's side also had spin problems at first. The flamboyant feminist attorney Gloria Allred, who briefly represented the boy, promptly called a press conference and announced that her little client was willing to come forward and tell his story. The horrified parents then hired the unimpeachable Feldman, a past president of the L.A. County Bar Association and the L.A. Trial Lawyers' Association, whose lawyer wife works with sexually abused people. He fired Allred by letter and warned her that if she talked about the case she could be disciplined by the California bar. Gloria Allred left one lasting legacy for the public, however. It was she who raised the question "Why is Michael Jackson, an adult, repeatedly sleeping in the same bed with a young boy?"

In Manila, Mark and Faye Quindoy, a Filipino couple who had managed the Neverland estate, popped up. They were questioned by California police and promised to testify against Michael Jackson. The Quindoys, who say they are suing Jackson for back pay (the amount varies in their statements) and Pellicano for slander (he called them "cockroaches and failed extortionists"), called two press conferences. They also alleged sexual abuse of children on Jackson's part; they said they had quit on moral grounds, but they, too, it turned out, wanted money for their story. Mark Quindoy, a lawyer, held a diary up before the cameras. He said he had made detailed notations of what he saw every day at Neverland. Stars on the pages, he said, meant instances of abuse.

I managed to obtain the Quindoys' Manila phone number without going through their U.S. representative, a woman who works as a private investigator, a tabloid reporter, and their agent on the side. Mark Quindoy and his wife supported many of the things the Lemarques alleged: that Jackson chose one boy at a time, that kids were assaulted with sounds and lights, and that lewd things went on right under the parents' noses. They did not go to the police, they said, because "we were just witnesses—we were not victims." They knew the boy whose father had called me in despair. They remembered that his mother would leave the boy with Jackson for "three or four weeks" at a time, and claimed she would cry, "My son has been kidnapped."

Geraldo Rivera confirmed through a member of his staff that the Quindoys had disclosed to him these same allegations about Jackson at the time they appeared on his show *Now It Can Be Told* a year and a half ago. But on-camera they gave no hint of any of this. The reason was that they wanted to be paid $25,000.

Given all these bad reports about Jackson, one might assume that the public would be barraged with a resounding campaign *for* Michael Jackson by his Hollywood friends. With the exception of two statements by Elizabeth Taylor and a few brief unsigned ones from his record company, Sony, the silence has been deafening—from his manager, Sandy Gallin; from his powerful movie agency, CAA; from his dear friends David Geffen, Michael Milken, Steve Wynn, and Diana Ross.

In September, and again in November, Michael's brother Jermaine and their mother, Katherine, told the press that the allegations were false. Sister La Toya, on the *Today* show, said that she *hoped* the allegations weren't true. Her husband-manager let it be known that her price for talking to the tabloids ranged from $25,000 to $40,000. "Every single person I've contacted on Jackson's side or in his family has wanted money," says Diane Dimond. "They say, 'I'd like to tell you something about Michael. He's a dear sweet boy, and for $5,000

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I'll come on and tell you this.' It absolutely has impeded me from presenting a full Jackson side of the story.''

Most surprising was the unsolicited proposition *Hard Copy* got from a representative of Michael Jackson's father. For $150,000 Joe Jackson would appear on the show to talk about Michael's troubles. The price quickly dropped to $50,000, but negotiations broke down because the show wanted Katherine Jackson too, and her husband couldn't guarantee her signature on a contract. The relationship between father and son had come down to a tabloid-TV deal.

Meanwhile, the family, ever ready to cash in on Michael, was planning a $6 million TV extravaganza, *The Jackson Family Honors*, and counting on their distant son and brother to show up and perform with them in Atlantic City on December 11. It was all to be televised on NBC—although those who know the tortured family history might argue that receiving an honor from the Jacksons is akin to being crowned Miss America by Heidi Fleiss. The TV special was to be the launch of their latest moneymaking plan: a series of franchises to market clothes and cartoons taking advantage of Michael's relationship with children.

Layers deep, there is virtually no one Michael Jackson knows who does not view him as some sort of big-bucks ticket to ride. Certainly in his own twisted family, he has from an early age been leaned on—the adorable little sensitive, effeminate one with the most talent, taught to manipulate the press, even lie about his age as an eight-year-old. Says ABC News *Day One* correspondent Michel McQueen, who has dealt extensively with Jackson family members, ''They think the truth is whatever they can convince someone of.''

Starting in the days with Motown, their early record label, the Jackson 5 were always packaged as God-fearing, all-American, squeaky-clean. But even words such as ''dysfunctional,'' ''ignorant,'' ''troubled,'' and ''screwed up'' don't begin to describe what has been presented as the real Jackson-family dynamic: the cruel, violent father, with ambition far beyond his ability to cope, who would rouse his kids out of bed at two A.M. to perform, appear at their windows at night in a werewolf mask, flaunt his out-of-wedlock second family, and tell little Michael that there were people in the audience with guns who wanted to shoot him, and that if he didn't move onstage they'd find their target; the sweep-everything-under-the-rug-and-prevaricate-about-it mother, a fervent Jehovah's Witness whom Michael clung to and adored; the various siblings with their multiple marriages and pregnant girlfriends on the side; loose-cannon sister La Toya, with her public allegations of physical and sexual abuse by her father, posing nude in *Playboy*. The Jacksons alone could provide several straight seasons of *Geraldo*.

''When the Jacksons, none of whom have much education, became famous in the 70s, there were not that many prominent blacks—there was no Colin Powell, no Maxine Waters, no Walter Washington or David Dinkins to be role models. They were the ones on the cover of *Life*. They were the people who represented black America,'' says McQueen. ''But when black America didn't need to reflect itself in them anymore,'' most of the Jacksons could not accept that time had passed them by. Even today, they treat people visiting the family home in Encino (which Michael owns 75 percent of) as if they were visiting the White House. Before McQueen and her ABC crew were allowed to inspect the property, they were asked to put on identifying hospital bracelets provided by Jackson-family security.

Throughout his life, Michael has always been the sensation, the supreme object of attention, despite his parents' strict insistence on equality among the six brothers and three sisters, despite his father's beatings to disabuse him of any notion of superiority. He was closest to two of his sisters, Janet and La Toya, and not at all macho like his brothers, but he was the only one who ever stood up to their father, whom he called ''the devil.'' Conventional wisdom has it that Michael Jackson never had a childhood—that's why he loves being a child. But a woman who observed him closely during the early years disagrees: ''He loves childhood because he was a child star. He loves to remember it. Michael is narcissistic in the extreme.''

Often isolated from other kids when he was growing up, she says, he learned everything he knew from TV, and ''everything he saw on television that represented class and glamour was white.'' He reportedly recommended that an 11-year-old blond, blue-eyed white boy play him as a child on the recent mini-series *The Jacksons: An American Dream* and in Pepsi commercials. His isolation, a severe case of teenage acne, and his resentful brothers' taunts about his ''big nose'' caused him to insulate himself even further, especially from their sexual exploits with women. One of the most terrifying experiences of his life, apparently, occurred when he was barely a teenager and his brothers threw a willing woman at him. In business, however, he became even at a young age very shrewd and highly competitive, and today he is often described as ''cutthroat.'' He can read a complex contract and has always taken an active role in managing himself. But his isolation has left him with only a career instead of a life. ''Socially, you cannot be with Michael Jackson,'' says a recording-industry fixture who knows him very well. ''You can if you're willing to talk about his career. He wouldn't know what to do at a mixed dinner party.'' The woman says, ''He's like a skyscraper built on eggshells.''

Two scenes leap out of J. Randy Taraborrelli's absorbing unauthorized biography *Michael Jackson: The Magic and the Madness*. In the first, 14-year-old Michael, who hid behind his strict religion, pleads with an 18-year-old girl backstage after a concert not to go and meet his brother Jackie, then 21. ''My brother, sometimes they don't treat girls too good. They can be mean. I don't know why they do these things, but they do. Please, don't go.'' But she does go, and has her first sexual experience. On her way out of the apartment building, she sees Michael pulling up in a white Rolls Royce. ''What did you guys do? . . . Did you just have sex with my brother?'' he demands. When she admits that she did and even that she wanted to, Michael says, ''Why would you *want* to do that? Don't ever do that again, O.K.?''

That is the Michael who as far as anyone remembers has had fewer than five dates with women in the last decade, including one with Brooke Shields in 1987 to attend the Grammy Awards (he was eight) and another with Madonna in 1990 to attend the Academy Awards and Swifty Lazar's party afterward. The Michael who objected to one of his managers who is openly gay, having his young boyfriend around. The Michael who was extremely close to a gay cousin, who recently died.

The other haunting scene in Taraborrelli's book is simply eerie: Michael is 19, in New York making *The Wiz*, on his own for the first time, chatting with teenage fans in the apartment he is sharing with La Toya. ''We all sat around and talked about child abuse,'' a friend

ned Theresa, who was there, recalls. lichael was fascinated with child se. He wanted to know everything we ls had ever heard or read about it. He d he liked to read about child abuse as ch as he possibly could."

Taraborrelli does not believe, howev- that Michael Jackson has molested vone, mainly because he is so open in relationships with children. "If Mi- ael Jackson is guilty of anything, it's or judgment. Many people have warned n over the years that this kind of thing uld happen. But he's the type of person u can't really tell what to do." Tarabor- li says he researched the biography for years, interviewing hundreds of people th on and off the record. "I was never le to find anyone who had intimate re- ions with Michael Jackson whom I be- ved. Fifty claimed to, but I didn't lieve them."

When Michael finally left home in 88 at age 29, he had already passed rough an intense relationship with the ty 12-year-old actor Emmanuel Lewis, hom he carried around everywhere like baby. Taraborrelli reports that the endship ended shortly after the two ecked into a posh L.A. hotel as father d son. On one leg of his 1988 "Bad" ur, according to Taraborrelli, Jackson ok along a 10-year-old California boy med Jimmy Safechuck, on whom he owered gifts, and whose parents got a 100,000 Rolls-Royce from Michael. is manager at the time encouraged him break off the relationship, because it oked so bad.

Instead of "growing up," since get- ng out on his own and moving to Nev- rland, Jackson has seemed to regress to ildhood whenever he's not dealing with e business of maintaining himself as a perstar. Life at Neverland appears to e that of the court of a scared and isolat- child emperor who has no idea whom trust, and to whom no one ever says o. Conversations with a half-dozen peo- le who have lived and worked there re- eal that security is so tight that employ- es are not allowed even to take a walk n the grounds—whether or not Michael is residence. He calls for food and requires ttending 24 hours a day. He often has lmost no contact even with such high- owered guests as Marlon Brando and lizabeth Taylor, who once stayed for hree weeks and had dinner with him once. When staff members are hired, they are old immediately never to look Michael ackson in the eye or try to engage him in onversation. Yvonne Doone, who was a ook there for nine months in 1990, ex- plains why "Whenever he was in a room, all eyes were always on him, all ears were always on him. He can never be ordinary. He can never be someone else in the room. . . . He pays other people to supply protection because he can't trust." She describes life at Neverland as "a radiating circle of fear."

"I think he thinks he's Jesus," said a Hollywood producer who has known him since childhood. "A lot of his imagery is about Christ. He feels he's going to save the world through children." In fact, Jackson has a huge painting hanging on a wall at Neverland depicting the heads of Albert Einstein, Isaac Newton, George Washington, and Michael Jackson.

One Hollywood screenwriter remembers that immediately after his baby was born in a Santa Monica hospital a release form was thrust at him. "What's this?" he asked. "It's from Michael Jackson," said the nurse. She explained that Jackson frequented the hospital to stare into the eyes of newborns. "He feels then that he can really see their souls."

"At Neverland," says Yvonne Doone, "there's a special room filled with dozens of $500 dolls, because Michael so much wants to have a little girl someday."

Although Jackson's personal wealth is about $150 million, it could be more if he did not indulge himself by spending millions of his own money on his videos and other projects. Last year on his European tour, for example, Jackson arranged to be able to wake up every day and choose which form of transportation to take him to the next destination—a private jet, a private railroad car, or a convoy of buses. The railroad car and buses had to be flown everywhere in a Soviet cargo carrier. "The waste was enormous," said a tour planner.

Kids at the ranch sometimes seemed overwhelmed by all the things that were thrown at them. One 13-year-old boy risked killing himself, says a woman who worked there, trying to retrieve an Easter egg hidden in a crystal chandelier by jumping off a balustrade. The eggs were filled with $1,000 in bills. "Why would you do that?" the woman asked him. "I'd do anything for money," the boy replied.

Fame, eccentricity, and money have always shielded Michael Jackson from dealing directly with anything he doesn't like, and if things don't go his way he is subject to panic attacks. In the past, according to Randy Taraborrelli, Jackson has been secretly hospitalized several times for such attacks, disguised as respiratory ailments. Taraborrelli says he cannot imagine Jackson withstanding a police interrogation. "I think he'll just start to cry. He has created his own world so that he never has to deal with ordinary life, and he won't be able to."

By November, reality was becoming such a nightmare that Jackson couldn't go on. It was then, his side argues, he began taking such quantities of painkillers that he couldn't function. Curiously, the second week in November, while Jackson was performing in Mexico City, his lawyers, who had said there was no way he had time to give Feldman a deposition, insisted he be deposed there in another, copyright case so that he would not have to appear at a trial in Los Angeles in December. Three songwriters were charging that he used their work in creating the songs "The Girl Is Mine," "Thriller," and "We Are the World." Later, two lawyers gave differing statements about Jackson's behavior during the 10 hours he was being questioned. His side said he was impaired; the other side's attorney said he was just fine.

Meanwhile, police searched the Jackson-family home in Encino, looking for evidence in the child-abuse case. Among Michael's things they reportedly found a nude photo of a little boy. Was it that news that so upset him that he called his old friend Elizabeth Taylor for help, or was it the fact that he was next scheduled to play Puerto Rico, a U.S. territory, where the police might question him? Amid rumors that he was suicidal, Taylor jetted to his side and in a dramatic late-night heist helped spirit him out of Mexico to an undisclosed clinic somewhere in Europe. Says Pellicano, "I used decoys all over the place."

By the time Jackson's attorneys held a press conference the following Monday to reiterate that he was not faking his drug addiction, and that he had every intention of coming back to testify, rumors were rife that Jamie had given the police a description of Jackson's genitals and that police wanted to examine him. It was true, and by November 19 police, apparently concerned that he might be trying to have the alleged telltale markings altered in Europe, raided both his dermatologist's and his plastic surgeon's offices, looking for his medical records. They were gone.

So was a key witness, Norma Staikos the duenna of Neverland, who had made the arrangements to bring children there. Without informing the police, she left the country for Greece, triggering speculation that she too was on the run. Howard

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Weitzman said, "I know she's coming back, and I've told this to the police. To use the word 'flee' is egregious."

Those in law-enforcement circles had long believed that there would be no indictment without an airtight case. As evidence piled up, the L.A. District Attorney's Office informed Weitzman that it wanted to question Jackson. Fields, meanwhile, antagonized authorities by sending a letter to the police commissioner claiming that police were using intimidation and scare tactics with children they were questioning.

Nothing, it seemed, could stop the avalanche of horrific developments. Pepsi had already said that once the "Dangerous" tour was over it no longer had a corporate connection with Jackson. NBC put the *Jackson Family Honors* special on hold. Jackson had abruptly dropped out from doing the theme song and video for the film *Addams Family Values;* when the movie was released, there was now a scene in which a kid sees a Michael Jackson poster and recoils in horror. *People* magazine's November 29 cover read, MICHAEL JACKSON CRACKS UP.

Out of the blue, just as the judge denied Jackson's petition to postpone the civil suit, five ex-bodyguards of the Jackson family sued, claiming they had been fired because they knew too much. One reported that Jackson had asked him to destroy a photograph of a nude boy that was in a bathroom in the family home. Fields dismissed the charges as bogus.

About the same time Jackson called Eddie Reynoza, he also called Diana Ross in Las Vegas to declare his innocence. A week later, his brother Jermaine was quoted in the London tabloid *Daily Express:* "I love him, but you have to wonder if there might not be some truth in it." Jermaine later denied ever having made the statement.

Nothing, however, could stop Jackson's business people from concluding another gigantic deal. EMI announced a five-year agreement to administer Jackson's rich ATV publishing catalogue, which includes almost all of the Beatles' hits. On signing, Jackson would get about $40 million of what could become a $100-million-plus transaction. The L.A. *Times* reported that Jackson "has been keeping abreast of the negotiations with EMI." Another news report, though, said that Jackson was in no condition to be informed of the bodyguards' suit.

On November 23, gossip columnist Liz Smith went to the heart of the matter: "With the fate and future and reputation of Michael Jackson on the line, I'm told Sony Records is playing it safe. . . . Sony doesn't want all its eggs in one basket, and so there is a concerted effort to throw a lot of resources behind the already blazing career of Michael Bolton."

Sic transit musica mundi. □

RATTNER

(Continued from page 85) cessful foreign-equities analyst when they got married, Maureen quit work to stay home and supervise the rearing of their four children—a daughter, the twins, and a baby boy. She recently developed an interest in spirituality, which has led her and two friends—Andrew Stein's soon-to-be-ex-wife, businesswoman Lynn Forester, and CBS anchorwoman Paula Zahn—to seek a private tutor for Bible study.

"When my children get older, I'll look for something else to do," Maureen told me during a conversation in their apartment in the Dakota, which is noticeably underdecorated, with a few pieces of Stickley furniture and walls of modern prints by Edward Ruscha, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Motherwell. "I don't have any interest in going back to Wall Street, because we don't need to add to our income level. I'd rather do something more socially useful with my life. We already live well below our means, and I don't want any more money."

"At times," Rattner himself remarked later, "it crosses my mind: What am I doing this for? But I think, I wouldn't quit and do nothing, because it would set a terrible example for my children. I don't care whether they make money or not, but I don't want my children to do nothing. I will leave money for them, but I have no interest in telling them there is any money. If they were to ask me, I'd say, 'You've got to do it on your own.' When they get it, it will be a pleasant surprise.

"The point my wife and I would like to make," he continued, "is that, having assured our family's financial security, money isn't really the issue. We live comfortably but have deliberately changed our lifestyle little since our children were born, largely to prevent their values from being adversely affected. When I take the boys to school, it is on the M72 bus, even though a car and driver is certainly within our means. Maureen buys their clothes from discount catalogues, not trendy Madison Avenue boutiques.

"We are also more comfortable ourselves, living as we do. We enjoy takeout Chinese food from Shun Lee West far more than Lutèce, which I have visited only once, at a client's invitation 10 years ago. We hate the necessity of needing staff under our present circumstances, and have never had live-in help, much less cooks, butlers, etc. We don't go to the Caribbean or, for that matter, the Hamptons. We drive two modest cars. I often take the subway to and from work, in part because I don't see how one can have a view about the problems of the city without experiencing the city on at least some level as typical people do. In that vein, the airplane exists solely so that I can spend more time on Martha's Vineyard; the foundation exists to give money *away* [to Brown, the Educational Broadcasting Corporation, and the New York City Outward Bound Center, among others]. We want the ability for me to give up making money without feeling that such a decision would change our lifestyle."

Some of his competitors on Wall Street believe that Rattner is shrewdly positioning himself for a time when Rohatyn disengages from Lazard Frères. After Felix is gone, they say, the firm's outlook may become extremely cloudy. Thus, the more visibility Rattner creates for himself, the greater will be his options for a career in public service. In the words of one of Rattner's best friends, "The only thing that terrifies Steve as much as being perceived as not a good investment banker is being perceived as nothing *but* an investment banker."

Over the past four years, Rattner, Rohatyn, and Martin Davis had met secretly in Davis's private office on a number of occasions in an effort to figure out a strategic future for Paramount. The

ne Barry Diller came up more than
e. Years before, Davis had forced
ler out of his job as head of the Para-
unt movie studio, and the two men
de little secret of their bitter feelings.
st spring, Davis lunched with Diller, the
urman of the QVC shopping network,
the Grill Room of the Four Seasons,
ough they did not discuss Paramount at
time. Later, in July, they met again,
s time in Davis's office. "I know
u're coming after me," Davis told
ller, citing John Malone, chief execu-
e of the giant Tele-Communications,
his source. "When and if I do any-
ng about Paramount," Diller replied,
'll call you."

Ultimately, Davis turned to Sumner
edstone, a gritty multibillionaire who
ned controlling interest in Viacom, a
nt cable company. He referred to their
reement as a merger rather than as a
le, a legal nicety he hoped would pre-
nt Diller from claiming that Davis had
t the company into play, and that Para-
ount should therefore go to the highest
dder. On September 13, Davis touted
e $8 billion deal to shareholders as a
ategic step into the new interactive
ultimedia age of communications. Eight
ys later, Diller made his move: he
unched a $9.5 billion hostile bid for
aramount. Redstone matched that bid,
en went Diller $500 million better.
iller came back yet again, this time
oing to $10.6 billion. As the bids
ew furiously, the two sides lined
p backers among telephone and cable
ompanies and newspaper and maga-
ne chains; they shed old alliances and
eated new ones; and they hurled darts
each other. In the middle of it all,
aramount plunked down half a billion
ollars to buy the Macmillan publishing
ompany. The press, already primed by
ales of record Wall Street profits and
esh stock-trading scandals, responded
y giving the Paramount story front-
age play.

Davis had called today's emergency
eeting in order to consider the latest
roposal from Redstone. And so Rattner
nd Rohatyn went to work, examining
he Viacom tender offer clause by clause.
'Felix and Steve and Steve's assistant
n his media team, Peter Ezersky, were
orking with a couple of lawyers from
impson Thacher," said someone who
as present. "There were a number of
ifferences of opinion on what basis
e'd accept the Viacom offer. These
hings don't work by meetings. They
ork by telephone calls—two guys in
his office calling that guy, two guys
working in another office talking about
this or that issue. It's not as organized
as you might think."

Donald Oresman, Paramount's profes-
sorial in-house legal counsel, scurried
back and forth between his office at the
far end of the football-field-size execu-
tive suite and Davis's private office, car-
rying telephone messages between the
Viacom and Paramount teams. Late in
the afternoon, Simpson Thacher's Dick
Beattie, an ex–Marine pilot who resem-
bles the actor Ed Harris, arrived from
Colorado and found Rattner in a tense
huddle with Rohatyn. When he joined
the conversation, Beattie discovered that
Rattner had raised a serious objection
which threatened to derail the entire deal.

The original agreement between Para-
mount and Viacom had called for a sin-
gle-step friendly "merger" to occur after
a number of months. But because of
Diller's pending hostile tender offer, Via-
com jump-started *its* offer and switched to
a two-step approach that began with a
cash tender offer for 51 percent of Para-
mount's stock. As a result, a "poison
pill" came into play, which would have
flooded the market with cheap stock in
the event that Viacom, QVC, or any oth-
er company purchased stock without Par-
amount's consent.

Dick Beattie's team of lawyers had al-
ready rejected a Viacom proposal that the
pill be removed for *its* side, but not for
QVC. The lawyers then came up with a
compromise suggestion: pull the pill for
both sides. It was against this idea that
Rattner had raised his objections.

"Steve," said one of the participants,
"pointed out that if you pulled the pill
for both sides, the one that started its of-
fer first—in this case Viacom—would
have an advantage, because all the arbi-
trageurs would sell into the Viacom of-
fer. The arbs would be afraid that that's
how the deal would happen. Steve fig-
ured out the practical effect, because he
understood how the market worked."

Oresman, according to a witness, was
of a mind to work out a deal. As one of
Davis's most loyal lieutenants, he pre-
sumably wanted to see Redstone triumph
over Diller, but he was walking a fine
line between his obligation to serve the
best interests of Paramount's shareholders
and his desire to satisfy Davis and
Davis's pro-Viacom board of directors.
He challenged Rattner, who held his
ground. "Steve is not a guy who is easily
frightened," said someone who witnessed
the spirited exchange.

"Don Oresman," said someone else,
"tried to come up with different scenari-
os to get around the problem. He finally
said, 'This doesn't work, and we'll have
to tell them.' Don went to his office.
When he returned to Marty's office, he
looked shaken. He said, 'I just lost it.'
He had yelled at one of the other side's
key guys. He turned to Beattie and asked
him if he'd make the next phone call. Let
me tell you, it was a very tough negotia-
tion on Saturday."

"André Meyer used to say that you
can explain things to people, but you
can't understand for them," Rohatyn
told me. "Which means that if you're
going to be an adviser to important peo-
ple, you not only have to have the intel-
lect to decide the right advice but also the
authority to have that advice be listened
to. The other person has to recognize you
as a peer. Steve clearly has all that.

"Steve is riding a tiger," Rohatyn
continued. "He is probably the leading
investment banker in an exploding series
of [technological] industries. At this point
he's heavily engaged, and he says, quite
rightly, 'Felix, let me reap this harvest,
which takes up 150 percent of my time,
and then we'll see if anything more is
necessary for my career and happiness.' "

Like Rohatyn, many people see Rat-
tner's current accomplishments as a
mere prologue to his future. "There's al-
most nothing Steve couldn't do," said
Arthur Sulzberger Jr. "You couldn't say
that about me. If one day he decided to
look for something else, he could look a
long way before he ran into any walls."

We were sitting in Sulzberger's office
on the 11th floor of the New York Times
building. I noted in passing that some gray
had appeared in his curly hair since the last
time we met, which prompted the boyish-
looking 42-year-old to reply, "The next
thing you know, I'll look like I'm in my
30s." His office is modest compared with
the 14th-floor establishment occupied by
his father, Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger,
who still retains the title of the compa-
ny's chairman of the board. Young Ar-
thur, as he is known at the paper, has
surrounded himself with pictures of his
great-grandfather Adolph Ochs and his
grandfather Arthur Hays Sulzberger, a
bust of John Wayne, and a movie poster
of the Duke in *Sands of Iwo Jima*.

"Steve and I meet for workouts," he
said. "I invited him to join my board of
New York Outward Bound. This year w
went scuba-diving in Little Cayman, one
of our annual trips to do something tough
and invigorating. What I like about Steve
is his mind. It's always a challenge to
keep up with him. And he can keep a

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secret, which is not insignificant. He seems quite modest. You won't find Steve racing around in a stretch limo trying to prove how important he is."

If he admired Rattner so much, I asked, why hadn't Lazard Frères been chosen by the Times Company as its investment banker in the recent billion-dollar acquisition of *The Boston Globe*?

"That was done by the other Sulzberger," he replied, pointing at the ceiling. "I wasn't involved."

He and Rattner, he said, like to bounce ideas off each other. "Steve knows the paper. We talk about the paper a lot. . . . He doesn't worry problems; he solves them. We discuss Steve's future, and we have discussed my future."

Many people assume that Rattner will return to the *Times* someday and function as a trusted personal adviser to Young Arthur, much the way Sydney Gruson once counseled Punch Sulzberger. Was the *Times* in Rattner's future? I asked.

"No," Sulzberger shot back. "He hasn't asked, and I don't know that he'd want to. In any case, look at my close friends. With the exception of Dan Cohen, my cousin, none of my close friends—[*Business Week* editor in chief] Steve Shepard and [his wife] Lynn Povich [editor in chief of *Working Woman*], [*Time*-magazine columnist] Michael Kramer and [his wife, federal judge] Kimba Wood, Steve Rattner and Maureen White—work at the *Times*. I've worked hard to build a group of friends whose careers I'm not responsible for."

Nonetheless, not everyone was convinced. "I wouldn't be surprised if Steve had put away millions in a couple of years, but money isn't as important as *The New York Times*," said Robert Price, formerly a general partner at Lazard Frères and now president of Price Communications Corporation. "Steve thinks the way I do. You can make plenty of money on 43rd Street [the location of the Times building] with stock options, and have far more power than at Lazard. In five years, would Steve Rattner prefer the New York Times Company or Lazard? Ten to one, he'd pick the *Times*."

In one way or another, Rattner had been associated with the *Times* ever since 1974, when he graduated from Brown University and applied for a job at the Martha's Vineyard *Gazette*, a newspaper owned by James Reston, then the Washington bureau chief and dean of columnists of *The New York Times*. Reston didn't think that Rattner was folksy enough for the Vineyard, but he went one better and gave him a prized clerkship in his Washington office.

A year later, Rattner was transferred to New York as a general-assignment reporter, and became friends with Paul Goldberger, who eventually won a Pulitzer Prize for his architecture criticism and became the *Times*'s culture editor, Richard Meislin, currently the graphics editor of the paper, and Steven Weisman, now the deputy foreign editor. He had also become friends with a news clerk named Charles Kaiser. "He was one of the first straight people at the *Times* whom I told I was gay," recalled Kaiser, who is writing a history of gay life in New York since 1940 entitled *Men and Women*. "He didn't react. He was completely unfazed, and it didn't change anything between us."

"Steve and I were both involved with plenty of women, but somehow we still found lots of time to hang out with each other," Goldberger said. "We used to shop for art together, and we spent Saturdays wandering down Madison Avenue, going to art galleries. He started collecting contemporary prints, and at times he bought the same things I had on my walls. People said that I gave him a sensibility. Maybe. He gave me a lot of good companionship and a loyal friendship that has lasted 20 years."

In the spring of 1977, Rattner went back to the Washington bureau. "He was there when I got there," said Bill Kovach, who ran the bureau for seven years from the late 70s to the mid-80s. "He was very bright. His ideas were faster than his ability to talk. It was clear from my first look at the bureau that he was part of what had become a little clique of new young reporters that included Arthur junior, Jeff Gerth, Phil Taubman, and Judy Miller."

Rattner was romantically involved with Judith Miller for much of the time he was in Washington. The big story was the OPEC price hikes, and he was assigned to cover the energy beat. As a result, his friends outside the paper were Carter-administration economic specialists, people such as Peter Solomon and Roger Altman, both of whom would eventually return to Wall Street and come to play a significant role in Rattner's future career switch.

One of his contacts in the Carter administration, Jeffrey Garten, who ended up at Lehman Brothers for a while, recalled, "My wife and I had a town house in Washington that was suited for parties. Steve would come every Sunday. He was a brash young guy, as cocky as could be. But I wasn't put off by his cockiness. He knew when to stop."

Rattner was tapped in early 1981 to be the number-three man in the London bureau, with responsibility for economic coverage. "I got three names from Arthur Sulzberger, who had been with the Associated Press in London before me," Rattner recalled. "One was a lord somebody or other. The second I can't remember. The third was Maureen White." They dated on and off for the next five years and then got married.

After he arrived in England, the war in the Falklands broke out, and R. W. Apple Jr., the bureau chief, enlisted him in military coverage. Apple is a world-class gourmand, and Rattner, his protégé, developed a taste for good food and wine. "Steve and I talked about architecture," said Apple, who had studied architecture in college. "He did up a flat in London in a modern style very successfully. London is not a late town, and we were working late hours, because of the time in Argentina, and we'd end up at 12 at night, and to unwind we'd go to Joe Allen's in Covent Garden to eat and drink double margaritas on the rocks, which Rattner christened 'Depth Charges.' "

"I once watched Apple write a cover story for the *Times Magazine* in four or five hours with a glass of vodka next to his computer," Rattner recalled. "John was so talented. I was only the palest imitation. The story in London was more of a writing story than a reporting story. It was my belief that the great correspondents were great writers, and I always thought I was, at best, an ordinary writer."

"As I was making up my mind to leave the paper," he continued, "I called Bob Strauss [a Democratic powerhouse in Washington], Ken Lipper [then a managing director at Salomon Brothers], Peter Solomon [then a senior partner at Lehman Brothers], and Roger Altman [then a managing director at Lehman Brothers]. I went to New York for a week or two, and I talked to Ace Greenberg at Bear, Stearns, but he had not the slightest interest in me. I went back to London. Arthur Sulzberger was passing through. We went out and talked till the wee hours." Sulzberger said he was going to miss Rattner. Recalled Rattner: "We got unbelievably drunk."

The critical Saturday meeting in Martin Davis's office last October broke up at about seven o'clock in the evening. Rattner went home and bathed his chil-

n. Then he and Maureen changed thes, got into their Dodge Grand Car- in, and drove to the Westchester home Andrew Heyward, a friend from Great ck North High School, who is now an ecutive producer at CBS News.

Meanwhile, Dick Beattie and Don Oresn strolled over to Oresman's pied-à- re on Central Park South, where they re joined by Redstone's general coun- , Philippe Dauman, and Viacom's d attorney, Stephen Volk of Shearman Sterling. Oresman is a bibliophile, and attie leafed through the rare books of etry in his collection.

Then Beattie put away the books and gan explaining Paramount's objection the Viacom offer. Dauman and Volk fended their position. The conversan, which was described by a particint as civilized, went back and forth til Oresman came up with a compro- se that seemed to satisfy everyone. ramount would agree to pull its poison l for Viacom in the future if there were higher offer on the table. Beattie exsed himself, went into the bedroom, d phoned Rattner's home. He got one the Rattners' nannies, who said that e would call her boss.

The main course, a roast sirloin, was st being served in Westchester when ttner was summoned to the phone in e Heyward kitchen. He immediately urned Beattie's call. Oresman listened on an extension as the two men talked.

"Here's what Donald and I proposed to ese guys," Beattie told Rattner, going er the details of the compromise. Then, as ourtesy, he asked, "What do you think?"

Rattner listened while the eywards' two teenagers came rough the swinging door, noed that their father's guest as engaged in a serious conrsation, and quickly left. As e door swung behind them, ttner said softly into the one, "Sounds good to me."

In 1982, when I interviewed at Lehman Brothers," Rattner said, "they asked e, 'Why do you want to do is?' I said, 'I want change.' nd they said, 'How do you el about money?' And I id, 'It's nice, but it's not y first reason.' And they id, 'No, no. If you come to this business, you've got care about money.'

"I showed up at Lehman others without a clue what to do," he went on. "They put me to work as an analyst, the lowest form of life. There wasn't any Lotus. We had hand calculators. We were literally working on big spreadsheets. So I spent the first few months on how to do merger accounting, rate-of-return analysis, pro formas, and discounted cash flow."

It was clear to his superiors that Rattner was no journalistic dilettante. "It was like a match to dry wood," said Jeffrey Garten, who is now an undersecretary of commerce. "I've never seen anything like it. He was effective from the very first day. He had a gift of expression. He was a great briefer. He capitalized on the similar requirements of journalism and investment banking—to encapsulate a complicated subject and make it appear you know more than you do."



Rattner, according to one of his best friends, is the Michael J. Fox of investment banking.

When Rattner peeks into his Christmas stocking this year, he is likely to find a Lazard check for about $8 million.

In 1984, Rattner moved from Lehman to Morgan Stanley to join his newest mentor, Eric Gleacher, who had ambitious plans to build a mergers-and-acquisitions practice in television, newspapers, and what turned out to be the hot new area, cable. Rattner, now 32 years old, was paid $150,000 a year. "It was like going to Washington in '77, the equivalent of being thrown into a big story," he said. "Soon after I got to Morgan Stanley, I wrote a memo saying that one of our major objectives had to be to handle a significant sale of a major television station. That was the sine qua non." Within a year of his arrival, he had handled the sale of Henry Kravis's KTLA television station in Los Angeles for $510 million—the highest price ever paid up to that time for a TV station. Later, he managed the $3 billion sale of Kravis's Storer Communications cable unit.

Rattner was becoming an expert in high-yield junk bonds. At one point he considered the idea of joining Eric Gleacher, who was planning to go out on his own. "While I was at Morgan Stanley, the firm tripled in size and went public, and once again, as in the case of Lehman, I found myself wanting to be part of a smaller firm," said Rattner. "For three years after Morgan Stanley went public, I was locked in there by golden handcuffs. The stock options in my case were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. But the people who had been young partners before me came away, in some cases, with $20 to $30 million in Morgan Stanley stock."

When he finally left Morgan Stanley, Rattner chose to join Lazard Frères. The firm is the creature of a short, cherubic-looking French banker named Michel David-Weill (pronounced Da-*veed* Vay), whose family controls the New York, Paris, and London "houses" of Lazard. David-Weill is considered to be the world's richest investment banker. His collection of 18th-century French paintings and decorative arts, Impressionist and modern paintings as well as old masters, which hang in

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: Photographs, top to bottom, from Reuters/Bettman, by Helmut Newton, Marina Schiano.
Page 8: Photographs, bottom, T-shirt from all fine department stores; groomer for Elizabeth Watson, Inc.
Page 26: Photograph from Impact Photos. Illustration © 1988 by Quentin Blake; reprinted by arrangement with Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc., and Jonathan Cape Ltd., London.
Page 30: Photograph from Hulton Deutsch.
Page 32: Grooming by Collier Strong for Cloutier.
Page 43: Photograph from Sipa Press.
Page 45: Photograph from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 54: Photograph, bottom, dress by Donna Karan; styled by Lisa von Weise; hair and makeup by Kimberly Briggs for Jean Owen.
Page 56: Photograph from Outline.
Page 59: Photographs, top, by Kate Connell; bottom, by Jay Blakesberg/Warner Bros. Records.
Pages 64–65: Shearling jacket from Barneys New York, Charivari, N.Y.C., and the Calvin Klein boutique, Palm Beach; sweater from Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., and the Calvin Klein boutiques, Dallas and Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts; T-shirt from all fine department stores.
Page 67: Sweater from Bergdorf Goodman Men and Saks Fifth Avenue, both in N.Y.C.
Page 69: T-shirt from all fine department stores; jeans from all Gianni Versace boutiques.
Pages 70–71: Photograph, right, from Sipa Press.
Page 73: Photographs, top, by Remy Le Morvan/Stills/Retna; third from top, by Guido Ohlenbostel/Action Press/Saba; others from Sygma.
Page 74: Photographs, counterclockwise from top, by Fred Prouser/Sipa Press, Gasper Tringale, Pierre Aslan and François Glories/Sipa Press.
Page 75: Photographs, top, by Andrew O'Brien/Splash; bottom, by Gasper Tringale.
Page 77: Photograph from Media/Sipa Press.
Pages 78–79: Pink gazar gown by Thimister for Balenciaga, by special order from Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Isaac Mizrahi dress from Yati, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Maria Snyder dress by special order, 212-246-7034; all other gowns, Vera Wang Bridal Collection and Vera Wang made-to-order, N.Y.C.; shoes from Vanessa Noel, N.Y.C.; hair by Mitch Barry, Maury Hopson, Harry King for the Stephen Knoll Salon, and Gabriele Vigorelli; makeup by Margaret Avery and Sandy Linter for the Stephen Knoll Salon, Tina Bech, Marie-Josée Lafontaine, and Vincent Longo for Pierre Michel; corsages by Floralia Decorators, Inc., at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N.Y.C.
Pages 82–83: Photograph from L.G.I.
Pages 84–85: Photographs courtesy of Steven Rattner
Page 91: Styled by Petra Bohne; hair and makeup by Alexis Dralet for the Bruno Agency.
Page 99: Photograph from ABC.
Page 109: Bodysuit from the Gianni Versace boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; pants from Tyler Trafficante, N.Y.C.; stylist and makeup artist for Cloutier; hairstylist for the Estilo Salon.
Pages 110–11: Photographs: Left, from *The Sun*/Rex U.S.A. Right, large photograph from Syndication International; inset from Universal City Studios.
Pages 114–15: Large photograph from Syndication International; inset, left, by Louis Hollingsbee/Topham/The Image Works; inset, right, from the John Frost Historical Newspaper Service.
Page 117: Vest from the Ralph Lauren boutique, N.Y.C.; hairstylist for Garren New York at Henri Bendel; makeup artist for Arimino Salon Ishi.
Page 121: Photograph from Shooting Star.
Page 126: Photograph from Rex U.S.A.
Page 143: Photographs, top right, © by Arnold Newman; bottom left and right, by Paul Rocheleau; bottom center, by Tony Vaccaro; center left, from the Frank Lloyd Wright Archives.

RATTNER

his mansion in Paris, his weekend home in Fontainebleau, his summer house in Cap d'Antibes, and his Fifth Avenue apartment in New York, is estimated by one expert to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars. It is said that in 1992 David-Weill personally took out a profit of $25 million from the New York branch alone. Charming, opaque, and enormously complex, David-Weill has built Lazard into a major force in global mergers and acquisitions.

He agreed to see me in his shabby private office in Rockefeller Center, which still has the original paneling that was installed for Time-Life founder Henry Luce 55 years ago. "Today, the investment-banking profession is very unpopular," he said, puffing thoughtfully on a Cuban cigar. "It has to do with the 80s and the prevalence of hostile leverage deals. That made this group of people very unpopular. And if you add conspicuous luxury, it doesn't help you with your clients. They should always have a better office than you."

David-Weill told me that the world of banking is undergoing a sea change, which requires Lazard Frères to change with it. "Commercial banks are now weaker in financing corporations than in the past, and they have been in great part replaced by the raising of money through the public, which is an investment-banking job," he said. "It is the first time since before the Great Depression that investment banks have had such a great role in raising money worldwide. For a firm like ours, this requires careful thinking about how we can get to be good at raising money without changing our character too much. Geographically, the field of investment banking is becoming wider. We at Lazard are uniquely placed in that we have a true and established position not only in New York but in London and Paris. We've opened also in Germany, Italy, and Tokyo, and we have to look at the rest of the Far East."

David-Weill is known to have plans concerning succession at Lazard. He is the last of the male line of David-Weills; he has four daughters, none of whom wants to come into the business, and an investment-banker son-in-law, Edouard Stern, who has said he is not interested in the job. Lazard's two great stars, Rohatyn in New York and Antoine Bernheim in Paris, are at an age when most men retire, though they are still generating huge fees. "Felix has always been a problem for Michel," said a friend of both men. "Felix has always been a big producer for Michel, but if you're the guy who owns the business, you say to yourself, This guy Felix controls too much of the business, and what happens if he gets hit by a bus? So Michel has tried to get away from the star system and diversify the business by bringing in new blood and integrating his three firms to make a network."

David-Weill named for me his roster of top-level partners, of whom Rattner was only one. But his plans for Lazard are complicated by the fact that Rattner is by far the most productive person at Lazard after Rohatyn. He is also the co-head of the investment-banking division in New York, and he runs the weekly partners' meeting when David-Weill is not in town.

"Steve stands alone," said a Lazard partner. "If anybody is at the starting gate as the pre-eminent partner, he's the handicapper. But there doesn't have to be a next Felix. You can have a group of Felixes. Of course, it's easier to have somebody who is the personification of the firm, who brings the reputation, standing, and character. Steve could do that, but with some liabilities. One of them is maturity. Not that he's immature. But it's a sense of immaturity."

By Sunday morning, October 24, when the Paramount board assembled for a secret meeting in a 30th-floor conference room at the Simpson Thacher & Bartlett law offices, Viacom had accepted the poison-pill compromise worked out by Bealtie and Rattner. It was an arrangement that gave Martin Davis the justification he needed to claim that, whatever his feelings about Barry Diller, he had created a level playing field for the bidding process to continue. Davis exuded confidence as he took his seat at the head of the table directly in front of an Ellsworth Kelly print of an orange fan. When he finished his short briefing, he peered down the 25-foot-long boardroom table and said, "Now I'm going to turn the meeting over to Felix and Steve."

"Steve is one of the best investment bankers I've seen make presentations at board meetings," said someone who was sitting at the table. "Other investment bankers prepare books and work their way through them. Steve does it without the need for notes."

Rattner and Rohatyn were peppered with questions from board members, who were *(Continued on page 144)*

Flashback

Wright:
ise from right,
sin East in 1947;
f the window
iling of Chicago's
Iouse (1906);
in 1957;
at Workroom
Johnson Wax
arters in Racine,
sin (1936);
g his feet at
n West in 1948.

ARNOLD NEWMAN

Frank Lloyd Wright

Accepting his American Institute of Architects gold medal at 80, America's cantankerous master builder proclaimed, "Well, it's about time!" Frank Lloyd Wright, who appeared to be God's idea of an architect—the snowy mane, the cape, the broadbrim hat—was living proof of the maxim "Form follows function." Louis Sullivan's genius protégé had his beginnings on the prairie, his spiraling swan song, the Guggenheim Museum, in the hard heart of New York, and over a 70-year career gave the world many of its great structures. In February the Museum of Modern Art honors Wright with the most comprehensive retrospective since his death in 1959. —MATTHEW TYRNAUER

RATTNER

(Continued from page 142) trying to ensure that they were being asked to do the right thing. "In those situations, I test myself," Rattner told me. "Felix is asked a question, and before he answers, I ask myself, What would I say? And, hopefully, it's the same thing."

"Steve," said Rohatyn, "doesn't hem and haw. He has a *suite dans les idées*—his thought processes are not chopped up. He can deal with numbers that aren't just gobbledygook."

In the middle of the proceedings, Don Oresman was called out of the room. When he returned, he announced that Viacom had agreed to increase the cash portion of the deal. The board voted unanimously to accept the Viacom offer. After the meeting, Rohatyn and Rattner shared a car on their ride home. Settling back in their seats to review the last couple of days, the partners felt they had done a hell of a job for Marty Davis and Paramount. What they didn't take sufficiently into account, however, was the depth of Davis's animus against Diller. Less than a month later, on November 15, Oresman assembled the Paramount board at Davis's behest and shepherded through a broadly anti-Diller vote that went unchecked by Davis's advisers from Lazard Frères and Simpson Thacher. This was a serious blunder, for it provoked a stinging rebuke by the Delaware Chancery Court, which ruled on November 24 that Paramount had unfairly imposed obstacles to QVC's takeover bid. As a result, by early December Davis's old nemesis, Barry Diller, was seen to have a better chance than ever of winning the coveted Paramount prize. Rohatyn and Rattner bristled under press criticism, but in private they pointed out that the ultimate effect would be a higher price for Paramount stock.

When Rattner turned 40, his wife threw a birthday party in their Dakota apartment. There were old friends from journalism and the Carter administration, as well as a contingent from the Rattner family. Rattner's mother, however, was not in attendance. Ever since Rattner was a child, she had periodically resorted to the silent treatment, refusing to speak to her husband and three children. In recent years, she had cut herself off from part of her family, driving Steven to his father's side in this family feud. It is a subject that Rattner, understandably, does not care to talk about.

Some of the guests chatted among themselves about Rattner's future; almost all of them expected that he would leave investment banking one day and end up either as a gray eminence at the *Times* or a Cabinet officer in Washington, Treasury secretary being the most frequently mentioned post. The evening had the touchy-feely overtones of an Outward Bound get-together. Rattner went around the tables, asking each person to introduce himself and give a self-descriptive adjective beginning with the letter of his first name.

"I'm Steve and I'm sexy," Steve Weisman said.

"I'm Judy and I'm Jewish," said Judith Miller, bringing down the house.

Rattner's voice choked up as he toasted his father. "While I always loved and respected my father," he said, "it took me about 35 years too long to appreciate him fully. But as I watch my own children develop, I realize more clearly how much love and how much devotion he gave me. And while financial security was the least of his gifts to us, it should be known that for 40 years he trudged each day to Long Island City so that we would have that great luxury of never having to worry about how we would be fed or clothed or educated."

The hit of the evening was a parody in many verses by Paul Goldberger to the tune of Cole Porter's "You're the Top":

You're the top
You're Mr. Maureen
You're the top
You're a big deal scene
You're a master of the workings at Lazard
You're a media mogul
You're a little bit rogue'l
You're the whole nine yards
You're the one
Who left the paper
To begin
The incredible caper
Of convincing people you knew what
names to drop
Which is why, old Steven, if we're the bottom
You're the top!

"I enjoy working with Steve," Rohatyn told me. "I think he is an absolute star. He works much more on his own than he does with me, and he doesn't need me on most things.

"But," he added, "talking about their is a meaningless thing in a firm like ours. I came to this firm in 1948, when André Meyer was the senior partner. Since 1948 we've had two men running this firm—André and Michel. Michel and I became senior partners on the same day in 1961, and we go back to the days of André. We have an extraordinary close relationship. We have similar European backgrounds. I'm 65 and he's 6[illegible]. We'll be around for a while. I can't transfer my background and my relationship with Michel to someone else.

"We're all worried for Steve about this story that you are writing," he went on. "I've been through stories like this in Steve's stage in life. The firm was a little smaller then, but still these kinds of articles inevitably create internal tensions. The mergers-and-acquisitions side has become very personalized and show-biz. In M&A, you have marquee players. Obviously, being a marquee name is nice as long as everything is wonderful. But it makes you a target. People are unforgiving if you falter. . . . It's heady stuff, a little scary, because for every marquee name that stays up on the marquee, there are 10 shattered names on the sidewalk.

Maureen sees things differently: "Steven would like to do something meaningful with his life. He started out with a career in journalism, performing a useful function in society. There's no doubt in his mind that government service would be a value and a greater good, but he doesn't have a grand plan. He's quite happy doing what he's doing right now, but if the demands of Lazard ever impinged upon his other goals—especially family—he wouldn't do it. At some time, if the right opportunity comes along, he'll go for it." □

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Vanity Fair (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President, Pamela M. Van Zandt, Executive Vice President–Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President–Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Sales Agreement Number 33332. Subscriptions: In the United States and its possessions, $15 for one year, $28 for two years. In Canada, $27 for one year, including G.S.T. Registration No. 123242885. In the Caribbean and the Americas, $31. Elsewhere, $62, payable in advance. Single copies: $3 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322. The first copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Address all editorial, production, and business correspondence to *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Manuscripts, photographs, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, *Vanity Fair* is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited material.
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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

PRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

could you be having anything but an identity crisis with 7 out of 10 s coming to Capricorn in early January but Saturn not actually changigns until the end of the month? You've got to go for broke now. ve got to drive yourself to great heights, get even more caught up with ey and success. All that would be possible if only everything in the d didn't seem a little stupid and pointless. If only you didn't believe that game is over and the fans are already leaving the stadium. You have logy's permission to be maniacally obsessed with yourself.

JARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

months astrologers have been warning Aquarians to be spiritually corin everything, from love affairs to deals. That's been tough, with Saturn quarius squaring Pluto in your 10th house and creating the power trip to all power trips. Remember, real power comes from compassion for all gs and *not* from rationalizing every act from mutiny to corporate raid. To complicate things, there is a major conjunction in your 12th house, h seems to bring the wrath of Heaven down on every little sin you mit. Of course, evolved Aquarians are beyond such things.

CES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

ep it together." "Hang in there." "Don't worry. Be happy." You've d it all a thousand times. Hovering as you are somewhere between 12thse utter desperation and complete exhaustion, you're probably greeting y piece of goody-goody advice with a colossal yawn. Yeah, yeah, you w you have to proceed one day at a time, and, sure, it's darkest before the n, but what you need now is some Zenlike ecstasy and reassurance that e is order under this chaos. What's that? None of this applies to you? 've been feeling youthful, hopeful, and energetic? Come on, get real.

IES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

career-driven but losing interest, thinking you should put lots of energy some chosen field but also feeling kind of *ehh!* about the whole thing. rying about what's to become of you if you can't work? You're still ably denying it all, running off to Guadeloupe or wherever, but on a er level Saturn's transit has kept you struggling with collapsing goals burdensome commitments to friends who have let you down—major s that have been interfering with your search for gratification. All this seem boring, but it's a fact of life you have to accept. Reality is boring.

URUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

k in the 1950s, life was great for Tauruses. Men brought home the n, and women cooked it. If nothing else, life was ordered and neat. l, this is the 90s, and the outer planets have awakened your consciousness. The old days are not expected to return anytime soon, so you can no er curl up with Johnny Carson and not have to think one solitary ght. As Saturn and Pluto do their square-opposition thing to your sign, 've got to get out there and relate. And who knows? With Venus and rs in your 8th house this holiday season, you might even get intimate.

MINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

moon's south node is about to leave your sign, and good riddance! For a r and a half it has moved like a vacuum cleaner through Gemini, sucking relationships, attitudes, and goals, knocking the hell out of your ego as thing after another was swept away. (What wasn't taken, you probably sed.) As a result you've been more scattered and distracted than usual and al doll to live with. Oddly, though, with the north node in your 7th se, even those whom you abused the worst have stuck by you, some es even honoring you at banquets. It's over now, so lighten up!

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 23*

Nobody can accurately predict the events of the coming week for Cancer. Competition will get much keener, and if you're not on your toes you could get whacked. There will be legal stuff to attend to, nut jobs to contend with, and megaforces putting the squeeze on you. Don't sweat it. For the past couple of years, your life has been as full of sex, love, and death as any Russian novel. While you've done the best you could to satisfy your family's demands, you haven't really been able to be there all that much. How could you possibly, with hormones flowing the way they have been?

LEO ♌ *July 24–August 23*

Of course you lead a marvelous, exciting, and charmed life. *You* don't have to slave away like all the drones. *You* don't need structure in your life. *You* don't have to watch your cholesterol level like all the fat people eating pancakes out at the mall. *You* don't have to contend with tiresome, controlling depressives morning, noon, and night. You're a *Leo*, and are ruled by the sun. Thus, nothing affects you. Nothing tarnishes *your* shine. At least that's what everybody thinks. And if you really *are* above it all, then you don't need a little partying to add zip to an otherwise exhausting existence.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

With Chiron crashing through your sign, you'd better nurse yourself back to health and happiness. Grow up fast to the fact that the course of true love is never smooth. Clean up your act, steam those veggies, cut the fat out of your life, and chalk up current stress to a big-time learning experience. You could, of course, take the lower Virgo route and move to new heights of complaining and whining, suing everyone in the entire world for damages done to you, a perfect angel. Wouldn't it be better, though, to play the long-suffering healer than the wounded kvetch?

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

The stars say that in December you will meet an interesting person while on a short trip. You will have a pleasant attitude. Yeah, sure, but what about the really dramatic stuff going on beneath the surface? No matter how shallow a Libra tries to be, Jupiter and Pluto in the 2nd house and Saturn in the 5th call for a sound track of Wagner, not Barry Manilow. Politics and money don't mix, you say? You will never corrupt your integrity by "playing the game"? Come now, peel off those pink velvet gloves—a finger at a time, so as not to shock your opponent with the sight of your solid-steel fist.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

It's time to break some family patterns that really suck. Because of your fear of abandonment, people have been manipulating you. No matter how many gallons of chicken soup you take to the sick, or how much you cater to the selfish, when good-byes come, all you can do is stand bravely with the wind blowing through your hair and make everybody wonder how you can be so strong. You feel unsettled and probably have a toothbrush for every town. But you must expect big changes when you end a 15-year cycle. As for those who call you rigid and uncaring, give them the finger.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

Sometimes you can be so irritatingly cheerful, playing your harmonica around the campfire, doing anything you can to avoid expressing your anger over the self-imposed incarceration that has taken you out of commission. Jingle-bell yourself through the holidays, because, hey, this is the only period of the year when denial reigns supreme. Afterward, there have to be serious discussions about money. Is it for paying bills? Or is it the root of all evil? With Jupiter in your 12th house, your transgressions could be forgiven. But don't get smug. The universe is still listening.

Social Study

Eleanor Lambert

As the undisputed doyenne of fashion and style publicists, Eleanor Lambert has spotlighted the great fashion forces of our time—Tiffany & Co., Bill Blass, and Donna Karan, to name a few. Now NELL SCOVELL puts the spot on her with *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is the quality you most like in a person?
Charm. The Queen Mother was one of the most charming people I've known. And Eleanor Roosevelt was certainly charming. Of people I know today, Sister Parish is always the most charming because she's just herself and has so much knowledge and a sense of beauty. The most charming man I know today is Mark Birley, who owns Annabel's.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A good and lasting marriage with whatever ups and downs might come along.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Eloquence.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Egocentricity. It has destroyed people, like Salvador Dalí.

What is your most treasured possession?
It's so corny to say it—my wedding ring. I still have it on and I've never taken it off since I was married in 1936.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Blackamoor jewelry, old porcelain, and lush bed linens. I'm an old-linen person. I have some that were given to me that belonged to one of the Astor ladies from the turn of the century.

On what occasion do you lie?
Not enough.

What is your favorite journey?
To food or flea markets. As far as restaurants go, I like places that aren't noted only for excellent food but also for having wonderful people around: Le Cirque, Harry's Bar in London, Lespinasse.

What do you dislike about your appearance?
Problem hair. The waif look is coming back, but not for me.

Which living person do you most admire?
Mother Teresa.

Which living person do you most despise?
Reverend Sharpton, Saddam Hussein.

When and where were you happiest?
I've been happy a great deal of my life. I love seeing things start up that are exciting and have a future, whether it's a career or a project or a new building. Some of the great talents I've watched and shared in promoting were Liza Minnelli and Donna Karan, and both are in the spotlight now.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My curiosity.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Sherlock Holmes. Goes with the curiosity.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Having nothing to read.

Who are your favorite writers?
Freya Stark, Lesley Blanch, Josephine Tey, Bill Berkson, Agatha Christie, Art Buchwald, M. F. K. Fisher, Winston Churchill, Cecil Beaton, and Aileen Mehle (Suzy).

What do you value in your friends?
The pleasure of their company.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
I can't think of anybody that I'd want to come back as. We've all gone through that thing of talking with somebody who tells you who you were in a previous life. I've been everything from a Chinese peasant to a vestal virgin to a queen.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
I'd like to come back as an interesting person and as a woman.

What is your motto?
"Never look back."




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THE
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ED ROLLINS
Peggy Noonan

FUGEE NATION
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nce of Death
Bella Stumbo

RBO'S
CRET LIFE
Barry Paris

Oh, Roseanne!

How It Feels to Be Roseanne Arnold
by Kevin Sessums

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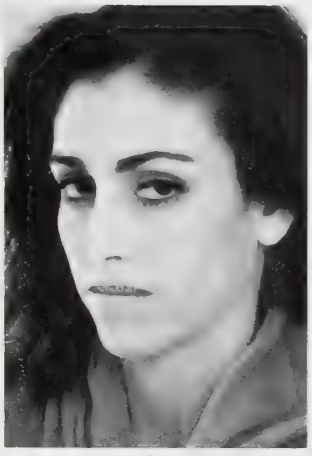
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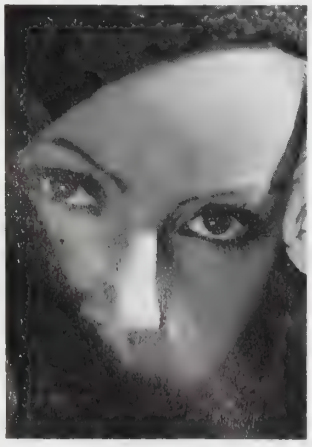
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Meeting Raoul, page 72.



Mind of a madam, page 88.



Garbo walks, page 96.

Features

Really Roseanne: She is America's top woman television star, but Roseanne Arnold carries deep scars. In a stunningly candid interview, she talks with Kevin Sessums about the drug abuse and sexual molestation she says ravaged her early life—and still make each day a struggle to survive. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz . . . . .

The Siege of Paramount: As Paramount C.E.O. Martin Davis and Viacom's Sumner Redstone fought the hostile advances of QVC head Barry Diller, the battle for Paramount Communications turned into the Deal of the Decade. But, as Bryan Burrough reveals, the opening maneuvers in this very public war were developed in secret over the last four years . . . . .

A Place Called Fear: Six hundred miles off the Florida coast, a terrorized Haiti has become the Clinton administration's longest-running foreign-policy crisis. In rare interviews with the country's military strongmen and with its exiled president, Bella Stumbo goes to the heart of the stalemate . . . . .

Galliano, Chéri: Cathy Horyn previews the new spring collection of John Galliano, fashion's mad master of swooning romance. Photographs by Wayne Maser . . . . .

The Confessions of Ed Rollins: What possessed a brilliant political tactician to boast that he'd stolen the New Jersey governor's election? In his first interview since the scandal, Ed Rollins takes Peggy Noonan inside the mind of a spin master. Portrait by Harry Benson 8

Heidi Does Hollywood: Since the arrest of Hollywood madam Heidi Fleiss, everyone has been buzzing about the contents of her "black books." Now, as Fleiss awaits trial, she tells Lynn Hirschberg about the business that ruled bedrooms from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz 8

Super Egon: Mark Stevens spotlights the sensual charge of artist Egon Schiele 9

Garbo's Lost Years: For her last 37 years, Greta Garbo secluded herself in her apartment on New York's East Side, venturing outside only for her beloved walks. In an excerpt from his new book, Barry Paris constructs an unprecedented portrait of that fortress existence 9

Columns

Cultural Elite: Christopher Hitchens champions the royal couple of radical academia, who are fighting the betrayal of their ideals 3

The 60-Year Itch: In New Mexico, Jonathan Rosen finds Henry Roth overcoming an epic case of writer's block to make the literary comeback of the century 3

Vanities

Smart Alek Keshishian; Hype & Glory—making the White House Kaki; Paul Smith's feminine side; Milton Berle is George Wayne's favorite uncle; *Miami Vice, She Wrote* 49

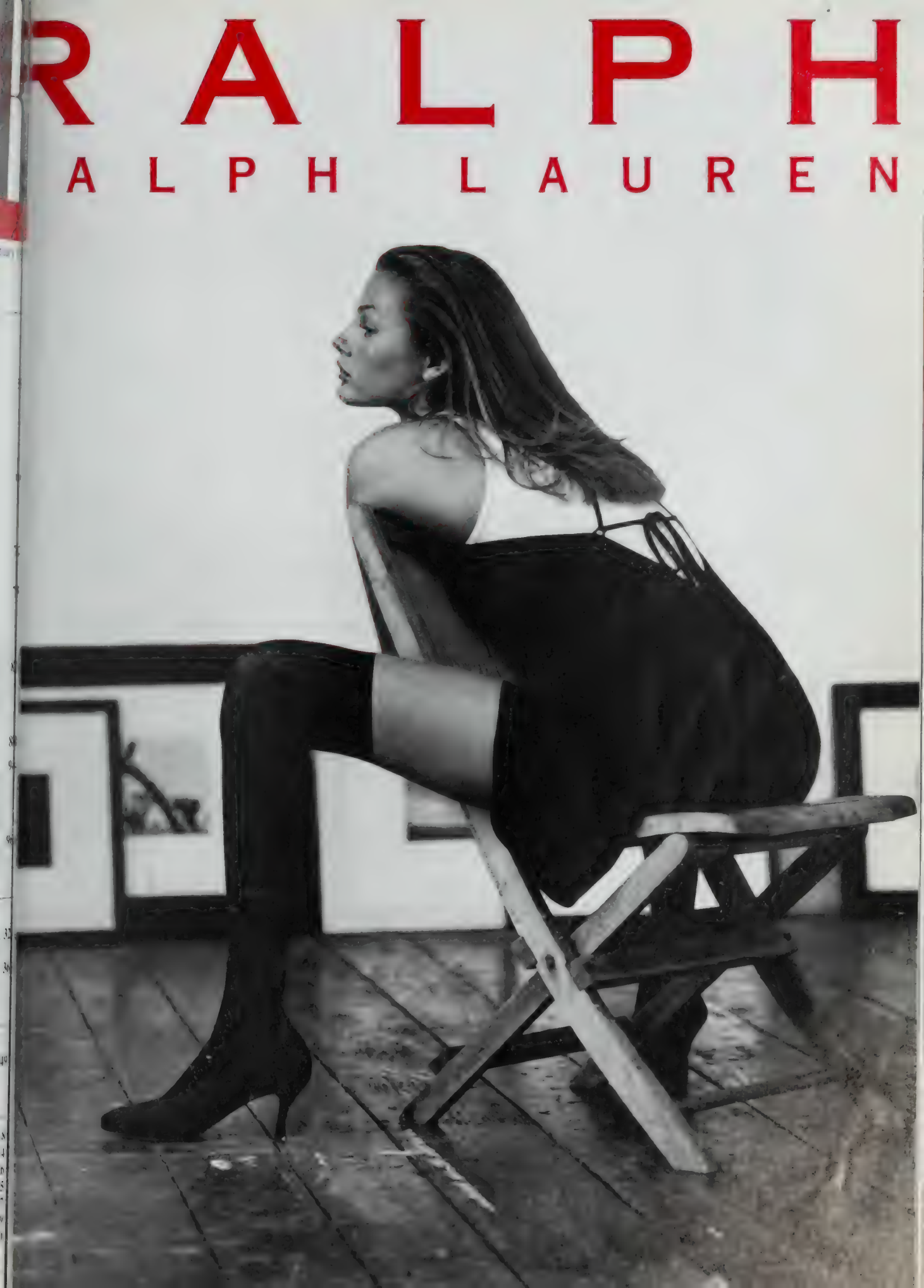
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Editor's Letter

Caribbean Standoff



Haiti was once the richest colony on earth. France fought so bitterly to keep its prize that Napoleon lost more troops in Haiti than he did at Waterloo. But in the wake of a bloody rebellion, the slave colony stood as the world's first independent black republic. Today, it is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere—and one of Washington's most intractable headaches. Bella Stumbo, who has covered Haiti for 15 years, returned this winter to find what the nation's precariously placed "caretaker" prime minister, Robert Malval, described as "a functional anarchy."

Functional anarchy seems to be Haiti's historical lot. As Stumbo's riveting report on page 72 makes clear, it isn't easy to separate Haiti's villains from their culture of violence. For instance, between 1843 and 1915 alone, the country saw 100 or so civil wars, revolutions, coups, and insurrections—part of the endless conflict between its mulatto elite and its poor black peasantry.

The moment of hope, in 1990, was an extraordinary grassroots movement that led to the democratic election of a revolutionary priest, Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide. But within months he was ousted by his military chief, Raoul Cédras, and neither the U.S. nor the U[N] has been able to return President Aristide [to] power or stop the constant killings. "[We] find on an average at least one body a day," says a human-rights worker in one [of] Haiti's largest slums. "Who killed the[m] and why, I don't know."

And, Stumbo notes, President Clint[on] has failed to keep his January 1992 cam[-] paign promise "to reverse the cruel, bl[-] tantly racist U.S. policy of returning Haitian boat peop[le] to their country." According to the administration, t[he] refugees now present "a national-security problem." I[n] deed they do. But turning them away, or incarcerati[ng] them, won't solve it. This blood-soaked demi-island, i[n] children dying, its mountains deforested, its soil washi[ng] into the sea, is—unlike Bosnia, unlike Somalia—just 60 miles from U.S. shores. As long as Haiti is dying, its pe[o]ple will continue to risk death to escape it.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

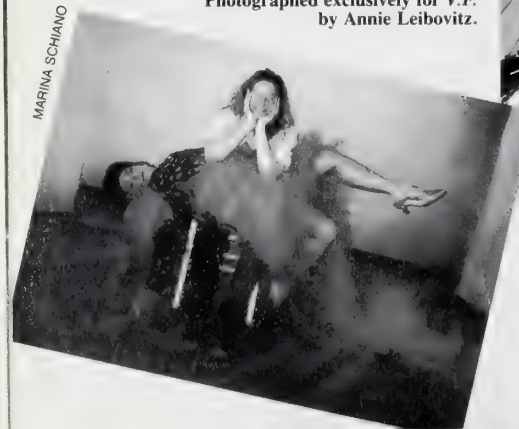
Rosie Picture

ON THE COVER
Roseanne Arnold wears a corset from Helen Uffner Vintage Clothing, New York City. Bra by Hanky Panky. Stockings by Fogal of Switzerland. Shoes by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. Hair accessories by June Royer. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Fran Cooper. Backdrops and floors painted by Sarah Oliphant. Food styling by chef Fred Eric of Vida Restaurant. Props by Darren Ransdell and manicure by Hailey Weisner, both for Cloutier. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.









MARINA SCHIANO

Roseanne gives new meaning to the word "Boteroesque" on the cover and, *left*, with Annie Leibovitz. This month's homage to the Colombian artist, starring Roseanne and Tom Arnold, was inspired by such paintings as, *above, right, Colombian Lady Eating an Apple*, 1982 (oil on canvas, 122 cm. by 157 cm.), and *Dancers*, 1987 (oil on canvas, 195 cm. by 130 cm.).

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Questionnaire

Name Sheryl Swoopes

Age 22

Occupation Basketball Player

When did you start your involvement with sports?

I started playing Little Dribblers when I was about 7 or 8 years old. I also played ~~ball~~ with my two older brothers all the time

How often do you work out?

twice a day, five days a week
- conditioning and running in the A.M.
- basketball drills in the afternoon

What advice would you give someone?

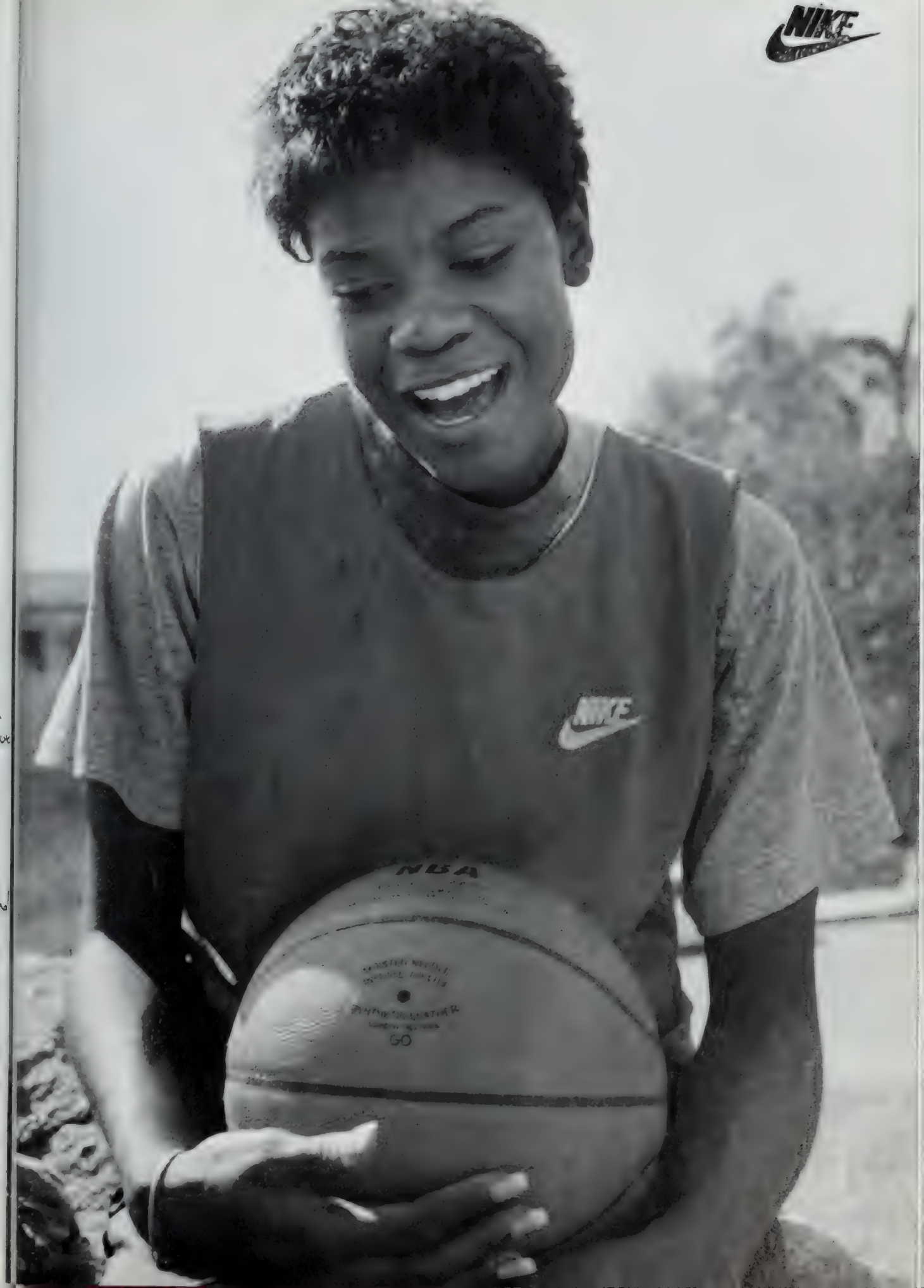
Always aim high and reach ~~for~~ for the stars. Anything is possible if you only believe and have faith in God.

Who were your influences?

my oldest brother, James Swoopes and Michael Jordan (believe it or not-ha!

What have you accomplished through sports? an education

and the ability to grow up as a person. Also, now being a positive, black, female role model for younger kids.


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Contributors



Peggy Noonan's next book, Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, *will be published this spring by Random House. Her story this month, beginning on page 82, on embattled politico Ed Rollins, contains the first interview that Rollins has given since the scandal broke over his revelations on the possible suppression of the black vote in the New Jersey governor's race.*



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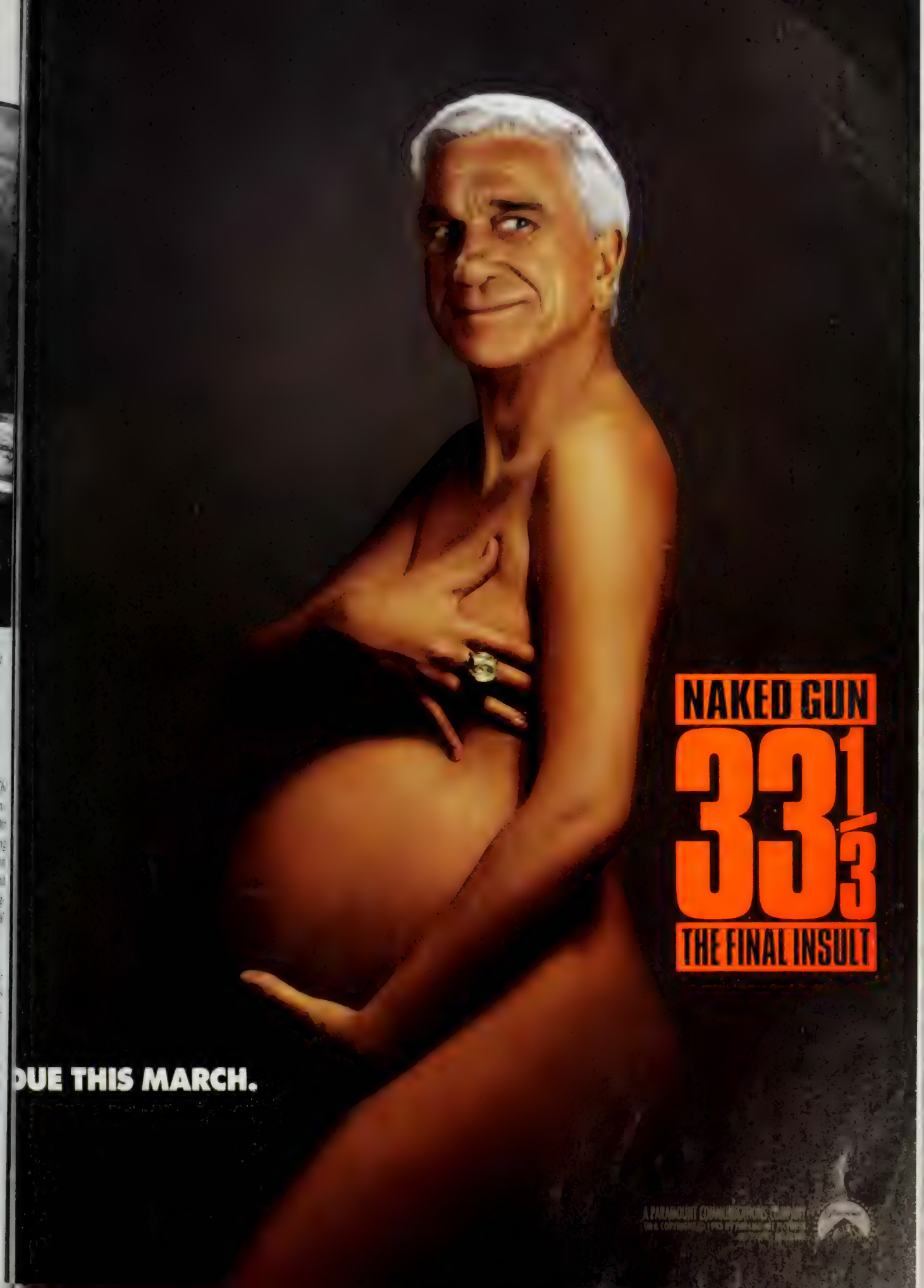
Bella Stumbo, with General Cédras in Haiti, says of her story on page 72, "I've been in and out of Haiti for the past 15 years, and I've never been more depressed about its condition." Her book, Until the Twelfth of Never: The Deadly Divorce of Dan and Betty Broderick, *the tale, she says, of "how extremely abusive we can be toward each other, especially if we have money and power," is out from Simon & Schuster.*

Harry Benson's new book, *The Beatles: In the Beginning* (Universe/Rizzoli), celebrates the 30th anniversary of the Beatles' coming to America. Benson has twice won the Leica Medal of Excellence and twice been named Magazine Photographer of the Year by the National Press Photographers Association.

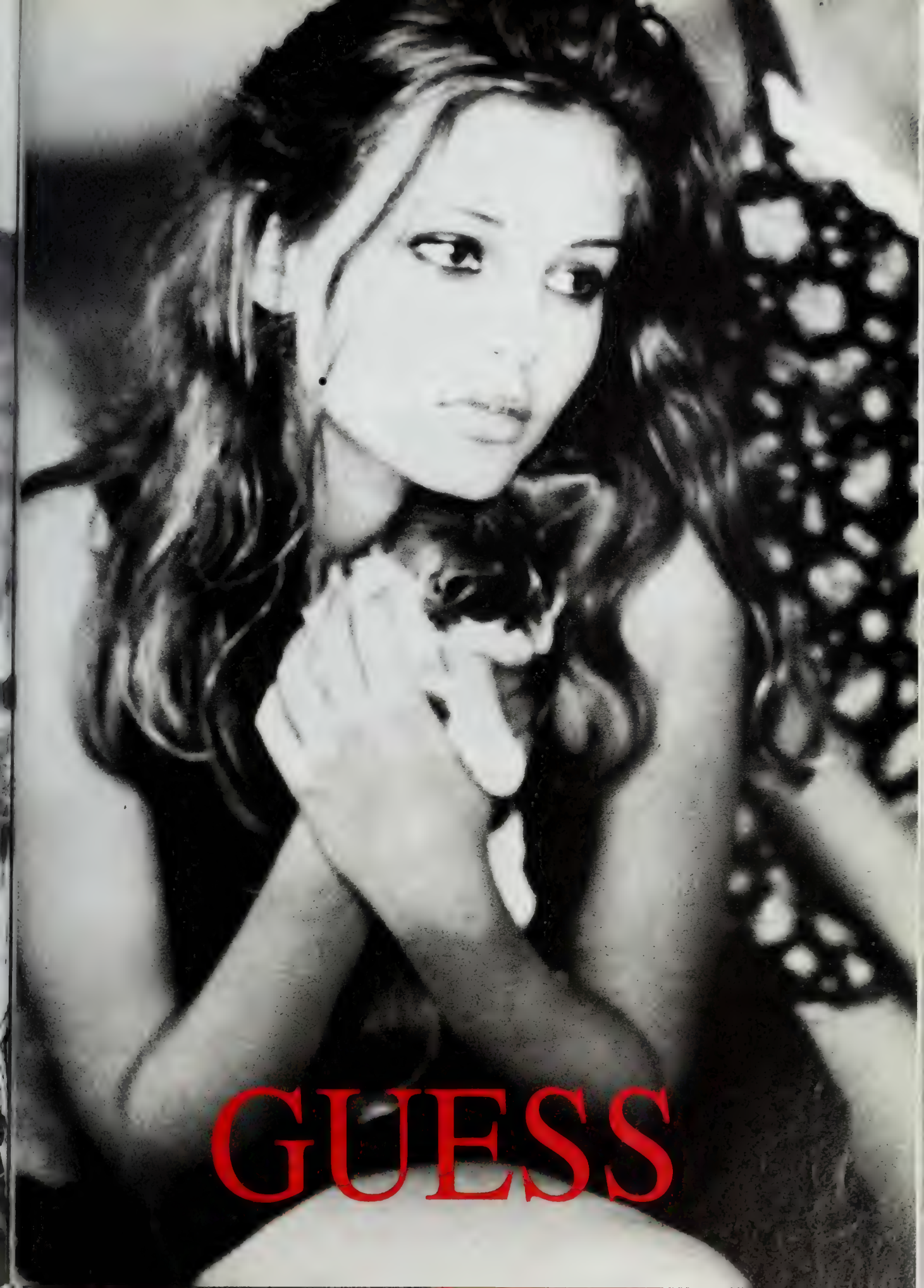
James Hamilton, a staff photographer at *The New York Observer,* is at work on a collection of his photographs for a book.

Christopher Hitchens's book *For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports* is out from Verso. He lives in Washington, D.C.

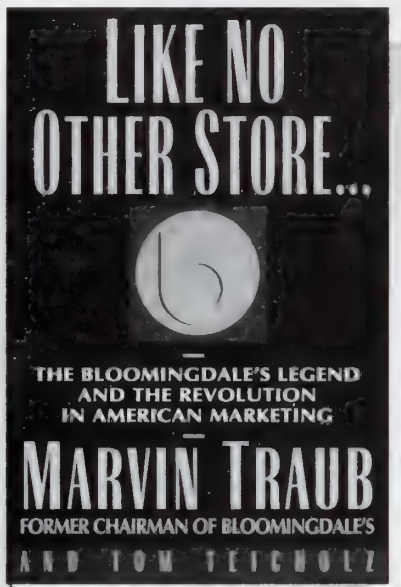
Cathy Horyn, the fashion editor of *The Washington Post,* has been covering fashion for the last seven years, the past three at the *Post*. She also covers *(Continued on page 18)*


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TIMES BOOKS

Contributors

(Continued from page 14)

society and the occasional murder, especially if the case is of interest to people often seen in the front rows at fashion shows. "I've been watching John Galliano," she says of her subject this month, "since 1987, when he was named Britain's Designer of the Year. I've always liked his audacity."

Wayne Maser, the photographer, is based in New York and L.A. His work has also appeared in American *Vogue*, *Allure*, and *Interview*.



JEFF WEINER

Bryan Burrough is the co-author of Barbarians at the Gate *(HarperCollins), the runaway best-seller that chronicled the largest takeover battle of the 80s, the fight for RJR Nabisco. He haunted the executive floor of the Paramount building to report, on page 66, on Martin Davis and the struggle to control Paramount Communications.*

Barry Paris, a film historian and critic, is the author of *Louise Brooks* (Knopf), a biography of the silent-film actress, which was excerpted in the October 1989 *V.F.* He collaborated on *Tony Curtis: The Autobiography*, which was published last fall by William Morrow. *Garbo*, his latest book, excerpted in this issue, will be out from Knopf this spring. He is now at work on a biography of Audrey Hepburn for Putnam.

Jonathan Rosen, formerly executive editor of the *Forward*, an English-language Jewish weekly, now divides his time between the *Forward* and his own writing. "As an editor at a newspaper that found new life after 90 years," he says, "I was particularly taken by the story of Henry Roth, a writer who found his voice again after 60 years."



Lynn Hirschberg says of Heidi Fleiss, the subject of her article on page 88, "Surprisingly, the Heidi Fleiss story really isn't about sex—it's more about control and power. She's a girl who fell in love with a lifestyle. Her ambition was her greatest strength and, ironically, her downfall."

Mark Stevens is at work on a biography of Willem de Kooning.



Kevin Sessums profiles Roseanne Arnold for this month's cover story (page 58). "She is the Richard Pryor of her generation," he says. "Each is tragically larger than life. Like Pryor, Arnold is so dangerously truthful that she can turn her most personal issues into political ones." Sessums appears this month in Armistead Maupin's Tales of the City *on PBS.*


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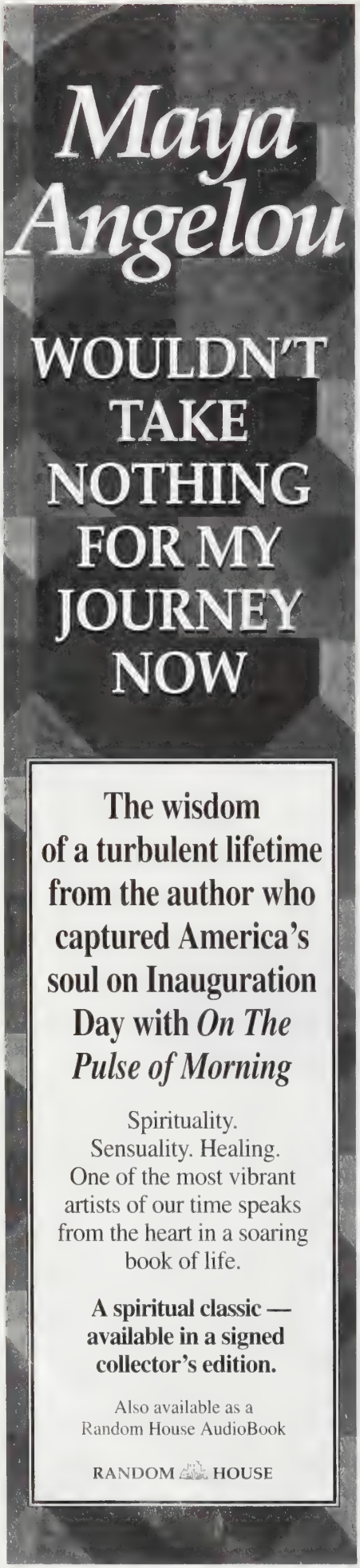


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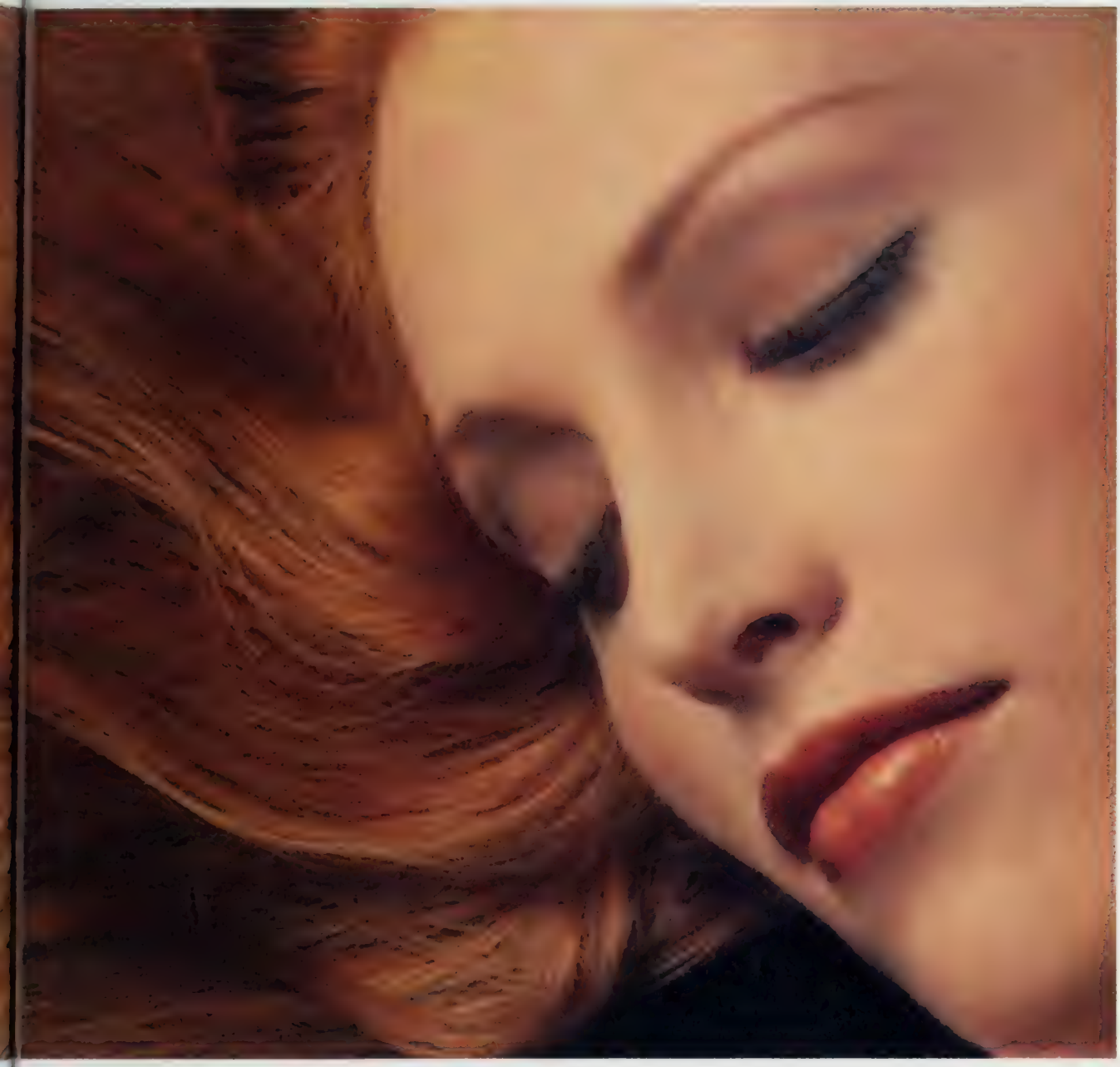


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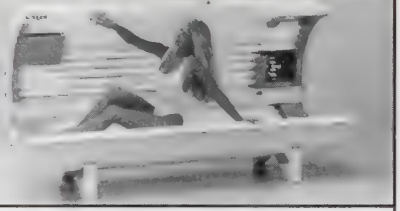
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Letters



Body language and talking heads from the Hall of Fame.

NAKED MAIL

Annie's Hall

While I applaud most of your choices for the "1993 Hall of Fame" [photographs by Annie Leibovitz, December], four of them are quite disturbing. Why would you compliment Cindy Crawford for her gene-pool coup and her vacuous MTV show; Michael Crichton, a writer not fit to hold Don DeLillo's erasers, for "selling millions" of books about big lizards and the Japanese threat; Heidi Fleiss for being, simply, an arrogant whore; and finally Marky Mark, a desperately soulless media fabrication who cannot rap to save his pecs and will undoubtedly go the way of Vanilla Ice, Gerardo, and, uh, the dinosaur? The "Hall of Fame" deserves much better.

BRENDAN BARTH
San Francisco, California

Frank and Sense

I am writing to applaud the publication of David McClintick's wonderful piece on Frank Sinatra's newest musical effort ["Sinatra's Double Play," December]. Though the vast majority of Sinatra's fans are not as fortunate as McClintick to have such a close association with "the man" himself, we can most certainly identify with the type of adulation that McClintick has for Sinatra's music. I myself cannot agree more with McClintick's simple yet eloquent explanation for Sinatra's timelessness.

MATTHEW J. FELKER
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

Going into Denial

In relation to Holocaust denial, Christopher Hitchens has unwittingly fallen right into the deniers' hands. The deniers are not revisionists. They are not trying to revise anything. They deny the reality of history. As I argue in *Denying the Holocaust*, deniers call themselves "revisionists" because they wish to garb themselves in a

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cloak of historical legitimacy. They want to be associated with earlier revisionist movements, some of which were once considered heretical and today are seen as mainstream. By adopting this name they are attempting to hijack respectable movements.

There is a great deal of legitimate revisionism that takes place within the field of Holocaust studies. As additional research is concluded and new documents are made available, we have amassed a growing body of details on the number of people murdered, the way in which the gas chambers operated, and the behavior of victims, bystanders, and perpetrators. Based on serious research we are continuously revising our understanding of what happened during that period we now call the Holocaust. The deniers are engaged in no such effort. They simply deny a reality.

DEBORAH E. LIPSTADT, Ph.D.
Dorot Associate Professor of
Modern Jewish and Holocaust Studies
Emory University
Atlanta, Georgia

Mort and Me



Daily News *chairman Mortimer Zuckerman took issue with "Paper Lions" (by Edward Klein, October) in his December letter. Now Andrew Neil of* The Sunday Times *has his say.*

Mort Zuckerman says that my interest in being editor of the *Daily News* was primarily "to make a potful of money," which in his view made me "completely inappropriate" ["Letters," December]. In fact, as Mort knows, I was not that interested in editing the *News* even for potfuls of money. It was Mort who approached me to be editor, twice; both times I told him that if I made a success of the paper it would turn a worthless asset (thanks to Robert Maxwell) into a very valuable one and that I would expect to share in the improvement. I do not think any New Yorker would consider that "inappropriate" or unreasonable.

ANDREW NEIL
Editor, *The Sunday Times*
London, England

Best of the Rest

"This letter is in regard to your magazine." Good: that's our favorite kind. Much of the recent mail, for some reason, has been in verse, and much of that about Sylvester Stallone. (There were also some Bobbitt-related poems, not every single one of which began, "There was a young woman from Venus . . ."). Here's one: "Oh, Sylvester Stallone, / Rememberest The Thinker*? / Do we like you so bronz-ed? / Or should you be pinker?" Well, readers will just have to decide for themselves. A professor of literature writes, "Stallone says, 'It's not iambic pentameters. . . . It's blank verse.' Could you please tell dear Sly that blank verse* is *unrhymed iambic pentameter."*

Opinion was all but unanimous regarding Demi Moore (December). Sure, there was a little unseemly grumbling about the "constant coverage" of our "demi-talented" "mascot." V.F. *was told ("Give us a break," "NO MOORE!") to "stop with the Demification of your magazine" ("*Demity Fair*"), that "Moore should be less," that it was all "MOORE than enough." One desperate note read, "One more of Demi and I will go mad." Other readers seemed genuinely conflicted ("Any cover featuring her does not automatically elicit my interest").*

Our fourth, fifth, and sixth Demi covers will go ahead as planned, but in deference to those readers with lower tolerance, Demis Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are officially in jeopardy. Happy now?

Other mail: "Do I hate Brenda?" asks one reader. "No. But Shannen {Doherty} makes me violently ill." Several readers felt Dominick Dunne's piece on the Menendez trial was "totally biased" against the brothers. And this from someone who enjoyed Christopher Hitchens on Martha Stewart: "{Stewart} had an entire 'tumbril' appearance before 400 women of the Jewish Hospital Guild in Louisville, more than 50 percent of them Jewish. Without missing a beat, and with a slight reference to a staff mix-up, she continued with her prepared program on Easter, the Easter basket, the home décor for the Easter holiday, and the all-important Easter meal. We were not amused."

—*GEORGE KALOGERAKIS*

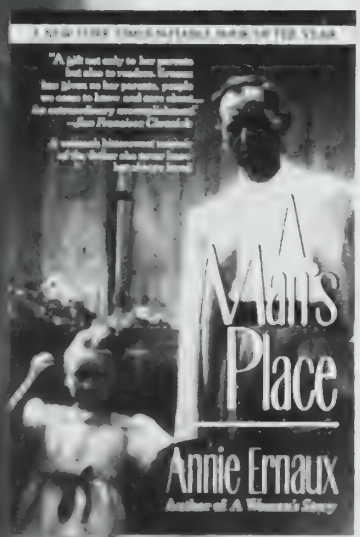
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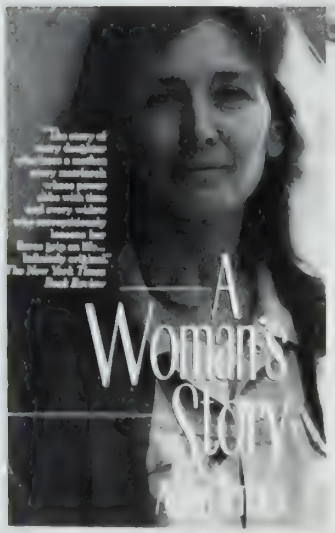
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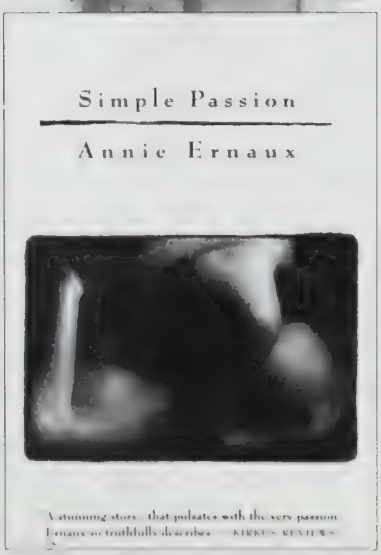
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RADICAL PIQUE

Since the "red" 1960s Eugene and Elizabeth Genovese have been the royal couple of radicalism. Today they are turning their fire on a new foe

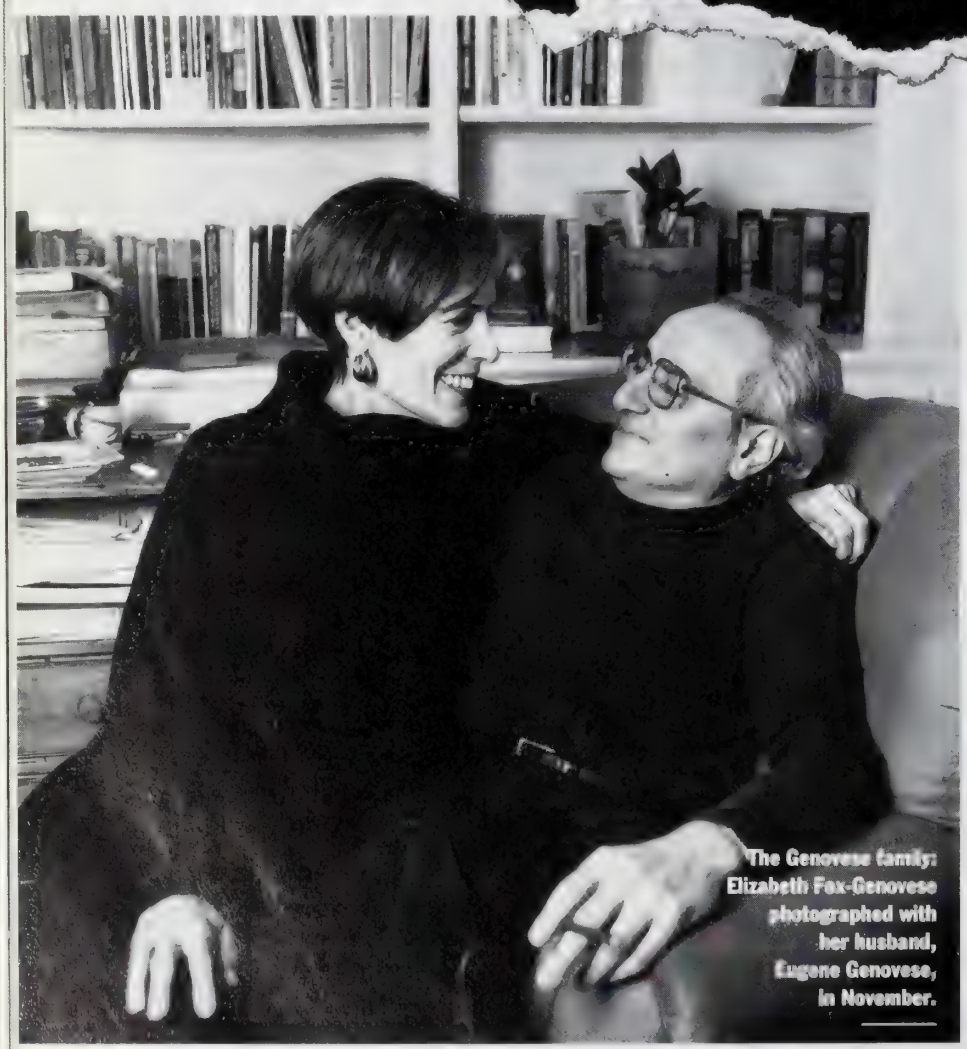
BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In 1967, William Styron published *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* a fictionalized account of an actual slave revolt in 19th-century Virginia. After an initially excellent reception—coinciding perhaps with the warm, "We Shall Overcome" phase of the civil-rights movement—the novel became the object of an extraordinary campaign of hatred and rage. It was denounced as racist and would certainly have been denounced as sexist if the word had been available at the time. A book entitled *William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond* subjected the author to every conceivable assault. Styron was excoriated for daring to speak in the first person and thus to annex the experience of being black. He was accused of whitewashing slavery and denigrating slaves. He was described as "psychologically sick" and "morally senile." Howls of fury were directed at the novel's depiction of an interracial romance. Styron tried once or twice to stick up for himself in public, but found the experience too painful. "For the first time in my life," he wrote, "I began to share the clammy chagrin of those writers and artists who have stood before whatever intimidating tribunal, hopelessly defending their work to cold-eyed political regulators."

The row persists to this day. In many black-studies programs, *Ten Black Writers Respond* has been a required volume, while the novel itself has not been listed. Looking back, Styron now realizes that he had "unwittingly created one of the first politically incorrect texts of our time."

The cult of P.C., in fact, is probably best understood as a sort of mutation of the 60s, in which all the crappy aspects of that decade have been fused. The idealism and élan are defunct, while in hybrid form all the sectarian hysteria, all the juvenile intolerance, and all the paranoia and solipsism have been retained. And a toxic slogan of the period—*The personal is political!*—has now spread like a weed, so that the undergraduate population of the country is being encouraged to turn into a generation of snitches, sneaks, and informers, running in tears to the dean at the least intrusion upon their "personal space."

The worst part of his own pillorying, says Styron, was the fact that many liberal friends and colleagues did not, once he had gotten into trouble with the black-power forces, want to know him. He did, however, attract one very spirited defense. In "William Styron Before the People's Court," an essay published in September 1968, Professor Eugene Genovese shredded the "Ten Black Writers" for their distortions and for their *ad hominem* venom. He pointed out that intellectual history had known earlier periods when politically committed people had "talked themselves into believing many



The Genovese family: Elizabeth Fox-Genovese photographed with her husband, Eugene Genovese, in November.

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things they have later had to gag on,'' and he warned of a coming ''moral, political, and intellectual debacle.''

Genovese was a tough critic for anyone to try to laugh off. His book *The World the Slaveholders Made* was widely recognized as the authoritative study of ''the peculiar institution.'' Later works from his pen, such as *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made* and *In Red and Black: Marxian Explorations in Southern and Afro-American History,* have won him every sort of prize and distinction, and established him as one of America's leading radical academics. And his wife, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, author of *Feminism Without Illusions,* happens to be numbered among the country's leading scholars of gender and society. To the extent that departments of black studies and women's studies have gained ground in the universities, it is due in good measure to the work of the Genoveses, not only in numerous publications but also in professional and scholarly groups. ''You could say,'' observed one acquaintance, ''that Gene and Betsey Genovese are the royal couple of radical academia.''

It turns out, though, that that long-ago battle, between Eugene Genovese and the blacks who wanted to silence or defame William Styron, was indeed the first shot in a protracted cultural war. Talk to the Genoveses today and you find them candidly appalled at the turn events have taken. ''We campaigned for years for a better attention to black America and to women in university departments,'' said Elizabeth Fox-Genovese when I called her on the phone. ''We didn't mean *this* to happen.'' I was prepared to hazard a guess about what she meant by ''this,'' but decided not to make any assumptions until I could see the two of them in person. So down I went to Atlanta, Georgia, where both are professors of history at Emory University, and where Elizabeth has a chair at the Institute for Women's Studies. (The Fox- prefix is her family name, which has a claim on descent from Charles James Fox—''in the illegitimate line.'')

Seen together, Gene and Betsey make a finely matched pair. Gene resembles the hard-bitten Italian boy from Bensonhurst that he turns out to be. His Sicilian parents didn't want him to be bilingual, so he taught himself Italian in the army in order to be able to read Antonio Gramsci's *Prison Notebooks*. He has all the hallmarks of the City College old-school revolutionary: chucked out of the Communist Party in 1950 (a good year) and toughened by innumerable picket lines and polemics. She, in bold contrast, has a Wasp-like grace and bearing and something of the look of the younger Mary McCarthy. Together they wrote *Fruits of Merchant Capital,* with its firmly delineated subtitle, *Slavery and Bourgeois Property in the Rise and Expansion of Capitalism*. Together they launched and edited the magazine *Marxist Perspectives*. Together they are working on a grand theory of southern slavery, which will be published under the title *The Mind of the Master Class*. We are not talking here about some once radical couple preparing to enter mellow and mature retirement. These are serious and committed radicals, not neoconservative defectors. And as they survey the scholarly scene, they want to shout, STOP!

''I realize now that it did begin in the 1960s,'' says Gene. ''It was at the American Historical Association annual convention in 1969 that it hit me. Some people wanted the A.H.A. to take an on-the-record position against the war in Vietnam. I was much more against the war than most people, but to me the point of the A.H.A. was that I could meet and debate with conservatives and liberals. I realized that I was against the politicization of an academic forum. And I also realized that the centrists and the liberals would compromise to keep their positions and their jobs. It was the same as with McCarthyism earlier—the college bureaucrats would always bend with the wind.''

The toxic slogan has now spread like a weed, so that the undergraduate population is being encouraged to turn into a generation of snitches, sneaks, and informers.

''And in the women's movement,'' Betsey says, gently breaking in, ''we were forever arguing as to whether it was more expeditious to prove that men had *always* dominated, or whether to argue that there had once been a Utopian past where the women did the hunting and gathering—as if *that* was a good thing, which we also couldn't decide.''

The same week I dined with the Genoveses, the administration at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) issued a 68-page pamphlet with the enticing title *Dealing with Harassment at MIT*. This seminal work recommended that ''people who are offended by matters of speech or expression should consider speaking up promptly and in a civil fashion,'' and, in no less imperishable prose, suggested that ''people who learn they have offended others should consider stopping immediately and apologizing.'' In discussion of this sort of campus mentality, with its highly boring and strongly sinister overtones, I was pleased to see on Genovese's face a rictus of that same pained contempt that I feel myself. As he wrote, a couple of years ago:

> Who wants to be accused of insensitivity? The answer is, those who recognize ''sensitivity'' as a code word for the promulgation of a demagogic political program. At Brooklyn College, which I attended in the late 1940s, everyone took for granted that students ought to challenge their professors and each other. Professors acted as if they were paid to assault their students' sensibilities, to offend their most cherished values. . . . In this way we had a chance to acquire a first-rate education, that is, to learn to sustain ourselves in combat against dedicated but overworked professors who lacked the time and the ''tolerance'' to worry about our ''feelings.''

This leads one more or less naturally to the great fallacy at the heart of today's political correctitude—that in order to secure something vaguely termed ''diversity'' it insists on something definitely recognizable as conformity.

''You just try getting a pro-life woman a post in a women's studies department,'' says Betsey. ''At this university, where a graduate teacher who was pro-life had been temporarily hired, a professor said in front of a roomful of students that such a person had no place in a women's studies program. What are the students supposed to do or think, given that a college degree is now a meal ticket and jobs are scarce?''

Both the Genoveses have friends and comrades who were victimized by witch-

hunting in the 1950s. Murray Kempton once wrote a famous column, describing a Republican campaign led by Richard Nixon to have Gene Genovese fired from Rutgers for his stand on the Vietnam War. "So I have a gut hatred for bullying and coercion and uniformity. And, when you take away all the pseudo-ideological blather, this stuff about your personality being political comes straight from the doctrine of Italian Fascism. I could easily show that it derives from Giovanni Gentile, except that most of these types won't have heard of him."

In one important respect, indeed, Fascist thinking is already upon us. Young people are being taught that reason itself is suspect. Abstract theory and knowledge are not, however, described any longer as "Jewish science" or "rootless rationalism." Instead, they are denounced without irony or elegance as "constructs" of patriarchy, phallocracy, or whatever. (Since when did the *penis*, of all organs, have a monopoly on *reason*, of all things?)

Commenting on a recent essay by Karen Lehrman, who had been describing the rancorous mediocrity of many schools of women's studies, Betsey Genovese wrote:

> That what she described exists, all of us who have had anything to do with women's studies know to be true, although it remains open to discussion whether it is true of all women's studies programs. But we will never know that until the gag rule that currently prevails is lifted.

Some of Lehrman's critics had written in to say, either innocently or furiously or both, that their own participation in women's studies had bolstered their "self-esteem." "Yes," sighs Betsey at the mention of this odd and unclassifiable concept, "I'm afraid that self-esteem is all that a college can offer once it has decided that achievement and accomplishment are elitist." She makes this deadly remark in a tone of genuine sorrow rather than anger, adding that most universities, faced with a choice between raising the standards and lowering them to meet the capabilities, have in a budget-conscious way opted for the latter.

The Genoveses are materialists, and do not think that society can be bettered by chanting or by consciousness-raising. They both staunchly defend the introduction of black studies and women's studies as having redressed a historical imbalance, and as being at least as justifiable in principle as area studies or Jewish studies. But they are clear-eyed about the damage that is being done to academic discourse and free inquiry by tenured third-raters who loathe dissent. And they regard it as a betrayal of bright young black and female students that they should be instructed so much in self-pity.



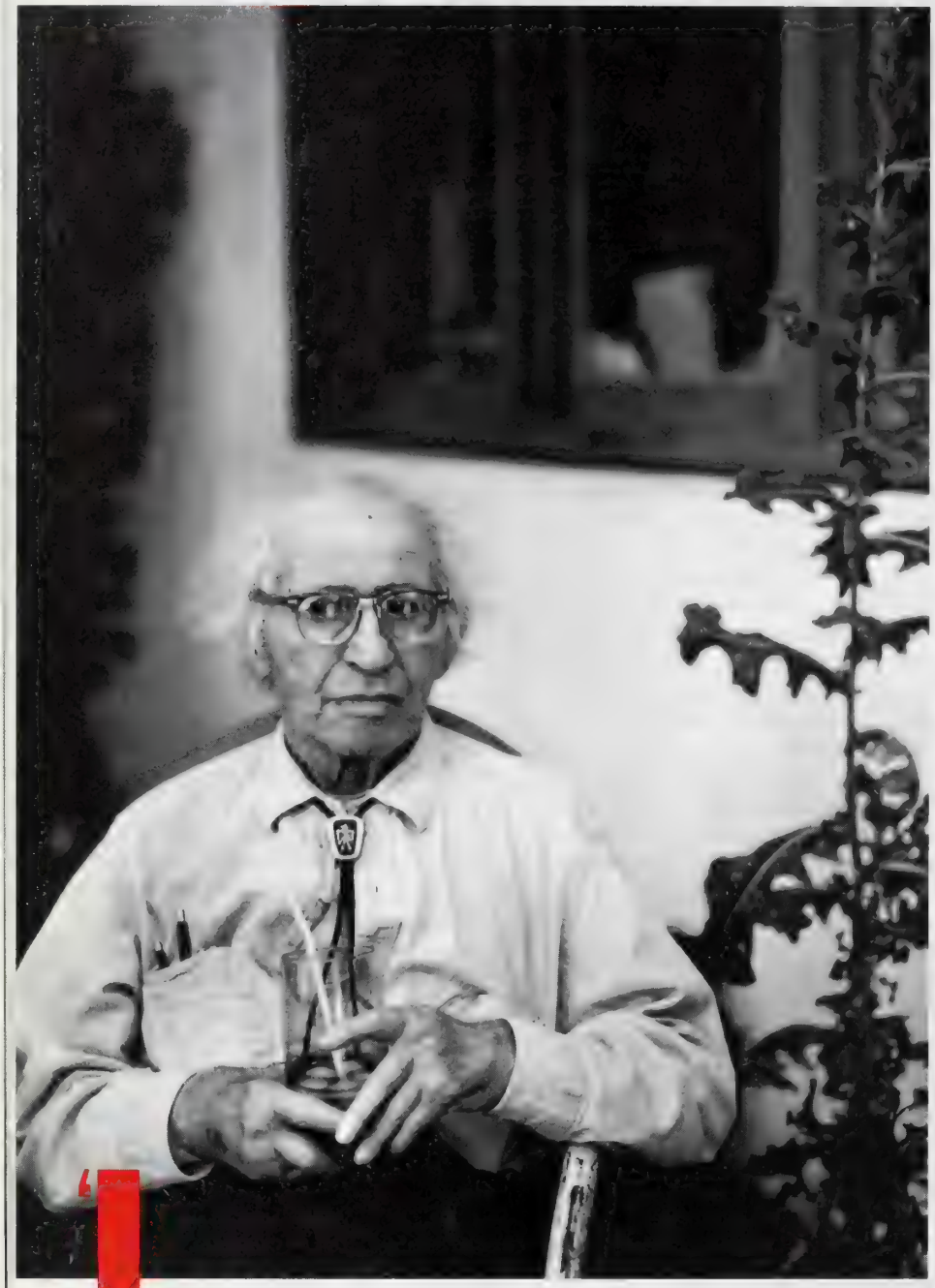
Back in the high days of radicalism, Betsey and Gene at their wedding-rehearsal dinner in New York in 1969.

"We don't have P.C. in the math and chemistry and business departments," says Betsey (rather flattering the business department, I felt, but you see the point). "Why should it be thought helpful to teach unreality and ideology in history and the humanities?" Both of them agree that you cannot be more prejudiced than when you condescend, and that it is a parody of affirmative action to grade people by reference to their victimhood. "It leads to segregation," says Gene. "When Jack London wrote *The Iron Heel* he depicted a permanent underclass who were kept, in effect, behind barbed wire. That's not fiction now. I ask the people who teach for failure, You don't have that on your conscience?"

Some will reply that there's little to be nostalgic about, and that the so-called ivory tower of detachment and objectivity was a mask for privilege and conservatism and corrupting military-industrial contracts, that the traditional American university was an extension of the gentlemen's club. The Genoveses can remember that, too. "Carl Bridenbaugh, who was president of the American Historical Association, once delivered a speech bemoaning the arrival of the non-Wasp in the profession. He wanted to know how Jews and Italians could ever understand a society that was essentially Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic." But Gene, who remembers this slight, fought against that too. He also contended, as he once wrote, for the right of a black graduate student to master the subject of Italian immigration. "He will, I think, do it in a more detached way than I, although, not having been raised on pasta, well-wrapped fig trees, and vendettas, he will certainly miss some important parts of the culture." In other words, either you like the idea of race-and-gender-determined studies—and students—or you do not.

The late I. F. Stone, doyen of a generation of radical journalists, was once asked how he could describe himself as he did, as "a Jeffersonian Marxist," when it was well known that Thomas Jefferson had been a slaveholder, rapist, Eurocentric patriarch, and so forth. His reply, cool enough in its way, was: "Because history is a tragedy and not a melodrama." This anecdote returned to my mind as I was talking to the Genoveses. For them, the study of history and society still retains the character of something arduous, objective, and scientific. They know that truth can be unwelcome, and that minds do not flourish in a room temperature of positive reinforcement. I hope that I don't make them sound too grim and solemn, because they can see the funny side of P.C. and don't mind referring to their numerous pets as "animal companions." But they don't see the funny side of the dumbing down of American campuses, and, really, I don't see why they should.

"The personal is political." I hated that canting slogan the very first time I heard it. And now look—endless vistas of self-indulgence and quack therapy and predatory "arbitration" and litigation, all imposed on young people for whom the years at college may well be the only emancipated and independent ones they ever get to spend. In the meanwhile, of course, the political has conversely become personalized, with the result that public affairs are dominated by celebrity-style posturing. As an old Yugoslav friend of mine could not be cured of saying, "it makes you vont to womit." Three rousing cheers, then, for some old-fashioned radical fighters who put the yahoos and the faddists to shame.



Roth redux: The author, at 87, outside his Albuquerque home.

THE 60-YEAR ITCH

Six decades after publishing the modernist classic *Call It Sleep*, Henry Roth is resurrecting himself with a second monumental novel. How did he pull off the literary comeback of the century?

BY JONATHAN ROSEN

"I'm dying," Henry Roth tells me over the telephone. "I'm slipping away. If you want to talk to me, you'd better come quick. It's my time."

For many, the surprising news is that Roth is in fact alive. *Call It Sleep*, his first and only novel, was published before John Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*, before William Faulkner wrote *Absalom, Absalom!*, before James Joyce wrote *Finnegans Wake*. The man who signed Roth's next novel (before Roth gave up on it and burned the manuscript) was the legendary Maxwell Perkins, who edited the debut novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway.

This month, Roth will make literary history by publishing a new novel after 60 years of silence. It's like hearing that Dickens has decided to finish *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* after all, and come back from the dead to do it.

"*Call It Sleep* has become a classic—it's embedded, a landmark in our literature," says William Styron, whose bouts with depression cut him off from creativity for many years and have given him sympathy for Roth's long literary pause. "The idea of a second work coming at this stage of a man's life is very, very inspiring."

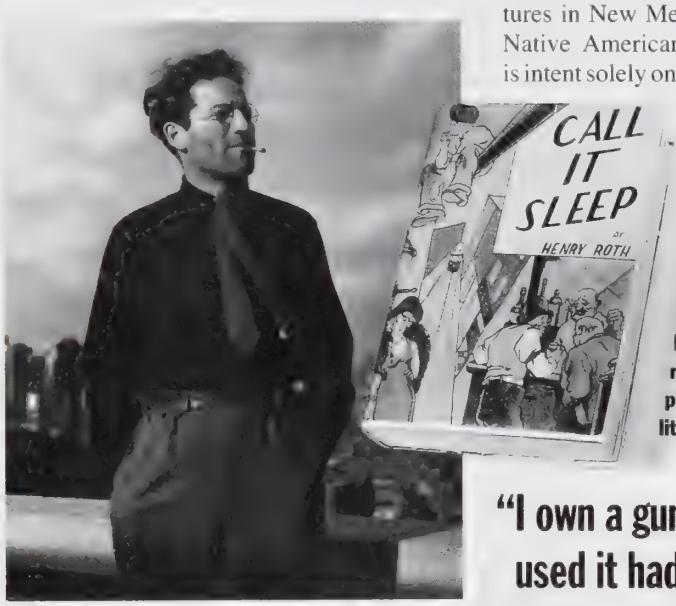
Rumors of Roth's demise have always been greatly exaggerated—though coming from the man himself the information is somewhat disconcerting and I am on the next plane to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he lives in a small, turreted house on a dead-end street. I have been instructed not to knock, since Roth cannot walk unassisted, but simply to enter. Expecting to find the 87-year-old writer on his deathbed, I am shocked to see him sitting up, Guinness Stout in hand. He is wearing a faded blue work shirt fastened with a bolo tie, the clasp a turquoise-and-silver thunderbird. He looks, with his fierce, dignified features, his wild white hair and beaked nose, like a cross between David Ben-Gurion and a Navajo chief. His magnified eyes stare shrewdly through powerful lenses. I introduce myself and he begins speaking immediately.

"You'd think I planned this whole goddamned thing," he says. "The boy from the ghetto writes a book, disappears

DAVID BARRY


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for a while, then comes back with another one. Not that the sales of the book are gonna do *me* a hell of a lot of good,'' he adds. ''But I suppose there's this certain, never-ending desire to augment one's ego, one's identity.'' There's a hint of humor and of disgust in the observation. Roth's manner is that of a man who has lived in a monastery for decades and is still frowning at his failure to stamp out the last vestiges of his vanity.



Portrait of the artist as a young man: Roth poses on a New York City rooftop after the publication of his 1934 literary debut.

Roth, however, has reason to gloat. The story of how an immigrant boy from the slums of New York City came in his 20s to write what critic Alfred Kazin calls ''the purest work of art in the novel that any American of Jewish background has written'' is in itself a remarkable tale. Still more striking is how he turned his back on his achievement, fled Greenwich Village for remotest Maine, abandoned the writer's life to toil as a toolmaker, a waterfowl farmer, a woodcutter, a math teacher, and an attendant in a psychiatric hospital, before moving to New Mexico and returning at last to literature.

Writer's block can be as mysterious as inspiration, and Roth suffered it in epic proportions. He has overcome it in equally grand style, producing a monumental work, some 3,000 pages, a projected six volumes titled, collectively, ''Mercy of a Rude Stream.'' The first volume will be published by St. Martin's Press under the title *A Star Shines over Mt. Morris Park*. The novel, which opens with the outbreak of World War I, combines events in the life of a young boy in the early years of the century with the reflections of an old man living at the century's end, addressing his thoughts to a computer named Ecclesias. The story, like Roth's long life, embraces much of the 20th century and seeks, like ''Remembrance of Things Past,'' to show the child and the mature artist as partners in the artistic enterprise.

Roth worked on the book with the fury of a man who has a whole life to redeem. Though he has lived here since 1968, he is immune to the powerful cultures in New Mexico—the Spanish, the Native American, the folk-artistic. He is intent solely on recapturing the past, on picking up the thread he dropped 60 years ago in New York and following it through the maze of his long life. As Joyce passed through Paris and Trieste and Zurich dreaming only of Dublin, Roth now moves through his restricted rounds in New Mexico, a man of single purpose.

"I own a gun and would have used it had it been higher-caliber. Had it been a .38 I'm sure it would have been big enough to blow my brains out."

The concentration required has taxed him to his limit. Still grieving over the death in 1990 of his wife of 51 years, Muriel Parker, and grappling with a manuscript that forced him to re-examine his painful early life, Roth suffered a breakdown. ''I was so exhausted I had to be hospitalized in a mental institution. I thought everything I'd done in my life a vast mistake.''

Yet even as Roth recalls his plans to kill himself, his vitality is evident. ''I had to think of some simple way. Some painless way. I thought, Well, a plastic bag, but then I figured I'd have to go through some minutes of determination not to tear the thing off. I could try to get my hands on heroin to overdose—a little difficult and unreal. I own a gun and would have used it had it been higher-caliber. This one's only .25. Had it been a .38 I'm sure it would have been big enough to blow my brains out.''

There is in Roth's despair, however, testimony to a colossal will to live. Though he likes to point out that the first letters of ''Mercy of a Rude Stream'' spell ''mors,'' the Latin word for death, he admits that writing it has kept him alive. And though his house was built in the 30s as a funeral parlor, the long living room—once the viewing room where dead bodies were displayed—is filled now with bright afternoon light and a forest of houseplants. For all that Roth battles the longing, felt even in his early novel, to shut his eyes and drift out of the conscious world, he is possessed, even at 87, by an unconquerable vigor.

''There was a woman who entered my life for a while,'' Roth later confides. ''She was very beautiful, witty as hell. She'll appear in some volume or other. One day she said to me, 'I know what's wrong with you. You want to be reborn.' And there's a good deal of truth to that.''

Roth has already been reborn once as a writer. Though *Call It Sleep* received favorable reviews when it appeared in 1934—the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* called it ''the most compelling and moving, the most accurate and profound study of an American slum childhood that has yet appeared in this day''—the Depression was not an auspicious time for a literary debut. Roth's publisher went belly-up and the book soon disappeared, though it lingered in the memories of enough readers to achieve a reputation as a neglected masterpiece.

Peter Mayer, now head of the Penguin Group, learned about the book when he was a young New York cabdriver in the 50s from another cabbie. He read a copy of the out-of-print novel in the New York Public Library. ''It was a mind-wrenching, soul-changing experience,'' Mayer recalls. In the 60s, when he landed a publishing job, he used his tiny budget at Avon Books to buy the rights and reissue it. The 30-year-old book became the first paperback ever to be reviewed on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, where Irving Howe called it ''one of the few genuinely distinguished novels written by a 20th-century American.''

Alive with the electric currents of im-

PHOTOGRAPHS LEFT BY JOHN MILLS, RIGHT, BY TED MORRISON

migrant life, *Call It Sleep* tells of David Schearl's coming-of-age amid the teeming, sordid world of New York's Lower East Side. Growing up in a tenement apartment ruled by the wrath of his father, who doubts David is his child, and the close, sensual presence of his mother, the boy gropes painfully for language, experience, and, ultimately, escape. The writing is dense, powerful, full of the brute immediacy of the struggles it relates, a prose with roots in Yiddish that exfoliates, remarkably, into refined English.

"*Call It Sleep* was obviously the real goods," says Arthur Miller. "Whenever you read something authentic like that, it feeds your belief in the whole art."

Roth's rediscovery quickly became the stuff of literary legend, a story that is almost inseparable from his fiction. *Ironweed* author William Kennedy read *Call It Sleep* soon after its republication and was impressed not only by the novel's great literary power but also by the human drama behind it. "I was a newspaper man in Albany aspiring to be a writer, and it struck me as a wonderful story, the resurrection of a writer. It was a literary renaissance that I took heart from."

Only Roth was ambivalent about the book's second coming. Mayer recalls rushing up to Maine in 1964, bearing an advance copy of the *Times* review. "I thought he was going to be enormously grateful," Mayer says. Instead, when the plane landed, Mayer found himself facing "this little man at the end of the airport in a red mackinaw," whose first words were a typical Rothian utterance. "I want you to know," the reclusive writer told the ecstatic editor, "that you're undermining my position."

Roth had grown dependent on his isolation even as he longed to escape it, and, typical of his contrarian nature, he had begun to despise the hero of his first novel just as the world was ready to embrace him. "He was a wicked little son of a bitch," Roth says. He sees the suffering boy as little more than camouflage for his own nasty nature, and the new novel sets out to rewrite the reality of who Roth was, blaming not his tyrannical father, smothering mother, or taunting neighborhood children for his weakness, but himself alone.

"In *Call It Sleep* I invented a victim to cover over the true me," says Roth. In "Mercy of a Rude Stream," "I tried to reconcile myself with the louse I was. Who I detested. I loathed. And maybe get the reader to do it too."

Henry Roth came to this country from a tiny Ukrainian town at the age of two, starting out the way thousands of Jewish immigrant children did at the beginning of this century, in a Yiddish-speaking home on the Lower East Side.

His lover's bohemian intellectual world, the sexual torment Roth suffered at her hands, and his childhood memories all merged in the creation of *Call It Sleep*.

Roth describes his early years as relatively content. It was only after his family moved to Irish Harlem, when he was eight, that he fell out of his protective world. He stopped going to Hebrew school, lost his nerve in street fights, and envied the Irish kids their freedom and energy. Jews seemed weak, obsessed with making money, and Roth developed a strong streak of envy and self-loathing.

Roth's home life, however, had never been idyllic. His father, much like the father in *Call It Sleep*, was subject to terrible rages. "He would go completely berserk," Roth recalls. "Jesus, he would beat the hell out of me." Anyone who has read *Call It Sleep* remains haunted by the father, standing beside his horse, rapping the handle of his whip against his milk wagon to summon his truant son, or remembers the scene in which the father mercilessly beats the eight-year-old boy:

> The next moment his father had snatched up the clothes hanger, and in that awful pause before it descended upon his shoulders, he saw with that accelerated vision of agony, how mute and open mouthed Yussie stood now, with what useless silence.
>
> "You won't answer!" The voice that snarled was the voice of the clothes hanger biting like flame into his flesh. "A curse on your vicious heart! Wild beast! Here, then! Here! Here! Now I'll tame you! I've a free hand now! I warned you! I warned you! Would you heed!"
>
> The chopping strokes of the clothes hanger flayed his wrists, his hands, his back, his breast. There was always a place for it to land no matter where he ducked or writhed or groveled. He screamed, screamed, screamed, and still the blows fell.

The desire to become a different kind of man from his father, whom Roth calls "a worm," is clearly a piece of his long quest to transform his life. "Be a man. *Tsu zayn a mensch*. My mother implanted that in me. She used that to contrast me to my father, who was not a mensch. He was a timid, frightened, frustrated little guy, and that's the best I could say about him." Roth grew up driven by the immigrant's desire to refashion himself, and in 1925 he met a woman eager to remake him.

Call It Sleep is dedicated to Eda Lou Walton, and no understanding of Roth's creativity, or of his later inability to create, is possible without placing at the center Roth's relationship to the powerful woman who alternates as muse and demon in the saga of his life.

Roth met Walton in 1925 when he was a student at City College. He had turned down a scholarship to Cornell ("I was too much of a mama's boy to go") and was still living at home. Walton, a literature instructor at New York University, was having an affair with one of Roth's friends at the time. "She had a great penchant for initiating young men," he says, "probably to keep her own youth."

Roth was just 21, 11 years younger than Walton and so shy "I didn't know what the hell I was doing with myself." He became her lover, and the following year he moved out of his home and into Walton's apartment on Morton Street, on the edge of the West Village. If, as Roth has said, the transition from the protected world of the Lower East Side to Harlem was the first painful split in his consciousness, then the move from his family's home in Harlem to the bohemian Village of the late 1920s dealt the innocent immigrant boy a shattering blow. It was, at the same time, a great awakening.

The poet and critic Stanley Burnshaw, who was a friend of Walton's, remembers meeting Roth in 1932. His description gives a rare glimpse of the young immigrant desperate to impress the world, to fit in, to make his mark. "He came over to see me on a boiling-hot Sunday afternoon," Burnshaw re-

calls. "He was so self-conscious, wanted so to make a good impression, he came wearing thick pigskin gloves! I said, 'Come on, Henry, relax. Relax, relax, relax.' "

Roth's desire to reinvent himself was painfully apparent. "He was obviously interested in improving his English," says Burnshaw. "I went to make some iced tea and when I came back from the kitchen I heard him mumbling and what was he mumbling? It was Italian from the *Inferno*! And the next time I came back he was mumbling Gerard Manley Hopkins. Constantly, constantly, words, words, words. He was schooling himself. And I was very much touched by that."

Walton saw to it that Roth received a thorough education. "She took me under her wing and into her bed," Roth says bluntly. She lent Roth the copy of *Ulysses* she had smuggled into the country from France ("This petite, innocent-looking woman—where did she put it?") and initiated him in other ways as well. Walton, who was always "very candid," told Roth early on that she had "spent the night with another man, experimentally, and that kind of crumpled things. From that point on I knew I was dealing with a different kind of woman. It would never be one-to-one."

But he needed her encouragement and her financial support "at a time when anybody else who wrote was really broke," and for a while the arrangement worked. There were poets, writers, and intellectuals to meet, and there was the understanding that Roth too would someday produce a great work. The heady mix of Walton's bohemian intellectual world, the sexual torment he suffered at the hands of his worldly lover, and the haunting memories of his abruptly broken-off childhood all merged in the creation of his masterpiece, *Call It Sleep*.

But even as Roth was fulfilling Walton's lofty literary expectations, his fragile sense of himself as an artist and a man was being overwhelmed. "I was really beginning to disintegrate," he recalls. "There was a degeneration. She was taking care of me. Then some other guy became interested and we lived in a kind of ménage à trois. He was an attorney in Perth Amboy; he'd come in on weekends and the bed would be his. I'd sleep in the studio. Don't tell me that's normal. But I didn't have enough . . . masculinity, or whatever you call it . . . possessiveness to say 'Nothing doing.' And I didn't want to marry her anyway. And I did want to finish *Call It Sleep*. And I knew of no other way of finishing it than to stay with her."

Recalling a drive up to Maine with Roth in 1932, Burnshaw gives a sense of the rage that simmered in the writer. Walton was not on the trip, but she had sent her cat along with her lover. "Henry," Burnshaw recalls, "did not like cats." At one point, they stopped by the side of the road and the cat ran into the bushes. Roth, tired of waiting for it, stalked the animal and pounced. Burnshaw narrates with horror how Roth, "seizing the cat, lifted her high in the air, gripping her tightly. He grabbed her legs, pulled her close to his face, opened his jaws, and started biting her belly." The next moment Burnshaw saw blood spurting from Roth's hand. "Henry dropped the cat and it ran off to hell and that was the end of the cat."

"The best thing that happened to me is that I was not able to write another successful novel following *Call It Sleep*. I became a nonentity again."

It was also almost the end of Roth, who, Burnshaw recalls, was in danger of contracting tetanus and was driven to a local hospital, his hand wrapped in a blood-soaked rag.

Roth survived to finish his novel, and after four years of concentrated labor, he showed the completed manuscript to Walton. "I still remember the evening when I came home and she was reading it. She was reading the last few pages, and I came in and started to say something and she shooed me away. So I waited till she finished. And she broke into tears at the end. I asked, 'What?' And she said, 'You're so much greater an artist than me.' "

But Roth paid for his victory. The association of the life of the artist with a life of degeneracy began to unravel the writer's identity. "*Portnoy's Complaint*, by my namesake Philip Roth, is mild compared to my life," says Roth, hinting darkly at a sexual disintegration he refuses to explain. He will, however, confess, "I had become degenerate in my eyes. In my eyes homosexuality is degenerate," and Roth felt he was headed in that direction.

Roth's break with Walton did not come immediately. He spent four more years with her, working on a second novel without success. By then another powerful force had come along to help break Walton's hold. Communism, the great lure for so many Jewish intellectuals of the 1930s, seemed to promise not only global redemption but personal salvation: "By becoming an active Communist I could climb out of what I was, negate what I was. And become that kind of a decent person that I sought to be."

Roth couldn't write like a Communist—he abandoned his second novel, about a worker who loses his hand in a factory accident—but he could at least live like one. He threw himself into a life of labor, physical work that seemed an antidote to his fears of parasitism and masculine disintegration. Roth took boxing lessons after a bad experience distributing leaflets to longshoremen encouraging them to leave the A.F.L. and join the C.I.O. "I got the piss knocked out of me on the waterfront," says Roth, who claims he became such a good boxer that he considered turning pro: "I had a great left hook."

Instead he became a laborer, known as "Hank" in the machine shops of New York and Boston, where he ground precision tools and tried to organize the workers. As he had killed off the good Jewish boy, he now set about killing off the writer.

In 1938, Roth finally left Eda Lou Walton and, a year later, married Muriel Parker, a pianist and composer he had met at Yaddo, the Saratoga Springs, New York, artists' colony. Roth looks tearfully at a photograph of her when he speaks of "my beautiful, wonderful wife. I adore her. I might get cross and all that sort of shit, but I would come begging."

Muriel, who had been a star pupil of Nadia Boulanger's in Paris and was looking forward to a promising career as a musician, gave up composing

when Roth renounced writing. "Anything he wanted to do, she went along with," says Roth's sister, Rose Broder. In this case it meant moving to rural Maine, living in bleak poverty, and teaching in a one-room schoolhouse to support her husband while he brooded over his lost vocation. He cut wood, worked as an attendant in a psychiatric hospital, and at last established himself as a farmer and slaughterer of waterfowl.

What the bullfights were to Hemingway, killing ducks was to Roth. "He thought it built character," says his son Hugh, who remembers standing beside his brother, Jeremy, for long days before Christmas or Thanksgiving, assisting his father in the decollating, plucking, and dressing. It was not always clear to others what he was up to. "How could he give up a God-given talent and fool around with chickens and ducks?" Rose Broder, who had typed the original manuscript of *Call It Sleep*, remembers wondering whenever she visited him. "We didn't know these terrible conflicts that tore him. We just thought he was lazy."

These terrible conflicts—about his lost literary powers, his lost Jewishness, his lost childhood—drove Roth into deep depression. He was, according to his son, "without getting too clinical about it, chronically depressed." Hugh describes his father as a man fighting to keep his mind alive. "He would spend days doing math, physics, whatever. He would sit forever at these things. This is how months passed, years passed." Roth describes mathematics as a way to get "as far away from myself as I could go and still use my mind.

"The best thing that happened to me," Roth now claims, "is that I was not able to write another successful novel following *Call It Sleep*. I had to re-enter that anonymous world. I became a nonentity again. People don't realize the importance of becoming a nonentity. It gives you a chance, again, to be taken for granted, to mingle with all kinds of people to whom you are nothing special."

Though he placed a premium on hard work, there was a theatrical element to his labor, even if he was enacting it for no one but himself. "I'd be mortified to tell you how little money he made after you subtract expenses," his son Hugh says. "He could have done any number of things and made more money, but this kept him isolated. He only had to deal with things on his terms." For all his desire to "hit the grid and be a man," it was still his wife who earned the bulk of their meager living. As his sister puts it, "When it came to coping for himself, Henry did a lousy job."

Meanwhile, Roth's Communism was catching up with him. He remembers "the men in snap-brim hats" driving behind him on country roads, harassing his neighbors, feigning an interest in buying ducks. One day, he burned his journals, disposing of tortured literary fragments along with whatever incriminating information they might have contained about his Communist activities, the names of friends. (Some writings, including a portion of his second novel, survived and were later published in a collection called *Shifting Landscapes*.)

But while Roth was toiling in Maine, *Call It Sleep*, like a message cast out in a bottle years before, was being read and recovered. At last Roth was a writer again in the eyes of the world, and in his own eyes he became one more and more. A few years later, during the Six-Day War, Communism's spell broke when Roth found himself defying the party line and supporting Israel. Finally he had found Jews who seemed to him as scrappy as the Irish kids in his old neighborhood, and he could reclaim his roots without fearing that he was returning to the weak ways of David Schearl, the victim of his early novel.

There is a Lear-like quality to Henry Roth: the man who gave up his kingdom but still wants to be king.

Not that Roth has completely conquered his lifelong feelings of ineptitude. He refers to his wife's death as "a gift." By dying, Muriel "conferred on me a new practicality which I didn't have. She buffered for me so. In every detail. She even did the income tax. Now I have to. And I have to think, or try to think, practically."

At 87, Henry Roth is still trying to grow up.

To spend time with Roth is to be drawn instantly into physical intimacy. "Give me a five-pound thrust," he will say as he tries to rise. "Hand me that cane, will you?" Roth wears a red plastic whistle around his neck to blow in case of an emergency, though he generally has no trouble making himself heard without it. He has a deep, gravelly voice that he can project easily anywhere in the house. There is, for all his self-abnegation, a shrewd ability to get by, to manage. "Why don't you take me to the doctor?" he suggests, adding, only half in humor, "At least you'll be making yourself useful."

Roth's house is in fact full of useful people, all younger than his own children and all devoted to his work and welfare. Felicia Steele, 22, has spent the last four years caring for Roth, helping to manage his finances, cooking, even editing much of his manuscript. She and her boyfriend, Brian, are in the process of moving out so that Felicia can pursue a Ph.D. in English at the University of Texas. David Seder, a 23-year-old who dropped out of Harvard and hitchhiked to Albuquerque, is moving in with his girlfriend, Nisu. There are crates strewn about the floor, a pair of Everlast boxing gloves, a boom box, all merging strangely with Roth's wheelchair and walker, his basket of medication on the kitchen table. The house is a cross between a college dorm, an old-age home, and a writers' colony.

Two dogs trot through the kitchen on their way outside, nails clicking on the linoleum. "Get the hell out of here, ya mutt. I'll break every bone in your body, et cetera," mutters Roth, playing the curmudgeon. There's an antic, self-amusing quality to the way Roth speaks, a rough-voiced musicality, almost in the manner of Jimmy Durante. But there's also an edge, a hint of the city streets that 50 years of wandering have left intact. His voice carries the impatience of a man who cannot do things for himself but wants them done just right. The striking blend of dominance and dependence in Roth's personality does not seem to have come only from old age. There is a Lear-like quality to Roth: the man who gave up his kingdom but still wants to be king.

Roth's hands, which have done so many things, from holding a pen to slaughtering ducks, are painful to look at. Rheumatoid arthritis has warped them almost into uselessness. "My handwriting is shot," says Roth, who has been saved by computers. His cir-

culation is poor, he has recently had a toe amputated, and he has a doctor's appointment—which I drive him to—to check on the results.

Afterward, Roth is relaxed and cheerfully insists on taking me to "his favorite place," a "day-old" bakery. "I am an incorrigible bargain hunter. This place will sell you day-old bread—the kind I like—three loaves for a dollar." Roth stares admiringly at the rows of baked goods. "Look at those hot-dog rolls, those loaves, those buns. In my home, almost everything was bread, even dessert. It's just a poverty way of getting food down."

But, for Roth, those humble loaves are pure poetry. Like Theodore Dreiser, who recorded the price of his butter purchases in his journal, Roth can wax rhapsodic about the lowliest articles. His memory for precise physical detail, felt everywhere in the new book, charges the material world with an almost mystical energy. He considers himself not an intellectual but "somebody who still belongs to a world where objects have a certain validity of their own, rather than ideas."

Steeping himself in ordinary things, in a life outside of literature, paradoxically preserved Roth as a writer. Dying to the world so that he could wake and view creation with renewed freshness is the myth he has woven out of years of writer's block. "You'll either use it," Roth says of his escape into real life, "or you'll die—which is usually what happens. But if you live long enough, as happens in my life, you can use it." In the end, writer's block became his inspiration.

"I was a gauge-maker in a machine shop," he recalls. "Had I been anything like normal, that's what I would have done until I retired. I'm sure my pay would have gone way up. But somehow this other bug never left me and, no matter what, there was always that inner flow. I can't explain it except to say that there was a kind of endless gnawing to get back to this thing that I was able to create in the first place. But I couldn't find the next step. I was always starting things and leaving off. Until I was 73, in the year '79. Then I hit on it."

What Roth hit on was a way to write autobiographical fiction. He abandoned the elaborate high-modernist design of *Call It Sleep* and developed a more relaxed, more directly autobiographical approach. "Mercy of a Rude Stream" is loosely structured and encyclopedic, with room enough for a ghetto boyhood, Eda Lou Walton, Communism, and everything else in his epic life. What holds it all together is Roth's voice—by turns breezy, pedantic, lofty, and low. It is a voice that, for all its art, hardly differs from Roth's own speech.

The mystery is where the art ends: Roth's life has a symbolic shape that scarcely needs to be transformed into fiction. Describing his job as an attendant in a psychiatric hospital in the 1940s, he told me of the "pitiful cases, stuck in some routine in the brain. They would conduct music or have arguments of a political nature; others would genuflect every few minutes—poor religious nuts." What more perfect place for a man who was himself stuck in a "routine in the brain," beginning again and again the novels he eventually burned? And can it be an accident that Maine, where Roth went to escape himself as a writer in 1946, is also where, in the summer of '32, he had worked at fever pitch on a good portion of *Call It Sleep*? Or that he finally resumed writing in New Mexico—the home state of Eda Lou Walton?

"You'll either use it," Roth says of his escape into real life, "or you'll die—which is usually what happens."

"I'm aware of the irony" is all Roth will laconically concede. But whether he admits it or not, he was constantly running into the arms of the very thing he sought to escape, so that for all his renunciation the elements of his creative life were always within reach.

Even his aborted second novel, abandoned in the 30s, seems uncannily charged with autobiography. Critics have traditionally assumed, following Roth's own lead, that the novel was never finished because Roth, in the grip of Communist fervor, sought to write a proletarian novel too removed from his own life. But it seems equally possible that the novel was in fact too close to Roth's own experience. That in writing about a factory worker and boxer who lost his hand and his profession he was writing about his own lost vocation as a writer—even as he was losing it. No wonder he could not complete that grim meditation, prophetically centered on loss and laceration. He lived the story's conclusion rather than write it. And now he is writing what he has lived.

Roth, of course, will have none of this. He ends all further speculation with a wave of the hand, muttering, "You write whatever the hell you want."

On the last evening we are together, Roth steps out into the strong western light, supported on either side by Felicia and Brian, blinking like Lazarus back from the dead. The Sandia Mountains are rusted gold in the distance. An old cottonwood tree is showering tufted seeds over the house and yard, and Roth curses it cheerfully as he inches slowly toward the car in the bedroom slippers he wears indoors and out. The ground beneath his feet is parched. "I've got to water this joint," Roth grumbles to himself. He's been hoping for rain for weeks.

Later that evening, driving back from dinner, I finally ask what has been on my mind all along: "If you could do everything over again, what would you do differently?"

Without hesitation, Roth responds, "I wish I had gone to work at age 14."

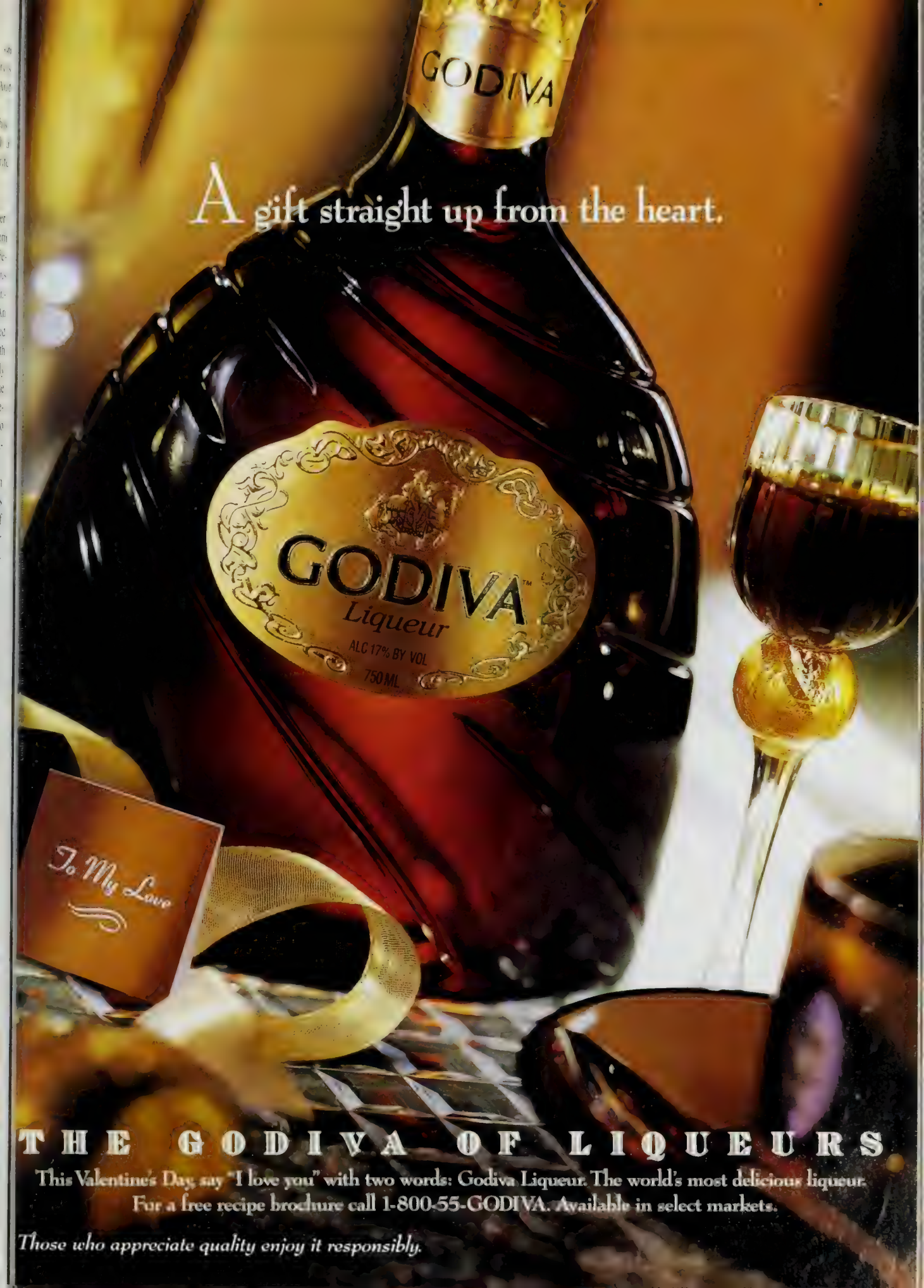
And never written *Call It Sleep*?

"I wish I'd never read a book," he replies. Laughing, he retreats. "Just kidding." But then he seems to change his mind once more. "I certainly do. I say that because I would have preferred a happier life. That's a legitimate reason, isn't it? I mean, the writer—especially one like myself—suffers a great deal. The labor that he puts into it. I'm sure any writer, it isn't I alone."

"But what if you make others happy with your writing?" asks Brian from the backseat.

"I don't have to be a sacrifice for other people," Roth replies with a chuckle. "I ain't no Jesus Christ." But there is more than a hint of satisfaction in his voice, as if he would not, in fact, have had it any other way.

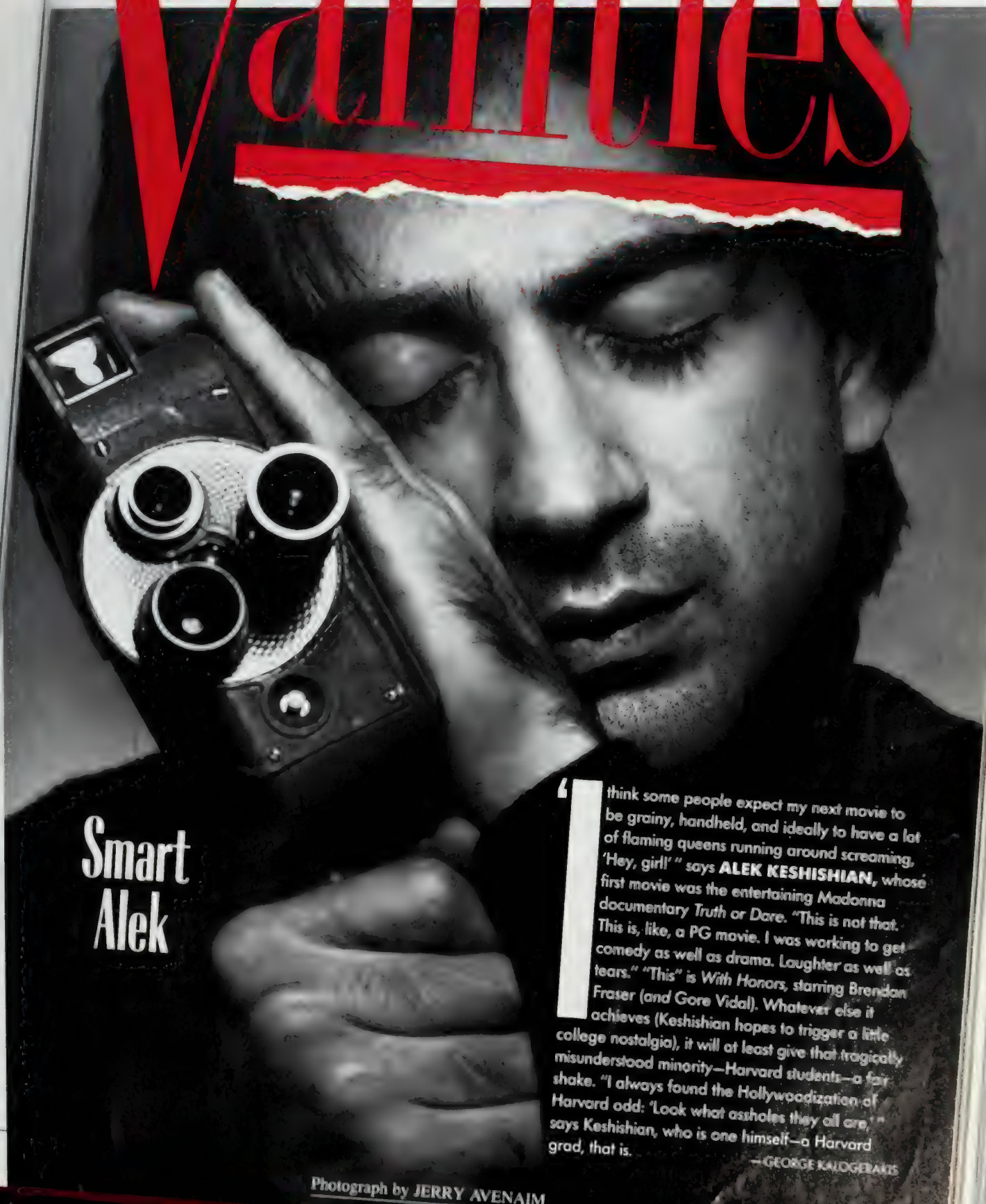
If he has more to say, he does not share it. He is distracted by the large raindrops that have begun falling on the windshield and on the thirsty New Mexican earth. Roth tilts his head back, smiling his wide, enigmatic smile. "At last," he sighs, as if he too has been watered. "Let's have some more of that liquid stuff." □


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Vanities



Smart Alek

"I think some people expect my next movie to be grainy, handheld, and ideally to have a lot of flaming queens running around screaming, 'Hey, girl!' " says **ALEK KESHISHIAN,** whose first movie was the entertaining Madonna documentary *Truth or Dare*. "This is not that. This is, like, a PG movie. I was working to get comedy as well as drama. Laughter as well as tears." "This" is *With Honors*, starring Brendan Fraser (and Gore Vidal). Whatever else it achieves (Keshishian hopes to trigger a little college nostalgia), it will at least give that tragically misunderstood minority—Harvard students—a fair shake. "I always found the Hollywoodization of Harvard odd: 'Look what assholes they all are,' " says Keshishian, who is one himself—a Harvard grad, that is.

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by JERRY AVENAIM

Hype & Glory

By MATTHEW TYRNAUER

Kaki doesn't always mean beige: the design world's verdict on Bill and Hillary's fun house

Sister Parish is being kind. "I met the new decorator, Ms. Hockersmith. She came to lunch, and she's very nice." She's referring to Kaki Hockersmith, of course, Little Rock's Pulaski Heights showhouse queen, the former doyenne of the Dillard's furniture department, who has now swagged her way to superstardom redecorating the family quarters of the Clinton White House—Victorianizing the Lincoln Sitting Room, vinylizing the walls of the Treaty Room, and, perhaps most important, converting the Bushes' butler's pantry into the Clintons' kitchen.

Mrs. Parish, of course, can identify with Kaki's position. As Jacqueline Kennedy's interior decorator for the celebrated 1961 redecoration of the White House, and a gentlewoman in any regard, she would be among the last to cast any stones. "The Clintons' rooms are handsome and quite comfortable," she says. "And what it all costs is very, very inexpensive, so there'll be no criticism." Keep dreaming, Sister.

While the Kennedy-and-Parish White House revamping is viewed as a major American cultural achievement, the Clintons' Kaki redo has incited outcries of virtual aesthetic treason.

"It's totally *Meet Me in St. Louis*. It's only missing Judy Garland in a strawberry-blond wig," says New York decorator Jeffrey Bilhuber, referring to the reconceptualization of the second-floor Lincoln Sitting Room, a little-used corner parlor that was once the White House Telegraph Room, was later a favorite hideaway of Richard Nixon's, and is now a *very* Kaki 19th-century fantasia of burgundy, cream, and gold.

Hockersmith took her inspiration for this room from the Clintons' seemingly innocuous request for "stronger Victorian décor." What she gave them, by some reckonings, swerves uncomfortably close to the riverboat-casino aesthetic. Or, if you ask San Francisco decorator Anthony Hail, "Lucius Beebe's railroad car, the last caboose."

"It goes deeper than coordinating gold brocade with red damask," adds Bilhuber, expanding on his *Meet Me in St. Louis* riff. And Hockersmith, at least on one level, agrees:



"There's whimsy in the Treaty Room," she says. And, undeniably, in the Lincoln parlor, with its much-celebrated ovoid burgundy valance shields emblazoned with leaf-tailed dolphins, which began their distinguished life as window treatments in a Hockersmith room of the Arkansas Symphony Designer House. But caprice is counterbalanced by historical accuracy. Hockersmith notes, "The Clintons spent a lot of time studying the way the rooms once looked."

These are not fussy museum settings, however. New

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER

York designer Mario Buatta observes that they are more period pieces than re-creations. "It's the drippings of Mrs. Lincoln. Her droppings . . . ," he says, magically evoking thoughts of the Clintons' controversial Victorian floor covering, which the White House stiffly calls "flat-woven 'Scotch' carpet with alternating rosettes and medallions in red, green, and gold." Most everyone else has simply called it ugly.

Buatta may not be wild about Victoriana, but in the end he's sympathetic to Hockersmith: "Working for the president is a tough job. You use the best that's available in 'the White House attic.' " Indeed, the blending of the Clintons' personal *objets* with the White House collection was one of Hockersmith's principal challenges. Here's a brief assessment of her handiwork, based on excerpts from the White House curator's inventory:



The Kaki-est girl in the whole U.S.A.! Hockersmith relaxing in the "whimsical" red vinyl Treaty Room.

LINCOLN SITTING ROOM: Hail, Mary!

LINCOLN PROGRAM, *for the Inaugural Ball, March 4, 1861. LINCOLN FAMILY, by Thomas Kelly (1836–1914), 1866. Fanciful indoor scene of President and Mrs. Lincoln, Robert, Willie, and Tad. The Lincolns as a family never posed for an artist or a photographer.* SIDE CHAIRS, *c. 1862, American. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish II.* WATCHCASE, *enameled gold, c. 1865. Outdoor scenes of flowers and a girl with dog; associated with the Petersen House, in which Lincoln died, April 15, 1865. A gift from Mrs. Petersen to her niece, who had only recently recovered from an illness in the room in which the wounded Lincoln was placed.* ANTIQUE CONTINENTAL TELEPHONE, *gold-plate decoration on steel, c. 1892, Sweden. Made by the Ericsson Company. First handset type of telephone; mechanically renovated and updated, c. 1963.*

TREATY ROOM: Shock of the new.

THE LONELIEST JOB IN THE WORLD, by George Tames. Photograph of J.F.K. in the Oval Office. BOOKCASES, *pair, walnut, 1993. Made by the White House Carpentry Shop, designed by Kaki Hockersmith.* EASY CHAIR *and* OTTOMAN, *property of the Clintons.* GAMING TABLE, *walnut, 1993. Designed by Kaki Hockersmith, made by Trosby Furniture, Atlanta. Removable top inlaid with presidential seal and checkerboard; backgammon-board subtop. Property of the Clintons.*

OVAL OFFICE: Synthetic-bust fantasia.

BUSTS *of Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, F.D.R., and J.F.K. Produced of a bronze-toned synthetic material by Alva Studios. Property of President Clinton.* SAPPHIRE BUSTS *of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Carved from some of the world's largest sapphires found in Australia. THE THINKER, by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917). Bronze of Rodin's famous sculpture lent to President Clinton by the B. Gerald Cantor Collection.*

—Reporting by Robert Felner

Briefly, Paul Smith



Occupation: Playful, deceptively youthful British fashion designer. At 47, shows no signs of wanting to grow up.

Until Recently, His Singular Mission in Life: To knock the stuffiness out of English men's wear.

People Who Have Helped Him Do That: Daniel Day-Lewis, Mick Jagger, David Hockney, architect Richard Rogers, have all worn his clothes.

His New Mission: To knock the stuffiness out of British women's wear. He launches his first collection for women this month.

What Inspired Him? "Popular demand. Women were already buying the men's clothes for themselves."

Any Reason He (or We) Should Be Nervous About This? "It's new territory for me. I'm feeling my way, learning as I go along."

His Favorite Accessories from the New Collection: Vintage handbags from the 1950s and 1960s.

Anyone in His Life Who Might Have a Practical Interest in the Handbags? Business partner and girlfriend of 26 years Pauline Denyer. "We've never, ever mentioned marriage."

Does He Ever Relax? Occasionally at his farmhouse in Tuscany. "But the moment you finish one collection, you have to start on another."

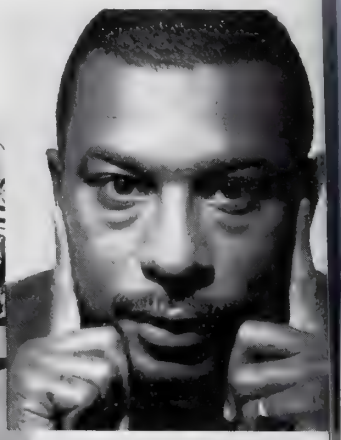
—ROGER TREDRE

Vanities

Hot Type











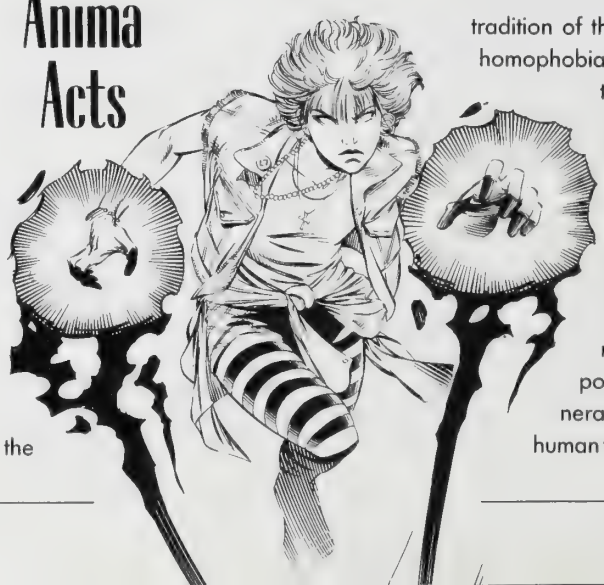
Clockwise from left: V.F. *contributor Roger Rosenblatt; Caryl Phillips; Pete Hamill; Anchee Min, who had a front-row seat at the Chinese Cultural Revolution; and Ann-Margret in* The Swinger *(1966).*

Spanning 250 years of the African diaspora, *Cambridge* author **CARYL PHILLIPS'S** new novel, *Crossing the River* (Knopf), bends time to tell the emotionally powerful stories of three black siblings sold into slavery. One becomes a missionary to Liberia in the 1830s, one a pioneer on a wagon train to the American Wild West, and one a G.I. stationed in a Yorkshire village during World War II. The book was short-listed for the Booker Prize; its author was born in Saint Kitts and now teaches at Amherst College.

Also this month: **ROGER ROSENBLATT'S** sparkling essays and criticism are collected in *The Man in the Water* (Random House). **PAUL BOWLES'S** correspondence is collected in *In Touch* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). **PETE HAMILL** recounts his celebrated career and his battle with alcoholism in his memoir, *A Drinking Life* (Little, Brown). **IRIS MURDOCH** transposes the Cain-and-Abel story to contemporary London in *The Green Knight* (Viking). A man's ability to stop time affords him sexual license in **NICHOLSON BAKER'S** new novel, *The Fermata* (Random House). Media critic **EDWIN DIAMOND** looks *Behind the "Times": Inside the New "New York Times"* (Villard). **ANCHEE MIN** chronicles growing up during China's Cultural Revolution in *Red Azalea* (Pantheon). **TONY EARLEY'S** short stories are collected in *Here We Are in Paradise* (Little, Brown). Aided by **TODD GOLD, ANN-MARGRET** offers her eponymous memoir (Putnam). *Visiting Mrs. Nabokov and Other Excursions* (Harmony) is a collection of **MARTIN AMIS'S** journalism. **LANI GUINIER'S** essays on voting rights are compiled in *The Tyranny of the Majority* (Free Press). Two young lovers are in flight in **JOHN UPDIKE'S** novel *Brazil* (Knopf). **ETHAN CANIN'S** *The Palace Thief* (Random House) is made up of four novellas. *Leaving Home* (Putnam) is **ART BUCHWALD'S** autobiography. **GEORGE DUDLEY** gives a historical account of the United Nations building in *A Workshop for Peace* (Architectural History Foundation). An ordinary man unravels an extraordinary mystery in **HARUKI MURAKAMI'S** novel *Dance Dance Dance* (Kodansha). And a hustler encounters an organ-theft ring in **GARY INDIANA'S** novel *Rent Boy* (Serpent's Tail).

—HENRY ALFORD

Anima Acts



Anima is her name, transformation is her game. But there's no New Age mumbo jumbo in the changes wrought by DC Comics' newest teen superhero. A suicide blonde in Doc Martens and a ripped T-shirt, bigger-than-life Anima (née Courtney Mason) takes on all the real challenges that she and her peers face, from AIDS, pregnancy, and rampant sexism in the tradition of the Spur Posse to drug addiction, homophobia, and racism. But then, what's a girl to do? She's alienated from her divorced parents, and sudden heir to the stunning powers of the meta-gene—so it's no wonder her eyes turn from blue to emerald green as she herself metamorphoses from a high-school rabble-rouser into a ranting *raver* whose awesome powers and equally awesome vulnerabilities make her more and less human than the rest of us. —SUSAN THAMES

STEVE CRESPO AND CHRIS IVY


HERE IS NO SLIMMER WAY TO SMOKE.
Original
Capri
SUPER SLIMS
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Drag Vet

Does Uncle Miltie Ru the day he went on MTV?

Get one thing straight: Milton Berle was into dresses before RuPaul was *even born!* GEORGE WAYNE talks to Mr. Television about his rueful encounter with America's current drag darling, and rewinds to some other big moments from his estimable 80 years in show biz.

George Wayne: *So tell me, Mr. Berle, what was the problem between you and RuPaul at the MTV music awards?*

Milton Berle: Well, MTV asked me if I would make an appearance, teaming me up with . . . what's his name? Rude-Paul? Because in the 40s and 50s I wore dresses in shtick and doing bits. So this person . . . what's his name?

G.W. *RuPaul.*

M.B. Rude-Paul, this female impersonator—I don't know how long he's been in show business, maybe two months. So they figured me being of my era it would be a good comedic point if we both came out together wearing drag. I am one that respects what I'm doing, and the word is rehearse, practice, know your lines. When he finally showed, he said, "Don't worry about me, I know exactly what I'm doing," in a very gayish way. So the first time I met him was when we walked on. My line was "I used to wear dresses, but I don't anymore." And he was supposed to say, "Why don't you?" And my answer was "Because it's a drag." But instead he said, "What do you wear, diapers?" Being a reference in my mind that I'm a little over-aged, that I possibly pee in my pants. I was ready to hit him with a left hook to the stomach, right on-camera.

G.W. *You were the first real TV star, Mr. Television! You made your movie debut with Charlie Chaplin! What more could Uncle Miltie want from life?*

M.B. Nothing more. I was brought up in show business. I was the Buster Brown boy when I was five, in 1913!

G.W. *What's the greatest honor you've ever received?*

M.B. Well, I was the first comedian-actor to appear simultaneously on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. I was also the first one inducted into the TV Academy Hall of Fame, along with the beloved and terribly missed Lucille Ball.

G.W. *I hear the secret to your longevity is that you drink a gallon of water every day.*

M.B. It flushes me. . . .

G.W. *You're a big deal in the Friars Club. What did you think of the Ted Danson–Whoopi Goldberg debacle?*

M.B. I'm the Abbot Emeritus of the Friars Club. I must take a stand on the Friars' behalf. It's no one's business what we do at the club. We only roast people we like, and it's all in jest. It was Whoopi's idea—she wrote the material, she thought it would be funny. It is none of the media's business. This is our own fun, Friars' fun. This was not for public consumption.

G.W. *What do you think of Roseanne Arnold?*

M.B. I like her. She has a character going for her and she sticks to her character.

G.W. *Who do you think are the great comedians?*

M.B. Jack Benny was one of the greatest comedians who ever lived because he was not afraid of pausing, he was not afraid of silence. He took his time, and his timing was the greatest in the world. Woody Allen is one of the giants, and then, of the new group, Robin Williams.

G.W. *Do you still watch television?*

M.B. I do not watch sitcoms, because they are all the same, the premise. I'm too show-wise.

G.W. *How is your sex life?*

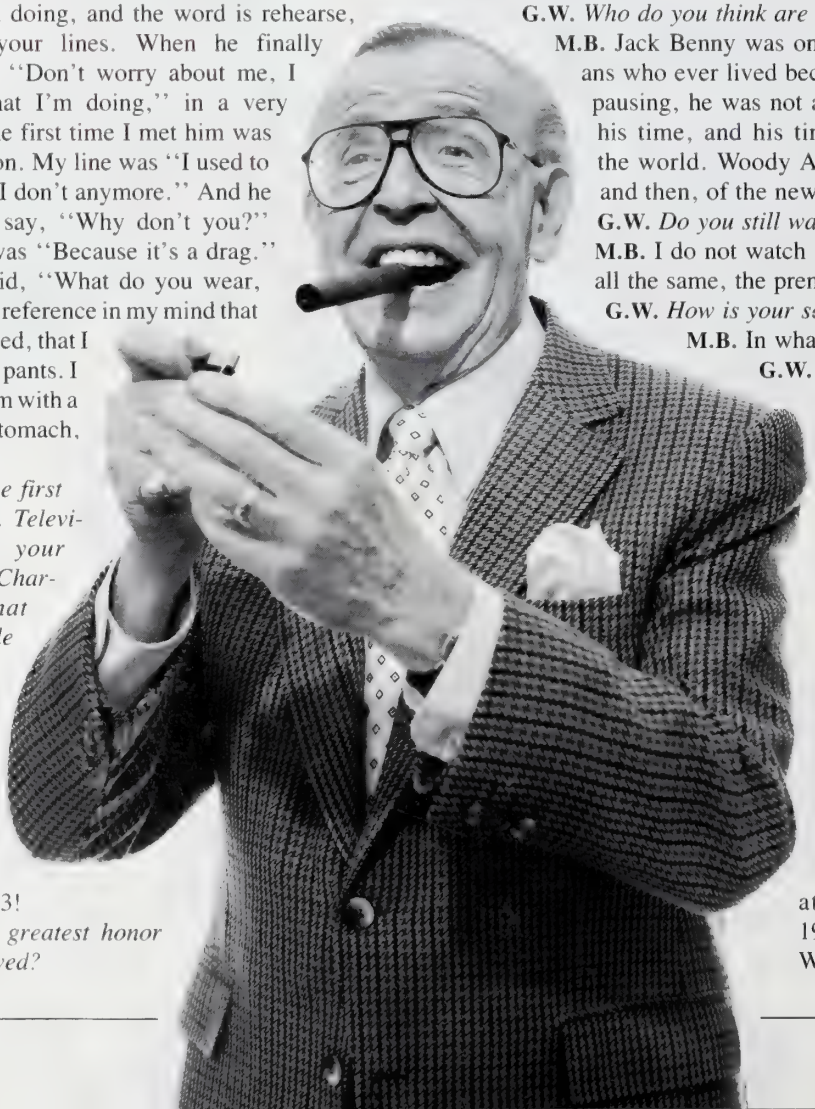
M.B. In what respect?

G.W. *Do you still have orgasms?*

M.B. What kind of a question is that? Do you wanna test me? You sound like Howard Stern! I'm not even gonna answer you.

G.W. *How about the mythic figures you've met? What are some of Uncle Miltie's lasting impressions?*

M.B. Well, I was in Washington the other day, and I got such a mist in my eyes when I realized that I was at the White House in 1920 and I met Woodrow Wilson.



KATE GARNER



BABY GUESS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Buchanan Fodder



There's nothing hard-boiled about Edna Buchanan, the legendary Miami crime reporter. Her terse prose hides an ardent heart. Buchanan won a Pulitzer Prize while covering more than 5,000 violent deaths in almost two decades with *The Miami Herald*, but she still seems, well, *shocked* by each new killing. "It's terrible, isn't it?" she says about last summer's tourist murders, which thrust South Florida (again) into the international spotlight. She's been off the *Herald*'s crime beat since 1988, when she went on leave to focus on her "first love": fiction. Her fifth book, *Miami, It's Murder*, out this month from Hyperion, is her best yet—it's an atmosphere-soaked page-turner about bad cops, a serial rapist, and a politician with a dark past that reads like half Mickey Spillane, half Joan Didion.

While Buchanan sorely misses the *Herald* newsroom and "the cops and the crooks and the sources," she's busy completing her third novel and negotiating another crime series. What's more, Touchstone is working on a made-for-TV movie about her life, and the Don Johnson Company has expressed an interest in filming *Miami, It's Murder*. (*Miami Vice, She Wrote*?) Buchanan dismisses the hype. "It's just such a joy to write fiction," she says. "You can make the good guys win and the bad guys get what they deserve."

—DWIGHT GARNER

Night-table Reading



Wim Wenders *(director):*
The Art of Hunger, *by Paul Auster (Penguin). "This is a collection of around 20 essays, each of them sharp and intelligent and beautifully written."*

Julia Louis-Dreyfus *(actress):*
Let Evening Come, *by Jane Kenyon (Graywolf). "This is a book of poems which reverberate in the mind. They are complex but easy to become familiar with."*





Vivienne Westwood *(fashion designer):*
Romantic Agony, *by Mario Praz (Oxford). "It is a monograph of the Romantic literature of the 19th century from the aspect of erotic sensibility."*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



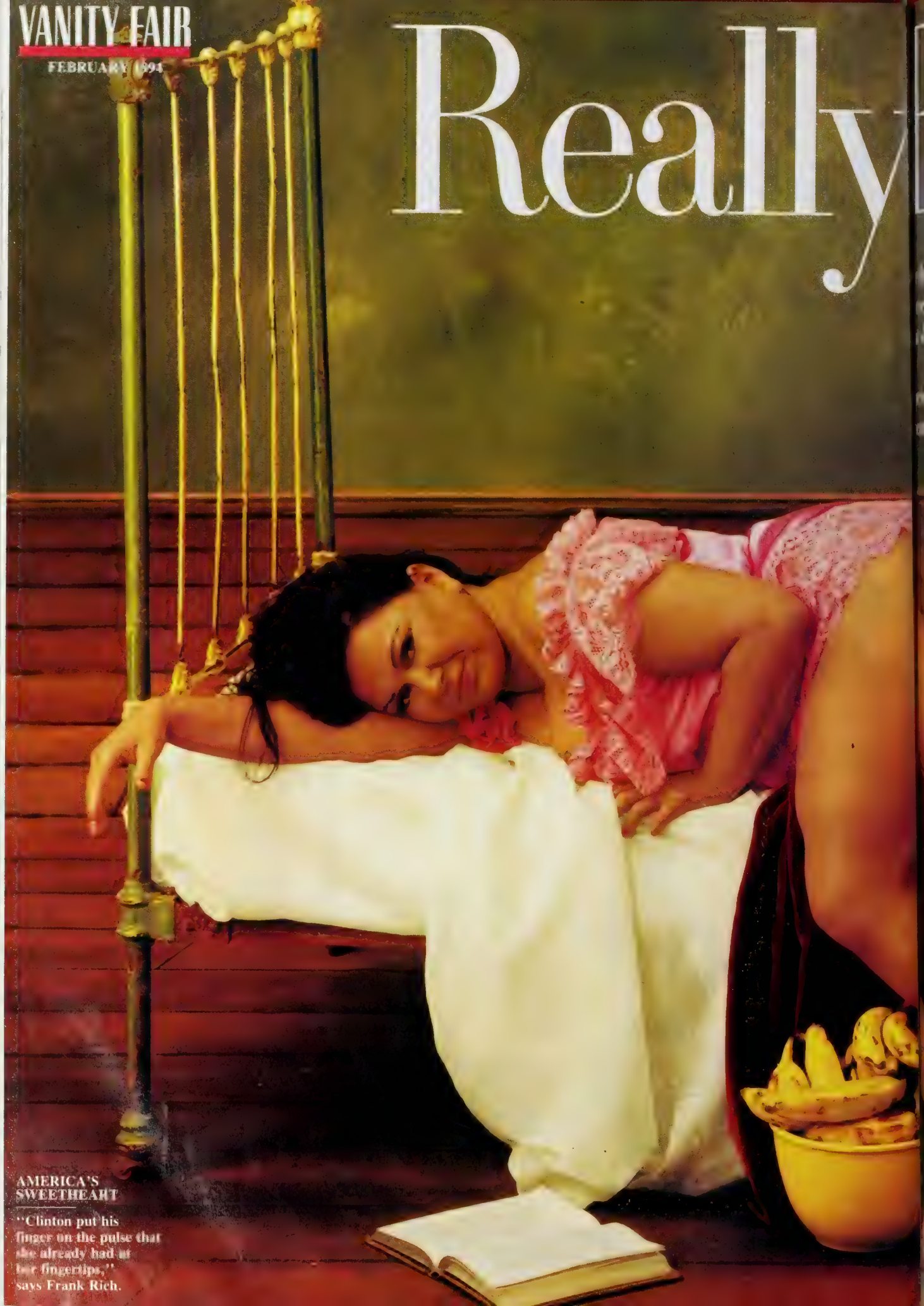


(Addenda: Although he apologized profusely, Sophia and Vincenzo's wife still had lunch together.)

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VANITY FAIR
FEBRUARY 1994

Really



AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

"Clinton put his finger on the pulse that she already had at her fingertips," says Frank Rich.

Roseanne

Roseanne Arnold is fighting for her life.
– the self-proclaimed richest, most powerful woman in Hollywood,
every day is a battle to survive—to awaken from the nightmare
t she says began with childhood molestation and became a cycle of
drug abuse and depression. Displaying the trademark
profane honesty that drives her marriage to Tom Arnold and her
coming autobiography, *My Lives*, Roseanne tells KEVIN SESSUMS
how she keeps winning the war within her



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

It's Thursday night in Studio City, that most generic of incorporated-Hollywood hangouts, and the *Roseanne* television show, that most nongeneric of sitcoms, is ready to start taping its latest installment. Crew members take their stations, including the eponymous star's real-life husband, Tom Arnold, who is the show's executive producer, and Kim Silva, vice president of Roseanne and Tom's production company, who is extremely close to the couple. She is so close, in fact, that later tonight Roseanne and Tom will start the rumor that results in headlines across America regarding their three-way marriage.

A handsome man filled with the feisty playfulness of a young bloodhound with a bladder full of mischief, Tom Arnold is in constant pet-me, love-me motion before the taping begins. His legs twitch nervously as he tries to stay seated in the chair that has his name printed on the back of it. Since their marriage, Arnold has become the father figure on the set, yet he seems more puppy than papa.

An announcer's voice comes over the public-address system and begins to introduce the cast to the assembled audience, which has already been primed for a good time by the show's warm-up comedian, a job that Tom Arnold was fired from before he married the star. One by one, as their names are called, the cast comes running out through the show's famous kitchen as if this were Madison Square Garden instead of Mary Tyler Moore Studios. Not Roseanne. She simply saunters on, knowing exactly where she is. The audience, astonished at how great she looks, hoots and hollers its approval. Roseanne Arnold—after breast reduction, a tummy tuck, a nose job, a facelift, and a new, Cleopatra haircut—looks amazingly like Elizabeth Taylor imagined by Madame Toussaud.

Now in its sixth season, *Roseanne* is better and more biting than ever. Every Tuesday night at nine, Americans by the millions tune in to watch the Conner family cope with the problems of class in all its connotations. It is the only television show that can claim a constant top-10 rating in both first-run and syndication. In most markets one can watch *Roseanne* six times a week, and no one seems to tire of it—except perhaps Roseanne herself.

Why has America taken this marvelously complicated, furiously feminist, profanely talented woman to its achy-breaky heart? "When I watch the show, I not only enjoy it, I marvel at it—the way she avoids all the pat answers and sappiness of most sitcoms," says Tom Shales, the Pulitzer Prize–winning television critic for *The Washington Post*. "The show stands alone. It always has. And she has been able to retain that high quality. Sometimes it's very dark and bitter, and it scares me a little, but the audience seems to go right along with it."

"Roseanne hits a chord which makes people uncomfortable about personal issues," says her fellow iconoclast and cast member Sandra Bernhard. "She's someone who gets restless and likes to express herself in a really creative way. . . . People with a lot of imagination have the need to act out. That doesn't mean a negative thing; that means a positive thing. Our job as performers and artists is to entertain and provoke thoughts. Provoke introspection."

"I frankly feel that *her* America is the America that responded to Clinton," claims Frank Rich, former theater critic for *The New York Times*, who now writes an op-ed column about the nexus of culture and politics for the newspaper. "Clinton put his finger on the pulse that she already had at her fingertips. I also feel that she has, in the manner of Hillary Rodham Clinton, been treated with a certain amount of sexism in the typical way that powerful women are treated in this country. She may well be difficult—I have no way of knowing—but women in her position are not given the benefit of the doubt in the way that men are. She anticipated Clinton's America as well as anticipating the treatment that H.R.C. got at the beginning—she's paradigmatic of the times in that way."

Robert A. Iger, president of the ABC Television Network Group, the company that broadcasts *Roseanne*, has firsthand theories about the show's continuing popularity. "In her own special way, she really speaks the truth to people through the voice of Roseanne Conner. Roseanne Conner is probably the most honest character on network television. The credit there belongs largely to Roseanne Arnold, who just has an ability to speak to the people on an equal level. It's an amazing quality. . . . She may push the envelope in terms of television, but she doesn't push the envelope in terms of *life*."

There have been only two other show-business women comparable to Roseanne Arnold: Lucille Ball and Mary Tyler Moore. They also brazenly branded their real names onto their sitcom characters. Lucy. Mary. Roseanne. Each flawlessly took her refracted persona—flaws and all—and broadcast it to us as our cultural image. We fell in love with them and, through them, with ourselves. Television is, after all, the most personal, and therefore the most powerful, of all the media reaching critical mass. Underweared, overwhelmed, we live with it in our homes. We treat it with intimacy. It is the third spouse.

"All three of those women really do reflect their times as well as shape them," agrees Shales. "Lucy, of course, had the great irony of a very strong woman playing a very weak woman. There's something sad about that. Mary Tyler Moore has deplored the character she played on *The Dick Van Dyke Show* as being docile and submissive and too housewifely. Then, of course, yes, she was Mary on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*—who did call Lou Mr. Grant. Yet we all knew she was the smartest person there in the office. Sometimes being the smartest one means you're diplomatic and you're tactful. I think, however, Roseanne is much farther along the evolutionary chain as far as being realistic and identifiable to the great audience that watches television. Maybe she's not to the people who live on the Upper East Side of New York City, but they don't count. The only question is, though, that if things get coarser and coarser, then what's next? What kind of Medea figure will be the next great TV mom?"

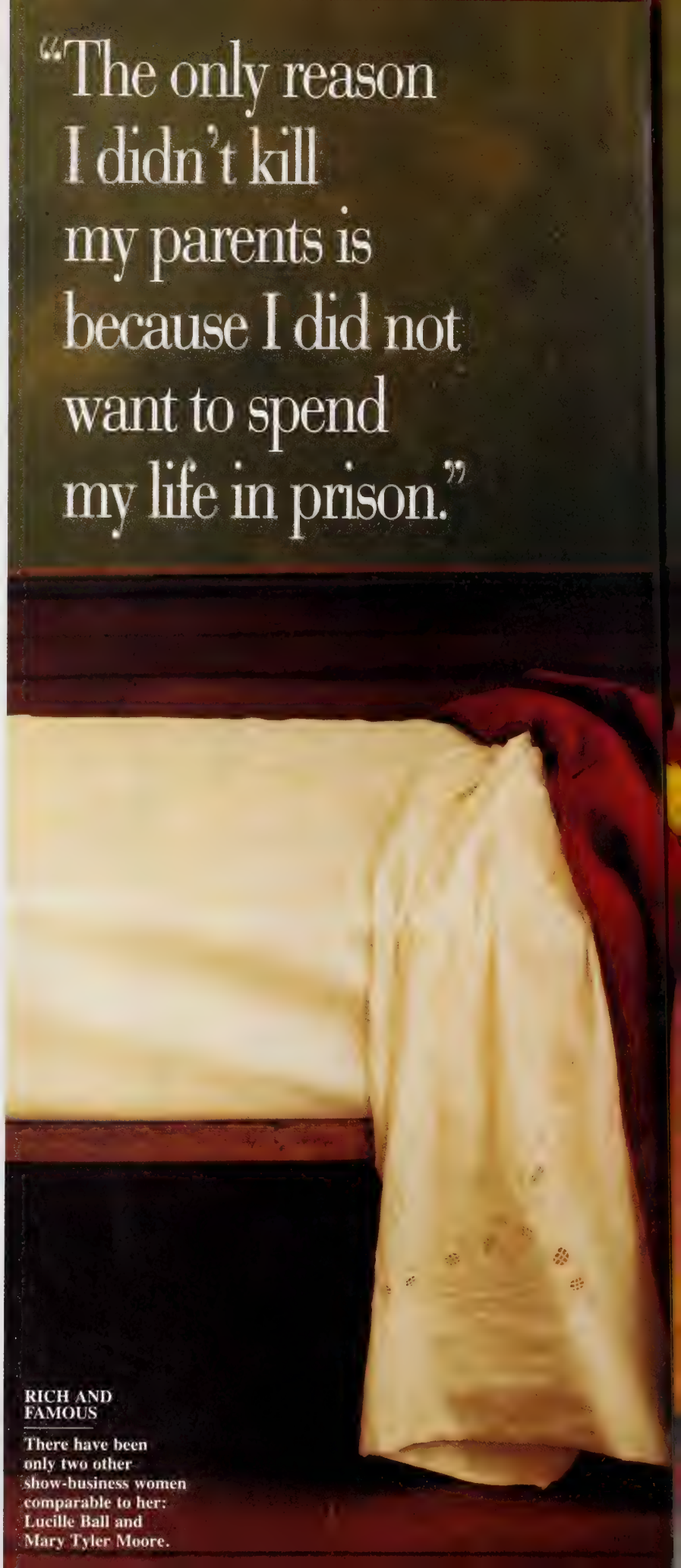
"We really don't hear about mothers on TV except for my show," Roseanne observes. "We don't hear nothing female or motherly or womanish

LACE SLIP BY HANKY PANKY. SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK


om is
e one person
ho has
ver kept up
ith me."
RST COUPLE
He's funny.
e's very, very intelligent.
nd he can go to the
aces that I can go to."

except for my show. That's what bugs me about TV. We don't hear any alternative point of view politically or any people-of-color ideas. It's all the same old shit. . . . I used to have all these women writers, and I'd say, 'Why are you writing shit like this—you're women! Why are you writing shit that *men* wouldn't even write no more?' They don't get it. They can't help theirselves. I took this one aside. I thought, Well, I can talk to her. I said, 'You're a mother. You have a life. Write about that!' But they think they have to write for 'television,' and they have it in their heads what 'television' is. This is one of the all-time great stories for me: I told this woman, 'You know, I am so fed up with you. You're worse than the men. You're full of bullshit. You're putting women in places you know you would never go. You can't write for me. You can't write for *women*.' So she stood up and grabbed her breasts and said, 'Are these not the breasts of a woman?' Then she grabbed her hair. 'Is this not the hair of a woman?' This whole Shakespearean thing! I was *roaring!* So I go, 'Man, you are so fuckin' fired, you crazy bitch!' . . . It's all about fear. That same fear that gays have about coming out is the fear that women have about being feminists or being pro-women. It's the same fear that Jews have about being too Jewish. And it's the same exact fear that black writers have about being too ethnic. They all aspire to this. . . *shit*. They're afraid that they'll never work again if they don't do it.''

At tonight's taping, the writers have come up with a story that concerns the Conners' older daughter, Becky, who refuses to accept the money Dan—Roseanne's husband, brilliantly portrayed by the shuffling, surefooted John Goodman—and Roseanne have scrimped and saved for her college education. Becky wants to give the money to her new husband so that he can go to vocational school, and Dan and Roseanne won't hear of it. The weekly family fight ensues, and Becky decides to get a job in a restaurant in order to *earn* the money for her husband. Ironically, the come-



SHEETS BY ANICHINI

RICH AND FAMOUS

There have been only two other show-business women comparable to her: Lucille Ball and Mary Tyler Moore.



dic payoff is a sight gag bordering on the sexist: after her first day at work, Becky removes her coat to reveal the skimpiest of outfits—a tight little halter and the briefest of hot pants, with the restaurant's name, BUNZ, spelled out across her own.

The audience laughs loudly at all the right moments during each taped segment of the show, but it is what goes on between the scenes that enthralls them. That's when Tom and Roseanne Arnold pass the microphone back and forth to each other as if it were a baton and they were in a relay race with no finish line in sight. It is a psychodrama worthy of Sid and Nancy Cleaver, as Roseanne Arnold describes their partnership.

After the BUNZ scene, Tom grabs the mike and explains to the audience that Becky's outfit was based on the one that the waitresses are required to wear at Hooters, the wildly successful chain of restaurants where male rowdiness is de rigueur. He then runs down a list of all the cities where Hooters are located and tells how often he has visited each establishment. By this time Roseanne has sashayed up, and Arnold rises to give her his chair, all the time talking about the great outfits Hooters' waitresses have to wear. He then sits in the chair with his wife's name printed on the back of it. Roseanne, settling into the Tom Arnold chair, lowers her eyes to half-mast and gladly glares in her husband's direction.

"Don't you like the food at Hooters, honey?" he asks her.

She grabs the microphone from him. "I ain't never *been* there, you son of a bitch."

"Well, I've only been for research," he explains, reaching for the mike.

"Give me that thing!" she orders him, and he relinquishes the phallus full of reverb. "I ain't told you what I did the other day. Me and my assistant was driving along and saw this beautiful surfer boy with long, long blond hair. So we stopped the car, and I bought his hair for $600. He wanted $500 for it. But I gave him $600 if he'd cut it off right there. I took it to a wigmaker, and I'm having me a blond wig made out of it."

Tom takes back the mike. "I thought I told you to clear your purchases through me."

"Isn't it enough that I support your whole goddamn unemployable family?" Roseanne replies.

The audience, which has been tittering at the repartee up to this point, doesn't know exactly how to react.

Tom, the bloodhound, doesn't flinch. He sniffs the air and stares right back at his defiant wife. "You really are a nasty bitch," he growls.

No, she's not.

Roseanne Arnold has simply had a nasty bitch of a time, surviving not only her early poverty but also her later success—which she chronicles in her upcoming book, *My Lives*, to be published by Ballantine. A caustic, cautionary, startlingly candid account of her battles with drugs and parents and television producers, it is unlike any other celebrity autobiography. "I don't know why I did it," she tells me when we meet for breakfast to talk about the book the morning after the *Roseanne* taping. A pink lace body stocking envelops her still-voluptuous body, and the stem of a rose tattoo peeks out along her left breast. She wears a pair of cutoff jean shorts over all the lace, and a denim jacket. The red polish on her fingernails is chipped. "Sometimes I think I wrote it as a cleansing thing," she continues, "and sometimes I think I did it because I got involved with the recovery movement and wanted this to be inspirational. I've read a lot of recovery books. It took a long time to write this book. It was very painful. It cost me a lot."

One of four children born to a lower-middle-class Jewish couple living in the Mormon enclave of Salt Lake City, Utah, Roseanne grew up treading the loneliness lapping at her. "I used to pray to God when I was a little girl—this is going to sound horrible, but I did pray these prayers—that He would make me either retarded or Mormon so I wouldn't have to see and know and feel what I felt. I just felt like an alien from Mars. I used to want to be like everybody else so bad and not have to think or worry about all these things that were in my head. I kind of had it figured out when I was 10 years old that retarded people and Mormons—they're happy. Everything doesn't mean something else to them. . . . A l of them Mormons are born with me cal disorders—especially in Uta where they set off all them A-bomb Everybody's got a half-wit in the families that they call 'the special sp it.' " Roseanne pinches her voice in a church lady's lament: " 'This Bryce, and he's our special spirit. He out yonder in the front yard listenin' t his transistor radio and pickin' th weeds. Waitin' for the mailman.' It's freakish place."

"Are you happy now?" I ask her.

"I'm happy on certain days, yeah certain times," she says, having admit ted to me that she takes Prozac and couple of other antidepressants. "Hon estly, when I can live one day and . . . ah . . . feel like I want to live, that is good day to me."

"That's so sad, Roseanne."

"It is sad. It's real sad. But that' what happens to people that have shi happen to them like happened to me."

At the age of 17, after years that she says were filled with sexual, physical, and emotional abuse by her parents, Roseanne Barr was hit by a car while crossing a Salt Lake City street and suffered head injuries. Subsequently, her parents, who deny the charges of molestation she has leveled at them, put her away for almost a year in a state hospital. To this day she refuses to go into details about her life there. After she was released, she became pregnant and gave the baby up for adoption. (Eighteen years later, she and her daughter had a successful reconciliation, which is one of the few joys of her life.) After the birth of that first daughter, Roseanne moved to Colorado, where she had a job washing dishes at a café and married Bill Pentland, a night clerk at a fleabag motel. She and Pentland lived in a trailer and had, in quick succession, two daughters and a son. While waitressing, Roseanne discovered she was better at making her customers laugh at her wisecracks than at serving them their food and drinks. This led to stints in Denver comedy clubs, where she honed her special delivery—kind of a hellion Selma Diamond with helium in her lungs—and gained the following of local feminists and lesbians because of the raunchy, radical tone of her humor.

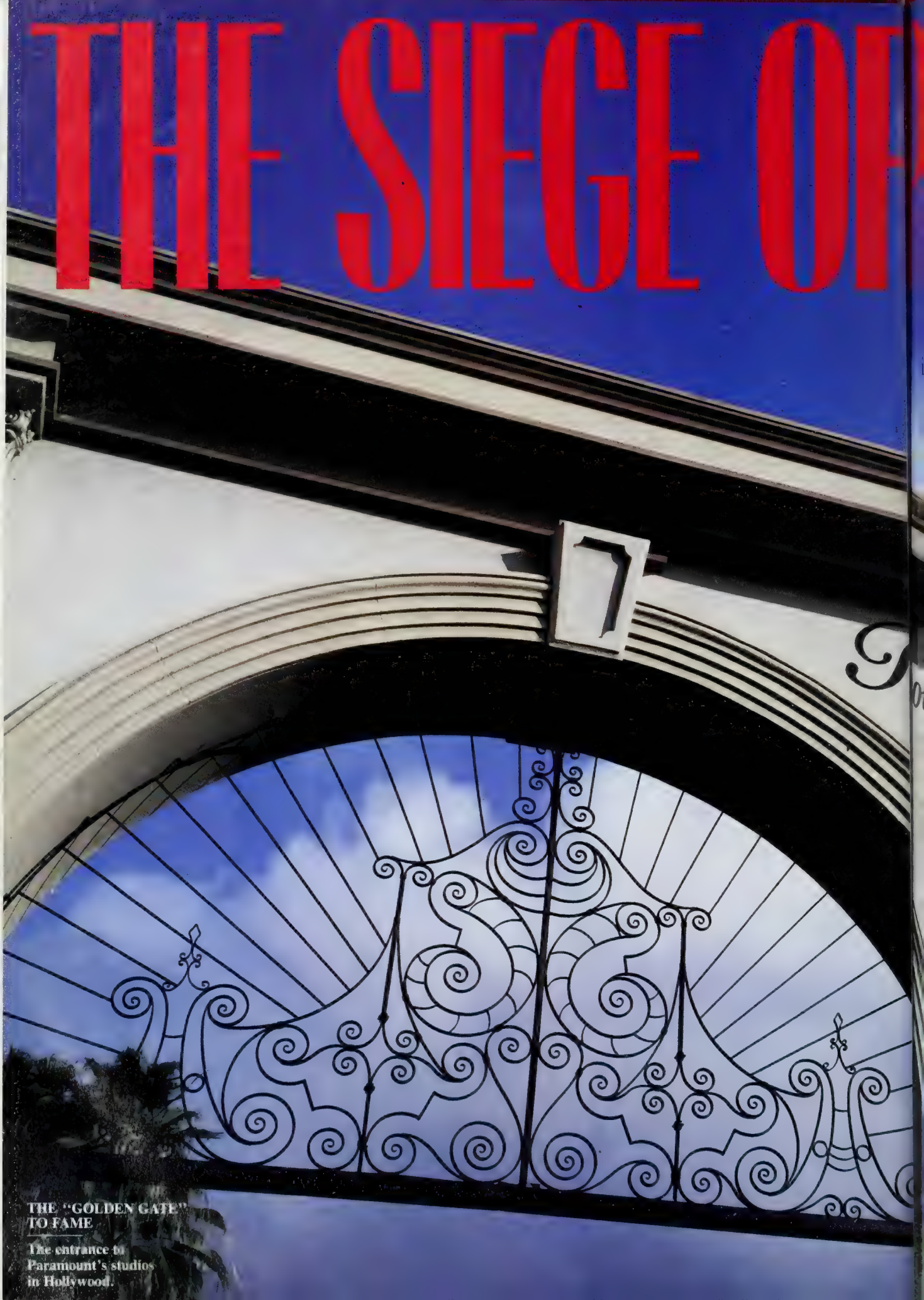
"I used to do so much crazy shit," she says, *(Continued on page 113)*

"The first half of my life I worked so hard to deny the hillbilly that was me, and now I find that I am totally embracing it."



f I was
going to have
face-lift
very three years,
hat might
be compulsive."

THE SIEGE OF

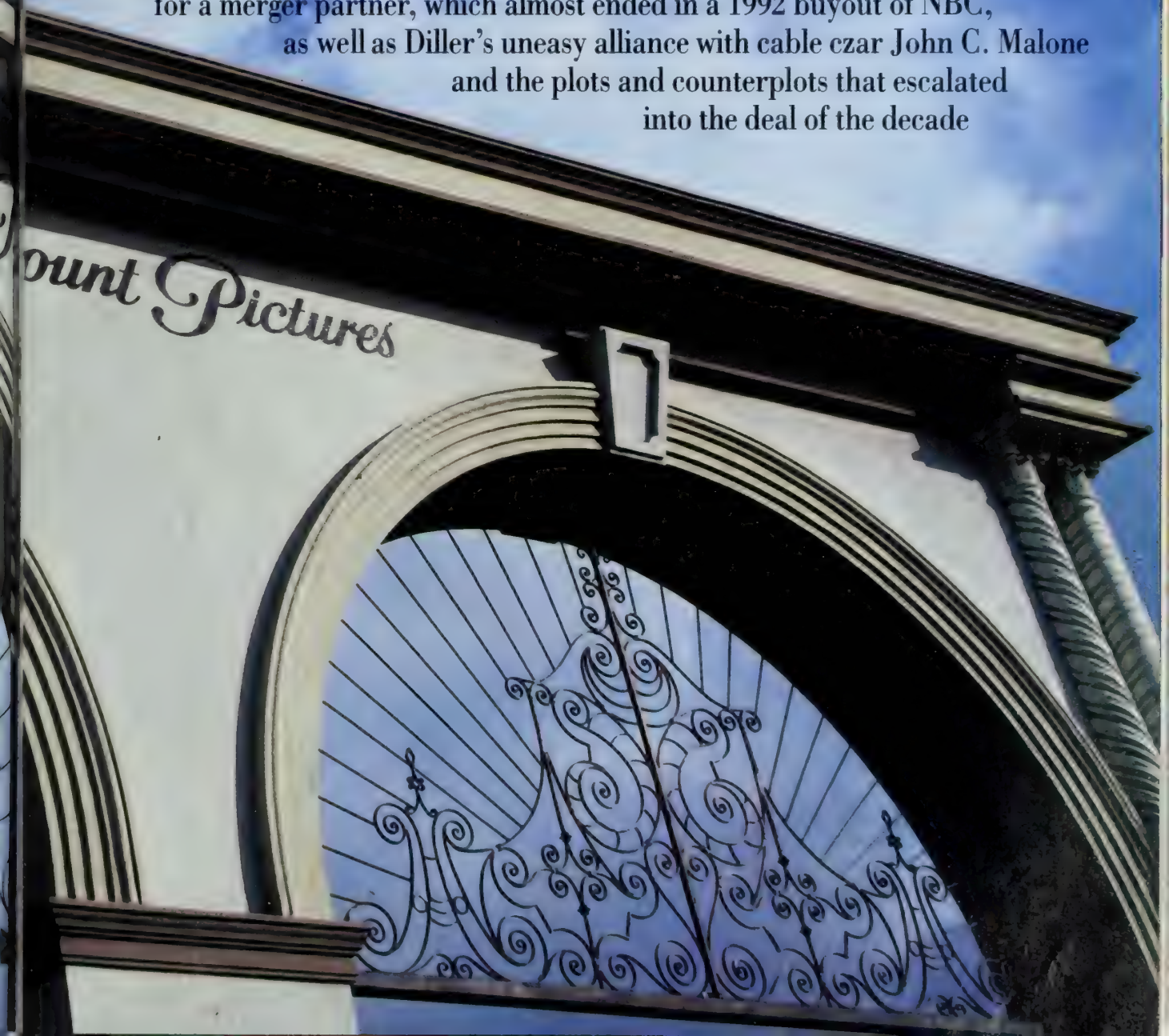


THE "GOLDEN GATE" TO FAME

The entrance to Paramount's studios in Hollywood.

PARAMOUNT

The sale of Paramount Communications snowballed into a public spectacle pitting C.E.O. Martin Davis and Viacom's Sumner Redstone against QVC's Barry Diller. But the secret history of the deal stretched back over four years of clandestine meetings and boardroom dramas. BRYAN BURROUGH reveals Davis's stormy quest for a merger partner, which almost ended in a 1992 buyout of NBC, as well as Diller's uneasy alliance with cable czar John C. Malone and the plots and counterplots that escalated into the deal of the decade



When high winds start whipping down Central Park West, the top floors of Paramount Communications' Manhattan headquarters can be an unnerving place to work. Structurally flawed, the 43-story black glass skyscraper sways so badly that the elevators bang against their shaft walls. File drawers glide open by themselves. Doors swing shut as if tended by ghostly butlers. Sometimes a window or a chunk of aluminum frame even pops out, spiraling down toward the crowds in Columbus Circle. At its worst, the building has to be evacuated. Fuming as he's forced to walk down 42 flights of steps, Paramount's irascible C.E.O., Martin S. Davis, is always the last to leave.

Headquarters was quaking one Wednesday in late July, but it had little to do with the wind: Barry Diller was making his first trip back to Paramount since fleeing Davis's autocratic rule nine years before. The tension surrounding his return was heightened by the nostalgia that met Diller as he crested the spiral staircase leading to the private dining rooms on the top floor. "Nothing's changed," he told Davis as the two awkwardly crossed the landing, walking past the locked boardroom doors and into the drab corner dining room where their old mentor Charlie Bluhdorn always ate. There was the same corporate brown carpeting, Diller noticed, the same beige drapes. Only an understated trio of drawings depicting Roman scenes had been added to the walls. He lingered a moment to admire the view across Central Park before taking a seat at Bluhdorn's odd octagonal dining table. Neither man had to state the obvious: if the rumors Davis was hearing about his old rival mounting a hostile bid for Paramount were true, all this could soon belong to Diller.

But not. Davis made clear as he dumped half a jar of Grey Poupon onto his red snapper, if there was a breath left in his body. "Look, Barry," Davis said, "I'm hearing all these stories and I have to keep telling you, we're not for sale. We have no interest in doing anything with you." Davis threw out David Geffen's name as a source of the rumors.

"David Geffen doesn't speak for me," Diller responded. He didn't dare tell Davis the truth: that he had in fact been planning a massive bid for Paramount but, in one of the more wrenching decisions he'd ever made, he had just decided to cancel it—for now. "Let me tell you, I was very careful," Diller says today. "I had to walk a very fine line, and the fine line was drawn as follows: I said, 'When-and if I have something to say to you, I will call you and say it to you. Until then, I suggest you believe nothing.' I said that at least 19 times. That was accurate, but it was not the full story. My [lawyers'] coaching was very careful, and I had to memorize it."

When Davis insisted on repeating that Paramount was not for sale, Diller couldn't resist teasing him about the search for a merger partner that had consumed Davis for four long years. "Martin, all of these discussions you're having," Diller said with a grin, "nothing will come of them until you're forced to do something."

"I am going to do something," Davis replied.

"No, you're not," Diller said. "You've been having these talks for years. You won't do anything."

Barry Diller couldn't have been more wrong. Within two months Davis announced a merger deal with the House That Beavis and Butt-Head Built, Sumner Redstone's Viacom, home of the MTV, Showtime, and Nickelodeon cable networks. When Diller, backed by the single most powerful man in American media, cable magnate John C. Malone, crashed the Paramount-Viacom wedding with a $9.5 billion hostile bid two weeks after Labor Day, it sparked the first marquee takeover battle of the 1990s.

The epic struggle between arch-rivals Diller and Davis over the last major studio available in Hollywood soon attracted the most aggressive investors in the media world. Siding with Diller's QVC home-shopping network was not only Malone's powerful Tele-Communications Inc. but Cox Enterprises, Comcast, Advance Publications (which owns Condé Nast, publisher of *Vanity Fair*), and BellSouth; Nynex and Blockbuster, meanwhile, sped to the defense of Davis and Redstone.

But the public pyrotechnics were only the climax of Marty Davis's clandestine quest to find the ideal merger partner, which had snaked through the boardrooms of virtually every major player in media and entertainment and then some. The Paramount drama featured not just Diller, Malone, and Redstone but Ted Turner, David Geffen, Michael Ovitz, Brandon Tartikoff, Laurence Tisch, Arthur Liman, and Felix Rohatyn, corporate chieftains such as Jack Welch of General Electric, all three major networks, European players such as Thorn EMI and Polygram, and Hollywood's Japanese pillars, Sony and Matsushita. There was even a cameo by the late Steve Ross. By early summer, even before Diller and Davis had their tense lunch, the swirl of private talks and shifting alliances culminated in a thrilling pas de deux as Diller stalked Davis while the Paramount C.E.O. raced toward the sanctuary of Viacom. If it were a movie, it would be *Wall Street* as directed by Hitchcock. "This," says Davis, "is the most complicated plot you've ever heard."

On one level, the Paramount fight is the ultimate clash between New York and Los Angeles. Davis is the tough, streetwise kid from the Bronx who fled a dysfunctional home at 14, rented a room on the Grand Concourse for four dollars a week, and toiled as a delivery boy when he wasn't stealing copies of the *Daily News* and hawking them for two cents apiece. He grew up to be the most hated man in Hollywood, the emperor who fiddled while Diller, current Disney chief Michael Eisner, and Disney number two Jeffrey Katzenberg left Paramount. In studio bungalows Davis is considered the ultimate "suit," an icy dictator who terrorizes L.A.'s creative community from his windswept Central Park aerie, far from the nattering crowds at Mortons and Le Dôme. A former aide says Davis is just plain mean, "a man with a tiny, cruel heart."

Diller is pure L.A., a playful rich kid from Beverly Hills who broke into show biz with the help of his neighbor Danny Thomas, learned the ropes as the twentysomething wunderkind who invented ABC's *Movie of the Week*, and, at 32, was named one of the youngest studio chiefs in Hollywood history. Running with a crowd that in-

Photographs by JAMES HAMILTON



PARACOM

Martin Davis and Sumner Redstone strike a synergistic pose at Viacom's Times Square offices.

"This," says Martin Davis, "is the most complicated plot you've ever heard."

cluded Geffen, Warren Beatty, and Calvin Klein. Diller left Paramount after clashing with Davis and created the first new television network in decades at Fox. Then, in a move tracked closely by cognoscenti on both coasts, he resigned to embark on a ballyhooed cross-country journey of personal discovery. To great surprise, he landed at QVC's suburban office park outside Philadelphia, emerging as the poster boy for America's hazy interactive future. Diller wanted nothing more than to legitimize his hype, and the test he soon set for himself was a full-throttle attempt to wrest Paramount from his old nemesis Marty Davis.

In the wider world, Diller's bid to join QVC's interactive system with Hollywood software set off tectonic shifts across the converging continents of media, high technology, and entertainment. Suddenly, in boardrooms from Silicon Valley to Wall Street to Century City, corporate chieftains raced to do something—*anything*—rather than be left behind in the scramble for interactive supremacy. A fair number leapt into the bidding for Paramount.

Will this winter be remembered as the dawning of a new interactive age? Or is it the corporate equivalent of cold fusion, a burst of high-tech hoopla that will brand Barry Diller as the second coming of such past corporate media darlings as Steve Jobs and Ross Perot? However it turns out, it all began at the top of a skyscraper swaying high above Central Park, in the intricate plans of an angry man named Marty Davis.

"Oh God, where to begin?"

Davis leans back and smiles brightly, baring his teeth. Here in the eye of the decade's first takeover storm, Paramount's executive floor is quiet, the only sound the soft burble of the phones. Just four top executives inhabit these rarefied climes. "We fired everyone else," laughs Donald Oresman, a garrulous 68-year-old who doubles as Davis's lawyer and number two.

Far below Davis's windows, the long shadow of Paramount headquarters is slowly stretching across the gold, burgundy, and green palette of Central Park, a lonely finger that almost reaches Fifth Avenue. The early-winter view is stunning, from New York Harbor north to the Bronx neighborhoods of his youth, but its beauty is lost on Davis, who loathes Central Park. "I have a thing about the park—it's called safety," Davis says in his clipped voice. "You can't look outside this window without seeing a police car picking up a victim or something."

As he began doing every few days after the opening volley of the Paramount battle in September, Davis is regaling me with his side of recent events. At 66 he is clearly having the time of his life, a weathered corporate warrior marshaling his forces for one final offensive. Ensconced behind his fortress-like partners' desk, Davis comes across as a drill sergeant in pinstripes, outfitted in gleaming black shoes and belt, crisp white shirt, and tightly knotted tie, with a stiletto-sharp part in his silvery gray hair.

"Everything I knew about Diller's bid ahead of time came from John Malone," beams Davis, volunteering details of one of the most startling chapters of the Paramount battle—how Diller's main backer leaked details of his bid to Davis in advance. Davis leans over and taps the beige couch where Malone always sat, alternately frightening and boring him stiff for much of the last year. Though his visits to Paramount have remained quiet until now, Malone spent months independently courting Davis, hedging his bets even as he was meeting with Diller to discuss financing QVC's bid for Paramount.

As always, Davis is keen to discuss Malone, whom he has long considered the shadowy puppet master manipulating Diller. Admirers call Malone, a flinty New Englander with a Ph.D. in operations research from Johns Hopkins, a visionary; enemies term him a cold, trash-talking automaton, intent on cramming every cable system, studio, and telephone company in the U.S. into the maw of TCI.

"Let me tell you about Malone," says Davis. "The guy is a genius—but then, so was Al Capone. He's the smartest guy you'll ever meet. He's brilliant. But he stands for nothing, believes in nothing, and has contempt for anyone that walks and talks. I'll tell you something else. He talks too much. And when he talks, no one is spared. If you let him, he'll say anything about anybody. . . . He has nothing good to say about anyone, whether it's Barry Diller or Ted Turner. He told me I couldn't trust one of his own lawyers for Christ's sake."

The talks between Davis and Malone heated up in June, after Malone's legal adviser Jerry Kern phoned Don Oresman and, under the guise of a friendly chat, told him Paramount should move quickly to strike some kind of a deal with Malone because Diller's board had just authorized him to explore a hostile bid for Paramount. As Davis puts it, "Kern said, in effect, 'Davis has to do something this week, because Diller's going to spring.' "

"What did I do after the Kern call?" Davis asks Oresman, who has wandered into the office with some papers.

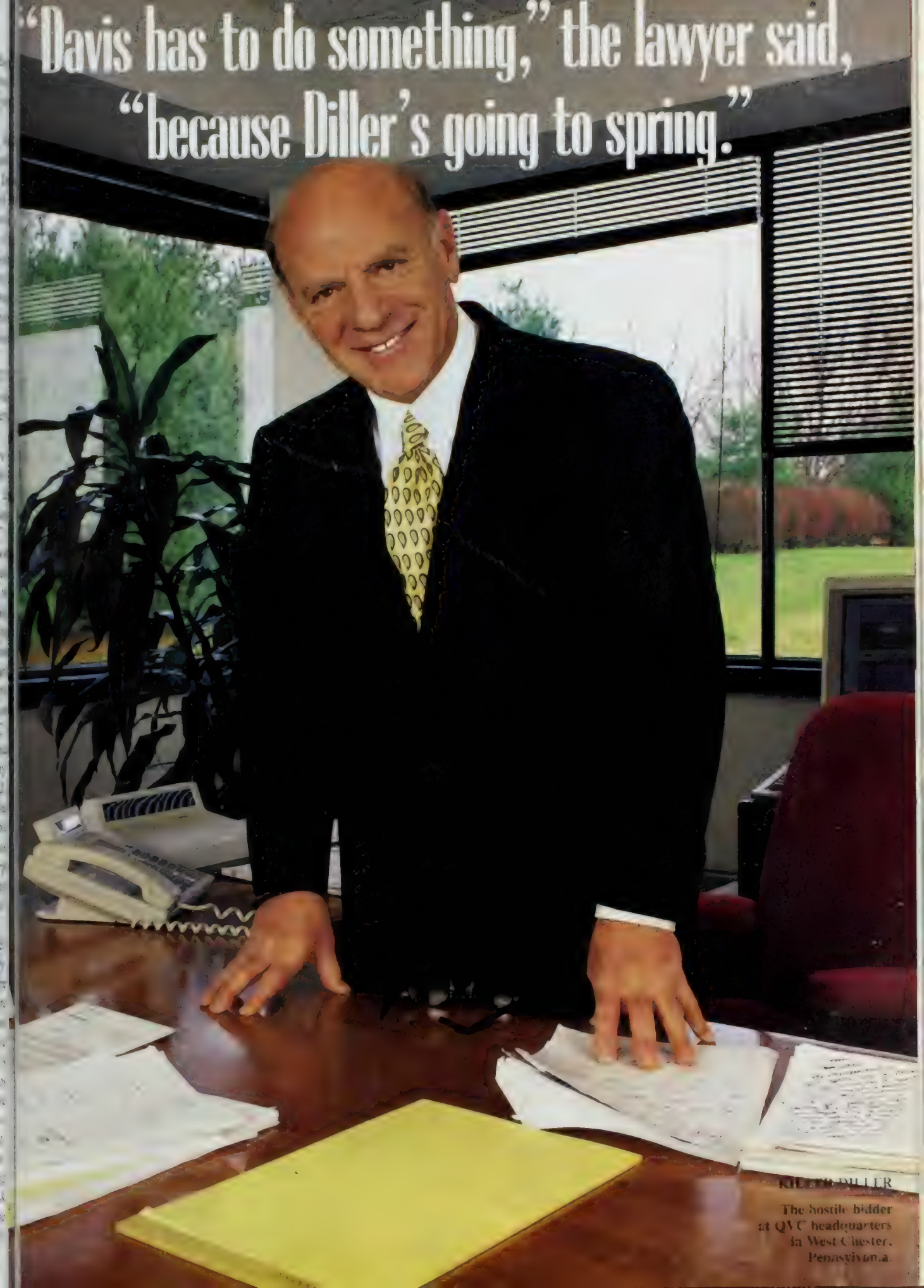
"You went into a rage."

Davis smiles. "I said, 'Déjà vu—this is vintage John Malone.' There's nothing John Malone would ever do that would shock me. Except perhaps send me a warm, affectionate note."

When Davis confronted him about the call, Malone readily confirmed details of a Diller bid. And as Davis recalls it, he didn't stop there: "He said, 'I shouldn't be doing this, I'm doing this on my own.' He [starts] giving me inside information from QVC board meetings. . . . He told me Roberts wanted to do it. He put the whole thing on Brian Roberts [of Comcast,, QVC's other main backer]. He said Brian Roberts would do anything for Barry. He's in love with Barry. [Malone said,] 'I'm trying to protect you, Marty, and you, Paramount, from these terrible people.' Those are my words, but that was always the theme. . . . Malone kept saying, 'Hey, it's not me. This is my expression of loyalty to you. I don't want Diller to do this.' "

If Malone comes off as a Machiavellian character, there are many in Hollywood who would say he and Davis were made for each other. Davis couldn't care less. Rarely in the annals of American business has there been an executive who so revels in his notoriety. Davis is the kind of New York C.E.O. who zips by his harried dentist on the spur of the moment and, when the poor man protests that he doesn't have an appointment, barks, "Make one." He is famous for belittling aides, summoning them to stand mute before his desk while he ignores them or criticizes the shine on their *(Continued on page 129)*

"Davis has to do something," the lawyer said, "because Diller's going to spring."



BARRY DILLER

The hostile bidder at QVC headquarters in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Haiti continues to be the thorniest foreign-policy crisis of the Clinton administration. As exiled president Jean-Bertrand Aristide calls for tighter sanctions, his country is at the mercy of those who ousted him: the defiant Lieutenant General Raoul Cédras and the sinister chief of police, Lieutenant Colonel Michel François. In Port-au-Prince and in Washington, D.C., BELLA STUMBO gained rare access to the men who are leading a dying country—perhaps into the grave



A Place Called Fear



Chaos theory: A soldier shouts at pro-democracy demonstrators to stay away from Lieutenant General Raoul Cédras *(far left)*; anti-Aristide forces attack a U.S. Embassy car as part of the rioting that scared off the U.S.S. *Harlan County* (*below*). Cédras meets with Michel François (*bottom*).

"Although [Aristide] came to power by election



Island in the stream: President Jean-Bertrand Aristide is carried through a crowd on a chair soon after his election on December 16, 1990.

The deposed Haiti's democratically elected president, drove the United Nations envoy out of the country, embarrassed the president of the United States, and thumbed his nose at an international embargo designed to beat him into submission. As such, Lieutenant General Raoul Cédras has become one of the world's ranking Bad Guys, right up there with Somalia's Mohammed Farah Aidid and Serbia's Slobodan Milošević. Now the Western world routinely calls him a murderer, assassin, dictator, Fascist, probable drug lord, liar, and, in some circles, even a clandestine C.I.A. puppet.

But in person Cédras is so mildly pleasant and tediously thoughtful that he's more reminiscent of a droning Haitian history teacher than democracy's newest demon, the military villain who overthrew President Jean-Bertrand Aristide in a bloody coup on September 30, 1991, pitching this tiny Caribbean nation into its darkest, most desperate days since the brutal Duvalier dictatorship. Now, more than two years later, Cédras controls Haiti while Aristide still sits in exile in Washington, D.C., demanding the General's resignation as a condition of his return.

Physically, Cédras is slender and gaunt-faced, a bland blur of beige from his khaki uniform to his complexion. Sitting at a long conference table in his military headquarters, just across from the gleaming, now vacant National Palace in downtown Port-au-Prince, he is flanked this November evening by a staff translator and his protocol officer, a wealthy, elegant matron in a designer dress who interrupts whenever she doesn't approve of the translator's French, which is often.

The presence of both is of course absurd, since Cédras speaks English well enough to laugh at jokes before they are translated. He even admits coyly that the tiresome four-way conversation "gives me more time to think, and besides, I can then blame the translator for any quotes I don't like." The General is equally coy about his age. Vain as any fading beauty queen, he first asks how old he appears, then dismisses the question entirely "because I just don't want to say." Not that it really matters, but the man who now defies the world is 44.

A servant enters, bearing coffee and tiny floral demitasse cups. The General

thought he came to power by revolution."



Blood brothers: FRAPH co-founders Jodel "Jojo" Chamblain and Emmanuel "Toto" Constant at a recent rally.

kes two sugars. The matron pours. ighting up a Benson & Hedges, the eneral jokes that it's "a crazy world" hen he finds himself smoking a weaker rand than the women present (Winston).

It's a crazy world all right, not to say ırreal—especially when you consider ıat the General needs only to open his ffice door to glimpse a U.S. warship lling on the distant horizon of his empty ay. "Oh," he says pleasantly, he's not orried about that. The Marines won't nd. "If that was their solution, they ould have done it a long time ago."

Cédras rarely gives personal interiews, but today he has a lot on his ınd. He wants to set the record traight. First, he didn't seize power "just for the sake of power." He did it or the good of Haiti, and especially to rotect the military. Although Aristide ad handpicked Cédras as his commander in chief, the two clashed repeatedly over the president's attempts to purge the army brass. "Mr. Aristide's actions were unconstitutional and incorrect," says the General, who adds that Aristide even threatened him. "He warned me that the crowds could do to me what they had done to others."

Even so, Cédras would like some credit for saving Aristide's life. In the final, chaotic hours of the coup, two soldiers marched Aristide across the plaza from the palace to military headquarters. "One clearly planned to shoot him," recalls Cédras. "But I shouted down orders to stop, to bring him upstairs instead." Aristide was so frightened that, by later accounts, he wept, vomited, and lost control of his bowels. "He humiliated himself," says Cédras delicately. "Mr. Aristide was in an extremely difficult situation at that time, and I think it was very humiliating to him to be witnessed. . . . I think he can never forgive me for being present at that sad scene."

Only three days earlier, Cédras says, Aristide had precipitated the coup by delivering a speech that threatened violence, particularly against the vestiges of the fearsome Duvalier militia, the Tonton Macoutes. The rebellion "started from the soldiers at the bottom of the army," says Cédras, and spread like wildfire. As word reached Aristide supporters, a counterrebellion broke out. The square below Cédras's balcony at headquarters was soon "filled with growing crowds sharpening their machetes, carrying guns and gas cans and their famous Père Lebrun necklaces [rubber tires set ablaze around the necks of victims]. At that time they had also burned some soldiers at Cité Soleil.

"We find on average at least one body a d

. . . I felt like a prisoner. The place was surrounded."

Cédras says he called Aristide at home and begged him to go on national radio to calm the crowds. "But he said no, that the people in the streets knew what they had to do." That, says Cédras, "was the breaking point. The military decided to go into the streets and bring order."

The General claims he also offered to send soldiers to Aristide's home to take him to the palace for greater security. Aristide refused—only to go there later in a death-defying drive with the French ambassador. "And 30 minutes later, Aristide was a prisoner . . . and I am thinking to myself, How long can I control the crowd pressure? And I made the decision that the safest way to save Aristide's life was to get him out of the country."

But instead of thanking Cédras, Aristide "has not spoken to me since." Not even at Governors Island in New York City, where the two finally signed an accord providing for Aristide's return to power on October 30, 1993, and Cédras's "early retirement."

The deal soon collapsed, partly over the terms of amnesty, but also because Aristide later decided that he wanted several other military leaders to resign as well. "I said I would resign," says Cédras, flashing anger for the first time, "*but nobody else*. I knew his ideas were quite fixed. But I thought that he would have the decency to respect what he had signed."

Now that all bets are off, Raoul Cédras is at liberty to speak his mind. And he warms to the subject. He never thought the election of Aristide was truly democratic, but was marked instead "by enormous fraud," ranging from polls that never opened to uncounted ballots. What's more, he always despised Aristide's style. "There were only two presidents who could have changed the face of Haiti through their popularity, Aristide and François ["Papa Doc"] Duvalier. But Aristide lost his chance to bring everybody together. . . . Although he came to power by elections, he thought he came to power by revolution. He was violating the Constitution from his first day in office [by purging the military]."

Had Aristide remained in power, says Cédras, he would probably have eviscerated government institutions and "the end result would have probably been another Haitian regime, like Duvalier's, that lasted 30 years."

Cédras likes to compare himself to Boris Yeltsin. Both kicked out corruption—but while Yeltsin got international support, the General won only "the wrath of the whole world . . . Aristide is seen as the little priest who can do no wrong. It's so subjective." Even now, the General complains, the international community denies Haitians the right of choice. "Every time they say they are against Aristide, they are subject to sanctions by the Americans as friends of the military. Nobody can freely be against him."

Not that Raoul Cédras is any flaming democrat himself. He doesn't even bother to make the right rhetorical sounds anymore. He flatly states, for example, that he doesn't think Haiti, the poorest nation in the hemisphere, is ready for democracy yet. "Democracy is a process of evolution, education. It is not something that you can impose . . . and we cannot start at the end. Democracy is an organization of institutions, rules, and disciplinary measures which must be taken first."

In truth, the General thinks Haiti can function just fine without any elected government whatsoever. For example, when Prime Minister Marc Bazin resigned last June, "the country kept on functioning from then until September 3, with no president, no prime minister. This is indication enough that this isn't a political problem. We need some *order* in this country first, so that people can work and feed themselves. Then we can put together some institutions working toward democracy."

As for the multiple killings that have swept the island since the coup, Cédras is sanguine. Like any other country, he says, Haiti has its violence—but a lot of the deaths are due to "delinquency, poverty, and drug dealing. The difference is the media turns everything in Haiti into a political crime.

Nor does he seem much concerned by the embargo. The first one, imposed by President Bush after the coup, "had no adverse effects—the population was very indifferent." And the latest one? "It's just another day of the week," he says with a shrug.

One lasting effect of the embargo, however, is the resurrection of the right wing. "All the Duvalierists, who had to hide or be burned [during Aristide's reign]—now we see there is some come back." Mildly, Cédras denounces "the extremists," although he adds in the next breath that he doesn't think Macoutes are any more extremist than members of Aristide's Lavalas movement. "Both are a state of mind, of intolerance." Nor can Duvalierists be expelled from Haitian society. The General now also supports FRAPH (Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti), the three-month-old, supposedly civilian political party which many see as just another form of Macoutism.

And what of new elections? Cédras actually looks startled. Elections? "What will that solve if there is no consensus? No, I don't foresee elections. No. No time soon."

It is but a short walk across the plaza from the pretty, white military headquarters with its pastel-yellow shutters, a converted two-story French mansion filled with men in khaki, to the ugly, low-slung police station, painted a dismal shade of brownish yellow, where everyone is clad in crisp police blue.

But the gulf may be far wider, judging from all the sleuths who skitter furtively back and forth between the two buildings, thriving for their own personal reasons on the subterfuge of impending coups and mindless gossip: Is George a Lavalas spy? Is John making a fortune on drugs? Some days, it's a comedy too bizarre to be believed.

Consider, for example, Lynn Garrison, the only white foreigner who hangs about military headquarters regularly. What he does precisely isn't certain, only that he is often inside the tiny,

...no killed them and why, I don't know."

...wded antechamber of General Cé... s. Garrison delights in the media at... tion devoted to him. Recently, *Time* ... gazine billed him as a major shadow ... ure in Cédras's inner councils.

Trim, silvery-haired, and Canadian, ... rrison refuses to explain his pres... ce in any meaningful terms. One day, ... nning slyly, he says he is "just a ...olar, writing a history of Haiti." The ...xt day, he confides that it was he who ...lped found the new FRAPH party, who ...st raided Aristide's home after the ...up (scavenging everything from his ...rsonal papers to the contents of his ...edicine chest). Sometimes, Garrison ...o adds vaguely that he is a "military ...nsultant." He also says he has a Hai... n-art gallery in Los Angeles.

There is dark humor here, too. After ...meone spots an off-duty Marine from ...e U.S. Embassy wearing a T-shirt that ...ads, WE'RE BACK AND WE'RE BAD! a ...aitian army officer growls, "Fuck ...em. We're gonna get one that says, ...E'RE HERE AND WE'RE HOT!

"I'm so sick of this crap," he con...nues, "25 months of it! I just wanna ...ut on my khakis and go kick ass and ...ke names. Furthermore, I'm sick of ...l this talk about democracy. I don't *...re* if 67 percent voted for Aristide. ...What about the other 33 percent? *We're* ...e producers of the country, and I'm ...ot about to let them tell me a crazy ...an should run my country. I'm not a ...emocrat, I'm a republican!"

"I've never heard him talk this way," ...pologizes his wife. Wives hang around ...eadquarters a lot. "Just the other day I ...ad to make him stop on the road to pick ...p a pregnant woman who couldn't get ...o the hospital. This embargo is making ...s all inhuman."

So here is Haiti today, a country dominated by a general who comes across as a genial wimp; his reception room is more like an informal coffee klatch than a political command center. Soldiers snore at their posts, buzzed by flies, or play domi...noes, rifles at their feet. Wives and girlfriends in spike heels come and go, fanning their damp hairdos beneath the lazy ceiling fans and painting their faces, mirrored in framed pictures of generals 100 years dead.

So where is the heavy here? Every coup has one. Where lies the heart of this madness?

Across the plaza, at police barracks, is where. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Michel François is his name, and although military, he is the de facto police chief of Port-au-Prince. Since the coup, he has become nearly as infamous abroad as Cédras himself, thanks largely to Aristide's demand that, along with Cédras, François also resign or, better yet, leave Haiti altogether.

Few Haitians blame Aristide for his insistence. To many, Cédras is just a basically mellow fellow incapable of ordering any serious violence without prompting from more passionate, dangerous forces—namely, Michel François. "They may buy Cédras off with a villa in France," says one military observer, "but François is not afraid to die. He's the real firepower, the mastermind of the coup."

Certainly, François is the most interesting, charismatic character in this little cast, unto Cédras as a leopard is to a tabby cat. At 36, François has constructed a careful mystique: seldom interviewed, almost never photographed, he is always on the streets with his men, forever wearing his signature summer helmet. By reputation, he is anything from the most murderous man in Haiti to the friendliest cop in town.

We first meet at a police party at the 22nd Division, now known to some terrified Haitians as the new Fort Dimanche, Papa Doc's prison of torture and terror, which was turned into a museum of mourning by Aristide during his first week in office. I get in thanks to Emmanuel Constant, one of the leaders of FRAPH. The room is dim, filled with men in civilian clothes, all staring at me suspiciously, all armed with Uzis, M16s, and semi-automatic handguns. Sitting in the corner is a very dark, round-faced Haitian in cheap polyester pants and a black T-shirt.

"That's Michel," Constant announces, proud as a hunter who has just bagged a white Siberian tiger. Impossible. Not this harmless-looking young man lounging casually against a wall with a plate of rice and pork.

I sit down and ask Michel François the obvious: How does it feel to be one of the world's ranking Bad Guys? He laughs, obviously enjoying the notoriety. Above the blare of the Creole music, the most I can learn is that he has only dropped by to say hello to his troops. He is no socializer. "I don't drink, EVER," he thunders, beaming radiantly, "because I have to have my wits about me AT ALL TIMES!"

And why does he dislike Aristide? His face changes. His brown eyes harden as he leans forward, his whole muscular body tensed. "Because," he hisses, "HE TRIED TO KILL ME."

With that, he has to go. As he rises, half a dozen personal bodyguards do too, clicking off their safety catches, and, within seconds, they have disappeared into the night.

The air conditioner is turned up so high that it's cold in his office. The fuel embargo obviously hasn't yet affected Michel François's personal comfort. The room is otherwise ordinary, unadorned and orderly—except for a dozen FRAPHers who also file in to await their turn with the police chief.

"No cameras!" he commands, his body bristling with energy, his eyes sparkling with something between defiance and amusement. "No tape recorders! Not now. For security!" Furthermore, he declares with a chortle, glancing at the dozen FRAPHers, "no smoking! I am NOT polite!" They all sit down obediently at a long mahogany conference table.

François, in a frisky mood, slaps on his trademark helmet—"I am François!"—and does a little jig around his desk, then, just as suddenly, takes it off and sits down on a long white corner couch. He is now ready to talk.

So how did Aristide try to kill him? He loves the *(Continued on page 117)*

Defying trends and fashion's fickle currents, John Galliano simply astounds, designing clothes of transcendent beauty. His new spring collection, called "Princess Lucretia," is a lacy, romantic revision of days gone by with farthingales and frock coats. CATHY HORYN gets a preview from the mad master himself



Photographs by WAYNE MASER • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

Galliano, Chéri



LUCRETIA RISING
A smash at the spring shows, John Galliano's Lucretia collection combines London street sass and 18th-century romance. It was inspired by an article on the czar's bones.

There is no getting around the fact that John Galliano looks extraordinary for someone who designs the most beautiful frocks on earth. "Like a pirate from hell," says a London fashion editor. A peek under Galliano's capacious Elmer Fudd hat may reveal a stubble of platinum followed by great tufts of warrior mane. Or something completely different. And his laugh? "High and sharp," says the editor, "quite like a hyena, I'm afraid."

Since leaving England three years ago for the wilder shores of Paris, Galliano has troubled the too often tepid waters of fashion with an undercurrent of swooning romance and sexual innuendo, proving with naughty nighties, bias-cut chiffons, and swaggering frock coats that his influence is greater than his sales figures. In an era of diminishing expectations, when the best that can be said of a serious designer is that "he cuts a nice pantsuit," Galliano is out there where the big shots fear to tread—plunging back into the bogs of Scotland for tarty kilts, looting the boudoirs of ancient aristocrats for thin lace T-shirts, and returning now and again to London, where a skinhead smooching with an old-world Indian girl inspires rocker saris.

Now, at the age of 33, he has produced an even more astounding collection, an assortment of springtime farthingales, frock coats, and slinky evening gowns quivering with chiffon. They astound not because they resemble the sorts of rigs women wore in the 18th century, but because they look, after grunge and deconstruction, so simply beautiful.

"It was actually inspired by a piece I read in *Vanity Fair* about the czar's bones," says Galliano of the collection he calls "Princess Lucretia." In this extensively revised version of Russian aristocrats on the run, our heroine is seen fleeing her homeland (baying wolves in the background) "with anything she can grab from her boudoir"—to wit, enormous crinolines in Regency stripes with fragile wisps of the most genteel lace pressed to her bosom. From there, says our author, "she begins a voyage of discovery. She is a woman in complete control of her own destiny."

The son of a Gibraltarian father and Spanish mother, Galliano was raised in working-class Dulwich, where, it has been said, his mum taught him to flamenco on the kitchen table. Spiv-elegant in his youth, he was bound to excel at London's Saint Martins School of Art and Design, where his 1984 graduation show secured him not only his first investor but a sellout order from Browns and the unwavering devotion of fashion editors. The story of Galliano's 10-year career is, however, as famously bumpy as Princess Lucretia's petticoats. That he is less well-known than the designers he has influenced—Karl Lagerfeld and Calvin Klein come to mind—is due to the fact that, unlike them, he does not live the prototypical designer lifestyle. (Lately, he's been camping out in the Paris apartment of model Marie-Sophie Wilson.) More significant, his clothes are simply too extreme to keep backers happy for more than a few years.

"John is never going to do the things that investors want you to do in order to get the return," says Marion Hume, fashion editor of London's *Independent* newspaper. On the other hand, she reasons, who needs another beige pantsuit?

No conversation with Galliano seems to go off without a few giggles, but he is anything but glib. "Really, what I'm trying to do is find a way forward. I felt the only way to do that, after deconstruction, was through beautiful construction and the use of traditional technique," says Galliano, who found that common electrical wire, purchased by the spool at BHV in Paris, gave his crinolines their modern swing. "I just felt that women have been shortchanged for long enough." He insists that working in Paris has made him more aware of the necessity of building a stronger business, though his personal habits are resolutely "gypsy," and he is now trying to establish his own couture house.

"So many people today are so sloppy in their thinking. John doesn't have a sloppy brain," says his muse, Lady Harlech, the former Amanda Grieve, who speaks to Galliano nearly every night from her home in the Welsh hills. "I think he should have a dynasty."

Others are equally determined to see that Galliano remains aloft, especially now that Faycal Amor, the Moroccan-born designer in whose deep pockets so much hope was placed barely a year ago, has told Galliano that he is withdrawing his support after the spring collection is produced. And, indeed, had it not been for the last-minute largesse of São Schlumberger there would have been no show at all. "Someone who knows John called me three days before the show and said they couldn't have the show unless they raised the expenses, and so I said, 'Well, I'll help,' " recalls Schlumberger, who, along with Madame Boutin of Paris and a San Francisco patron named Dodie Rosekrans, put up the $50,000 needed for staging costs. The models all worked for free. Meanwhile, in New York, *Vogue* editor in chief Anna Wintour has been assiduously piquing retailers by placing Galliano high on the magazine's agenda. "I think he's a genius," says Wintour emphatically.

Such friends are hard to find, of course, and Galliano is nothing if not ennobled by the "guardian angels" who have helped him. But one suspects he will always be happiest poring over a moldering example of Napoleon's breeches or playing with one of his "dollies," the miniature mannequins that wear most of his clothes before they touch mortal flesh. "It's kind of a way of saving time and money," Galliano says of the dolls. "If you make a mistake, you haven't wasted so much fabric, though I like mistakes." The lofty bits of chiffon lapping off the shoulders of his bias-cut dresses were just such a mistake.

He laughs. "I was trying to do something that would defy gravity."

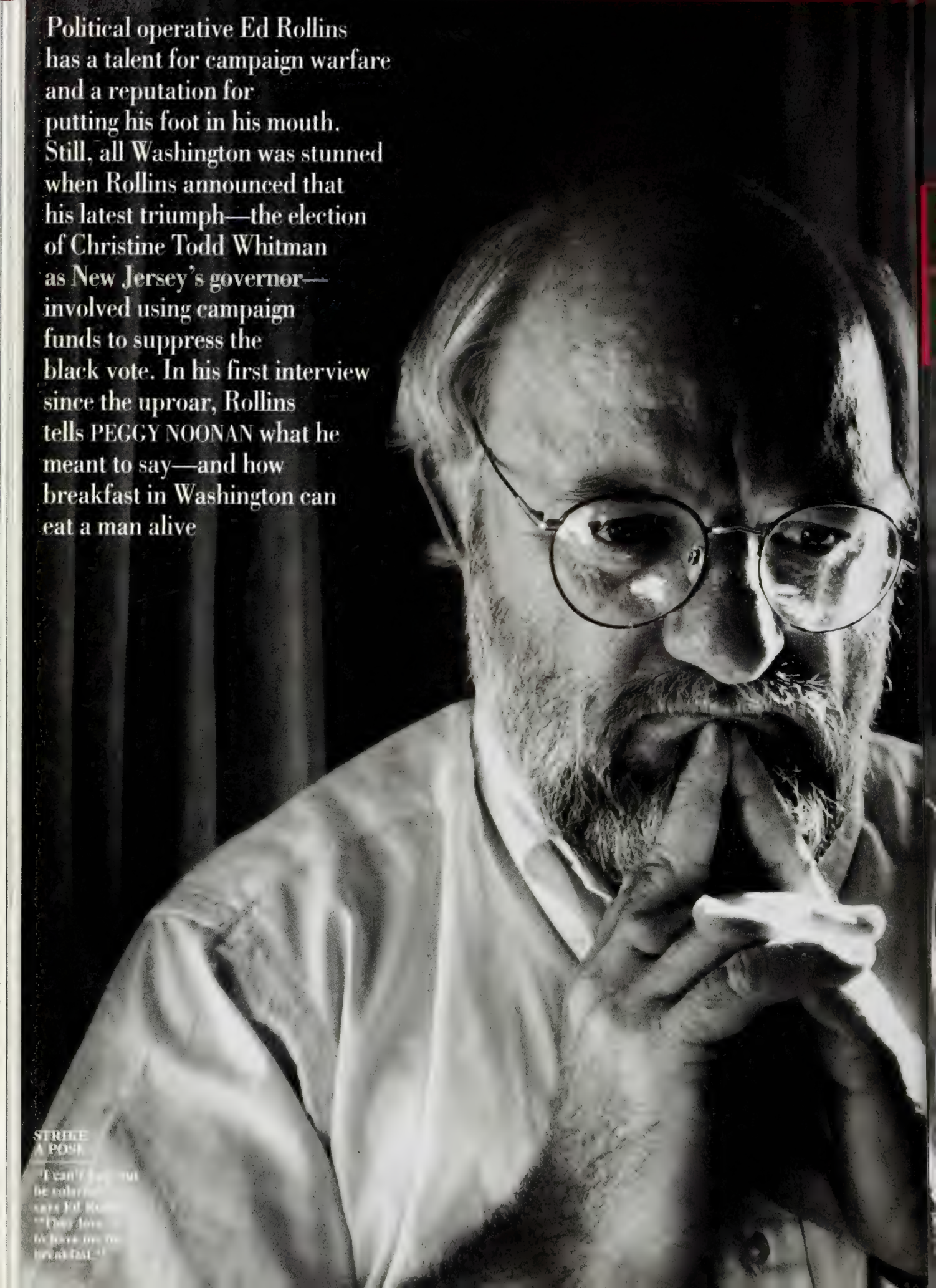
He almost did. □



"John doesn't have a sloppy brain," says his muse, Lady Harlech.

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Political operative Ed Rollins has a talent for campaign warfare and a reputation for putting his foot in his mouth. Still, all Washington was stunned when Rollins announced that his latest triumph—the election of Christine Todd Whitman as New Jersey's governor—involved using campaign funds to suppress the black vote. In his first interview since the uproar, Rollins tells PEGGY NOONAN what he meant to say—and how breakfast in Washington can eat a man alive



STRIKE A POSE

"I can't [illegible] be colorful," says Ed Rollins. "I just love to have fun in breakfast."

The Confessions of Ed Rollins



Here, reproduced from an audiotape of the Sperling breakfast of November 9, 1993, are the 570 words spoken by the political consultant Ed Rollins in the two or three minutes that changed his life. Asked how the campaign of Republican Christine Todd Whitman, on which he had served as chief adviser, triumphed in a come-from-behind victory over Democrat James Florio, incumbent governor of New Jersey, Rollins said:

I think the last three weeks in the campaign we had better television, we had our candidate perform better. And I think in the end the thing that surprised a lot of people was we really had a better ground operation. . . .

I think the thing that a lot of people didn't see is that we mailed out two and a half million targeted pieces of mail. They mailed no mail. We made one million paid phone calls to identify our voters. They made, to the best of my knowledge, no calls. We had 400,000 get-out-the-vote phone calls. We had about 15,000 coordinators.

For the first time, at least in my history, we had walking-around money, which is legal. And it's amazing to me in New Jersey, with a very tight election law, there's a title in there which is called "Walking-around Money." And you have to report some, not who you give it to or what you do with it. We had a substantial amount of walking-around money, which is a different game.

Photograph by HARRY BENSON





BEFORE AND AFTER

Left, then candidate Whitman strolls with her brother Webster "Dan" Todd, center, and strategist Ed Rollins during the campaign some called the Rollins-Carville race. *Below,* Ed Rollins is led into federal court in Newark, New Jersey, in November.

Q.: How much?

Somewhere in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. And here's how we used it. We went into black churches, and we basically said to ministers who had endorsed Florio, "Do you have a special project?" And they said, "We've already endorsed Florio." We said, "That's fine. Don't get up in the Sunday pulpits and preach. We know you've endorsed it, but don't get up there and say, 'It's your moral obligation that you go on Tuesday to vote for Jim Florio.' "

Equally as important, in some places we . . . said to some of their key workers, "How much have they paid you to do your normal duty? . . . Well, here's . . . We'll match it. Go home. Sit and watch television." And I think to a certain extent we suppressed their vote, suppressed it in a very positive—

Q.: You're very good at this. I'm new in this game.

Yes, I know you are.

Q.: But you talked to the black ministers. And if they don't say something, they get something in the way of money?

No. We made contributions to their favorite charity, which usually is some special proj— I mean, what we did is we played—what we did, I think for the first time, is we played the game the way the game is played in New Jersey or elsewhere. And I think to a certain extent our game plan was not to have this intensified vote in the areas that we couldn't obviously make up. . . .

But I think in the final three weeks—I mean, my sense is that Carville, Begala, Mandy Grunwald are very, very good professionals. I say this up front. It's the best campaign I've ever been up against. But I think they started doing a victory lap a little too soon. As Carl Golden, my press secretary, said, "They spiked the ball on the two-yard line." You know, they didn't get it across the finish line. . . .

Q.: Typical donation—what was a typical donation to a church or. . .

I didn't handle any of that, so I can't—I can't—I haven't any idea what sort—

Q.: Did it vary depending on the size of the church?

I'm sure it did. I mean, those are our community people, who obviously knew what they needed to do and where they needed to do it. And I don't think that's the story. I mean, all I'm using that as an example is that there were—I mean, we were street-smart this time. It was not the stupidest campaign ever run, as some people wanted to write. In the end it was a fairly smart campaign, and we knew what we had to do.

These words made that Sperling breakfast the most famous political meal since President Bush threw up on the prime minister of Japan. The resulting political scandal cast a shadow on the victory of a newly elected governor, insulted blacks and black religious leaders, astounded political pros, delighted Democratic operatives, and enraged Republicans. It also may—or may not—have permanently collapsed Rollins's career.

The election had been a spectacular comeback for Rollins, whose up-and-down professional history had segued from his post as campaign manager for Ronald Reagan's 1984 re-election landslide to Jack Kemp's ill-fated 1988 campaign against George Bush for the Republican presidential nomination, to the National Republican Congressional Committee (where as co-chair he fired off a memo suggesting G.O.P. candidates distance themselves from Bush after the president's tax hike), and finally to the Ross Perot campaign, which he co-ran for six volatile weeks.

Rollins does not call the Sperling affair a scandal; he calls it "the firestorm," a dramatic word that suggests the imposition of outside forces—accident, fate, things beyond human control. It is also a word which suggests that the person at the storm's center is not its perpetrator but its victim. I puzzled over it until, after dinner on the night of our first meeting, he inadvertently gave away its genesis. "You know what the Sperling is? It's playing with matches."

It had not been an easy three weeks for incendiary Ed—a self-described "warrior," a rock-'em, sock-'em contender who lived to play and loved to win. This is a man whose relentless thrusts to power led him to the White House, from which he was carried on a stretcher at the age of 39—11 years before the firestorm—to a hospital bed as a stroke victim. Now he was hearing himself called a liar, a loudmouth, a blowhard, an out-of-control egomaniac. He had been told that the career to which he had devoted a quarter-century of the same rough-and-tumble ferocity he had exhibited earlier in his life as a college football star and as a Golden Gloves amateur boxing champ was finished.

It had begun so innocently, early on the morning of the ninth, seven days after the election. He had slept maybe four hours, and he put on his usual blue suit, blue shirt, and a soft-pastel tie. He was tired. He had done *Larry King Live* the night before. That morning, he would do *Today,* on which he appeared regularly (before the storm broke) as a paid pundit. He got in his dark-green Toyota Land Cruiser, drove to the NBC studios on Nebraska Street, seated himself, got miked, and, in a six-minute segment, offered remarks that in retrospect would seem the mildest of his morning's missteps. The NAFTA debate had "resurrected Ross Perot," said Rollins, who went on to wrongly predict the outcome of the Perot-Gore debate: "I think Perot comes out ahead. I think NAFTA's gonna go down." Beside him, Democrat Bob Squier, the segment's other insider, twinkled in the early morning like a happy local anchorman.

Afterward, Rollins drove over to the Sheraton Carlton for the Sperling. He walked in, he says, without an agenda. "Actually, I never go into 'em ever thinking about what I say." Which is surprising given Ed's trouble at previous Sperlings. A dozen years ago, at his first, he had said, when asked how the Reagan White House would disci-

ne recalcitrant Republicans on the l, "We'll do it with baseball bats." or collectors of Rollins lore, the eball-bat Sperling is not to be con- ed with the later Rollins comment t the White House had, in order to a vote from Iowa senator Roger sen, "beat his brains in," which oc- ioned a White House denunciation. r is it to be confused with Rollins's nment, uttered during his first days as litical director in the Reagan White use, that the president's daughter aureen Reagan would make a terrible nate candidate. Or the memo on Bush d taxes. Firestorms all.

"I can't help but be colorful," he ys. Anyway, "they love to have me breakfast."

The Sperling breakfasts are a Washington ritual, begun 27 years ago by *Christian Science Monitor* bureau chief emeritus Godfrey Sperling, who devised them as a way for print reporters to get a next-day story without being beaten by radio and television. They often take place ice a week, are always on the record, id often make news. "People are surisingly forthcoming in the morning," ys Sperling. Sleepy people are undeended; they may let their guard down. Some slip further than others.

ometimes the candor is preared. It was at Sperling that residential hopeful Bill Clinn, accompanied by Hillary, rst told reporters that they had ad marital problems. "He came tending to say it," says Sperng. "He had it in his pocket."

On this morning, Rollins—hose reputation as a major edia feeder is unsurpassed—ent around the room saying ello and shaking hands with the wo dozen or so reporters. There was no troduction—"There's no need for introductions," Rollins told me. Godfrey perling asked the first question and Rollins left thinking he hadn't made ews, which is what he later told his vife on the phone. "I mean," he says ow, "when I walked out of this breakast, I didn't think anybody gave a shit bout New Jersey a week after the fact."

He shook his head. "For me to have been able to make these remarks in an open meeting with reporters and not have my own antenna go up, it's—as Sherrie [his wife] said—time for me to get out of the business, because I've lost my finger on the pulse, and I can't blame anybody else."

As his day clicked by, Ed Rollins went about his business, unaware that reporter Tom Edsall, who had been at the breakfast for *The Washington Post*, had written a story that was moving on the wires in newsrooms across the country. That night as the Rollinses watched the Gore-Perot debate, a call came in. Richard Berke of *The New York Times* wanted clarification of Rollins's breakfast comments. Then another reporter called. Sherrie heard Ed saying, "No, no, that's not what I meant, that's not what I meant," and smelled smoke. She is blunt in her recollection of her reaction to Rollins's explanation: "I'm biting my tongue not to say, you know, 'You idiot.' "

Neither slept that night. The next day, they reverted to what they say are their usual roles in a crisis: flight versus fight. He said he had to get away, clear his head. His destination was their cabin an hour away in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. She stayed, driving to work at *U.S. News & World Report*, where she is vice president in charge of public relations. Normally on the 20-minute drive she listens to the news on NPR. Today, and for weeks afterward, she raced to work listening to a CD: 10,000 Maniacs.

That day, Rollins spoke directly to Christie Whitman. She was cool and tough.

"I'm sure you want to shoot me," he said.

"No," he says she responded, "you better go shoot yourself."

She asked for a full retraction—which he gave. But without a full explanation, the retraction seemed unconvincing and his private explanations quite simply bizarre. All around him, the flames raged. The story became, simply: Is the voter suppression story true or untrue? And because there were a number of people who thought of Rollins as a man whose candor is both real and spontaneous, the perception spread that it was true.

"My difference with Ed," said Sherrie, "was I felt he should come out publicly on everything, tell what he meant, what he didn't mean. Obviously he screwed up, but I thought he should at least correct the $500,000 because that was the most blatant misperception."

Ed Rollins says he has been misunderstood. First, he says he never meant that the Whitman campaign had spent $500,000 on walking-around money—a term with a sometimes shady past which is now generally understood to mean money used for legal Election Day expenditures from doughnuts to precinct workers, to voter transport. He says that when he was asked the question "How much?" he interpreted it to refer to the amount spent on targeted mail, phone calls to identify potential supporters, coordinators of the get-out-the-vote effort, *and* walking-around money. The amount of actual walking-around money spent, he has said in depositions and repeats today, was actually about $70,000. (The Whitman campaign says $50,000.) Rollins now says, and has testified, that no money was used to pay off black ministers.

The audiotape of the breakfast is revealing. The general conversation was about the Whitman ground operation. But Rollins had referred specifically

> "I'm biting my tongue not to say, 'You idiot,' Sherrie Rollins recalls."

to walking-around money immediately before the reporter inquired, "How much?" And after Rollins answered, "Somewhere in the neighborhood of half a million dollars," he followed with the words "And here's how we used it." Rollins's tone is clear and conversational. There is nothing in it to suggest confusion or misunderstanding. The reporters seemed startled by what they heard. Rollins had a chance to backtrack, but he did not. He could have been confused. He could have blurred facts he was never really sure of, or figures he was only pretending to be certain about.

What do I think? I think Rollins meant to say a half-million dollars was spent on walking-around money, and I suspect he made the number up as a way of showing his expertise about a ground operation with which he was not truly involved. I think he was spinning. I suspect the spin began the Saturday after the election, when Rollins visited James Carville and his then fiancée, Mary Matalin, at their cabin in the mountains. Matalin has said that Rollins bragged about holding down the vote in the black community. He was "quite full of himself," she has said.

I suspect the spinning continued at a dinner party that evening at the home of journalist Rowland Evans. Those who attended also say Rollins bragged about paying off black ministers.

Rollins denies these accusations. But Sherrie Rollins seems to bolster them. She says that if she hadn't been away that weekend, the scandal probably never would have happened. The reason: It's the wife who keeps the husband down to earth, she says. She hears him tell stories and she hears the stories change and afterward asks, "Why did you say that? That didn't happen." Rollins is an "embellisher," she says. She wasn't there to stop the embellishments from turning into the story Ed told for the third time at the Sperling breakfast.

Professionals from both parties are skeptical that any modern campaign would actually spend as much as half a million dollars on walking-around money. New Jersey Democratic operative Anne Campbell points out, "No one takes that much money out of media." Republican John Sears calls walking-around money an old-fashioned tool that no longer applies to modern politics. "Campaigns are fought on TV and in the press, and the number of people you can reach [with walking-around money] is small." Republican campaign strategist Roger Stone, whose professional competition with Rollins has lately taken on a personal edge, says: "He doesn't understand sophisticated political campaigning. If he did, he'd understand walking-around money is an antiquity." Twenty-five years ago you could use it to help get a local union official to deliver his group, but it no longer works that way. The old bosses and ward heelers are gone; the old organization is gone; it's all the air war now, the television war. Longtime Democratic activist Harold Ickes says, "Did it happen? My guess is they probably talked about doing it in the campaign and they might have tried to, but I doubt it actually happened."

It is Harold Ickes who locates the heart of the Sperling scandal: "It struck me that much of the outcry was about the use of the word 'suppression,' especially where it concerns blacks. This country has fought for decades for blacks to obtain and exercise the voting franchise. The idea of deliberately suppressing their vote is appalling. That's the root of this fuss."

None of the post-Sperling investigations have yet found evidence that money changed hands between the Whitman campaign and black ministers. No one has come forward with evidence that it happened. But the issue is not closed. David Bositis, of the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, says, "It would not have been difficult for some black ministers to decide that a contribution for one of their charities was more worthwhile for their flocks than another four-year term for Jim Florio." Susan Estrich, who managed the Michael Dukakis campaign, says, "There's a weird sort of ethics where you can lie about your opponent. You can accuse him of being unpatriotic, mentally ill . . . and it's O.K., and you spend millions of dollars putting out a message that's completely untrue, but God forbid you give contributions to churches. . . . I guess I believe the first story, and it didn't shock me."

Interestingly, when I met with the Rollinses, they had an argument in front of me over whether or not Ed had used the terms "suppressed" or "suppression" at Sperling.

Sherrie noted that reading Ed's Sperling quotes leaves "the impression that Ed was saying we deliberately wanted to suppress the vote—"

"No. No," said Ed.

"I know that—" Sherrie began.

"The word 'suppression' was not my word," Ed interrupted.

"I'm saying that's the impression *you* had," said Sherrie.

"No," Ed said. "It was not. It was not."

"Sure it was," Sherrie said.

"It was *not* the impression I had," Ed said. "Suppression was something that was introduced by a questioner. I never said anything about suppressing the vote."

"You were quoted as saying—" Sherrie began.

"No," said Ed. "I responded."

At any rate, Sherrie was right: he did say it, and it was a deadly word.

I was the first reporter that Ed Rollins spoke to—on the record—after the Sperling scandal broke. His lawyers had advised him to keep quiet while they dealt with the legal cases that quickly followed the Sperling statement: a Justice Department investigation, a state investigation in New Jersey, and lawsuits by the New Jersey Democratic State Committee and by the Reverends Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton, on behalf of black clergy.

When we spoke, the New Jersey Democrats had just dropped their suit. Rollins says that if the Justice Department decides to bring suit, he will see it as a political prosecution, "because I did nothing illegal or improper." He says he has already spent $50,000 in lawyers' fees.

I have known and liked Ed Rollins since I met him in 1984, when we worked in the Reagan White House, he as political director, I as a speechwriter. He struck me as smart and decent. He wasn't a rich Republican from guilty Greenwich; he hadn't inherited his politics. He was, in fact, the son of an electrician who worked in the navy yards. He was a former Democrat who believed in ideas and who thought the modern Republican Party should be and is the party of the working class.

From the moment I read the Rollins-

perling story on the front page of *The w York Times*. I had a hunch. I did t know if the story was true or untrue, t the answer to the question of why Ed llins said what he did seemed to me is: he is haunted, as all Republican litical professionals of his generation e haunted, by the idea that the Demoats—the party of Boss Daley, the par- of Tammany—are the party of the ugh, street-savvy operators. nd I thought of another thing: the romance of toughness at every political operative I ave ever known is caught up . Not only was Lee Atwater ard and ruthless, he wanted ou to know he was hard and thless. Ed Rollins wanted veryone to know that he was ough, too. "*We played the ame the way the game is layed,*" he said at Sperling. *We were street-smart. . .* "

Ed and Sherrie Rollins live in a cream-colored Cape Cod on a bluff with a Potomac view in a desirable upper-middle-class section of Alexandria, Virginia. Ed and Sherrie describe the neighborhood as "eclectic," and it is, in a way: the older houses are modest, the newer are mansions. The Rollinses' house, bought for $440,000 in 1987, has an upper-middle-class appearance, the look a set decorator might use to represent a certain kind of American success. Autographed pictures of presidents and First Ladies line the walls; they bear personal, often funny inscriptions. The kitchen counter was strewn, perhaps for my benefit, with scores of letters from friends and associates, 60 percent of which, by Sherrie and Ed's reckoning, contain the phrase "This too shall pass." She is also tired of hearing "Onward and upward."

"That's me, I say that," said Ed.

"Then how come we keep going downward and backward," she asked, and they laughed.

With long brown hair and little makeup, Sherrie Rollins is southern, pretty, and deeply sophisticated. As she walked toward me in a mid-calf navy-blue dress and handsome earrings, she seemed very much the briskly confident Washington career woman. She is highly experienced in the ways of the media, in which she has spent half her professional life. She is, ironically, a P.R. expert married to a P.R. nightmare. And she responds to the debacle he has created with the tools of her trade. This afternoon and the next she would be at great pains to cover certain points: that they are not bitter; that they do not blame the press; that people have not abandoned them; that their friends have been incredibly supportive; that, yes, there have been some disappointments, but this has been a growing experience. She says it has given them the opportunity to stop and reflect.

> "This is the closest thing to war. You're not dead. . . but, you know, the wounds are deep."

She is, I feel, both candid and contrived. When she told me that this is the kind of thing that separates true friends from acquaintances, she added, "My Christmas-card list was out of control, anyway." And she laughed.

"How many cards do you send?" I asked. Her eyes clicked as a mental computer screen yielded up the data of a Nexis search—Unfortunate metaphor: "See Bush, friends, thousands of; see Bush, Christmas-card list, tens of thousands on; see Bush defeat, in spite of friends."

Her eyes came back to me and she said, "Ed's always teasing me that there are all these people [on the list] he never heard of—he'll say, 'Who's this?' And I'll say, 'That was my third-grade teacher. Who I send a card with a letter every year.' "

"But how many Christmas cards do you send?"

"About 700, I guess, usually."

"Will you send fewer this year?"

"This may not be a year for a Christmas card per se," Sherrie responded.

As I spoke to Sherrie, Ed padded around the kitchen dressed in comfortable khaki slacks, a blue shirt, and a jacket. He looked smaller than I recalled, as if his physical self had constricted. Later he would tell me that his back, on which he has had 13 operations, has been causing him pain. He walks stiffly, his upper body pitched forward at about a 10-degree angle. He reminded me of something, a photograph, and I realized: Ted Kennedy after Chappaquiddick.

What was most striking, however, early on, was Ed's turning to me quietly and saying that the past three weeks had sent him back to the Catholic Church, the church of his youth. The day it happened he was at a lawyer's office preparing for his grand-jury testimony two days later. He left the lawyer's office and went into a hotel newsstand, where he picked up *Time* and *Newsweek* and looked at their Rollins stories. "And I turned away and walked out and got in my truck. And I started to drive down Pennsylvania and it was, it was about five P.M. And I said, 'Fuck, I'm going to church.' I turned up 17th and went to St. Matthew's Cathedral, and that's where it began. Trying to find my roots."

"Fuck, I'm going to church" is not strictly the language of conversion, but it is the language of Ed, and we laughed.

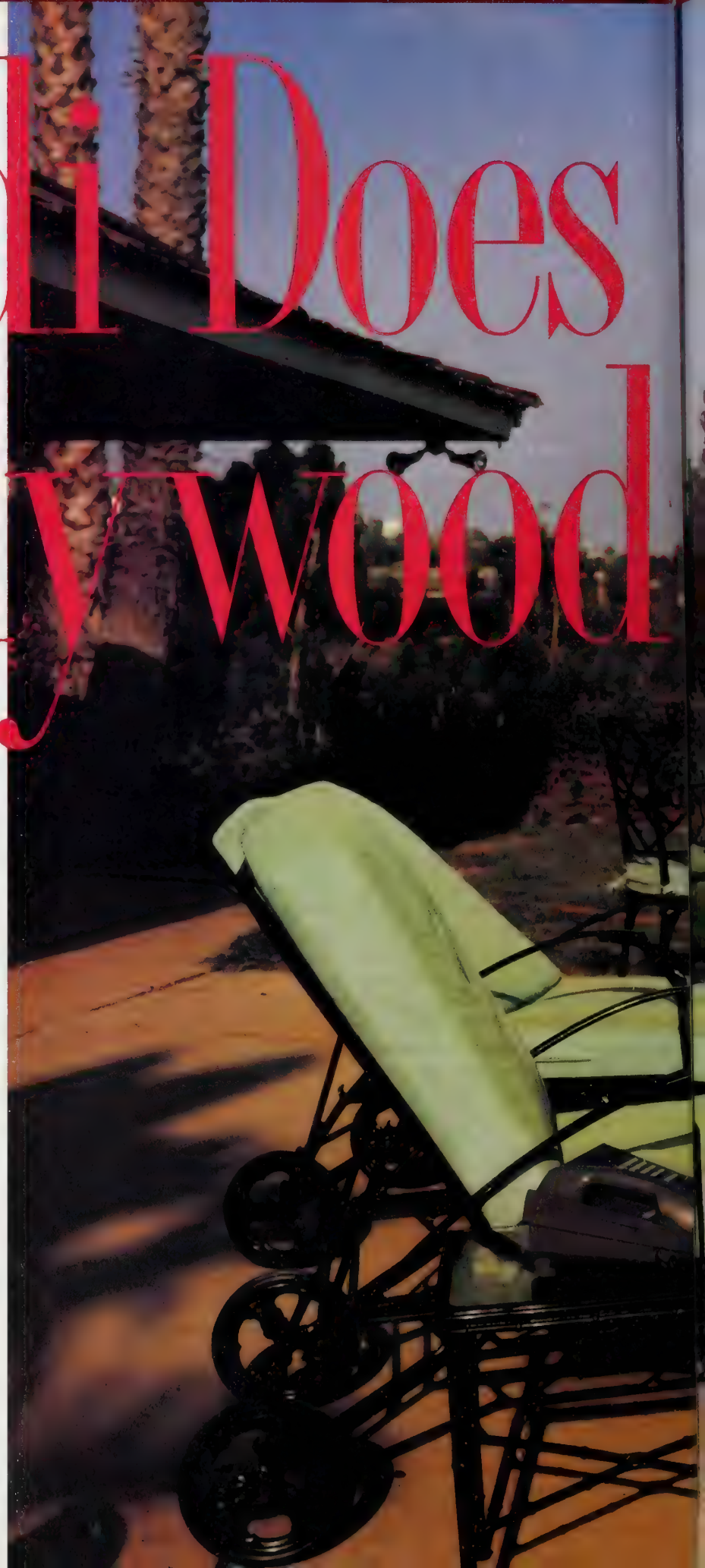
But something bothered me. "Ed," I said, "are you aware that in the past few years I've undergone a similar experience regarding faith and belief?"

And his eyes flickered.

"Yes," he said.

When he spoke about Catholicism, Ed Rollins, I feel sure, was telling me the truth. *(Continued on page 126)*

Heidi Does Hollywood



For two years, Heidi Fleiss was the reigning madam of Hollywood—and the keeper of the town's most intimate secrets. Since her arrest, industry heavyweights have been holding their collective breath as Fleiss wheels and deals, starting a sleepwear line and bartering sordid tales featuring prominent names from her infamous "black books." As she awaits trial, Fleiss gives LYNN HIRSCHBERG what everyone wants—an unprecedented account of her dizzying ride



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ ■ Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



HOLLYWOOD BABYLON
For two years, Heidi ruled L.A.'s high-stakes game of musical beds.

"I didn't lose m

"What you need is a condom!" Heidi Fleiss is saying, waving a long strip of maroon Trojans. She is striding purposefully through her Benedict Canyon house, a house she's rarely left since she was arrested on pandering and drug charges last June. For the past seven months, her life has been a nonstop frenzy. All summer and fall, reporters hounded Heidi for her story—they wanted names, places, girls, *anything* linked to Heidi. Helicopters circled her house, desperate for a glimpse of the Hollywood madam—the 27-year-old girl who provided L.A.'s richest and most renowned men with $1,500-a-night call girls. Some 250 interview requests came in every day, but Heidi wouldn't talk. "I'm not Madonna," she says. "I don't want to be famous."

But she is. Better than famous—Heidi is infamous. In a town that measures worth by how much power one wields, Heidi is a force. "A lot of people are afraid of me," she says. "And they should be." Heidi smiles. "Leaders of countries called me and asked for sex. You look at any picture of a politician with some girls around him and at least three of them will be mine. . . . If I really came out and talked I could have stopped NAFTA."

Today, marching through her house, Heidi does look a bit fierce. She is dressed in black—black leggings, black boots, black anorak jacket—and she looks like an animated stick figure. She is pretty, though painfully thin—her face has so little flesh it appears almost skeletal. "You should always have protection," she says, ripping off a single condom. "I could certainly use some."

Heidi smiles at her own (half) joke. She hands the condom to a blond model named Rob, who is standing in her kitchen naked except for a pair of plaid flannel boxer shorts. "What do you think of my sleepwear?" Heidi asks him, somewhat seductively. He looks confused—this is, after all, Madam Heidi talking—and fingers the condom. "You put that . . . *here*," she says, pointing to a pocket cleverly placed on the hip of the boxers.

The model looks relieved but he still isn't sure how to react. He's here t work—today, CNN is taping a seg ment on Heidi's newest venture, he line of wholesome cotton sleepwear The house is filled with models—most of whom are really just Heidi' friends—sporting her cotton terry cloth robes and sturdy flannel box ers. Heidi wanted to show tha *anyone* could wear her stuff, s she invited an assortment of body types. There's her 16-year-old brother, Jesse, getting his hai coiffed in the dining room. And Nance Mitchell, a middle-aged woman who takes care of Heidi's skin, is slipping into a pink bathrobe. Two linebacker-size black guys are trying on XXL boxers and a 50-something guy named Paul Fegen, otherwise known as Fig, is doing card tricks.

As it turns out, Heidi had a crush on Fig when she was still in her teens. Nearly everyone here today has a similar connect-the-dots history with Heidi. Since leaving home at 16, she's lived in one scene after another, and this house, well, this house was the biggest nonstop party of them all. "There were 25 girls here at a time," says Susie Sterling, a dizzy blonde Heidi calls "the Sex Toy." "It was girls' camp."

Casa Heidi still has the feel of a sorority. It's a party house—the wood floors are bare throughout and there is very little furniture. The periphery of the house is enclosed by French doors that look out on a spectacular view of L.A. "You feel like you own the town from here," Heidi says.

At the moment, she is giving a tour of the $1.6 million spread. "These are fig trees," she says to the CNN producer, pointing to two huge potted plants that flank the pale-green overstuffed couches in the living room. "They're supposed to bring you luck," she says. "They'd better. I need a miracle."

But, today, the specter of the last few months and the fact that she is facing up to 11 years in jail are overshadowed by the demands of sleepwear. "We've got to get this going," she says, shepherding her troops into the kitchen. The last time Heidi tried to promote her line was with a photo shoot for a London newspaper and the experience was a disaster. "I had to

rginity until I was almost 18. I'm real slow."

ke a Valium," Heidi says. "I don't ant that to happen again."

Today, she is calmer. "Pay attention," she says, particularly to Susie, ho is studying the bulletin board in e kitchen. The pushpinned collage is microcosm of Heidi's World. Tacked o are an engraved invitation to a Clinn inaugural ball, a sticker from e Mustang Ranch in Nevada, where ostitution was legal, and some snapnots of happier times. "Su-sie!" Heisays, verbally smacking her. Susie ooks up immediately. "Yes, Heidi?" e says. "What are we doing?"

As the models parade past the CNN ameras on the patio outside the kitchn, Victoria Sellers bursts in. She is ressed in a black cat suit and combat oots, and two five-month-old pit-bull uppies (Green Eyes and Quarter Poundr) are yipping at her heels. "What's oing on?" she asks the guy doing nakeup in the dining room. "Ohmiod—I forgot all about this!"

She darts off to her bedroom, pushng the dogs out the French doors. Sellers, who lives here in a frilly bedroom illed with cherubs and framed photoraphs of her famous parents (Britt Ekland and the late, great Peter Sellers), is the most visible remnant of Heidi's notorious past. A would-be ictress, she posed topless for *Playboy* n 1986 and has a messy legal past: She claims to have been an unwitting ccomplice in a cocaine ring, run by ner talent agent. When the agent/drug ord was busted in 1986, Sellers was arrested. After testifying against her friends, she wound up with three years' probation. "I'm always around some controversy," she says, sounding exasperated. "Now there's this Heidi thing . . ."

Victoria and Heidi met in Palm Springs when they were 16. Heidi was taken with Victoria's lineage and connections—she grew up with a string of her mother's boyfriends, from Rod Stewart to Warren Beatty. Victoria was impressed by Heidi's nerve and innate business sense. "Heidi's smart," says Victoria. "When she puts her mind to something, she *gets* it."

Victoria, meanwhile, is scattered and disorganized—a charming mess. Like most of Heidi's girls, she lives the vampire life. "Victoria is a nymphomaniac," adds Heidi. "We had contests on how many guys we could go out with simultaneously. Victoria would do fun stuff like say, 'We got two guys on the phone—do you want the blond or the brunet?' . . . We were total perverts. We'd fuck the same guy in the same bed. Victoria liked rough sex and I didn't, so I'd leave sometimes. But plenty of mornings, we'd wake up and say, '*What* was his name?' It was like that."

Not surprisingly, Victoria denies that she is a nymphomaniac. "I like sex, but I'm not crazy," she says. She also denies having sex in the same bed as Heidi. "Close, but not that," she says. "Who wants sloppy seconds?" As for "rough sex," that was just a phase. "A little over a year ago, I used to like to be mean to guys," Victoria explains, "but not anymore."

Still, Victoria hasn't quite gotten used to the new regimen. At the end of the summer, she was in a car accident, and drugs and a gun were found in her car. A few months ago, she moved back to Heidi's when one of her boyfriends started beating up on her. When she returns to the makeup/dining room, Victoria starts yammering about her day ("I got a manicure and a pedicure and I got my eyebrows done and a UVA sun"), and one of the "models" stops by to say hello. They whisper for a minute and he hands her a small packet. Victoria pockets it.

The exchange is witnessed by Jesse Fleiss. He says nothing, just sits and stares at Victoria, who is now having her brown hair pulled into a high ponytail. Outside, the CNN cameras are filming Susie parading about in rolled-down boxers.

CNN decides to shoot some inserts inside the house, and Heidi pulls Victoria, whom she affectionately calls "Toast," into the shot. They banter about sleepwear—specifically, their jointly designed upcoming line for women, which will be ready on Valentine's Day. "You are very serious about this," says Sherri Sylvester, an entertainment correspondent for CNN. "I take everything very seriously," replies Heidi.

When CNN has packed up and left, Jesse comes bounding over. "You were great!" he tells his sister. He hesitates. "I think some of Victoria's friends brought her drugs," he continues. "Don't be mad at her."

Heidi looks like she's going to implode. The idea of Victoria scoring drugs while CNN is less than a foot away is too outrageous to be believed. "Someone with a *joint* on them can get me in trouble now," Heidi says. "I just have a prescription for Valium and that's it." (Victoria denies that she received drugs.)

Heidi reflects a moment. "Listen to me. I don't sound like myself." She stares at Jesse. "I can't have any *fun* anymore. I used to have fun and now I don't. Things will never be the same again."

This isn't a story about sex. You'd think it would be—Hollywood madam, high-priced call girls, powerful clients, lingerie, the rest. It sounds like sex. But it's not. This is a story about boredom and restlessness and control—mostly about control. About who wanted it, who had it, and how they thought they got it. That was the contest. Between the girls. Between the clients and the girls. Between everybody, including the police. It wasn't about sex. It was about who thought they were winning—and who won.

It's a very bright winter day and Heidi is sitting at the glass table in her dining room. She is wearing all white: white leggings, white tennis shoes, a white thermal T-shirt. On her left hand she is wearing a large diamond ring. "This is from the richest guy in Brazil," she says. "I like wearing it with sweatpants because it looks so Arab."

Heidi is leafing through a large red scrapbook filled with clippings and snapshots from the last few months. "My sister Shana started collecting this after the troubles began," Heidi says. "I call it 'the Troubles,' " she smiles, realizing how civilized and ladylike this sounds.

It's an odd pose because there's something innately raw about Heidi, something almost feral. She is one of those people that was never young; one

of those people who imagined a Big Life. "I always had my own agenda," she says. "I was always looking for something else."

Heidi grew up, one of six children, in Los Feliz, a middle-class section of Los Angeles. "*Not* Beverly Hills," insists Ivan Nagy, her erstwhile lover. "Heidi was desperate to get west of Doheny." Her father, Dr. Paul Fleiss, is a prominent pediatrician, and her mother taught elementary school. Heidi was a terrible student and took the G.E.D. when she was 16. "I lied to my parents for a year and told them I was going to school," she remembers. "I goofed around instead. I was restless as hell."

Mostly she hung out at the beach and the Santa Anita racetrack. ("Heidi likes to gamble," says Anthony Brooklier, her attorney. "She'll bet on which raindrop will make it down the window first.") In 1984, a friend invited Heidi to a party at the estate of Bernie Cornfeld, a notorious financier. "I said to her, 'Who owns this place?' " says Heidi, who was 19 at the time. "And she pointed to Bernie." Heidi has a predilection for older men. "I don't like them under 45," she says. "Just show me a 60-year-old guy with a million dollars. Point me in that direction."

For the next four years, Heidi traveled the world with Cornfeld, who once dated such beauties as Victoria Principal and is a multimillionaire. "I told my parents I was his secretary," she explains. "Bernie was my first real relationship. I didn't lose my virginity until I was almost 18. I'm real slow. I'd go to bed at night and say, 'Why can't I have tits like Dolly Parton?' But I remember the first guy. He was blond—I've never slept with a blond again—and I wanted to understand what everyone was talking about. So, I just did it. And it was, like, 'This is so painful, I will die. I will never do this again. I'll be a nun. Nooo way will I do this again.' And now what am I supposed to be? The biggest fucker on earth!"

She laughs. "Bernie's and my relationship started falling apart in the Bahamas," she recalls. "He couldn't be monogamous." Her parents were still oblivious, believing that she was simply his secretary.

And yet Heidi was (and is) a daddy's girl—her father has looked out for her financially throughout her life. The registration for her 1992 black-on-black Corvette and her house are both in his name. "Paul Fleiss preferred to be blind because his daughter was dating Bernie Cornfeld, a 60-year-old man," says a source close to Heidi. "He was shocked when he found out his daughter was a madam. All those years, he thought Heidi was selling real estate."

When Heidi and Cornfeld were quarreling over his womanizing, she flew back to L.A. and went out with some friends to Helena's, the hottest club of 1988. There, she met Ivan Nagy. Born in Budapest, Nagy had been a successful photographer and TV director, of such shows as *Starsky and Hutch*. But when Heidi met him, he was working as a bookie. "So I made a bet with him," remembers Heidi. "And I happened to win. I went straight back to the Bahamas and Ivan followed me there. I did not know he was a lunatic. Not yet."

They were a match. "She has always been a sparring partner," recalls Nagy. Yet, in 1989, Heidi claims, Nagy sold her to Elizabeth Adams, known as Madam Alex, then the most powerful madam in L.A., in order to settle a $450 gambling debt. Nagy denies this vehemently. "Obviously, I didn't want her to work," he says, "and the last thing I wanted to do was to sell her to Alex."

"That was his *job*," maintains Heidi. "He'd sell people to Alex. He'd get plane tickets for Alex. Alex had him collect money. Scare girls. Do errands. For this, she'd get him laid. And pay him too." A month before she turned 23, Heidi says, Alex and Nagy sent her out on her first "date." "I got fucked up on drugs," she recalls, "cocaine and quaaludes. And they talked me into having sex with an Arab at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, for $5,000. He was so nice. He paid me in traveler's checks and I gave $2,000 to Ivan. I wasn't scared because I was fucked up."

There were other encounters. "But it just wasn't happening," Heidi says, although other girls claim she took to the business instantly. "I went to Vegas with two other girls once. We met these Arabs who were, like, the ugliest things on earth. They were *so* gross. I locked myself in my room. I wouldn't touch him. They were, like, 'Who am I gonna fuck?' And I said, 'Not for all the money in the world.' "

Alex was not immediately impressed with Heidi. "Why are you bringing me this *thing?*" Alex recalls telling Nagy. "She was a '5.' I deal in '10's." But Heidi was smarter than most of Alex's girls and the two grew close. "We'd giggle," Alex says now. "We'd get bored at night and we'd call up other madams and ask them about girls. They'd think they were being taped and freak out." Alex pauses. "I was more than good to Heidi. She was so respectful and I was flattered. . . . She's a freak. Men are fascinated by freaks. They become obsessed. . . . Heidi *is* lovable in her way, when she's not being a twat."

Heidi was intrigued by the business and began to believe that she could take over Alex's clients and girls. "It starts like anything else," says Nagy. "You know, you work for a law firm and the next thing you know some client says, 'Listen, I don't like the firm, but I like you.' And you set up your own office and now you're the law firm. Heidi accumulated a lot of numbers and all of a sudden people started calling her up. And it started."

"I changed the rules," Heidi says rather gleefully. "I'd tell the guys, 'You get what you pay for. You can find girls for less, but they're not the best. *Mine* are the best.' I saw it as a way that girls could really take advantage of men. And we did exactly that—every man was taken advantage of. I'd tell the girls, 'Don't ever sell out. Leave if you want. You're the boss. You're in charge!' "

Heidi's standard fee for a girl was $1,500 a night, of which she kept $900. But that was the low end. Often, men would pay thousands more, especially if the girl had to travel. Heidi's business grew rapidly. Unlike Alex, who was 60 years old, diabetic, and rarely left her house, Heidi was young and attractive and extremely social. She was always out on the town, at in spots such as the Monkey Bar and Mortons. She was The Madam of the Moment. "In L.A., it's a small clique," says one prominent agent. "We all go to the same florist, the same dentist, and the same madam.

V en one person knows someone, ev- body gets in on it.''

n the spring of '92, Heidi and Vic- a decided to run On the Rox, a club Sunset Boulevard owned by record gul Lou Adler, Victoria's stepfa- r. They kept it exclusive—it was y open Monday, Thursday, and Sat- lay. ''It was a party,'' recalls Vic- ia. Most of the Brat Packers—Judd lson, Sean Penn, Charlie Sheen— re regulars, as were rock stars like ly Idol and the whole *90210* crew. Ve let in who we wanted and a lot of ople were upset,'' says Heidi proud- ''A lot of people were jealous be- use *we* had the key.''

The parties continued back at the use. ''Heidi was taking a lot of ugs,'' says a friend, echoing others. She would snort crystal meth and ke drugs like Mandrax, which are aaludes. She still does. In fact, it's tten worse.'' Heidi denies she's on ugs. ''I'm not a nun,'' she admits, ut I've never smoked a cigarette and ve only smoked dope twice in my e. I do take a quaalude or a Percodan nce in a while, since I've been in ouble.''

By the end of '92, Heidi's business as booming. She says she was having affair with her longtime crush, James aan, visiting him on the set of *Flesh nd Bone* in Texas. (Caan denies any volvement with Heidi.) She was living e life she had always longed for—fast ars! beautiful clothes! big houses! Then came my downfall,'' she says ther sadly. Heidi leafs through the uge scrapbook. She pulls out a clip- ing from the L.A. *Times* dated De- ember 14, 1992. ''This is where I cked my whole life up.''

The article was about the robbery of Madam Alex's jewels, which she blamed n ''a 26-year-old former 'creature' of ers.'' The reporter, Shawn Hubler, in- erviewed Heidi, although she did not uote her by name. ''But they knew it as me,'' Heidi says. ''The police new.'' In the article, she denied the obbery charge (the real thieves were ater apprehended) but she bragged bout her business. ''What took [Alex] ears to build,'' she said, ''I built in ne. It's just hard for Madam Alex to accept the fact that her ship has sunk nd she's been forced out.''

Heidi's arrogance rankled some powerful people. In the two years she



LADIES' MAN
Ivan Nagy, who hopes to direct his version of the story for television and would like Armand Assante to play him.

"Just show me a 60-year-old guy with a million dollars," Heidi says. "Point me in that direction."

was the top madam, she had made numerous enemies: Nagy was out to nail her; Alex, a police informer, was miffed and resentful; several girls felt she had mistreated them; and, most important, the Los Angeles Police Department felt her remarks in the *Times* were a direct hit at them. The L.A.P.D. felt she was laying down a challenge—that what Heidi really meant was that she was above the law. "From that point on, I knew the future would be different," she says now, carefully placing the clipping back in the scrapbook. "From then on, I was always looking over my shoulder."

On the evening of April 6, 1993, Beverly Hills detective Sammy Lee drove his red Ferrari Testarossa to the Rangoon Racquet Club to meet Heidi Fleiss. Posing as Niko Akai, a rich Japanese businessman, he asked Heidi if she could "arrange entertainment" for several clients, who would be coming to town in a couple of months. "Everyone knew he was a cop but me," Heidi says, shaking her head. "I'm just the biggest sucker."

In June, Lee called again and arranged to meet Heidi at the Beverly Hilton to set up the date. "It's a cheaper hotel," Heidi says. "But sometimes Arabs rent out two floors, and when I got there, there was a fax machine hooked up and a fax came in with Chinese writing on it, so I said, 'Maybe he's not a vice cop.'

"He asked for a girl," Heidi continues, "and I spent 20 minutes bragging like a total idiot. I was, like, 'You get what you pay for' and 'What Alex took 10 years to do, I've done in one.' I was *so* dumb. He said, 'Can I pay with *pakalolo?*' [Hawaiian slang for marijuana], and I said, 'No *pakalolo*. No yen.' That was abnormal for a legitimate businessperson to say. Either I had a terrible hangover that day or I came straight from the racetrack, but I wasn't too sharp."

She asked him to describe his dream girl ("tall, slender, brunette") and Heidi sent Samantha Burdette, who resembles the late Natalie Wood, to Lee's hotel room that night. Samantha is a typical Heidi girl. Strikingly lovely, she left Colorado when she was still a teenager for a glamorous modeling/acting career in Japan. She wound up living with John Casablancas, the head of the Elite modeling agency, and then with Axl Rose of Guns n' Roses. Then she started working for Heidi. "Samantha is beautiful, but she is a lost soul," says Heidi sympathetically.

According to the police report, Lee met Samantha that evening. They chatted, he paid her $1,500, she undressed to her panties and bra, and then Lee canceled the date, claiming he had pressing business, but allowing her to keep the money. "The next night, he asked for three more girls and two eight balls [two-eighths of an ounce] of cocaine," recalls Heidi. "Then Charlie [Sheen] called me and said he wanted some coke as a favor. [Sheen would not respond to any questions regarding his involvement with Heidi.] . . . And another client asked for Mandrax and I got them. I threw the Mandrax in the back of my car. That day, I went out in the sun. I was disturbed all day. I was on a sobriety *(Continued on page 122)*

SPOTLIGHT

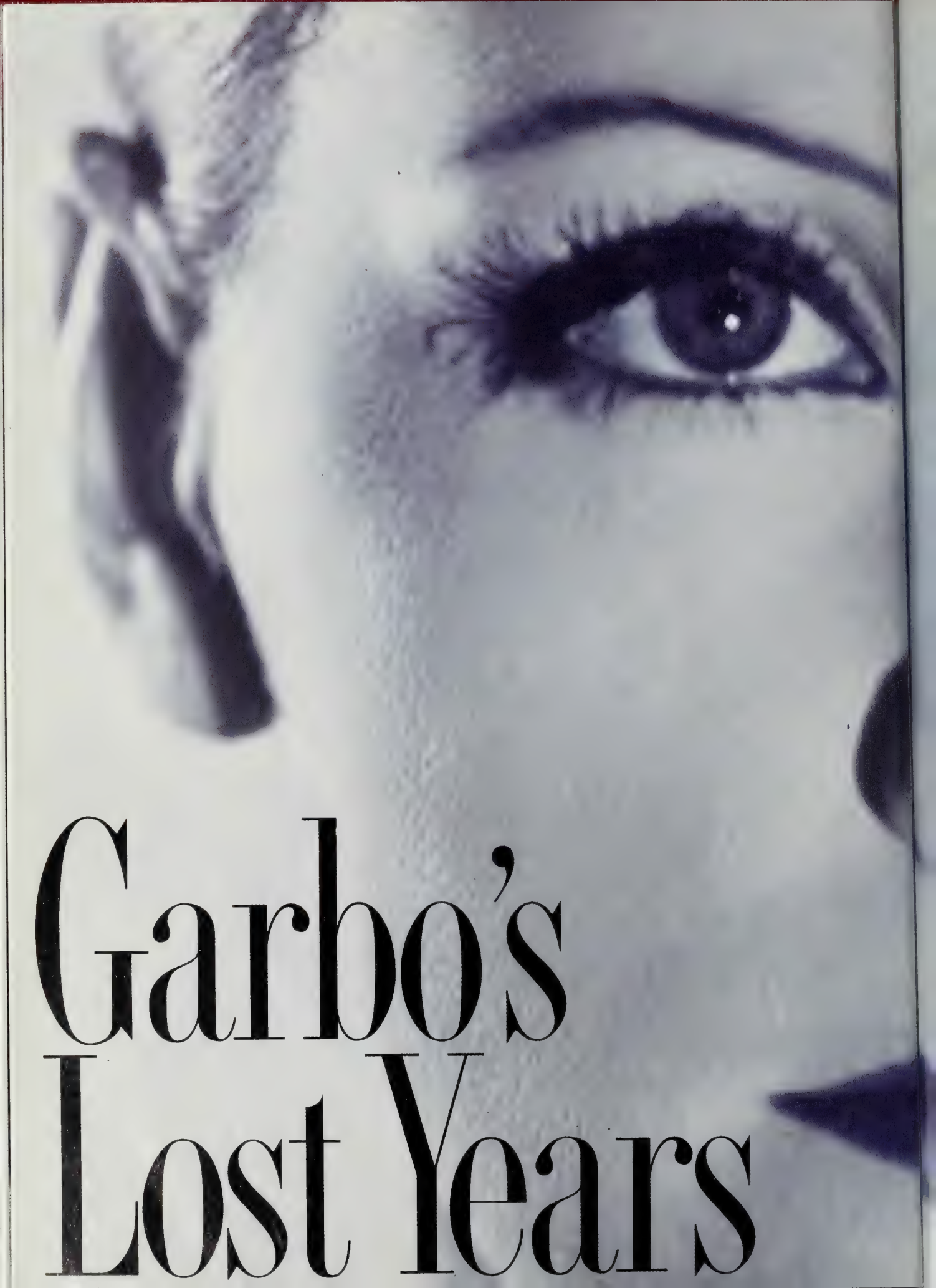
Super Egon

You wouldn't think America had much more to learn about sex, decay, and narcissism. In fact, though, one vital quality is still missing—the sort of high style that Egon Schiele (1890–1918) brought to such matters in the morbid, sexually haunted Vienna of his youth. Schiele's erotically wired line is one of the most beautiful in 20th-century art, not least because it does not overlook the soul reflected in Narcissus's pool. This month, an exhibition of about 70 of Schiele's pictures, organized by Art Services International, opens at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. It should excite those weary of Bobbitts and Buttafuocos.

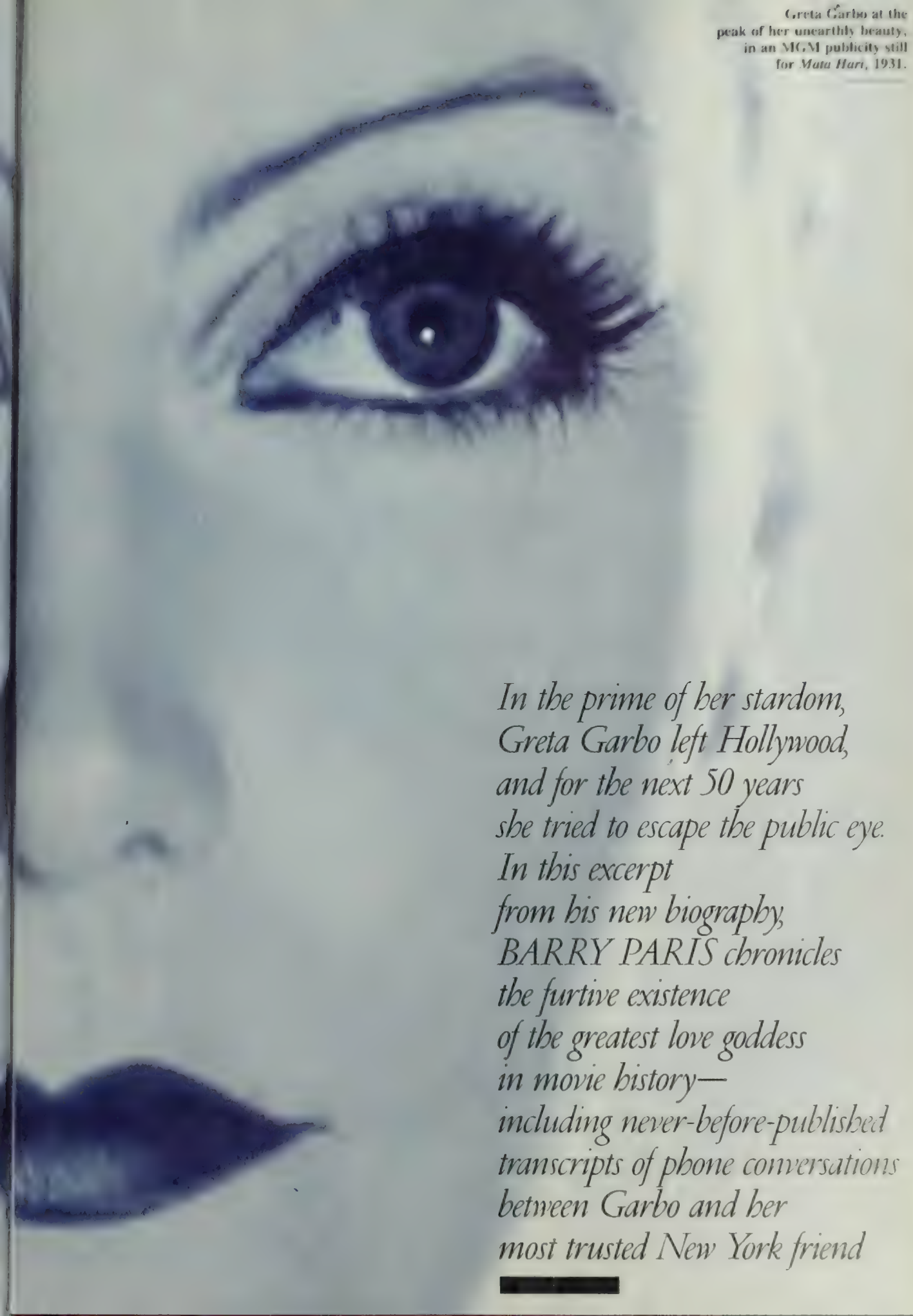
Although he died while still young—of influenza at the age of 28—Schiele fully absorbed the lush and often exquisitely poisonous atmosphere of Vienna before the First World War. The dreamily erotic painting of Gustav Klimt inspired him, as did the Expressionist distortions of Oskar Kokoschka. His neurotic nature appeared designed for analysis by his fellow Viennese Sigmund Freud. More than anything else, however, his art captured the feverish self-absorption of a certain kind of young man. In the 1912 *Self-Portrait, Bust* (watercolor and pencil on paper, 13¾ in. by 10 in.), his witchy eyes are ruled equally by desire and disgust, and his hair seems to have a life of its own—springing from a head that cannot contain its dreams.

—MARK STEVENS


EGON
SCHIELE
His line
does not overlook
the soul
reflected in
Narcissus's pool.
SCHIELE
1912



Garbo's Lost Years



Greta Garbo at the peak of her unearthly beauty, in an MGM publicity still for *Mata Hari*, 1931.

In the prime of her stardom, Greta Garbo left Hollywood, and for the next 50 years she tried to escape the public eye. In this excerpt from his new biography, BARRY PARIS chronicles the furtive existence of the greatest love goddess in movie history— including never-before-published transcripts of phone conversations between Garbo and her most trusted New York friend

"I loathe my fame"

Greta Garbo made her last film, *Two-faced Woman,* in 1941, then fled Hollywood forever. From that time forward, time was her friend, her enemy, and her challenge. What did the world's most beautiful woman *do* for the last 50 years of her life?

She lived in New York, where she devoted as much energy to avoiding cameras as she ever had to performing in front of them. She wore a uniform of mannish clothes, pulled-down hats, scarves, and sunglasses. She had few friends, and if any of them spoke about her to the media, the relationship was terminated. She traveled to private retreats in Europe, particularly to Klosters in Switzerland to visit the screenwriter Salka Viertel, her closest confidante from Hollywood days, and to Paris to see her other dear friend, Cécile de Rothschild, of the banking family.

In 1953, at the urging of George Schlee, Garbo bought a seven-room fifth-floor apartment at 450 East 52nd Street, one story above his and his wife's, for $38,000, and there she lived for the last 37 years of her life. In the early 40s, the nutritionist Gayelord Hauser had taken Garbo to the exclusive dress shop of Valentina Schlee in the Sherry-Netherland hotel in Manhattan. On that visit, Garbo also met Valentina's husband and partner, George, who was amazed when Garbo stood casually naked in front of him. Before long, an odd ménage à trois developed. "I think at one point it was the ladies—a three-way street is my guess—but it wound up the other way," said the late Irene Selznick. The implications were sexual, but the reality was something else. Valentina was not attracted to Garbo, and Garbo was drawn to George in other than sexual ways. Mainly, he made decisions for her and cultivated her interest in art.

Their relationship intensified through the 50s, until Garbo's "management" became Schlee's full-time occupation. His possessiveness knew no bounds, and Garbo was always nervously aware of it. Yet Schlee never harried her with marriage proposals, as did Hauser, the photographer Cecil Beaton, and other bachelors in her life. From Garbo's standpoint, he was almost perfect. The Garbo-Schlee dependency was, in fact, more of a two-way street than anyone knew. "My little friend G.S. has had trouble healthwise a long time," she wrote to Salka Viertel in 1961. "He is in the hospital and has been operated on." And soon after: "I am leaving for California. . . . Schlee is getting along fine so it will be all right for me to leave. Since it is a matter of time to gain back strength, he does not need me so desperately."

By then, for Valentina, the novelty of sharing her husband with the world's greatest screen idol had long since worn off. In the summer, she vacationed at the Gritti in Venice while Garbo and George repaired to Le Roc,



PHOTOFEST

Excerpted from *Garbo,* by Barry Paris, to be published this spring by Alfred A. Knopf; © 1994 by Barry Paris.

me. When anyone calls me that, I cringe."



Garbo at 23, in mannish togs, in *The Single Standard*, 1929.



On seeing Garbo—her longish gray hair tied

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Garbo with
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©CECIL BEATON



ack with a shoelace—Beaton began to weep.

Schlee's villa in the South of France. The threesome became a twosome. Never mind that it was not a sexual affair; what Schlee had with Garbo was not so much a romance as *custody*. But enough tongues wagged to the contrary for Valentina to find herself increasingly embarrassed.

The evening of October 3, 1964, began typically for Schlee and Garbo in Paris. They dined with their friend Cécile de Rothschild, then returned to their suite at the Hôtel de Crillon. Schlee did not feel well and thought a walk might help. Minutes later, he collapsed on the street with a heart attack. Garbo frantically sought help from a passerby, and an ambulance was summoned, but Schlee was beyond help.

Garbo was beside herself, her horror and grief augmented by the knowledge of the sordid way in which the press would play up her presence. She threw herself on the mercy of Cécile, who took charge. Whisked off to the Rothschilds', Garbo evaded the press and simply disappeared.

It fell to Valentina to fly to Paris and collect her husband's body, with no help from Garbo, who was banned from the Russian Orthodox service held in New York a few days later. After the burial at Ferncliff Cemetery in Westchester County, Valentina ordered the custodians to turn Garbo away if she ever tried to enter the premises.

"Valentina doesn't feel she has to put on a show any longer," said a friend. First, she rid Le Roc of all Garbo photos and mementos, stuffing her possessions into crates and burning them. When she lent the place to Diana Vreeland the following summer, Valentina told her, "I have had it exorcised. There will be no trace of that woman."

In New York, likewise, she called in an Orthodox priest to exorcise Garbo's presence from her apartment. Valentina's bitterness might have been cushioned by a long-range view. Aside from years of Garbo-based publicity for her couture business, Valentina reaped the benefit of Garbo's aversion to signing things. At the Swede's request, Schlee had put various homes, cars, and other major purchases in his name—all of which his widow now inherited. Cecil Beaton put it a little more crassly: "She ran off with all Garbo's stuff from Le Roc."



A stretched-out Garbo poses in a hat and boots for Cecil Beaton in New York in 1946.

For two women who lived a few hundred feet apart there now began the 25-year hell of having to avoid each other. Valentina thereafter referred to her former friend as "that vampire" or as just "the fifth floor." Garbo was more closemouthed but let slip to a friend years later: "Madame V. [is] forever praying and lighting candles and crossing herself. But how can she behave the way she does? If I had kept seeing her, I wouldn't be alive today."

Contrary to the persistent reports that most of the rooms in Garbo's apartment were closed off, she furnished all seven of them in tasteful style. The large, L-shaped living room featured a stunning assortment of Louis XV and Regency sofas, chairs, and ottomans upholstered in carefully coordinated shades of her favorite dusty rose. Damask curtains complemented a huge Aubusson rug. Five windows and the door to her terrace looked east onto the river and south toward lower Manhattan. The paneled fireplace wall held sets of leather-bound classics, decidedly decorative, while Renoir's *Léontine et Coco* hung over the fireplace itself. At the end of the room was an alcove in which she spent most of her time, where the walls were lined with bright Jawlensky canvases and a Robert Delaunay abstract.

The bedroom contained 18th-century Swedish furniture, the double bed's head- and footboards upholstered in Fortuny fabric matched by purple-and-dusty-rose curtains. Down a hall was the sparsely furnished guest room her niece—and heir—used when she visited.

The formal dining room gave the impression that she might once have considered entertaining: needlepoint-upholstered French chairs lined one wall, but the table, which could seat 12, was covered with protective pink oilcloth and served as a catchall.

Most of the walls were stippled with a coral-shaded glaze. Designer Billy Baldwin said Garbo described the color she wanted by lighting a candle and holding it behind a silk lampshade she had pinched years before from the dining car of a Swedish train. Baldwin called it a mulberry pink and said he deserved a Nobel Prize for replicating it.

Over the years, Garbo turned the apartment into a womblike refuge that precisely suited her spartan requirements: a place to hide, a place to eat, and, most important, a place from which to make the forays that were essential to her mind and body—her walks. "Sometimes I put on my coat at 10 A.M. and follow people," she said of her daily routine. "I

"Ah, the sex thing,

t go where they're going—I mill around." It was an genious way to be alone and with people, simultaneously, thout having to interact.

Though Garbo often walked alone, she had many walking companions over the years. One of the most steadfast was Raymond Daum, who was a United Nations film producer when George Schlee introduced him to Garbo at a 1963 New Year's Day affair given by actor Zachary Scott and his wife, actress Ruth Ford. Their walks—as many as three a week—began in 1964 and continued ntil Daum moved to Texas in 1982. Garbo always initied the outings. Daum's phone would ring and the mistakable voice would say, simply and peremptorily, Let's go."

In 18 years she never gave Daum her phone number. heir conversations were bound by her strict caveat: Don't ever ask me about the movies—especially why I ft them." She never made reference to her career; it as as if it had never existed. With Daum and everyone se, that film-talk taboo was part of an even more weeping prohibition: "Don't ever ask me questions!"

Scores recognized her every time she left her building, ut only a few would approach or pester. The writer Alan evy was trailing and observing her one day on Second venue. As she waited for a red light, a look-before-you-ross safety poster caught her eye. "Garbo appeared fasinated by its illustration of three alert giraffes, each eering in a different direction," Levy said. She studied nem so intently that she missed two green lights. When he looked up and noticed that a small crowd had collectd, she flinched and hurried on. In the short time he spent ollowing her, Levy counted 41 people who recognized ier. Garbo now noticed Levy and tried to lose him. He ept following until she turned around suddenly and said, 'If you follow me anymore, I am going to call a cop." He stammered out an apology, mentioning his admiration or her, after which her voice softened a bit: "Then why lo you follow me? Please don't at all."

"The story of my life," she told a friend, "is about back entrances and side doors and secret elevators and other ways of getting in and out of places so that people won't pother you."

The mechanics of reclusion were these: Garbo lived alone, attended only on weekdays by the faithful Claire Koger, her housekeeper and cook of 31 years. Claire was Swiss and exactly Garbo's age, which might have given them a thing or two in common, but in three decades they never went beyond a strict employer-employee relationship. Claire shopped for food, kept the place tidy, and made dinner. Her other chore was answering the phone, which she unplugged before leaving for the day. On weekends and even during the week, Garbo did a lot of the cooking, cleaning, and errands herself. As the years passed, Garbo's life bore more and more resemblance to that of an elderly, middle-class Swedish hausfrau.

The precious few in possession of Garbo's telephone number guarded it with their lives and savored every resonant utterance that came through the wires. Garbo's voice everyone knew it well from the movies—a cultural treasure in the public domain. In private conversation, it was exactly the same: a kind of earthy drawl, an unhurried purr, a hypnotic source of unexpected phrases in a hard-to-define accent that was light one moment and heavy the next—a seductive instrument full of as many surprises as silences.

One who heard it often for a decade was art dealer Sam Green. He met her in 1970 at the home of his friend Cécile de Rothschild in Saint-Raphaël on the Riviera. Cécile "recruited" him after first screening him for two years on yacht cruises to make sure he would be acceptable to the world's fussiest recluse. Cécile felt Garbo needed a new friend and helpmate in New York.

"I knew little and cared less about Garbo, and I'd never seen any of her films," says Green, which made him a perfect candidate for her friendship. Even so, on the day of their introduction—September 18, her birthday—he was jittery. Before he could speak, however, she disarmed him with "Mr. Green, I've heard so much about you. I know we'll be friends."

Green was then 30. Garbo was 65. The only thing that jolted him was her clothes: "They were almost plain enough to be ugly. Everything was the same awful mustard color—sweater, pants, socks. Even her honey-colored hair seemed a little like mustard. It was a shade I'd never seen before." At dinner, she rejected the perfectly prepared lobster and chastised Cécile for forgetting that she had an allergy to shellfish. Then she reached into the plastic shopping bag she always carried around (instead of a purse) and pulled out an apple. "She ate that," he says, "and nothing else except two helpings of the prune soufflé. Then, at precisely nine P.M., she got up and announced it was past her bedtime and she had to retire, 'or the sandman won't come.' "

Not until the following winter did Green see Garbo again—in Cécile's suite at the Regency in New York. Garbo shook his hand firmly as if they were meeting for the first time, and said she hadn't been well. "I have bronchitis," she told him and, with that, pulled a pack of Marlboros from her plastic bag.

Green walked her home that day and began to understand why she was a different person in New York: she was dressed in a fur coat, whose collar was turned up so high that it nearly touched her sunglasses—due less to the cold than to the autograph seekers and photographers encountered along the way. He soon learned he and Garbo had little in common but a love of walking and of silliness. "We developed a little language of our own on those walks and played childish games like kick-the-can and imitate-the-passersby. Once, she said, 'I should stick with you. I haven't had a laugh like this in years.' We'd sit and talk for hours about nothing."

When in town at the same time, they walked twice a

e said. "I'm glad that part of my life is over."



Valentina called in an Orthodox priest t



Famous for her reclusiveness from the start, a legs-only Garbo on vacation in Germany made the cover of *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* in August 1932. *Opposite*, Garbo on Capri in 1958, flanked by Valentina Schlee, with scarf and dark glasses, and George Schlee, with a cigarette in a holder. *Inset*, aboard Aristotle Onassis's yacht on that same trip, with Reinaldo Herrera.

orcise Garbo's presence from her apartment

week. Garbo's stamina amazed him; the weather never fazed her. Even in subzero temperatures, she went out to walk, encased in many layers: two hats, two scarves, earmuffs, two pairs of gloves, three layers of underwear, two sweaters. On spring days in Central Park, she would say, "Mr. Green, why must we walk on the macadam when we have God's earth right here? Let's take off our shoes and go barefoot." If she saw a tree she liked, she ran to hug it. But no matter where they were or how lost in conversation, she was always on the lookout for "customers"—people who might "make a fuss."

With mock formality, they always referred to each other as "Mr. Green" and "Miss G.," but they became increasingly close. By 1972 the one thing that still eluded him was an invitation to her apartment, which she extended when he least expected it, on a wintry afternoon after a marathon walk through slushy streets, when Green complained that his feet were soaked. She asked him in for a drink and the loan of a pair of socks "that looked like they'd been darned a dozen times." After the whiskey, she gave him a tour of the apartment.

Green noticed that many of her paintings were covered with cheesecloth, and he asked her about it. "Because I would just have to wrap them up again when I go away," she replied. He asked her later if she had unwrapped them. "Only two of them," she said. "Nobody comes here but you, and you don't have to see them. You can look at the wrapping. And I don't want people looking at them when I'm away. People in the building come in when I'm gone. Last year, they stole all my silver. I had to borrow a knife, fork, and spoon. But I won't be giving any dinner parties, anyway."

Once he'd been inside, she no longer had anything to hide, and from then on Green often went in when he took her home, always waiting in the living room while she fixed their Cutty Sarks or vodkas on the rocks, scanning the room for details. There was never a photograph or a vase of flowers. "What's the point?" she would say. "They'd only die."

But their relationship was largely telephonic, and these Garbo-Green exchanges are the most important records of Garbo's last 50 years. The verbatim authenticity of her words is guaranteed by the fact that they were not "remembered" but tape-recorded. Early on, Green informed Garbo that, as an art dealer working out of his home, he routinely recorded all phone calls. Garbo made no protest then or later, and Green never violated the understanding that the recordings would not be exploited in any way during (or, for that matter, after) her lifetime. Their disclosure and quotation for the first time here are by courtesy of Sam Green and have involved no financial transaction of any kind. The Garbo-Green tapes—some 100 hours of conversation in all—are being placed in repository at the Wesleyan University archives in Middletown, Connecticut.

"There was a phone call almost every morning in which I'd tell her where I'd been and what I'd done the night before," Green recalls. "You had to ring once, hang up, and ring again. Claire would then pick up the phone and say nothing. You'd identify yourself into the void, and your name would be relayed to Garbo, who was standing by to give Claire the thumbs-up or -down sign." Over the years, their long, idle chats ranged widely from lampshades mutual friends to spiritualism. But the purpose was often arrange a walk, during which Green's chief duty was protect Garbo from the intrusion of strangers.

"Oh-oh, Mr. Green," she would say as they trekk down Madison Avenue, "here comes another customer That was Green's signal to get between her and the offend

Green once asked her to join him for lunch, una nounced, with some Wall Street friends. He got the follo ing lecture in response:

That's not the way to do things. If a gentleman says, "Would amuse Miss Garbo perhaps to come to lunch?" But to put on hat and coat and go down uninvited, like you'd just bring alo an extra man! I'm not in the habit of going that way. I'm not the habit of going, *period*. . . . If they were crazy about havi me come join the three of you, that's a different story. It has come from them. I'm not a stickler as a rule, but neither woul ever [go anywhere] uninvited. . . . But I can't go anyway.

"Garbo would turn almost every sentence into joke on the one before," Green says. " was fascinating the way she wove her verb tapestry. She had a real gift for language a for discovering a new word. Once she learne 'unruly,' she used it 50 times a day for while and then not again for a year. She ha a deep sense of irony and mimicry, and course she was a consummate entertaine You could never talk about movies, but now and then she speak of herself as a 'former entertainment person.' Sh almost never used the words 'I,' 'me,' or 'my.' She sai that when people used those words it meant the subject wa of interest only to the speaker."

Similarly, Garbo had a habit of speaking of herself in th masculine gender—"I have been smoking since I was small boy," for example. Green thinks that this was not sexual revelation but "a way of removing herself" from story, turning herself into another person, especially whe speaking of Hollywood—an unpleasant place where sh had felt locked in.

Garbo was increasingly asexual as the years went by. I her Hollywood years, she had had intimate relationship with her co-star John Gilbert as well as with the lesbia writer Mercedes de Acosta. In later life, she could have ha almost anyone on earth, but she was so socially and sexual ly reticent that she never sought out lovers. They came t her—essentially to worship. Deified, she and her sexuality were hopelessly tangled up in her inescapable egoism. But ironically, her egoism was accompanied by very low self- awareness. Her sexuality was more repressed than devel oped. One close friend claims she was "strictly, exclusively lesbian." Another friend declares with even greater convic tion, "She wasn't lesbian. She wasn't *anything*."

Garbo was hardly alone among beautiful actresses as saulted by the romantic fantasies of friends and fans. But unlike many who had been treated as sex objects from child hood and felt "complete" only with a man, the young Garbo was a gawky loner who then and later preferred the company of other solitary and sexually *(Continued on page 108)*

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"One day, there's a band that goes over the face and changes it. You look like an apple that isn't young anymore."

GARBO

(Continued from page 106) unthreatening people—housekeepers, relatives, homosexual men, father figures, and maternal women.

The Garbo-Green friendship, for the dozen years it lasted, was unique. Green was one of the few people to whom she revealed the details of her domestic life, albeit in a stream-of-consciousness fashion, with many non sequiturs:

S.G.: Did you get up before dawn?

G.G.: Oh, yes, it's dark and handsome. It doesn't get light until seven. I look out and I see how many people in the big building to the left of me are up—not many, but there is always one or two. They're early birds. They catch no worms anyway. I know because I always go into the living room, and there's where the sun comes up over the river. It shines in my face, and it's not what I want at that time. That room is very bright when the sun is shining [and] I cannot stand strong light. So I tell it to go away for a bit [and] I go back and draw the blinds because I look at television while I'm eating my meager breakfast. Well, it's not so meager. It's just a lot of starch. . . .

S.G.: Do you ever have a fire?

G.G.: No, never. I'm hardly ever in the living room. Only when my girl makes the bedroom, I have to go and sit there. Otherwise, I am not in the living room. I have a little television in the bedroom, and there I am.

S.G.: A color television, I hope.

G.G.: No. No color. . . . I just don't care. . . .

S.G.: How easily satisfied you are.

G.G.: No, I just can't stand the bother of [buying a new one]. As long as it works, there it stays. I have another one in the big room. That's black-and-white, too. . . . No change, no. I can't bother with those things. As long as it works.

In the mornings, she did stretching exercises on a mat that lay folded in front of the glass doors leading to her balcony. When she had trouble sleeping and awoke at three or four A.M., she would go out onto the balcony, squat down so as not to be seen, and watch the traffic below. Her invariable breakfast consisted of whole-wheat toast (unbuttered, with jam) and two cups of coffee. In midmorning, she took her first walk and shopped for lunch (vegetables and fruit). She then rested briefly in preparation for the afternoon hike, after which she indulged in her "two slugs" of whiskey or vodka—never more. Dinner, pre-prepared by Claire, was eaten on a tray in her bedroom in front of the television, and was as simple as lunch: grilled beef or chicken, perhaps a steamed green vegetable and boiled potatoes. She was a creature of habit, and there was a truly monastic quality to her routine.

"I have to be home by 5:30," she told Green many times. "Otherwise, the sandman won't come." Aside from her walks, sleep was Garbo's chief requirement. But there was more than just the sandman involved. The day Green took her to meet Diana Vreeland, the two women enjoyed each other a great deal, and their visit lasted much longer than anticipated, as Green relates: "It was dark by the time we got to 52nd Street, and I saw an elderly lady coming towards us. Garbo saw her too and said, 'Oh, God, I told you to get me back before 5:30!' She just lost it—scuttled sideways like a crab, put her shoulder up, pulled her hat down, put her hand in front of her face. She got more and more distraught as the woman got closer. As we passed, Valentina looked at Garbo trying to hide and then at me and just tipped her hat and walked on. But Garbo was undone. They both knew the routine: Garbo was to be home by 5:30, before Valentina went out at 6, and they were never to meet. *That's* why she had to be home at 5:30—as much as for the sandman."

Green found her "a woman incapable of doing things by herself." There were few she trusted, and since she was loath to let strangers into her apartment, it was often Green's job to fix a leaky faucet or rehang a venetian blind. Her calls to him frequently involved such things as a certain light fixture over which she had agonized for weeks:

I have no idea what I want. I don't like black and I don't like white. I saw one on Third Avenue and I stood there and thought, Maybe I have to have [it] but—I need somebody to tell me if it's horrible or not. Maybe you can tell me. Wait a minute—can you wait a second? [Leaves phone, returns.] First, you have to put on the glasses. It's Third Avenue at the corner of 74th—Light and Shade Company. It's hanging in the window right as you come in. It's pink and it's very funny-looking. It's like mother-of-pearl, a bit. You can't miss it, because it's right as you come into the door. The first one is pinky. . . . If you think it's absolutely divine, I could buy it and put a big bulb in it—if you have a chance to look.

Even more staggering was the thought, let alone the reality, of buying a certain pair of shoes—the logistics of which once occupied Garbo and Green for more than an hour in three separate phone calls. The transcript of their debate reads like a Samuel Beckett play:

S.G.: Is there anything I can do? . . .

G.G.: Yes, buy me a pair of shoes. [But you'd have to come here and get one shoe. It's at Lord & Taylor, in Chinatown. You have to pass by the library, that's all I know. I've never been in the library. No. I'm not going to bother you with my shoes. . . . I hope to God I'll be able to go out on Monday, [but] then, how can I go into Lord & Taylor, full of gawking humanity—it's dangerous.

S.G.: It's time to think of the sun.

G.G.: Yes, but I want shoes before. I hate being indoors. Hate it! . . . If I can think of something to make you get to Lord & Taylor to get me those shoes, I will. But if I can't—we'll see what develops over the weekend. I've got to get those shoes. I've *got* to get them.

S.G.: Why don't you just put one down with the doorman in a little package and say, "Mr. Green will pick it up," and I'll go and see if I can get something close.

G.G.: Not close, *only* that shoe. It *is* the shoe.

S.G.: O.K. Then just ring for the elevator man.

G.G.: Oh, no, I can't face the elevator man. No. . . . I'd rather face you than the elevator man.

S.G.: Why?

G.G.: I don't know.

S.G.: Then *telephone* the elevator man.

G.G.: If your lung hurts, is it in the back of the chest or in the front?

S.G.: Probably the front. . . . Where does it hurt?

G.G.: It hurts in the front and in the back. [Laughs.] I'm so glad I didn't call the doctor, because doctors always scare you. I told you that he gave me antibiotics once when I had this Asian flu or whatever flu it was, and said, "You'll get pneumonia!" They scare the hell out of you. Why did I bring that up?

S.G.: Cut down on the smoking.

G.G.: I can't cut down. You can. . . . Don't give me any more ideas, please. . . .

S.G.: Now they have something that you just inhale—

G.G.: Inhale? I'm not going to inhale. That's horrible. Yuck. It's terrible. I have Vicks. You put that in hot water with a cloth over your head. Then your poor hair gets wet. Then you have to dry your head. . . .

S.G.: You're in bed?

G.G.: I certainly am, with everything on me. . . . I have two sweaters on and long woolen underwear and socks. So if I should stagger out to open the door and let you in, I would have to disguise some of this, and today I decided I wouldn't put any makeup on at all, because I have to take it off if I put it on. For two days now, I put makeup on.

S.G.: For Claire?

G.G.: No. Just for the hell of it. I thought, Maybe Mr. Green will come over.

S.G.: I'm going to come over and get

GARBO

t shoe. Put it in a brown paper bag in
ir hallway, perhaps with the advertise-
nt from the newspaper, and then you
phone downstairs for the elevator man
l say, "I've left a package for Mr. Green
my hallway."
G.G.: He will never understand.
S.G.: He gets the message.
G.G.: I'm not going to do it. Maybe it
't the same shoe, anyway.
S.G.: Well, if it isn't, I wouldn't get
. . .
G.G.: Maybe you can call me later. I
nk it's stupid for you to go and get them,
cause if they're not right, it's an awful
of trouble for me. Good-bye.

Garbo's aches and pains occupied many of their talks. One day she lled Green with the shattering news at "I've got a wart on my toe." He new a good wart doctor. "No," she id, "I'm so scared of the air-condition-g in these doctors' offices." There was tragic sigh worthy of Camille before e added, "Oh, Mr. Green, that isn't all my woes."

The most bizarre incident was dental. 1978 she had a front tooth that was othering her, but no dentist. Green of-ered to make her an appointment with is dentist, but she worried about the air-onditioning in his office. It would be rned off, Green assured her. Yes, but he couldn't sit in a waiting room—omeone might accost her. The obstacles were endless, and the upshot was unprece-ented in the annals of Manhattan dentist-y: Green deposited her on a bench at Central Park West and 72nd Street, where disgruntled Dr. Irving Schultz exam-ned the teeth of Greta Garbo alfresco.

Green claimed no special knowledge of medicine, but he was intrigued by var-ous movements in holistic health, psy-chic well-being, and spiritual enlighten-ment—acupuncture, transcendental med-tation, reincarnation. When he plunged nto such things (with friends Andy War-hol, John Lennon, and Yoko Ono), he went all the way, and sometimes he took Garbo with him.

Meditation was the one that "took." Garbo was so fascinated by Green's de-scription of its benefits that in April 1975 she agreed to two home visits by a certi-fied T.M. instructor of the Maharishi school. She meditated 20 minutes daily for several years thereafter, though she often complained of having difficulty emptying her mind and rising to a higher level. One day in London, Green devil-ishly asked Garbo what her mantra was. "I can't tell—it's supposed to be a se-cret," she said. But he wormed it out of her, and it turned out to be the same as his. "That shattered the whole illusion," Green recalls. "She loved it while she did it, but nobody ever meditated again once we found out we were given the same mantra."

Anthony A. Palermo of Milwaukee, who owned the profitable Modern Prod-ucts natural-food company, which Gaye-lord Hauser had built, was Hauser's business manager, and was happy to take on similar duties for Garbo. "I am the mystery man behind the scenes," he later claimed—the adviser and confidant who "paid Garbo's bills" from 1976 on. It was largely true. Palermo handled the bulk of her affairs, free of charge, and all he asked in return was an annual consul-tation or two in New York to review mat-ters and bask in her presence. To this she acceded most grudgingly, and her attitude toward high finance, taxes, and ac-countants can be guessed. Green heard many lamentations on the subject:

I have tax that hasn't been paid, and the government is drowning me with letters. . . . I don't have any secretary. I don't want any secretary. I'm going to try to arrange things differently. This way is too nerve-racking. I can't stand it. My apartment [is] a mess, and I'm a mess. I couldn't face having a stranger coming here. Something has to be arranged. . . . I loathe my hand-writing so, and I had to write out some checks by myself here. I made these poor little checks, and they look like a chicken has been walking on them. I have a new [bill] this morning. Maybe I'll wait till Friday and let somebody else do that one. That is Edison—Con Edison. Is that electricity?

One acquaintance compared Garbo to a hummingbird: "She lights on your hand, and there is this vivid creature, and then she flies away." Others said her brief visits were like the sightings of a unicorn. But *planned* outings rattled her, even with such old friends as Gayelord Hauser. In 1975 he was in New York and insisted she go to dinner. Garbo told Sam Green she was agonized about it; as al-ways, she hated the thought of going out in the evening: "People don't understand that. Some people go out and have a lovely time—they can't wait until they can get out. I wish I was like that—you want to go somewhere, you just pick up your hat and go. I don't even pick up the hat."

She did better on short notice and on impulse, when the horrors of anticipation were minimized. In bad weather, she sometimes slipped into a neighborhood movie house. Her film tastes were fussy, and she had a strong aversion to violence and obscenity. One picture she loved was *Becket* (1964). "I was in a trance," she told Ray Daum. "I thought it was abso-lutely beautiful, in a haunting way. It's obviously homosexual between the two men. . . . I always wanted to see *Becket* again, but they put it on television so late at night that I can't watch it, because I'm a limited man."

Once, in the early 60s, she was coaxed by Cecil Beaton into checking out the Peppermint Lounge ("Home of the Twist") on a lark. Garbo watched and applauded with delight, letting down her guard. She was sad and sobered the next day to find her picture all over the news-papers.

The only outings she relished unre-servedly were her beloved walks. Walking with Ray Daum, she sometimes broke into an incongruous rendition of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" or "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" or a TV jingle, with charm-ing errors ("You've come a far way, baby"). Another companion accompa-nied her one day to Saint Patrick's Cathe-dral, where she prayed to St. Bridget, the patron saint of Sweden.

In 1974 she attended Diana Vreeland's "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. "I went [because] my peri-odontist said, 'Oh, it's such a wonderful exhibition of cinema clothes! You are a lot in there,' " she told Green. "I thought it was absolutely ghastly. They had some horrible rags that they'd gotten together—slaphappy. My clothes, sup-posedly, weren't my clothes. It was ab-solutely beastly."

Only once, in Green's experience, was she ever amused by the media's obses-sion with her:

G.G.: I got a horrible article sent to me this morning.
S.G.: What kind of an article?
G.G.: Well, my latest boyfriend is Van Johnson. . . . You know who that is, don't you?
S.G.: I think it's an old actor who wears red socks.
G.G.: Old—don't say that. [Laughs.] And don't call him an actor. Absolutely ghastly. They make you into such an idiot, you can't believe it. I wonder what prompts people to sit down and write those sort of things. . . .
S.G.: Have you ever seen or met Van Johnson?
G.G.: Met him, yes. He lives down on First Avenue or something. Once in a while, twice a year or so, I meet him in the street. . . .

GARBO

[She and Green agree to get together later that day.]

G.G.: I'll bring Van Johnson too. Can't live without Van Johnson.

S.G.: Have you set the date?

G.G.: For what?

S.G.: For the wedding. . . .

G.G.: Oh, no, no, it's not romantic. It's just deep friendship. We just meet every day, whatever it said, [and] go shopping. . . .

S.G.: What will happen when you go to California and [the reporters] see you there alone? They'll say you're jilting Van Johnson.

G.G.: He may follow.

There were so many reasons she couldn't travel, and so many travels to contradict them—a cruise to Corsica, for instance, in the summer of 1973, with Cécile, Sam Green, and Joseph and Caral Gimbel Lebworth on the *Bibo*, Élie de Rothschild's yacht. Garbo fretted beforehand, as always, but once on board she relaxed among people she trusted. She was also more playful than usual, plopping down next to Cécile at the bow of the boat with a cheerful "Hi there, boy." She was heavy on the masculine gender during that trip, says Green. "She'd come to the table and say things like 'Here's a boy who's very hungry after his swim.' "

Green found her physically demonstrative but not a highly sexual person. "Once, when we were wandering around Paris and came upon a sex shop," he says, "she said she'd never been in one before and was curious. It was crowded with horny men, but she went in and took a good long look around." Outside, she said, "Ah, the sex thing. I'm glad that part of my life is over."

Sam Green's cousin Henry McIlhenny lived in Glenveagh Castle in County Donegal, Ireland, and Green thought its 25,000 acres, manicured by a score of gardeners, was just the sort of place Garbo might enjoy. After pondering for months, she was inclined to say yes—but not without nailing down the ground rules first: "What do you do when you go there? How long do you stay? You would stay at Mr. Henny's? Is it easy? Does he leave you alone completely? He just expects you for the meal?"

McIlhenny and his staff proved gracious indeed. The table was set for 14—a footman behind each chair—and only the most cultivated local gentry were invited. The host let Garbo do just what she wished, which was very little, aside from one trip to an old stone-cottage inn for Irish venison stew. The visit, for which Cécile and Philadelphia Museum of Art curator Joseph Rishel joined them, took place in October 1975, and Garbo was pleased about it—until later in New York when, typically, she was thrown into a dither by the follow-up protocol:

G.G.: I was thinking yesterday in the most awful way about Mr. McIlhenny. I never thanked him. He expected a warm letter and he never got one.

S.G.: He expected one from me.

G.G.: No, from me too. That's only civilized. . . .

S.G.: I thanked him for you.

G.G.: That's not the right way to do things. . . . I'm terrible. Oh God, I am absolutely the most uncivilized human being—I can't write. It's too late. It's never too late. I'm so whimsical, I don't really know what I'm saying.

This was Green's cue to help compose and transmit a telegram, with a corollary debate about how to sign the thing. They had this debate periodically. The previous year, in reference to another telegram, she had asked him, "Shall I just sign it 'G.G.'? I loathe my first name. I'm so sorry I didn't change it while I was at it. When anyone calls me that, I cringe." In the case at hand, she had drafted a cable to McIlhenny but was racked with doubt about it:

G.G.: "Thinking of the enchantment of Glenveagh and the most wonderful host in the world." Is that O.K.? . . . I don't know if it's tacky or not—"in the world." I don't know many hosts, and of the ones I know, he's most.

S.G.: He gets the cake.

G.G.: He gets the cake.

S.G.: What else are we going to say?

G.G.: "May heaven bless you."

S.G.: That's nice.

G.G.: Well, it's religious. "And grant you the best new year." I can't say "Happy New Year." It's stupid. Well, the "heaven," maybe, was tacky.

S.G.: "Heaven" is nice.

G.G.: It is nice, I think. . . . So that's O.K.? So is this wire all right, then? That's all I'm going to say.

S.G.: We'll just say "G.G."

G.G.: Well, will he know who that is? He may not. If he doesn't, we're out of luck.

S.G.: Since he called you "Miss G." all the time, it could be "Miss G."

G.G.: A funny way to sign it, I suppose. . . . I could say "Mr. Green's friend Miss G." He's probably in a state, too, and can't figure out who the hell Miss G. is. I could also sign the full name. I never want to sign the full name, but it's more sure t he'll get who it is.

S.G.: No mistake with "Miss G."

G.G.: But it would sound terribly fun to other people.

S.G.: It's not for other people.

G.G.: O.K., if you think so. If he tak it as fun, that's one thing. If he takes it that I am always "Miss," then it soun sort of funny. . . .

S.G.: You have to consider so ma things in this business.

G.G.: You certainly do.

On a trip to London, Green succeede in getting Garbo to visit Cecil Beaton with whom she had previously had problematic romance. Their last an most serious falling-out was then sever years old, caused by the publication Beaton's diaries—with many intimat Garbo passages—in 1972 and 1973. her view, publishing the diaries (an their sensational coverage in the Lon don papers) was an atomic bomb of be trayal. When Green asked why he ha done it, Beaton told him that he ha written Garbo to ask permission, and after a year with no reply, had phone her in New York, but she hung up o him. At that point he had decided i would be dishonest to eliminate a majo part of his life "because of this wom an's neurosis." Naïvely or disingenu ously, he thought she would listen t his explanation, and was crushed when she would not.

Green's loyalty to Beaton—who was partially paralyzed from a 1974 stroke and very depressed—pre-dated his friendship with Garbo by many years, and he was determined to reconcile them. Gently but relentlessly, he worked on her, emphasizing Cecil's pathetic condition and equally pathetic desire to see her one last time:

"In London that trip, I had her on a short leash. She really couldn't move without me. I said, 'You have to finish this up with Cecil. He's very diminished. He's had a stroke. You have to go and see him.' It was a kind of blackmail, and when she weakened enough to say, 'Well, maybe I should go,' I made the arrangements fast."

Garbo was so nervous that Green thought to the last minute she would back out, and she tried. Against all odds, however, Green delivered her to Reddish House, Beaton's home near Salisbury in the village of Broadchalke. They arrived just before dark and were led by Eileen Hose, Beaton's secretary, upstairs to his drawing room, where Beaton was seated by the fire in a fawn-colored suit, bright-pink cravat, and trademark broadbrim

GARBO

t. On seeing Garbo—her longish gray
ir tied back with a shoelace—he began
weep.

"Beatie, I'm back," she said, leaning
er and cupping his face in her hands,
en looking straight into his eyes before
ssing both cheeks.

"Greta," he said, "I'm so happy."

It was the first time Green had heard
m get a name right since the stroke.
ie sat on his knee and snuggled against
m like a child, to his great delight.
reen left them alone but re-
rned just before dinner and
elped pull Beaton to his feet.
ow, for the first time, Garbo
w how incapacitated he tru-
was. At dinner, he had to
ve his food cut, and he
ied often, pointing to his
aralyzed body and apologiz-
g. His dignity was shat-
red. "Everyone went to bed
ght after dinner," says
reen, "and I'm positive the
andman didn't visit her that
ight."

In March 1978, Garbo went
with Green to his house in
artagena, Colombia. It had
aken him years to lure her
here, but the trip went swim-
ningly. The trouble came
nly upon their return. In
Green's absence, a reporter
ad asked his assistant about the
Garbo-Green "romance." In his ea-
gerness to squelch that notion, the
aide revealed lots of details about the
Cartagena visit, which greeted Garbo
in the *Daily News*'s "Suzy" column
on March 3, 1978, the day after she
returned. Her anger was chilling in
the phone conversation that followed:

G.G.: That makes me think that I'm forever being used by people, and it's *sickening*. It just makes me so—I get so *tired*. I just want to turn away—everyone using me forever. . . . I don't understand. . . .

S.G.: *I'm* not using you.

G.G.: You're a puzzle to me. . . .

S.G.: Do you really think, after all these years, I'd send a press release and use you to promote Cartagena?

G.G.: Well, there it is, you see, in the paper—everything we [did there]. I cannot go anywhere where I have to deal with the people in your crowd, because I get used for everything. I haven't been in motion pictures for a lifetime, and I'm *sick* of it. . . . I don't know if you're a scoundrel or an idiot. . . .

In the end, she forgave him—this time. But such incidents shook her horribly and took their toll on her dubious faith in people and the world.

Some felt that Garbo had long been a manic-depressive. "I am very happy one moment, the next there is nothing left for me," she said—and she said it in 1933. As the years wore on, the existential depressive moments far outnumbered the manic ones. "I've messed up my life," she said in 1977, "and it's too late to change that. These walks are just an escape. When I walk alone, I think about my life and the past. . . . I am not satisfied with the way I made my life."

The death of Salka Viertel—her dearest friend—in 1978 hit her hard. Of Salka and a growing number of her friends, she would murmur, "Well, here's another chapter ended."

Human faces age in a myriad of ways. Some crinkle around the eyes, some in a crosshatching of lines on the cheeks. In some, the skin recedes into concavities; in others, it sags. Garbo's fine lines—clustered between the perfect nose and lips and at the corners of the perfect mouth—were inherited from her mother. To Green one day, she spoke of the whole awful phenomenon with eloquence:

G.G.: You know, it's so strange how life is. You go along and you accept whatever is there as fact. You put on your face and your makeup and everything and you get going. All of a sudden, one day, there's a hand that comes—in my imagination, every 7 or 10 years or whatever—a hand that goes over the face and changes it a bit, puts more weakness in it. . . . And it's equally revolting each time. The face—the hand has come to push it about.

S.G.: You think the hand has visited you recently?

G.G.: Oh, it has. . . . I don't sit and think about it every minute. But it's revolting. You wish you could—

S.G.: Erase it?

G.G.: Right. That I can do by going to the [surgeon], but that's revolting, too. . . . Well, it takes me forever to decide on anything, so by the time I decide, my wrinkles would be so deep you'd have to take off half of the face. [Laughs.] It's revolting. . . . You look like an apple that isn't young anymore. Have you got any apples? Are they old? That's my state of affairs.



Mr. Green and Miss G. on Corsica, during a 1973 cruise on Elie de Rothschild's yacht.

"Oh-oh, Mr. Green," she would say as they walked, "here comes another customer."

It was hard enough to bear alone, unmolested. But it was even more insufferable owing to the morbid curiosity of everyone clamoring to watch it. "All they care about is, What does she look like today?" she said. "And look at me! I look like the Madwoman of Chaillot." She was like Helen of Troy: to be the fairest woman in the world was a huge responsibility in any age, and at any age. But it got worse as her life drew nearer its end. She felt mocked—as if the world somehow

delighted in the crumbling of its own greatest beauty.

"I'm convinced she was never bored," says Sam Green. "What she enjoyed most was being alone with her own thoughts. She had no other great ambition, because she'd achieved them all by the time she was 35—she was the most famous, beautiful, and accomplished woman of her time. But she paid the price by losing her privacy, which was the one thing she wanted—just to lead a decent, healthy, honest life out of the public eye. It wasn't *Two-faced Woman* that made her quit movies. It was about personal development. From the age of 17, she'd done nothing but work, and her huge success came before she'd had time to develop an emotional life. In the end, her emotional life was more important."

Her narcissism was a double-edged sword. In her heyday, after all, despite her loathing of publicity, "she was crazy about pictures of herself," according to an MGM photo-studio hand. For Clarence Bull alone, she sat for more than 4,000 frames without complaint. It was O.K. for people to adore her from afar. Later, postretirement, she read almost everything written about her. "She was like a junkie on a drug he hates but can't give up," says Green. "In her case, it helped fill up the time and was 'more proof of base humanity.' "

In the fall of 1985, a writer for the tabloid the *Globe* spoke with Green's assistant, who told all he knew of their friendship—and more. GRETA GARBO TO WED—AT 80, blared the cover of the October 29 issue. "Bridegroom will be art dealer 30 years her junior." Green had been in Colombia and had nothing to do with it, but Garbo saw the piece and was enraged. Upon his return, he called her to check in, as usual, and after a long silence she said, "Mr. Green, you've done a terrible thing," and hung up. He called back, arguing that he'd never uttered a public word about her in 15 years and that, were he to do so, it would not be to the *Globe*. More silence. "Does this mean we're not speaking anymore?" he asked. "Right," she replied. Was there nothing at all he could do? "Yes," she said, "hang up."

It was the last time he ever heard her voice.

But there was a second, overriding reason for her cutoff. Green maintains firmly that Garbo knew he tape-recorded their conversations, and never objected. But at some point in 1985 she was informed that he had played one of the tapes at a party. Green categorically denies it. In both cases, he says, "I thought she knew me well enough to know I would never exploit her. God knows I had a thousand opportunities."

He was angry and wounded, but in hindsight he views those incidents as excuses to make a break. By 1985 her health was failing, and she didn't want people to see her deteriorating, he believes. Over the next four years, he learned he wasn't the only one being shut out. She stopped seeing other friends as well, and even hung up on them.

"In the end, did we betray Garbo, or did she betray us?" Green wonders, and then falls silent. But he is not a sentimental man. He brightens and suddenly remembers something: One afternoon while he was visiting her, Garbo left the living room to fix drinks and he reached for some peanuts, a few of which dropped on the floor. Bending down to retrieve them, he noticed a tiny figure peeking out from under the divan on which he was sitting.

"It was a troll," he says. "You know, those little plastic dwarfs with the ugly, wild, magenta and turquoise Dynel hair? When I bent down further and looked underneath the sofa, there was a whole row of them—at least a dozen, a whole little community of them—in a kind of formation." He said not a word about the discovery, but on subsequent visits, when left alone in her living room, he never failed to check under the couch—and never failed to find the trolls there, always in a different arrangement.

Why trolls? The look on Sam Green's face says it's a silly question. "Why not? Children play with dolls. Garbo played with her trolls. They amused her. Alone late at night, when the sandman wouldn't come, maybe she couldn't get to sleep, maybe she acted out little scenes or games or fantasies with them, from some Swedish legend. Who knows? You tell me."

In the deluge of news stories just before and after her death, reference was often made to Garbo's "bitter old age." It somehow gratified the media to think of her that way—unhappy Garbo, in spite of her millions.

But, if anything, Garbo seemed to mellow a bit in her last years. Her nephew-in-law, Dr. Donald Reisfield, recalled a late conversation in which Garbo was sufficiently serene to say, "You know, I've led a fabulous life." In the fall of 1989, her grandniece, Gray Reisfield Horan, went to visit and found Garbo happily sporting a paper party hat. On a table in the drawing room, a bottle of champagne had been set out, and she made lighthearted reference to the presidential visit that was then tying up traffic in New York City: "Phooey on Bushy and Mama President. We have to brighten up this day."

There were still some sporadic outings. She took in *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*, Lily Tomlin's one-woman show at the Plymouth Theatre, in 1986. In September 1988, her friend David Diamond, the composer, took her to see *M. Butterfly*. She loved the show and went backstage to meet B. D. Wong, its female-impersonator star. "You are an artiste," she told him, then walked away.

Much of her time in the final years was spent with the television set, and her tastes were comically unpredictable. To Ray Daum she confessed, "I watch the dreck. Schmutz. If a program is advertised as experimental, I never turn it on." She was especially fond of *Matlock*, *General Hospital*, and *The Hollywood Squares*.

In November 1983, she had accepted Sweden's highest civilian decoration and, by order of King Carl XVI Gustaf, was made a Commander of the Swedish Order of the Polar Star. The Swedish ambassador to the United States, Count Wilhelm Wachtmeister, did the honors in a private ceremony in the East End Avenue apartment of Garbo's friend Jane Gunther. The Swedish king and queen had always longed to meet her. On a 1988 state visit to the United States, the royal couple sought to arrange an audience, but the actress could not be budged from her apartment. So King Carl Gustaf and Queen Silvia went there.

Garbo's downhill slide had begun in March of the previous year, when she tripped over an unstowed vacuum cleaner in her living room. The result was a severely sprained right ankle, and she was more or less housebound thereafter. The last success in Garbo's lifelong struggle for privacy was keeping the press largely in the dark about her final illnesses—including a mastectomy in 1984. Also kept from the public was the fact that she had suffered a mild heart attack in Switzerland in August 1988.

In June 1989, her niece, Gray Gustafson Reisfield, engaged a New York limousine service to take her to dialysis treatments at New York Hospital's Rogo-

n Institute—three times a week, Mon-y, Wednesday, and Friday, for a gruel-g six hours. There was a serious kidney oblem, but Garbo responded remark-ly well to dialysis. As late as two eeks before her death, she was seen tdoors, using a cane but mobile. In ecember, her nemesis, photographer ed Leyson, who had stalked her almost ily for 10 years, caught her on the way the Rogosin Institute—a windblown ane of gray hair giving her a haunting ppearance. She called him "that poor ttle man who's always lurking," and nce told Green, "I haven't been out for ree weeks, but he'll be there when I ome out. I wonder what he does when m not around." To spoil his photo-raphs, she always kept a crumpled tissue n her hand and would quickly raise it

Her strength was ebbing, but her dignity was not. On Wednesday, April 11, 1990, she left her apartment for the last time, to be admitted to New York Hospital, and lost the final battle of her 11-year war with Leyson. She was too weak to resist—except with her eyes. In those last pictures, she stares him down with contempt.

It seemed, at first, as if there might be hope. But Greta Lovisa Gustafson died at 11:30 A.M. on Easter Sunday, April 15, 1990.

Greta Garbo did not. Her impact on her own and subsequent generations is as difficult to apprehend as the impact of the *Mona Lisa* or of Beethoven's Ninth—of all great works of art—but made more complex by the greater erotic charge of film and of the actor's physical self. Leonardo the man can be removed from how we experience the *Mona Lisa*, and Beethoven from his Ninth Symphony, but one cannot separate the flesh and blood of Garbo from *Camille*. Of the hundreds of screenplays written for her, only 27 turned into motion pictures, and only half a dozen of those were superior. But hers was a triumph of ability over material, and what transfixed audiences was the credibility of her eroticism. People felt it viscerally and were bowled over, and whether Garbo liked it or not, their response was the final ingredient of her art. □

ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 64) recalling those arly days. "I used to get pissed off at lrag queens in my politically correct lays, in the late 70s and early 80s. I vould raid drag bars with these other an-gry bitches. I used to go in there and scream, 'Why don't you just put on blackface and make fun of *them?*' I used o think they were just degrading woman-nood and taking it down to its most stereo-ypical. Then I finally got it—they were making fun of *men!* Then I loved it! Of course, I wanted to be a drag queen after that. And I have been. I have a lot of friends who take me to these drag balls. . . . My drag name is CeCe Fallopia."

"Speaking of blackface, what did you make of the hoopla around the Whoopi Goldberg–Ted Danson incident?"

"It cracked me up," she says, offering her expert comedic opinion. "People thought he was making fun of black people, but he was making fun of *white people*. It was great. White people do fucking think that way. And they do say every one of those things. If they was allowed to, they'd all go around in blackface. They *would*. Especially the ones that don't fucking have any talent. . . . But I do think that no one should ever say that racist word, joking or not. It's just inhuman. That was a mistake—it's the ughest fucking word in the world. . . . I call it the black hole in the brain. You can be sitting there with the most liberal person in the world and all of a sudden you hear them use a racial slur against a group of people. . . . Everybody has it—whether it's about women or other races."

"Or gays," I add. "Bigoted jokes about gays are still somewhat socially acceptable in certain situations."

"Oh, yeah," she agrees. "I've always thought that that was just the prelude to group sex—the fag joke in the all-male business world. That's what I think that really is about. Let's break the ice a little here and make fun of guys who love guys—*then let's all fuck!*"

"Considering your early history with all your lesbian fans, I was wondering if you'd ever had sex with other women," I say, testing her celebrated hyperhonesty.

"I didn't have sex with none of them cow dykes and pool players, no," she says, cackling with abandon. "But, yes, I have done that. . . . The way I think about it is that anybody can have sex with anything. You're the one that's sexual. The person you're having it with doesn't do anything to make you one way or the other. You're the sexual person. If you want to go over there and have sex with that lamppost, you can do that too."

In order to help support her children, she put this theory into practice by turning tricks in the backseats of cars in the parking lot between comedy gigs. Did she ever feel ashamed about her prostitution? "I felt powerful," she says evenly. "And in control. . . . I think prostitution should be legal, because the way any society treats prostitutes reflects directly on how it treats the highest, most powerful woman. They treat us like we're all prostitutes—that we can be bought. But you have to be a real strong woman to be a prostitute. You *do*. And a real intelligent woman. I don't like it when women talk down other women because they're prostitutes. I'm for prostitute rights. It's always been here, and women should be able to control it, and regulate it, and have some fucking protection. . . . Prostitution is a business. It's not about wanton women, from medieval times. It's a fucking way to make money."

"Who has the real power in those situations—because that's what it comes down to—is it the one doing the paying or the one getting paid?" I ask her.

"The one who's buying always thinks that he's got the power, but he doesn't. The one who's *supplying* has got the power."

"Isn't your relationship with the ABC network analogous to all this? They're buying; you're supplying."

"I know. I think about that a lot. It's the same. It's all based on that."

Roseanne's early battles with ABC and the Carsey-Werner Company, which owns *Roseanne*, are legendary. The first season, in particular, was a battleground of egos and artistic willpower. Roseanne wanted *Roseanne* to be a female-driven show imbued with the hormonal, harmonious, sometimes angry energy of women. According to her, however, Matt Williams, *Roseanne*'s credited creator, who also helped create *The Cosby Show* and is now executive producer of *Home Improvement*, mistakenly interpreted female strength as a kind of to-the-moon, Alice B. Toklas humor. Roseanne viewed Williams's idea of feminist comedy as castrating and abusive—a *man's* version of what a strong woman is. The only thing Williams succeeded in creating that first sea-

son was Roseanne Arnold's resolve to get him fired. Subsequent directors, producers, and writers met the same fate until the network executives began to take Roseanne as seriously as the American public did.

"In my early communications with Roseanne, I discovered that her talents—beyond just her abilities acting as Roseanne Conner—were extraordinary, and that her voice should definitely be heard in terms of the day-to-day creative process on that program," says ABC's Iger, who also admits that their relationship has suffered "irreparable" harm because of the network's canceling of *The Jackie Thomas Show*, which starred Tom Arnold. "I was a huge supporter of hers, and had put my relationship with the executive producers of the show, Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner, on the line. That caused great strain there, because I supported the elevation of Roseanne, which went well beyond just her acting on the program. Then came the relationship with Tom and the elevation of Tom—I supported that. I think that overall the evolution of the program has been extraordinary. I do think that the program is better than it was in the first two seasons. I think the quality of the program has improved since she has basically been in charge. There are also difficulties that come with that. Confrontations. But understand this in terms of creating programs: to a large extent there is a movement afoot in Los Angeles to limit the voice of the star of the show in terms of the creation of the program itself. Because it, in effect, empowers someone beyond the point of control. Again, this is the 'Hollywood-think.' It's one thing to deal with someone as a successful actor, and it's another thing to deal with a person as a successful actor and as the executive producer. It concentrates too much power in one person or one direction. So there is a real divide-and-conquer approach in many respects—producers on one side, acting talent on the other. 'Let's draw a line. Let's not let them cross that line.' When you do, you frequently run into problems where you're dealing with a power that's extremely difficult to move. *But* if that power happens to have a voice and can contribute to the extent that Roseanne has contributed to that program, then you have to live with the impact that that power ultimately will have. I guess what I'm suggesting is that it has been worth it."

There is again a break in the taping at *Roseanne*, and Tom Arnold grabs the microphone. He and Roseanne argue about who is going to be the first one to speak. Giggling, they whisper back and forth. Tom decides to go first. "Remember about a month ago there was a rumor that Rosie caught me having sex with one of my assistants and it made her go nuts?" he asks the astonished audience. "Remember that rumor? Yeah, well, it's true. The sex part. Anyway, Rosie had a lot of fun with that, and as soon as she got out of the nut farm . . . well, tell 'em what we done now."

He passes the mike to Roseanne as they commence their comedy-as-kamikaze ritual. "Well, we'd like you to meet . . . " she bashfully begins, and pulls Kim Silva to her side. "Here. Show 'em your ring," she commands, then holds up Silva's ring finger, on which glistens an eight-carat-diamond engagement ring that Tom and Roseanne have given her.

Tom: She put up with so much crap from the press that . . .

Roseanne: . . . we got engaged to her, and all three of us are getting married. She deserves to be our little woman.

(The audience laughs and applauds.)

Tom: So her life has changed forever. Right, honey? Both these guys hang out so much together that they get PMS at the exact same time. . . . I was in Washington, D.C., and they both came to visit me while I was filming this movie with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Rosie and me hadn't seen each other for about a week and a half. It was the longest we'd been away from each other. It was horrible. They both like to go shopping to these sex places where you buy all these bondage clothes and stuff like that. They went out and bought some stuff and said that they were going to put on a show for me. So what could I do? I had to go along with it.

Roseanne: Because Tom is a little bit of a bossy guy, and you know how bossy guys are—they like to have women dominate them. At least that's what I've read in the *Penthouse* letters. So we bought this thing, and it went around his neck, and we tied up his arms. We tied up his feet. Put in the gag. Blindfolded him. He thought we were going to do something real sexy. But we just beat the shit out of him. It was great, too.

(The audience laughs and applauds.)

Tom: What did you have on when you beat the shit out of me?

Roseanne: We had to dress up to get you to get into all that stuff yourself. I had on a black vinyl thing.

Tom: And what part did it not cover? 'Cause there had to be something in it for me. I didn't care if you beat me up as long as you had your boobs sticking out. Am I right, honey?

Roseanne: No.

Tom: *Honey* . . .

(The audience laughs and applauds.)

"So what did you think of the Bobbitt case?" I ask Roseanne at breakfast as she daintily eats her Belgian waffle with her hands. She looks at me quizzically and licks her fingers. "You know," I explain, "the woman who cut off her husband's penis."

"I know that women have been doing that to their husbands since the beginning of time," she says with a shrug and continues to chew a mouthful of waffle. "They're just lucky they can get 'em sewed back on these days."

"If you really had caught Tom with Kim Silva, would you have a new paperweight on your desk?"

"I don't know what I'd do, but I do know that I wouldn't continue to be in the relationship."

"So this three-way-marriage publicity stunt is all a hoax in order to have a little fun with the tabloid press?"

"Of course. I'm tired of people making such a huge deal out of this. I'd just like to drop it and bury the whole thing."

Roseanne and Tom's relationship—no matter what the press prints or predicts—has saved both their lives. Arnold was doing up to half an ounce of cocaine a day when Roseanne insisted that he sober up before she would marry him. He, in turn, forced her to confront her deep depression, based on a troubled childhood, and her own addiction to marijuana.

"Why do you love him?" I ask. "Is it just because he's the big bad boyfriend who can beat up the world for you?"

"Oh, man, what other reason do you need?" Roseanne, sighing, asks me right back. "That says it all. He's funny. He's very, very intelligent. And he can go to the places that I can go to."

"Physical places or metaphysical ones?"

"Yeah. But the physical ones as well, because people generally, after a while, are burnt to a crisp with me. I can outrun anybody, and I'm 41. He's the one person who has ever kept up with me. I've known him since he was 23, and he's now 35. . . . We've had bad stuff too, but he tries very hard to take care of me. And I do with him, too. That's really nice. Another reason why I think he is so

at—he's the only famous man who's r come forward and said he was mo- ed. None of the others will say it, be- se they think it will take away from r masculinity. There are so many lit- boys he has helped because of that."

Such a nurturing relationship is a new sation for Roseanne. She has been very n about the molestation she says she self suffered at the hands of her father ile she was growing up, but in her up- ning book she also accuses him of do- the same thing to her little sister as well to one of her own daughters, the last sode taking place, shockingly enough, ring her wedding to Tom. Because of past—and how she feels it has scarred present—stopping child abuse and olestation has become Roseanne Ar- ld's fanatically brave crusade.

Sadly, litigation seems to have replaced ve in Roseanne's family. Her parents, o deny all charges, hired famed lawyer elvin Belli to bring suit against her be- use of the allegations. "I remember they lled me and wanted to sue the daugh- ." Belli tells me when I contact him r a response from the parents. "They ld me all of these things that she had id about them. I told them that I don't lieve—no matter how bad it is—that terfamilial suits should be brought. So got ahold of Roseanne and tried to uare it all away. But I didn't make any adway. I just kept the parents from su- g the daughter so that it didn't make any worse than it was. I remember I as doing something with some lebrities involved, and—*oh*—oseanne came up to me and assed me out 10 ways from Sun- ay! Just cussed the hell out of e! That's what I got for keeping e mother from suing her."

"Roseanne's role is so impor- nt," says Marilyn Van Der- ur, the former Miss America nd daughter of a prominent Colo- do millionaire, who has become nown as a national spokesperson r adult incest survivors. "We are ke the Odd Couple—those who an respond to Roseanne can't re- pond to me, and those who re- pond to me have trouble relating o Roseanne. What I have admired bout her is that through all of this she has ontinued to work at her career, while at he same time working through all these ersonal issues. We don't experience ner- ous breakdowns when we start dealing ith all these memories coming up; what ve experience is *recovery*. If one has a eart attack, one is put into intensive care, but when one is going through re covery—as Roseanne is doing right now—the only equivalent to intensive care is speaking up and speaking out. There is no healing unless we speak the words. And we must speak the words to our communities. Roseanne's community is America. Thousands of people have come up to me after I have spoken to different groups of adult survivors and told me to let Roseanne know how much she has meant to them. I love her so."

"Because of your concern for children who have been abused," I ask Roseanne, "I was wondering if you had an opinion about the Michael Jackson case that you would like to go on the record with."

"Oh, you know I have an opinion, and I do want to go on the record with it. He is the perfect picture of a child molester. He had the perfect circumstances. Everything. But you know what? People don't know anything, so these stupid fucking assholes go, 'Well, we let our kids sleep with him and share his bed, 'cause he took 'em to Toys 'R' Us. He's a nice, nice boy.' He's 35 fucking years old, and I think he got all this facial surgery done to obscure his age . . . He don't really look like a 35-year-old man, so maybe he really *is* Peter Pan. Yeah: 'He's Peter Pan, so we can let our little boys sleep with him!' "

"But there are a lot of people—most people, according to those awful polls—who don't believe the kid accusing him."

"Nobody believes any kid. Same, even, with me. I'm 41 years old and probably the richest, most powerful woman that there is in this town—which means in this culture—and a lot of 'em don't believe me either. They'd rather believe my parents, who they've never seen—except on *Larry King Live*. If they don't believe me, then how can they believe the kids? They won't. That's why it keeps going on—'cause they let it. I was talking to somebody the other day, and they go, 'These Menendez boys I don't believe for a minute. . . . ' I'm, like, why don't they just let them go? Why do they have them like that in this circus? Because people get sexually excited hearing about molesting children."

"But I don't know if that gives anyone the right to murder someone else."

"I do. I believe that once your dad fucks you in the ass you can kill him, and it ought to be legal if you're a boy—and also once your dad fucks you anywhere when you're a girl. By God, why wouldn't it be legal? . . . All the mothers that let it go on, they just need to be taken off the earth. If you could do it painlessly, that would be good. Unfortunately, it takes a shotgun. . . . Every kid that's out there and getting abused has the right to kill their parents . . . get a fucking gun and kill 'em. And every woman: Kill him, man. When he goes to sleep, fucking kill him. And every man—if a man is going through it—off 'em. *Off 'em*. This is a war. This is a war against children, that destroys more lives than AIDS, drunken driving, any other goddamn thing you can name. The average number of victims for a male pedophile is 250 children. But the worst thing about child abuse and sexual abuse is that the war goes inside you. That's where you fight it. My psychiatrist says I shouldn't talk about killing people. But this war is every bit as real as Vietnam, Korea—any of 'em you would want to name. You would never sit



In December, Roseanne and Tom playfully announced that they were marrying Kim Silva.

"When I can live one day and feel like I want to live, that is a good day to me."

ROSEANNE

in a war unarmed behind enemy territory if you want to live."

"If you had not had the haze of your own addictions before you started really dealing with these issues, Roseanne, would you have taken a gun and blown your own parents away?"

For the first time, I seem to have shocked her into silence. She contemplates her answer.

"I'm sorry," I continue, "but that's the next question I have to ask you when you talk like this."

"Yeah, well . . . ," she stammers, "sometimes you need these drug addictions and this, that, and the other. . . . I guess there is a good side to it, because it does drag you through some shit where you might do something like that and go to prison forever. The only reason I didn't kill my parents is because I did not want to spend my life in prison. But I am now a wealthy woman of independent means. I am not a six-year-old child anymore, who can't go anyplace and no one will help me. It's different. If I was a six-year-old and had a gun? Yes. Yes, I would. I would have killed them. Same as the Menendez boys did. But the horror of it is that they can only do it to children. They can't do that shit to adults—get inside somebody's mind and ruin it forever and kill their souls."

"Do you think that, by concentrating on the subject so much, that in turn enslaves you even more? Do you ever think you'll reach a point where you can just let it all go?"

"Enslaved? I think enslaved is when you don't admit it. When you don't talk about it. When you don't look at it. *Then* you're enslaved by it. I can't say, really. I'm still in heavy-duty psychotherapy. I'm in my fourth year of it. I'm fucked-up. I'm just trying to hang on. . . . I'm at a real scary time in my life."

"I'm sure the Prozac must help, but there are some in the drug-recovery movement who would say you are not sober if you are taking pharmaceuticals."

"Then they're fucked-up. Then insulin means you're not sober, too. They're just fucking idiots. I'm thankful I got on that drug—goddamnit—or I wouldn't be here."

"Do you really think you would have killed yourself?"

"Which of the thousand times? Maybe 10,000. Every day I have to decide whether I am going to live the whole day through. Every day I decide that."

"Roseanne, that breaks my heart."

"Well, that's what happens. That's what it is. I've decided to go on this far—but I do still wonder about it every day."

"Personally, I think committing suicide is the meanest thing someone can do. Would committing suicide be the meanest thing left for you to do to your parents?"

"Well . . . I don't think of it that way. All that is just stuff that people who don't feel like this say. When you feel like this, you gotta get a break. And no matter *how* you get your break, you gotta get your break. . . . Sometimes people choose that, and it's O.K. It's O.K., I think."

A large part of Roseanne Arnold's healing process has been the re-sculpting she has put her body through over the past few years. But can't all this plastic surgery be looked upon as a rather anti-feminist statement? It could be interpreted as surrendering to the male myth of female beauty. "I just think of it as the end of my self-abuse," Roseanne explains. "Like tying a big knot on it. Now that I've had all this done, I'm going to take good care of myself. . . . Sometimes I had to put it on the physical so that it would go inside the soul. It was a way to reverse the damages. . . . My face was so bad. Every time I looked in the mirror, I looked just like my dad, and I couldn't take it. Plus, it looks better on-camera, though I didn't do it to look glamorous and stay youthful like that whole *Sunset Boulevard* deal. I just don't want to look in the mirror and see my parents. My body stuff was all about lifting things up that fell. Well, I don't think they were ever up. I think they fell when I was nine. I had such a weight thing—gaining and losing 80 to 100 pounds a year. It takes a toll on your body. So I had it done to signal that that behavior was over now. I don't have to keep every size clothes from 2 to 26 in my closet."

"Is all this resculpting just your latest compulsion?"

"No. No! I mean, if I was going to go and have a face-lift every three years, that might be compulsive. But I don't see myself doing it again—*ever*. . . . My shopping is compulsive. Eight to 10 hours a day. . . . Oh, I have a message for Ms. Donna Karan. I love Donna Karan's clothes. I love everything about 'em. I'm very upset with Ms. Donna Karan, though. The first thing that upset me is that the woman is Jewish and making all these crosses. I thought it was a little anti-Semitic. And then I heard that Ms. Karan has decided to discontinue her size 14. To ease them out," Roseanne says, though a spokesman for Karan denies this. "I said, 'How goddamn anti-Semitic ca you get?' That just says it all. First th crosses and then this—because there is n Jewish girl who is below a size 14. That it. I'm taking all her 14 business."

Though talking about shopping seem to cheer Roseanne up—she even has collection of 200 dolls, each chosen be cause it reminds her of an aspect of he personality—there is still an immens sadness about her. *That* weight has no been lost. Amid the anger, vulgarity, an lush talent, there is a terrible tenderness "Has your great success domesticate your demons," I ask as we finish up ou breakfast, "or made them even worse?"

"It just feels the same," she says "Everything comes down to living in a fucking trailer. At first I was so im pressed by driving around in a limo and having a phone in the car and people al ways asking me if I needed more ice Then one day—sooner or later—it al comes down to living in a trailer. Nothing changes. It's the same shit. . . . Every thing is just . . . *hard*. It always has been. It's never been easy. It's never been wonderful or glamorous. All that horse-shit. . . . The first half of my life I worked so hard to deny the hillbilly that was me, and now the second half of my life I find that I am totally enshrining it. It's the fucking truth. John Goodman said yesterday that the simple, yet time-less, hillbilly truth is that everything comes down to going 75 miles an hour in your truck with a fifth of Jack Daniel's between your legs because NOBODY'S GONNA TELL ME WHAT TO DO! NO GOD-DAMN GOVERNMENT OR ANYBODY ELSE! That's just the simple hillbilly truth of it all. That's where I'm at."

"Can you appreciate the irony in the fact that at the same time you push on through this troubled life of yours you are bringing joy into so many other lives through your work?"

"Well, that's probably a big reason why I am still here."

"Are you saying that *Roseanne* has kept Roseanne alive? Those early battles you engaged in were literally battles for your life?"

"Yeah. In every way. Very much. Nobody gets more out of that show than me. I get a lot of letters from people saying how it has helped them or influenced them. Well, it don't help nobody more than it helps me. Yes, it has helped me stay alive. It helps me remember the humanity in everybody. I try to have that in every show every week—some redeemable kernel so that *I* know that it's there, too. I'm watching the show just like everybody else." □

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(*ontinued from page 77)* question. It ppened, he says, after the day in Au- ist '91 when Parliament tried to cast a ote of no confidence against Aristide's ime minister, a former baker named ené Préval. "At the time, Aristide oesn't even *know* me. But he had made rangements to burn some of [the parlia- entarians]. And I was responsible for e security, so," François says, smash- g his palm into his hand, "I STOP IT."

From then on, he continues, Aristide ated him. The president ordered Cédras transfer François, but Cédras refused. Then," says François, whacking his nees, "he tried another way! He had the .S.P. [Aristide's private security force], they arranged a team to kill me. They anted to roast me. But my soldiers were ware of that . . . and they provided me ith security for my life."

Finally, in September 1991, before ristide flew to New York to deliver a peech to the U.N., François says, the resident gave orders "to kill me and Gen- ral Cédras, because he didn't want to ome back to Haiti and see us." But— rançois grins delightedly—he foiled them gain. When the assassins came to his ouse, he was gone, thanks to tips from his nen. "And," he finishes, again whacking is palm, "THAT WAS IT. THEY MISSED ME GAIN!" Across the room, the table of RAPHers sit bright-eyed with admiration.

But what about the possibility of U.S. ntervention? Would the Marines miss im, too?

François actually giggles. He won't omment "because right now the whole world knows Michel François, and when you talk too much you may be weak, be- ause they're going to see your position nd know how to attack."

And what of all the violent deaths? Where was his police force?

He sobers, eyes darkening. Of course Port-au-Prince, with only 1,000 officers, cannot be protected as well as American ities. "We do not have the means. . . . But *still,*" he explodes, "WE DO THE JOB!" Besides, "when you see people dying in the streets, they can be dead from starving, from a vehicle accident, and so on. Sometimes, the robbers—*zenglendu*—are responsible. But every- one now takes all this together to say it is repression, the police, FRAPH."

So, despite his president's demands, he doesn't intend to resign?

His big face moves close again, eyes gleaming, his voice husky, low, and full of menace. "Noooooooo waaaaaaaaaay —and I *mean* it, too."

Can Aristide ever return then?

François rises. The interview is over. Moving toward the table of FRAPHers, he glances over his shoulder and offers only a single, laughing line: "What do *you* guess?"

Nothing has ever been worse in Haiti, where conditions have always been horrible. How many ways can you say that people have always been starving 600 miles from U.S. shores, just as in Somalia? How to convey the fact that, thanks to the world embargo, conditions are now infinitely worse? How to describe the emaciated young mother living in the city cemetery—itself desecrated by desperate Haitians smashing crypts in search of gold teeth and watches—hopelessly trying to feed her half-dead baby from a breast as shriveled as a prune? How to express the futility of taking her to a hospital, where it costs 20 cents just to get in line, where a wearied nurse only shrugs and says, "She obviously has tuberculosis. The baby probably does too. Both of them will die."

How to convey the anguish of volunteer workers who can no longer find the fuel to run the generators that keep their patients alive, or even potable water to serve them as they lay dying? "Even worse, the people can't get to the hospital anymore because there is no gas for transportation," says a French doctor. "Now they only get there in time to die." It's not uncommon to see an ambulance being pushed toward emergency wards by the loved ones of those within.

Feeding stations can no longer provide poor Haitians with their only solid meal of the day—a biscuit and a glass of milk—because bakers have no fuel. For the first time in my 15-year experience with Haiti, beggars now line up at the hotels to ask for food as often as money. One night a Dutch reporter, not a woman easily shaken, returned to her hotel paled because, she said, "I have just seen Haitians fighting with dogs over bones." She had been eating at a cheap patio café, and when she finished her chicken, a crowd of small children snatched the empty plate from a passing waiter. It dropped to the ground. Two starving dogs fell upon it, along with the children. "I will never again eat outside of this hotel," she said, nearly in tears.

And then there was my own old friend, a hardworking taxi driver. He has no work because he has no gas. He is also, at age 53, going blind. He has cataracts, and Haiti of course has nothing even remotely resembling a public welfare program. "My life is done," he tells me without self-pity. "I will get a gun and shoot myself because I am too old to become a blind beggar."

Now bewildered Haitians can only wonder why they are denied the means to even get to their three-dollar-per-day factory jobs. And why is their exiled president calling upon the world to increase their suffering with tighter sanctions at the same time he makes toasts at the weddings of the Kennedys? Why must they survive on herbs and leaves when, they are told, he is dining on catered meals in Georgetown? Some are openly angry, others only confused. And from those willing to pay the price if it means Aristide's return, there is only frightened silence. Because now the military is in command. And, realistically, not even the poorest, most ignorant Haitian expects Aristide to come back to Haiti, short of a landing by the U.S. Marines.

Above all else, there is the unending, unfocused fear. Every night, sporadic gunfire can be heard throughout Port-au-Prince. Where it's coming from, nobody knows—FRAPHers, "attachés" (plainclothes police), the military, common criminals. Or, as some insist, from a handful of stray Lavalas—guerrillas loyal to Aristide—committing murders that will inevitably be ascribed to the military. "Whether it's a money changer or a drug dealer who gets shot in a deal gone bad, or a dog run over by a car, the army gets the blame," says one officer bitterly. "Well, I've got the solution. If we are all the murderous thugs, the immoral killers, the international press describes, then let the entire army resign tomorrow! Then the world will see what total anarchy is."

"I've never seen anything like it," says a prominent doctor, who, like nearly everyone else in Haiti, wants anonymity for fear of retribution. He works with an extensive network of hospitals, including one in Cité Soleil, Port-au-Prince's largest, most stunning slum, a place where people bathe in fetid sewers and where there are only three running water taps for a population of 180,000. It is also a hotbed of Lavalas sentiment, where dozens, if not hundreds, were shot in their hovels by plainclothes goons and soldiers in the days surrounding the coup. "Before, people only looked resigned. Now there's a panic in their eyes that I've never seen before, because they don't know where the attack

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is coming from. Every night, the people of Cité Soleil go to bed afraid they will be shot before dawn."

From the poorest to the richest, Haitians today, past masters of adaptation and survival, know better than ever just how cheap life is. By the most modest accounts, at least 3,000 have been killed since the '91 coup; one U.N. human-rights observer pushes the figure as high as 25,000, counting those who have died because of the nutritional and medical deprivations of the embargo. According to a human-rights worker in La Saline, another sprawling slum, "We find on an average at least one body a day. Who killed them and why, I don't know. But some have even been shot with their hands tied."

So now the streets of once teeming Port-au-Prince are deserted by nightfall, homes shuttered and blackened, residents hiding within. No transistor draws attention with Creole music; no candles flicker. The effect is eerie, reminiscent of a W.W. II movie of London during the blackouts. "My wife is going to be sick with worry," says a teacher, sitting on the terrace of the Hotel Oloffson at nine P.M., listening to sporadic gunfire nearby. "Here only fools are out at night."

Not all of the shooting is deadly, however. Some of it comes from the Haitian elite—glibly dubbed the MREs by the media (Morally Repugnant Elite), a group that has come to include almost everybody who lives in the hills above the worst squalor of Port-au-Prince. "A lot of it is *us* shooting into the air, to warn off attackers," says an MRE late at night, sitting on his pretty hillside terrace, gunfire crackling not far away as a security guard with an M16 patrols his compound. "It's a form of ballistic therapy. And it works. These guys only shoot defenseless people."

"It's very important to get the facts straight," says U.S. ambassador William Swing, a nice man with a distinguished foreign-service career, mostly in Africa, who is now in the untenable position of defending the embargo. "The *military* is starving the Haitians," he insists—not the U.N. Certainly, the embargo will exacerbate common misery "in the short to medium term," but only sanctions will force the military and the elite "to understand that the country is not going anywhere without democracy." How many Haitians must die first? Swing evades the question.

In the hills above the city, at a luxury hotel, U.N. spokesman Eric Falt is more impassioned. In fact, Falt, a young man who last served in Cambodia, is outraged at the bleeding-heart press. Just this day *The New York Times* has reported a Harvard University study saying that as many as 1,000 children a month are dying because of the embargo. "You die from disease or a violent death," Falt snaps, "but you *don't* die from an embargo. That's ridiculous and irresponsible that scientists would say that!" And that the media would report it. But journalists "are avid beasts. They *want* starving children and blood." Besides, he adds, Haitians have always been poor. "How do you go from nothing to nothing? People who are dying would have died anyway!"

Meanwhile, he finishes, nobody respects the dangers faced by those trying to restore democracy to Haiti. This thing could turn into a siege, he says, pointing dramatically toward a closet crammed with stores of canned tuna and biscuits. "They could cut us off from the outside anytime, you know."

Only former prime minister Robert Malval, the wealthy mulatto businessman who ran the remnants of Haiti's government out of his heavily guarded suburban home for three months this fall, refuses to endorse the embargo, except in the mildest way. It is there to impress upon the military the seriousness of world intent to restore Aristide, he says quietly. A big, doleful-eyed man with a slight stutter, Malval looks miserable at his lot. Twice already he has tried to resign only to be talked out of it. (Not until December 15 did he officially quit, though even then he agreed to stay on as caretaker.) After all, he says, the idea that Haiti has any government at all anymore is a joke. "This country is a functional anarchy. I think I'm the only man in the world who knows the burden of powerlessness. . . . I'm just here to avoid a constitutional vacuum, but I'm aware that I'm not running anything. They have the force with no power; I have the power with no force."

Nothing that has happened surprises Malval. He tried to talk Aristide out of running in the first place. "Because I knew the country wasn't ready for him," Malval says, "and Aristide wasn't ready for power. I told him to go to the Senate instead . . . that otherwise he would be overthrown after six months. I missed by a month."

Even now, Malval doesn't defend his boss. "It was by far the most democratic government we've had in 200 years," but "Aristide had no political program of his own . . . he ran by anti-bourgeoisie slogans alone. The approach was wrong. You can negotiate with the adversary . . . but using the microphone is wrong. And I told him to stop attacking the army as a whole . . . only 5 to 10 percent of them are involved in wrongdoings. Ninety percent just want a decent life; many are very professional. These guys are not in favor of human-rights violations—they don't go after the people."

Malval also thinks Aristide is wrong to single out François for removal. "François is right. He is a military commander, not the police chief . . . and the agreement calls only for a new police chief." Nor does he think François is the heavy behind the coup. "He has the firepower but not the brainpower," says Malval. As for Cédras, he only laughs. "He's just the front man for the others."

It is perhaps just another measure of the chaotic state of Haiti that the prime minister himself wonders if, in fact, the elusive army chief of staff named Philippe Biamby "is really the strongman behind the coup."

Haiti has always been a throwaway nation, ever since its uppity slaves rebelled against the mighty Napoleon Bonaparte some 200 years ago to become the world's first independent black republic—only to be punished by a world trade embargo for the next 70 years. Then, in 1915, fearing the Germans might try to establish a Caribbean beachhead during World War I, the U.S. invaded and remained for the next 19 years. It was a racist, Jim Crow occupation that no elderly Haitian has forgotten. "Dear me, just *think* of it—niggers speaking French!" William Jennings Bryan once remarked, summing up the times.

Nearly six more decades of benign neglect followed, including 30 murderous years under "Papa Doc" and his son, Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier, before Haiti commanded world attention again.

Lavalas. In 1990, it meant hope—"the flood" or "the avalanche" in Creole. It was the grassroots movement that swept Jean-Bertrand Aristide into power in the closest thing to a truly direct, democratic election Haiti has ever had. He won by a landslide—67 percent of the vote, most cast by slum-dwelling illiterates who knew only that marking their *X* by the symbol of the brilliantly feathered fighting cock meant a vote for Father Aristide, or Titid, as they called

Fr Little Aristide. The fiery, radical
est with the chipped front tooth and
oping left eyelid who had spent years
nouncing the American capitalists, the
itian elite, and the military alike for
centuries of repression: Titid, the
mer Salesian priest who escaped at
st three assassination attempts and so
llenged the Vatican itself with his lib-
tion theology that he was finally ex-
led from his order. Titid. He was one
them, a son of the slums. Like Fran-
s Duvalier, he appealed to the poor-
, blackest Haitians. Now Titid prom-
d true justice at last.

From his first day in office, he started
raise revenues and reduce the deficit.
it he also began a humiliating public
rge of the military leadership that an-
gonized the most influential segments
Haitian society: not only the army
t also the handful of million-
es, whom he denounced for
t sharing their wealth, as
ell as the small middle
ass of veteran civil-ser-
ce employees, fired
holesale in an impatient
d to cleanse the bu-
aucracy of corruption.

Not least, Aristide
ghtened even some of
s supporters with what
emed to be veiled ref-
ences to Père Lebrun,
e burning-tire trick Hai-
an mobs apparently learned
om South Africans. In a rampage,
llowing a 1991 coup attempt, dozens
f Macoutes were incinerated, some of
iem eaten as well. And Aristide did noth-
g to control them. To the contrary, he
ften hinted that he would again unleash
the power of the people" to ensure "jus-
ce" against his enemies. One form of
ob justice simply replaced another.

On September 27, 1991, Aristide de-
vered his most incendiary speech. "If
ou catch a thief," he said, "if you
atch a sticky-fingered slob, if you catch
false Lavalas, if you catch one who
oes not deserve to be there, don't hesi-
te to give him what he deserves.
. . Your tool is in hand, your instrument
n hand. . . . What a beautiful tool. What
beautiful instrument. . . . It's beautiful,
es, it's beautiful. It's pretty. It's elegant.
. . It has a good smell. Wherever you
o, you want to inhale it. Since the
aw of the country says Macoute isn't in
he game, whatever happens to him he
leserves—he came looking for trouble."

Aristide's defenders later insisted he
vas referring only to the Constitution.
Nevertheless, a few soldiers were neck-
laced, along with former presidential can-
didate Sylvio Claude. On September 29, a
failed Macoute coup leader, Roger Lafon-
tant, was shot in his jail cell—on direct
orders of Aristide, according to Lafon-
tant's widow (a charge Aristide denies).
Hours later, Aristide was deposed—seven
months into his five-year term.

Soon after, President Bush, with typi-
cal fire in the belly concerning foreign
affairs, declared that the coup "could not
stand" and imposed a partial embargo on
oil and military supplies, which dragged
on, ineffectively, for two years. In the
meantime, during his presidential cam-
paign, Bill Clinton vowed to reverse the
cruel, blatantly racist U.S. policy of re-
turning Haitian boat people to their coun-



The Clinton administration has continued to send refugees back to Haiti, where many face death.

"The embargo," says Aristide, "is just a weapon for Cédras and François."

try, where many face certain death (while at the same time accepting almost any Cuban who manages to make it to American shores). After his election, in a shameless turnabout, Clinton continued to either send back Haitian refugees or confine them in a semi-concentration camp at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. Sud denly they presented "a national-security problem."

But Clinton couldn't escape the nagging problem of Aristide, who now lives right under his nose, in tony Georgetown, and whose high-priced lobbyists include attorney Michael Barnes, a well-connected former Maryland congressman who charges $55,000 a month—not to mention a vocal group of Congressional Black Caucus members. Republican opposition to Aristide and American involvement in Haiti was equally vociferous. Following a C.I.A. briefing, Senator Jesse Helms called Aristide "a psychopath," "a demonstrable killer," a lithium-soaked manic-depressive, and worse. Although Aristide hotly denied ever being treated or medicated for any mental disorder, other Republican leaders insisted that, regardless, Haiti wasn't worth one American life.

Caught in the middle, Clinton settled for tighter sanctions, which led to the July 3 Governors Island Accord, providing for Aristide's return to power on October 30. But about the only major provision of the accord that was honored was Aristide's selection of a new prime minister, Robert Malval.

Who is at fault for the breakdown of the agreement will remain a matter of debate for decades to come. Chief among the deal breakers was the ambiguous language granting amnesty to the coup leaders. Aristide issued an amnesty decree, but Cédras insisted on a law, which could not be undone by Aristide once he was back in the palace.

Then came the matter of separating Haiti's historically intertwined army and police. Enter Lieutenant Colonel Michel François, who functions as the police chief although he is actually a military officer. Aristide later insisted that François must also go, even though his name is not mentioned in the accord. François's reply was blunt: he is a career military officer whose resignation should be subject to the rules of the army.

In the most dramatic evidence that

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the Governors Island agreement was going nowhere, the Haitian military refused to provide protection for a transition team aboard the U.S.S. *Harlan County* when it tried to dock in Port-au-Prince. The military claimed that the crew was in violation of the accord because it arrived with automatic weapons. Diplomats should never forget Haitian sensitivity, even after 60 years, to anything smacking of occupation.

As the pact crumbled, terror set in. On September 11, Aristide's close friend millionaire businessman Antoine Izmery was taken from a church by armed men and shot in the head. A month later, Justice Minister Guy Malary was gunned down in broad daylight on a city street. The military denied responsibility despite eyewitnesses who claimed they saw plainclothes police watching idly nearby.

So October 30 came and went with no Aristide. In a final touch, while Haiti swarmed with international press anticipating high drama—perhaps even a U.S. invasion—Cédras defiantly boycotted a meeting called by U.N. special envoy Dante Caputo, explaining in a letter that he was displeased, among other reasons, with the insulting security arrangements, which included no Haitian personnel. Again, Haitian pride should never be forgotten.

TV cameras happily filmed the large foursquare table, lined on three sides with dark-suited ambassadors and legislators—with one long row of empty chairs on the fourth side. The next day, Caputo left Haiti for consultations in New York and has yet to return. Haiti had truly become the Mouse That Roared.

The U.N. reimposed oil sanctions, and, in a show of added force, warships were dispatched to inspect all Haitian-bound cargo vessels. Some days, from the highest balconies in Pétionville, you can see the U.S.S. *Gettysburg*, armed with cruise missiles, lolling in the empty bay. "Jesus Christ, talk about overkill," says one Haitian. "It's like shooting an ant with a .357 magnum. If the U.S. wants these guys out, then why don't they *get them out?* It would take the Marines about three hours."

"I *still* can't believe we succeeded," marvels FRAPH leader Emmanuel Constant as he sits in his middle-class home, stroking his little white terrier. He's describing the day when, in a televised spectacle to shame Americans from Manhattan to Topeka, a group of maybe 100 pistol-wielding FRAPHers and attachés ran the mighty U.S.S. *Harlan County* out of Haiti's port, mainly by kicking a few cars, waving a couple of guinea hens, and scattering baking soda all about in a voodoo ritual.

"We were all so scared," Constant remembers. "My people kept wanting to run away. But I took the gamble and urged them to stay. Then the Americans pulled out! We were astonished. That was the day FRAPH was actually born. Before, everyone said we were crazy, suicidal, that we would all be burned if Aristide returned. But now," he finishes with a giggle, "we know he is *never* going to return."

Constant ("Toto" to his friends), the 37-year-old son of an army commander under Papa Doc, is now an avowed presidential candidate. Tall and skinny with bad teeth, Constant doesn't look especially presidential. But thanks to years of education and work in Canada and New York, he speaks perfect English, and is both quick-witted and personable. His initially raw, naïve political rap also improves by the day. Now Toto publicly weeps for the poor, threatens tax hikes on the Haitian elite, and, along with his standard suit and tie, has even begun to wear socks with his loafers at his mobbed press conferences, where he boasts that FRAPH already has at least 300,000 card-carrying members. All that remains is for him to abandon his tendency to show off his Uzi for photographers.

"I feel like somebody who just won the lottery," Toto says of his overnight change in status. Just last week, he boasts, he gave 84 interviews to the international press. Best of all, Aristide himself is playing into FRAPH's hands by calling for a stricter embargo. "Even after the coup, he was still very popular," says Constant gleefully. "But now he's destroying his own support! If he was smart, he would be begging the world to send rice to Haitians, not starve them."

The co-founder of FRAPH is Jodel Chamblain ("Jojo"), a small, cherub-faced former Tonton Macoute who says his pregnant wife was murdered and mutilated by a rampaging pro-Aristide mob in 1991. Chamblain speaks no English, but it's clear in this Mutt-and-Jeff duo where the guiding fury lies. If Toto is FRAPH's friendly, ambitious public face, Jojo is the searing fire at his backside.

Today we are setting out for a FRAPH rally in Gonaïves, two hours north of Port-au-Prince, in a four-car caravan armed with enough M16s and Uzis to give Rambo pause. A crowd of about 1,000 waits in the town square, dominated by a statue of the revolutionary war hero Jean-Jacques Dessalines. Since FRAPH is a grassroots movement carefully aimed at the masses, its ceremonies always begin with voodoo rites, the primary religion of most Haitians. As the crowd cheers, Toto and Jojo solemnly smash a couple of bottles of Haitian rum across Dessalines's bronzed feet. "Rum is from the earth," Constant explains, looking transparently amused at his own rhetoric. "It is a voodoo ceremony to protect the people from harm. The spirits are everywhere—on the ground, in the air. You have to share *everything* with them."

Bodyguards now leap forward, looking as fierce as any of Papa Doc's Macoutes in their mirrored silver sunglasses, as the crowd swarms toward the vans, yearning to touch the Leaders, to hold on to something promising in a world where nothing seems real anymore. "FRAPH! FRAPH!" they chant as the bodyguards roam about, searching for some lone, crazy Lavalas kamikaze. But of course there is none, for Lavalas is vanished, its leaders either fled into exile or in hiding underground.

"*À bas* Caputo!" the crowd cries. Down with United Nations envoy Dante Caputo. "*À bas* U.N.! *À bas* Aristide! *À bas* Malval! *À bas* embargo!" Down with everything. Except FRAPH.

Haiti's affluent elite has of course always despised the ugly little black man who took over their country. "And then Aristide turned out to be primitive too," says one Haitian aristocrat. "We all know what can happen when the lower classes take power—I did so want us to have someone we could present—but, still, I thought, He's a priest. I expected decency. But we didn't know he was *insane*. With my own eyes, I saw his mob on television with their tires and gas, and some of them were waving bones—the tibias, the ribs—of those they had already burned. I was ashamed to be Haitian. And he did nothing to disapprove, to disperse them. And now that tacky little man has traded his cassock for tailored suits and—and excuse me for being vulgar—up there in Washington, where I believe he is—how do you say?—licking their behinds."

Some are even more savage. "Not only is Aristide imbalanced, but you do know that he was also involved in a secret voodoo sect?" asks one of the richest, best-educated men in Haiti today. He is serious too. In fact, his story gets even

re fantastic. He claims that after the p he visited Aristide's home, where saw "a secret, circular room beneath human sacrifices. So far, we *know* t he sacrificed at least seven children one of his ceremonies." He even ws a map of the house.

Other wealthy Haitians are concerned s with Aristide's personal problems n with inconveniences caused by his ster. "My God, the prices!" com- ins one. "These black marketeers are king a fortune! Just the other day, a ge bag of dog food, which used to cost , was marked up to $57. And the price chlorine pellets for my pool has gone 10 times!"

"It's all just too depressing to bear," s one Haitian socialite after descend- g from her hillside home on a day APH ordered a citywide strike. "It's e death down there. I was so depressed vent to my beach house for the week- d and looked at my herb garden and atted with the peasants. But it didn't lp. I've decided to go to Paris until it's er."

There are other, less self-absorbed ices in the mix. "It's a world gone ad," sighs Gérard Bissainthe, a retired iversity professor and longtime oppo- nt of the Duvaliers who is now also a oughtful leader of the anti-Aristide ovement. "The embargo is genocide, s completely immoral. It's like child buse—it should be prohibited in a civi- zed world.

"I was never against Aristide," he ys. "I was for social justice. I had only he problem with him—Père Lebrun, at's all. And he never had a social pro- am. From the day he started, it was just obsession with revenge. Frankly, I ink he now hates Haitians. He thought ey should all die for him after the coup, nd now he wants to punish them. He has he same mentality as Jim Jones—every- ne must go with him."

Then there are the democrats. "He ay be a crazy little bastard," says a ealthy Haitian architect. "But he must eturn if Haiti is ever to start on the road democracy. And we must open the ew government up to them all—even he Macoutes in their bandannas and hades. Only a fool would keep out the Duvalierists. My God, half the people in his country worked for them."

And, finally, the Americans living in Haiti. "I'm going broke," moans Tony Shindler, owner of a beach club, "and 've never seen conditions here so bad in 35 years. If Jean-Claude ["Baby Doc" Duvalier] were here today he'd probably be re elected. At least then there was sta bility and you knew where the threat was coming from."

Not surprisingly, none of the Haitian elite says much about the military beyond the fact that, as far as they can tell, Raoul Cédras is no killer. "If he were," chortles one industrialist, "we wouldn't have this mess. Aristide would be dead."

So where have Titid's people all gone? Despite their campaign to discredit him, and despite his own mistakes, neither the military nor FRAPH is stupid enough to believe that, in all the masses of sweaty, tired faces, Jean-Bertrand Aristide is dead. And, occasionally, some brave Haitian will say as much. "Aristide will *never* die," says Kareem Abdul Martin, a young Haitian Muslim. "Even if it takes 50 years! Even some FRAPH are Aristide. People wake up Aristide, they drink Aristide, they eat Aristide. Aristide is their hope, their future. Without him, they become nonexistent."

At the same time, Martin doesn't think Aristide will ever return. "But it doesn't matter. There will be another Aristide. *Inshallah*."

But perhaps there is no better measure of Haitian sentiment than the music they choose—and for the last several weeks a song by a decidedly political, pro-democracy voodoo rock band called Ram, led by Richard Morse, the American proprietor of the Hotel Oloffson, has been No. 1 on independent radio stations throughout Haiti. Although the beautiful, haunting words lose much in translation from Creole to English, the lyrics say:

I'm a leaf, I'm sitting on my branch
A bad storm came and knocked me down
The day I fall is not the day I die
When they need me, where are they going to find me?
Oh my good Lord, oh Saint Nicholas, I only have one son
They made him leave the country and he went away.

For all he's been through—the many threats on his life, being marched out of Haiti at gunpoint, the two years of waiting, the vicious personal attacks, not to mention the frustrations of dealing with a world which increasingly seems only halfway committed to its pledges to him—Jean-Bertrand Aristide today is still far more relaxed than he was during his inaugural week in 1991. His English is better, he laughs more easily, and he doesn't waste so much time picking precise, statesmanlike words.

Contrary to rumor, he does not live in a mansion. His one bedroom home is instead in one of Washington, D.C.'s comfortable furnished apartment buildings, where the tenants are mainly transient politicians, journalists, and other visitors. Nor is he attended by an entourage of servants—only a few staff members, plus half a dozen Secret Service agents ensconced in an adjacent apartment. He chuckles good-naturedly at a joking remark that his navy suit looks more like J. C. Penney than the extravagant Armanis the Haitian military swears he wears.

But the anger and frustration are still there. The little priest has not yet lost all his fire—now directed at "the international community, which was supposed to be there, but is not. They promised the restoration of democracy 11 months ago. It is *time*." He laughs sardonically. What a joke it all is. "Today they can make a difference by just doing what they say. They have to move faster, not slower!"

And, yes, he wants a tighter embargo. "I want it to be over. I don't want the poor to suffer anymore while the coup leaders are still killing and getting rich on drug traffic. A *real* embargo would not be the problem, it would be the *end* of it. We cannot continue to have this genocide while the world watches. So do it quickly! Because the current embargo is just a weapon for Cédras and François."

So, "we have to raise some ethical questions." But this he says without spirit. Ethical questions concerning Haiti have little or no weight in the world, especially in the United States, as Aristide well knows. Take the Clinton administration's policy of returning boat people. "It is so wrong," he says simply.

Equally wrong are those who say that he violated the Governors Island Accord. "We did *everything* we were supposed to do," he says heatedly. "Cédras and François are professional liars and murderers. According to [the agreement], I had to grant an amnesty, and I did. If Parliament wants a law, they can do it, but the coup leaders don't want Parliament to meet to satisfy that. They want to have a false issue so they can go on, in control."

But he refuses to give up hope, even though many of his supporters have. "I will go back! I *will* go back," he exclaims, grinning spontaneously. "I will *never* give up."

And to the poor, to the taxi drivers without gas, to those without food, what does he say?

"I tell them not to give up. I say just do what you can. Cry if you can cry. Get together if you can. . . . And never forget." Lavalas. □

FLEISS

(Continued from page 94) kick. I had started going to the gym. I took a Soma, a muscle relaxer, but that day I was feeling really weird. Around 8:30—it was one of the clearest, most beautiful nights—they arrived. Twenty cops and four dogs. All at my house.''

Meanwhile, over at the Hilton, the cops, posing as Japanese businessmen, were asking for ''straight sex and some oral sex,'' and had paid each girl $1,500. They asked the four girls to perform a little dance, and then, after all parties had partially disrobed, a task force of police busted in and placed the girls under arrest.

Back at Heidi's, the police seized 13 grams of coke and some traveler's checks, signed by Charlie Sheen, as well as Heidi's ''black book,'' which was actually several red Gucci notebooks. Heidi was charged and released on $100,000 bail, which she had to get from a bail bondsman. Though she had been pulling in hundreds of thousands of dollars, Heidi has always spent more than she makes.

At police headquarters, her girls started to talk. And talk. In no time flat, they all agreed to cooperate—to testify against their former boss. ''A madam's nightmare is to have two girls testify against her,'' says Alex. ''It drives the stake in your heart. Heidi has *four* girls testifying against her. You have to ask yourself, 'Why are her girls so disloyal?' ''

It's a complicated question. The world of high-end prostitution in L.A. is divided into warring factions. There are core cliques of girls in each camp and they are the most vicious toward one another. The whole scene is eerily reminiscent of the seventh grade, except instead of girls passing notes in class or fighting with one another over the quarterback of the football team, these girls war over who slept with which movie star and who stole whose Azzedine Alaïa dress.

They call the police and inform on one another and work feverishly to destroy their rivals' businesses. They fax vicious missives and leave nasty messages on one another's answering machines. A typical phone message for Heidi from a girl loyal to Nagy goes like this: ''Did you take a cut from the girls after the cops busted them? Did you take your fuckin' 40 percent cut? I bet you fuckin' did. . . . It's just the beginning, you know. Every fuckin' agency from the C.I.A. to the N.B.A. to the P.T.A. to the I.R.S. are going to knock on your fuckin' door. . . . We're your fuckin' worst nightmare—you can't fuck with us.''

And so on. It's true that girls will be girls, and yet, at the same time, there is a certain affection and grudging respect among the sworn enemies. No matter what happens—whether they testify against Heidi or sell their stories to the tabloids or steal her clothes—Heidi will forgive almost any girl almost anything. ''Hookers have no life,'' explains Nagy. ''Their only friends are other hookers. That's the club. And they live and die for the club. But you have to accept the club for what it is. To be a hooker you have to accept that you're living a lie. You can only be yourself with the other working girls. The rest is a lie.''

One of the nonfemale ringleaders of the anti-Heidi faction is Art Natoli, a former limo driver who now works as a bodyguard for Billy Idol. Natoli had been dating Claudia Carnesella, another Heidi girl, who lives at her home. ''When Claudia started making huge money with Heidi, she lost interest in Art,'' says a friend of Heidi's. ''She was driving a Corvette and pulling down seven G's, eight G's a job.''

Some believe that Heidi and Claudia were lovers. (''If Heidi's a lesbian, she deserves an Academy Award,'' says Nagy. Heidi denies this too. ''Claudia's an angel,'' she says, ''but she's not even my type.'') In any case, Natoli became jealous and complained about Heidi to L.A.P.D. Vice, particularly Captain Glenn Ackerman, with whom he has a relationship.

Natoli was not alone. There were other complaints about Heidi: that she taped clients on the phone to get them to pay money she was owed; that she overcharged; that she didn't pay girls their share; that she borrowed money from girls as her drug problem grew; and, worst of all, that she dropped girls. ''She can be all over you, wanting to know stuff,'' says one girl, ''and then she just lets you go. She's cold. Heidi tosses people away.''

This may be true, but she seems remarkably forgiving toward the girls that were busted. ''I can't get mad at them,'' she says now. ''I just can't. The police tried to get us to turn on each other, but I won't turn on them. Not those girls.'' Heidi tries to explain. ''I just know them,'' she says finally. ''I *know* them.''

Another day, another drama. It's Wednesday and Heidi is driving her white '67 Mustang convertible, a gift from Bernie Cornfeld, to the office of her lawyer, Anthony Brooklier. Two nights ago, Susie was driving Heidi's Corvette and was pulled over. The registration on the car had expired and Susie had some marijuana in her purse. (''Just two joints,'' she says. ''I can't help it—I like to get high.'') The car was impounded and Susie was thrown in jail.

Heidi got a bail bondsman to spring her at a cost of $10,000, but Heidi hasn't had time to get the Corvette back, and she doesn't want to wait in line at the D.M.V. ''Too many people,'' she explains. ''They'll stare.''

Besides, she's got more pressing concerns. Tapes of more than 60 hours of her phone conversations, made right after she was arrested, are being offered to news organizations and publications, including *Vanity Fair*. Most people believe the tapes were made illegally by Dan Hanks, a known F.B.I. informant, but there are those who think the tap on Heidi's phone was authorized by the police and that someone—probably Hanks—simply broke into an existing tap.

In any case, the tapes have Heidi in a panic. ''There's a lot of phone sex on there,'' she says, making a left on Sunset Boulevard. ''But mostly I'm worried about Evans.'' Robert Evans, a legendary producer (most recently of *Sliver*) with a colorful history of success with women, is, Heidi says, a dear friend. He was never a boyfriend—although she claims she would marry him in a flash.

Evans has had a difficult time in the past few years, and on the tapes it apparently becomes clear that he is worried about whether Stanley Jaffe, the head of Paramount Communications, would extend Evans's producing deal with the studio. On the tapes, he and Heidi hatch a plan—which they then followed through on—to introduce their mutual friend Bob Jaffe, a rising young executive and Stanley's son, to a call girl in London. They plot to find the girl, and they discuss paying her and arranging to have Jaffe meet her. As it turned out, their plan was a great success: the unwitting Jaffe went to London, met the girl, and spent the week with her, all without realizing the introduction had been a set-up.

On the tapes, according to Heidi, she and Evans discuss the possibility of us-

ng this information should Stanley Jaffe ake Evans's life difficult at Paramount. "It would kill Evans if that got out," ays Heidi. "He says being my friend as cost him dearly." (Evans himself re-uses to comment.)

Heidi is rushing to her lawyer's office o give an interview to Fox TV. It's a wap—the network has the tapes and hey've been promoting them like mad ("The Tapes Heidi Doesn't Want You o Hear!"). This morning, Brooklier vorked out a deal where Heidi would rade them an interview for their agree-nent not to run the tapes.

But that's not all that's happening. This morning, *Hard Copy* showed up at Heidi's house with her 1992 datebook. "They gave it back to me," she says, gesturing toward the book n the backseat of the car. Heidi claims she gave her book to L'Hua Reid, a petite blonde—"When you picture California, you picture L'Hua," says Heidi.

L'Hua lent Heidi $15,000 to pay Brooklier when she was first arrested and then lent her the Norma Kamali wrap dress she wore for her court appearance. (Now Heidi's courtroom ensembles are being provided courtesy of Dolce & Gabbana.) "She was a good friend," Heidi admits. So why would L'Hua give Heidi's datebook to *Hard Copy*? "I don't know why, but I know she did it," Heidi says. "I hope she made a lot of money off it." (Both *Hard Copy* and L'Hua deny she sold them the book—L'Hua claims she returned it to Heidi weeks ago.) To get the datebook back, Heidi agreed to appear on *Hard Copy* this evening. "*Now* I feel like a whore," she says.

Heidi drives into Brooklier's lot off Wilshire Boulevard. She parks the car and grabs the datebook and her bag and heads for his office. In the crowded elevator, she turns toward the wall, hiding her face in her hair. No one really notices.

At Brooklier's, she is ushered into a corner office with floor-to-ceiling views of the city and plops down on the couch. She starts leafing through the datebook. It looks remarkably like any busy female executive's calendar—there are lists of appointments (pool guy, hairdresser, facial, lawyer) and scribbled names and phone numbers. Written on the upper right corner of nearly every page are her bets for the week—"Cowboys $1,000, Raiders $1,500"—and if she's won or lost. On every two-page spread are several lists of girls' names—first names only—and, sometimes, their destinations. "See, I was smart," she says, pointing to a section that has been blacked out with pen so it is unreadable. "Anything important I inked out."

When Heidi was first arrested, there was much speculation that employees of Columbia Pictures, specifically then production head Michael Nathanson and V.P. of production Barry Josephson, were clients of Heidi's. There were rumors that company funds were used to procure girls, that they were flown to movie sets on a Columbia jet, and that Heidi had a bogus development deal with the studio that paid her a regular salary. "Barry and Michael were fall guys," Heidi says now. "Big-time. They were both innocent." She grins. "But they were practically the only ones who were. And not just at Columbia. At every studio."

> "In L.A., it's a small clique. We all go to the same florist, the same dentist, and the same madam."

She is particularly angry at producer and former Sony Pictures co-C.E.O. Jon Peters. "He got girls for everyone," she says. "He knew Alex for years. He was a *huge* client. . . . He was the guy everyone went to when they wanted a girl."

There were many other celebrity clients: a producer and his manager wife, who would hire a girl for three-way sex; Billy Idol, who has denied paying for sex; and Charlie Sheen. Sheen often had parties at his house, usually around playoff games or pennant races. "Charlie was a gentleman," she says, pointing to his name in the book. "He'd pay for all his friends. They want to be studs. They don't want to say they pay for sex." She pauses. "Charlie gave a party for the Cincinnati Reds at his house. They played the Dodgers the next day and I bet $30,000 on the Dodgers 'cause I figured the Reds had been out all night with girls and drinking—and I *still* lost the money."

Sheen's rather Rockwellesque fantasy was cheerleaders. He'd have Brandi or Susie or another cute little blonde dress up in a cheerleader outfit and pretend she had a big game the next day. The girls often fell in love with him—Brandi would write out "Brandi Sheen" over and over again.

"I have really mixed feelings about Charlie," Heidi says. "His secretary called when everything happened. I thought, Why didn't his secretary call when he wanted girls at weird hours or if he wanted drugs at weird hours?"

She may have her revenge—Heidi has a copy of a Charlie Sheen sex video. "He's sitting there high," she says, describing it, "and two of the girls start kissing him . . ." She laughs. "You can imagine the rest."

Heidi claims she had other Hollywood clients—"Shannen Doherty called up once to ask for two girls for her fiancé's bachelor party," Heidi recalls, citing one example. "She said, 'I want them to be pretty—but not too pretty.' She was giving me all these orders and then she said, 'I only want to pay $200 apiece.' I said, 'Why don't you do it yourself?!' And I hung up on her." (Shannen calls this account "distorted," though she admits calling to hire girls.)

But most of Heidi's high-end business came from the Middle East and from politics. "A man called me once and said, 'A king is coming over and it's not a Saudi king.' I said, 'The Saudi [who was having a dinner the same night] is paying $2,500 apiece. How much are you paying?' He said, 'It's not a paying kind of thing—he's a king.' I said, 'No thank you.' Even kings should have manners!"

Some of this is boasting, but Heidi will allow that she supplied girls to members of the Bush administration and the Clinton administration. Typically, someone would call and ask for five girls to attend a fund-raiser or a party. Heidi rarely knew who ended up with whom. "I'd say to Susie, 'Who did I send you to in Washington? Which senator was it?' She would say, 'I don't know . . . He had gray hair . . . I can't

remember.' I guess I should have asked the girls more questions," she says rather disingenuously.

One perplexing element of the Heidi chronicles is that so many successful, attractive men—many of whom are single—would feel a compulsion to pay women for sex. Except in unusual cases—like the client in England who paid girls to beat each other into a pulp while he masturbated—sex with Heidi's girls was pretty standard, straight-up stuff. And while it's true that the girls were often beautiful, it's also true that in Hollywood there are many beautiful girls who will sleep with a movie star or producer for free. "The appeal of getting a prostitute is *control,*" explains Ivan Nagy. "Men can tell these girls what to do. And they do it. And then they leave. The man is in control."

Many of the girls feel *they* were in control. After all, they were being paid a tremendous amount of money for their time. "When I got busted, all the men celebrated because instead of paying $3,000 a night they were now paying $300 a night," Heidi says. "I always took advantage of them."

But those days are over. Heidi pages through her book absentmindedly. "Name someone," she says provocatively. "I know all the sleaze. If he's a high roller or a creep or sleazy, I know I've heard of him." She shuts the book. "I hope some of these guys get it. I can't take the fall for everyone."

A few moments later, Anthony Brooklier appears. He is a tall man in his late 40s with a faint resemblance to his hero, Elvis Presley. Heidi adores Brooklier ("If all lawyers were like Tony, there wouldn't be any lawyer jokes," she says) and jumps up from the couch, diary in hand. "Here it is," she says, flirting.

"Heidi," Brooklier says, "they're coming to do the interview in a half-hour. We have a lot of work to do."

Brooklier is pursuing a particular line of defense: that the D.A. is engaging in selective prosecution. Meaning that if Heidi's guilty the men who paid her are guilty as well. L.A.P.D. Vice has stated repeatedly that there are major names listed in Heidi's books, but that they have no intention of investigating these men. In the sealed grand-jury testimony, names are given under oath by the other girls who were busted. "The L.A.P.D. has names," says Brooklier. "They have reassured these men that they'll do nothing with them, and we want to challenge that."

Brooklier has a colorful past. The son of Dominic Brooklier, a onetime kingpin in the Los Angeles Mafia, he has defended such clients as Michael Rizzitello, reported to be one of the most powerful organized-crime figures in Southern California, who was convicted of attempted murder, and Madam Alex, for whom he got probation on pandering charges. Alex introduced Heidi to Brooklier and it was a perfect match: Brooklier thrives on the media attention surrounding Heidi and she has turned him into her white knight.

"C'mon, Heidi," Brooklier begins, "we have to rehearse."

"O.K.," she says, standing up and facing him. "Ask me."

"Miss Fleiss," he says, "why are the men not being prosecuted?" She stammers. Brooklier prompts her: "Say 'If I'm guilty, they're guilty.' "

Heidi says, "If I'm guilty, the men are guilty and that's it."

They go round and round. He talks, she repeats. Heidi looks happy—she loves a father figure. "I'm a 27-year-old girl," she recites, "and they're big, powerful men." She sounds odd and faraway—as if she were talking about someone else. It's as if this is a play and she's memorizing her lines.

It is actually an excellent plan of attack, one that worked for Sydney Biddle Barrows, the Mayflower Madam. The strategy is to smoke out the men, to force them to call the D.A. and pressure the authorities into dropping the charges or giving Heidi probation. "We want all these guys to call their lawyers and tell them to call the D.A.'s office," says Brooklier. "The King would have filed this motion." Heidi laughs—she loves Elvis references.

Brooklier and Heidi do not have the usual lawyer-client relationship. It's more like they're dating. "Alex told me you hit on her," Heidi chides him. "That muumuu pig—she told me you have a crush on her."

Brooklier scoffs. "You know, Heidi," he says, "I called Howard Weitzman [Michael Jackson's lawyer] and told him we'd put Michael's name in your book. He would be the only person who would benefit from that."

She laughs ("Isn't he funny?") and the Fox camera crew arrives. Instantly Heidi goes dead—her face is suddenly drawn. Her dilemma becomes real when outsiders are around. In the house, with her friends, Heidi can pretend that nothing has changed. But when they start firing questions at her about Ivan Nagy and the I.R.S. on her case and the possibility of 11 years in jail, she gets terrified. "When it comes down to the nitty-gritty," says ace private investigator Anthony Pellicano, who has been advising Heidi, "she's going to get the shit scared out of her."

It does get rough. The more time you spend around this world, the more severe it seems. The alliances shift daily and it is clear that everyone is out for one thing: they all want power.

That struggle is starkest between Heidi and Nagy. Take, for example, a recent phone conversation Nagy had with Susie, trying to win her over. "You're welcome to be friends with Heidi," he says, trying to scare Susie. "You can be friends with Al Capone, I don't care."

She panics. "Am I going to get busted because I'm her friend?"

"Birds of a feather . . . ," replies Nagy. "You need to distance yourself from that garbage. . . . Distance yourself from them. Let her call Bob Evans. Maybe they can get adjoining jail cells." He pressures Susie further: "You don't fuck with Mack Daddy, bitch. You fuck with Mack Daddy and it's adios, motherfucker. Just like that. You saw what happened to fuckin' Alex. She used to have that big house on the hill, but she got shot out of the water like a fuckin' buffalo. You know, she fought with Mack Daddy. So just be straight, be cool, and don't run no games."

Later, Nagy claims that he was hitting on Susie. "It was," he allows, "a *hard* hit."

Nagy is sitting in the living room of his condominium near Century City. A short, stocky 55-year-old dressed in baggy jeans and a sweatshirt, Nagy is proud of his apartment, especially proud of his art collection. A series of Claes Oldenburg apple-core lithographs line the hallway, and there are several Lichtensteins and a Rauschenberg hanging on the walls. He seems to think that the apartment, which is full of antiques, proves that he is not the pimp and the lowlife he has been labeled in the press. "If I lived in a crash pad in West Hollywood, it would be understandable,"

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e says. "But living here—like this—
's ridiculous."

On the other hand, there *is* the gallery
f girls. On the mantel and bookcase are
least a dozen framed photos of barely
lad babes. When he's asked the obvious
uestion, "How do you meet all these
abes?" he replies with a lascivious grin,
The question should be 'How do they
neet me?' "

Nagy fancies himself a magnet for
vomen, but, despite all his conquests, he
emains obsessed with Heidi. "It's terri-
le for me to say at this point," he purrs,
because I can be looped into this whole
group, but Heidi has an affinity for really
limeball guys."

Since Heidi's arrest, Nagy has become
celebrity. It is also rumored that he,
long with alleged partner Julie Conas-
er, has taken over Heidi's business. In
arly August, the duo were arrested for
pandering, but no charges were filed.
Nagy maintains that they are not in the
prostitution business, despite the fact that
known hookers spend time at his house.
"The girls come over from time to
time," he says with a shrug. "They call
me and say, 'Do you want to go to a
movie?' I'll go to a movie with them.
When Heidi pitches them out, they come
hang around here," Nagy says. "Girls
can be an occupational hazard," he says.
"Oh, God, can they mess up your life!"

Nagy has sold his story for $100,000.
(Heidi has, so far, refused all offers.) He's
planning to direct it for television and
would like Armand Assante to play him.
"The networks didn't really like it," ad-
mits Nagy.

He laughs. He'd rather talk about Hei-
di. They last saw each other on Memorial
Day. "We spent the night together at the
Marriott," he recalls. "She was really
emotional. She knows I'm the most de-
cent thing that happened to her."

Heidi doesn't deny the encounter. "I
thought, I'll sleep with him and I'll be
free for six months," she says, "but I
started hitting him in the middle of the
night. I said, 'You're a freak. Leave me
alone.' And I ran out."

Nagy shakes his head. "I wanted to
marry her," he says. "But I can't be
married to a drug addict. . . . [Heidi] has
a problem dealing with reality. So she
has to be anesthetized." For a moment,
he sounds almost sad, but then, just as
quickly, his mood changes. "I'm riding
the wave," he says finally. "I don't real-
ly think I have a purpose."

Heidi is sitting on the floor of her bedroom, going through a trunk of clippings and mementos. The bedroom, which is pretty, looks like it belongs to a 12-year-old girl—it is pink and white and lacy. There's a huge white cast-iron bed with a mauve polka-dot coverlet and masses of pillows. One wall is mirrored and a framed picture of Benjamin Franklin hangs on another. "Evans gave me that," she says. "I once told him I'd rather see Ben Franklin than go to his house for a screening, and he sent over that picture."

She returns to the trunk. She is looking for a check from Steve Roth, a producer of *Last Action Hero,* who, she says, was a regular client. Heidi hates Roth—she believes he tried to shift the blame away from himself by focusing the media's attention on Nathanson and Josephson. "I won't take the fall for [him]," she says, still rummaging. (Roth denies any involvement with Heidi.) "Oh, look!" she exclaims, holding up a brochure from the *Monkey Business,* the boat that Gary Hart would love to forget.

Heidi seems a bit down today. She did not spend Thanksgiving with her family. "It's the only time of year the entire Fleiss clan gets together," she says, "but I just couldn't." Instead, she went to dinner with Kelly Lange, a local newscaster. She took Victoria Sellers and Claudia Carnesella, who recently sold her red Corvette to help Heidi with her legal expenses. "It was great," she says. "Except Victoria showed up two and a half hours late and she seemed really strung out."

There has been more than the usual amount of girl drama around the house. Recently, Brandi went on *A Current Affair.* She signed an exclusive contract with the show that extends through February, when, in all likelihood, Heidi will be on trial. "They shot enough of Brandi for a mini-series," Heidi says, although the interview was not particularly damaging. Brandi called up afterward, anxious for Heidi's approval. "I just want you to be proud of me," she said. "I know Brandi's a jabberjaw," Heidi says now, in her girls-will-be-girls, forgive-them-their-trespasses way.

Although Heidi's Corvette is still impounded, Susie is prospering; she just got her married "boyfriend" to buy her a new Ford Probe. "I told him I just couldn't drive my old car anymore," Susie says in her best baby-doll voice. "And if I couldn't drive, I couldn't see him."

"The thing that's worrying me now is this 'Mimi' tape," Heidi says. "Mimi" was a *Penthouse* cover girl Heidi had an affair with a few years ago. "We videotaped some pretty nasty stuff," Heidi remembers. "And she left a message on my machine saying, 'I'm gonna sell this thing.' " So to beat Mimi, Heidi took her copy of the tape ("It's *very* explicit") and gave it to one of her former girls to sell. "There's nothing else left," she says, sounding genuinely deflated. "With the phone taps, the videotapes, Brandi on TV—there's not one secret left." She pauses, putting some papers into a pile. "I feel like a circus event."

Some people think she hasn't stopped collecting secrets. "They think I'm still in business," says Heidi, who denies it. A friend who would know agrees: "I doubt it, not because Heidi wouldn't want to be, but because the men won't go near her. It's too risky." On the phone-tap tapes, which were made in the days after the bust, she was, reportedly, still arranging "dates," but when the phone rings these days it's usually one of her former girls calling up to find out when the latest sex tape will be on TV.

Three days later, Heidi abruptly kicks Victoria out of the house. "She gave an interview to a London tabloid," Heidi says, sounding very upset. The interview—"HOW I BECAME A HOLLYWOOD HOOKER AND SOLD MY BODY FOR £4000 A NIGHT"—details Victoria's career working for Alex and then Heidi. "She was supposed to get $100,000 for the interview," Heidi claims, "but she says she never got the money." She stops, too stunned to speak. "Victoria stabbed me in the back," Heidi finally continues, "and I told her, 'If you don't leave now, I think I'll kill you.' "

The Victoria bust-up has hit Heidi very hard. "The thing with Victoria—we were never lovers, but there was a lot of sex stuff. You don't share that with everyone. I'm so upset. This bothered me more than the arrest."

All that seems to be left of Heidi's former life is some clippings, some videotapes, and fewer and fewer friends. Tonight, things seem to be taking their toll. Claudia has gone out and Heidi is alone in the house. "I never thought it would end up this way," she says. "But this Victoria thing—there's some things you don't do. You have to draw a line somewhere." She pauses. "People will do anything for money," she says finally. "And I don't mean sex. They'll do . . . *anything*. That's what I've learned." ☐

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(Continued from page 87) He was also spinning me. He is, in a way, trapped in spin, as he is trapped in certain Republican Spin Traditions, i.e., the Republican Near-Death Experience, i.e., the Conversion. He *is* undergoing a spiritual change, a change that makes him more sympathetic, but he cannot talk about it convincingly, because the savvy reader, he knows, will think: Ah, this is the Chuck Colson part, this is the Lee Atwater part, this is the tragedy-transformed-into-growth part. This is the "Fuck, I'm going to church" part, the turning point preceding the protagonist's final transformation.

Here is the problem: When you have lived for 20 years in the land of spin, and been a spin specialist, and seen everyone else spin, and seen the world and its players spin by as you sit and spin, you don't really know what's true anymore. It's not so much that you don't know the "facts" anymore, but that you don't know "you" anymore.

This is the heart of his weariness. For the irony of Ed and Sherrie Rollins's attempt to spin themselves as a sympathetic couple is that they *are* a sympathetic couple—and the spin gets in the way.

They have lived, in the three years of their courtship and the seven years of their marriage, in a world of big power, big events, big friends, big parties, big stakes, big egos, big weirdness. And one suspects that they both know this and, at the same time, don't know it. It is a world marked by manufactured relationships and fraudulent friendships, which the Rollinses seem to get, and yet again don't get, which is why Sherrie could unself-consciously characterize as a good friend the media star who sent this note of commiseration:

"Dear Ed and Sherrie, If I tell you that this too shall pass will you believe me? This is a hideous time, but it will not always be this way. In the meantime when and if you decide to sit down for an interview, I hope you will do it with me."

Washington is a town in which one sees more clearly than perhaps in any other the modern American disease: the tendency of people to define themselves almost wholly by the job they hold. "Oh, I was the epitome of that," said Ed. And then he told me that he gets away from it all by going to his cabin.

Senator Paul Laxalt had first taken him to his cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains a few years ago, and Rollins loved the Laxalt place. "I could just be walking in the hills and hear my heartbeat. And I just said, 'I've got to get something here.' "

To escape from Washington?

"To escape from Washington."

The cabin in the mountains is near a blue-collar town of 12,000 named Front Royal. "Everybody has pickup trucks. When I go to the Catholic church, there is a whole mix of people, and it's just—it's my roots. And as Paul Laxalt said to me . . . the great thing about Front Royal is nobody knows who you are, and when they do, they couldn't care less. There are just no celebrities. . . . [It's an] escape from celebrities."

But as he spoke of the cabin, he mentioned in passing that not only was Paul Laxalt a neighbor, but Lee Atwater had owned a place a few minutes away, and James Carville and Mary Matalin in fact have a place 200 yards up the road. Some escape from celebrities.

When I pointed this out to Rollins, he said, "Hey, maybe it was all about King of the Hill."

Hey, maybe it was.

Ed and I spoke in the sunroom, he in a big easy chair, I on the couch to his left.

When I asked why he had said what he said about money and black ministers, his wife answered before he could. She said, looking at him, "I do think it's part of your bravado—"

"It was not bravado," Rollins said, bristling. "I think the thing that I'm most irritated about is it was not me bragging. . . . The mistake that I made is I did what I think a lot of people do in this town and elsewhere—take things you heard and state them as fact. And I think what I did is, I heard different stories . . . people would say different things. And then when I stated them as—you know, when I state them it's very authoritative because of who I am, as you know."

He looked at me. "I can't tell you what my motives were. I can't—it was not—I didn't walk in there intending on lying. I never lie to the press."

I asked if he had not deliberately lied to the press at the Sperling breakfast of November 9 and then told the truth later in his deposition. "I told the truth in the deposition," he said.

He added, "When you look at the stuff today and you say. . . 'Mr. Rollins, did you have knowledge of an effort on the part of your campaign to suppress the black vote?' the answer is Absolutely not. I don't have any knowledge of that. I don't know that that went on. I would not have asked for that to go on."

"So no ministers got paid off?"

"Absolutely not."

"You didn't go to black ministers in New Jersey—"

"I never met a black minister [in New Jersey] with the exception of one [who] did an invocation."

"Nobody in the campaign came to you and said, 'We're getting at the black ministers, and we're doing whatever we can that they don't exhort their people to go out [and vote]'?"

"No. Uh-uh."

"Ed," I said, "when you were asked why Whitman won, why did you talk about the mechanics of the campaign? Why didn't you say that she won because of issues?"

He was startled. "Because no reporter would ever care about the issues." Reporters and consultants, he said, are interested only in process, "who's winning, how are you winning, what is the role of the manager, the consultant, the ad, the commercial, which was the killer ad." There is a cynicism to it, he said.

"A mutual, cynical tango," I offered.

"Sure. Absolutely."

He then returned to his explanation of the Sperling firestorm: that he said what he said to make the Democratic consultant James Carville go crazy.

Rollins said that whenever a political consultant loses a close election the consultant obsesses on the campaign's every incident: *Was the last ad too soft? Should we have replaced Smith as county chairman?* Rollins said he wanted Carville to obsess, preferably on incorrect data. (This suggests a degree of premeditation about his Sperling statement that seems to contradict his earlier explanations that he was misunderstood or that he misspoke.) He knew Carville would analyze where they should have done better, where they could have won the election: in the big urban counties (Hudson, Essex, Union, and Camden) that had a large black vote.

"Carville has a reputation of going in the fetal position the last two weeks. He goes nuts. He's just a very high-strung, very emotional kind of guy." Not only did Rollins want to confuse Carville, he also wanted to punish him, for Carville had bragged

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n Election Day that he would have an sy win. Even now it rankles Rollins at when he told reporters that his candidate would win they didn't believe im. They believed Carville, the celerated newcomer.

"No consultant in the history of Amerian politics, including Lee Atwater, ever ad the adulation that Carville has had—phenomenal rise. I think it's sort of like, ou know, I'm an old street ighter. One of the things I earned street-fighting is hat if you don't finish omebody off, if you knock hem down and walk away, hey're going to hit you n the back. They're going to get up and hit you. And so you finish them off. This is the closest hing to war. You're not lead, not bodies lying ll over the place, but, you know, the wounds re deep."

Rollins calls it part of the mischief of creating chaos. "It's sort of like, it's like the guy who just won the seventh game of the World Series. The pitcher, he throws a one-hitter. He comes in and the interviewer says to him, 'Well, how come your curveball was working so good?' [And his answer is] 'Well, you know, I got a little Vaseline off of here, just added a little spit to the ball.' "

But why risk so much and give so much attention to Carville? Because the Whitman-Florio race had become known in some circles as the Rollins-Carville race, and Rollins had developed an obsession of his own. "Carville and those guys were everything that's bad about the American political-consulting business. Jim Florio is the opposite of everything I politically believe in, and is surrounded by scumbags and everything. And so, it was good versus evil."

"But Ed," I said, "in 1988 Lee Atwater undermined a Republican victory with Willie Horton. So hungry was he for legitimacy that he trumpeted he had done a brilliant thing, he had discovered and promoted this guy Horton, and the victory was damaged by Lee's empty bragging because the Horton story touched on the issue of race. Knowing that, knowing how explosive this issue is for Republicans, you still told your stories at Sperling. Tell me: how could you do it?"

He paused a long pause, and looked down. "I can't explain it," he said softly. "I mean, I think I have . . . you know, I've gone through this a thousand times: how could I do that? It's a lapse. Maybe I had gotten so insensitive, but a lapse."



Ed and Sherrie Rollins at home in Alexandria, Virginia. The irony of their attempts to spin themselves as a sympathetic couple is that they *are* a sympathetic couple.

"My mission, when I'm hired, is to do whatever it takes to win."

Why, I asked Rollins, have the inside guys, the background guys, become the heart and soul of the candidacy, more than the candidate himself? What's gone haywire?

He said that an ordinary person can no longer decide to run for office and go get elected. The complexity of dealing with television and communications and campaign law has changed everything. In the old days you'd go to the party bosses and if they thought you were good they'd tell you to run for the Assembly and they'd put the party organization behind you—they'd help you raise money. But now, he said, "the James Carvilles and the Ed Rollinses of the world have taken the place of the old party precinct, or the old Brooklyn ward leaders."

"Are you the party bosses now?"

"Yeah, for all practical purposes we're the party bosses. Hiring Ed Rollins after the Whitman victory, or hiring James Carville, guarantees you several things that are very important. It guarantees that the political community pays attention to the race. It guarantees money coming in the race. The big party givers obviously want to play in the races where they think something is happening." And the rise of the consultants has resulted in a rise in negative campaigning because "there are no referees anymore."

"Who used to be the referees?"

"The ward bosses. The party people. There were just certain things you wouldn't do 30 years ago. Today—you know, who controls an Ed Rollins? Ed Rollins can do whatever Ed Rollins wants to do. Who controls a James Carville? People can say, as they did when I went off to Ross Perot, 'You'll never work in the Republican Party again.' Who can stop me? Who can say today, as people have said in the last weeks, 'Ed Rollins will never run another campaign again.' There are candidates out there who

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want an Ed Rollins. Maybe not the incumbent senators, maybe not the incumbent governors, but if I want to practice my art I can practice my art. And . . . my mission, when I'm hired by someone, is to do whatever it takes to win.''

That night, in a restaurant, Ed Rollins told me, ''One thing that's come out of this that's really fortunate, I've read my obituary, you know, and I didn't like what I read.''

''What,'' I asked, ''was the lead?''

''Just 'Liar, racist, political consultant.' ''

Rollins said he has had a love-hate relationship with politics in the past few years, and part of him yearned to leave it. He told me that during the Whitman campaign, when his candidate was 21 points down, he said to Sherrie, ''At least when we lose I'll be able to walk away from politics.'' Sherrie recalled that Ed said, ''Well, you know, I didn't walk away from boxing until I lost.''

Rollins said he would never have been able to walk away after a win. ''No, when I win, it all comes to me,'' he said, ''and I'm never able to say no, and that's exactly what was happening.''

A reputation as a winner builds business; you can bill a corporate C.E.O. $500 an hour for coming up with a media strategy or, in the case of Carville, $30,000 a month from the Florio campaign. To have a reputation as a winner is to be hired by networks and get your famous face on the *Today* show, which gets you speaking engagements at, in Rollins's case, $10,000 each.

Rollins could have left politics if a Whitman loss had knocked out his career. But Whitman won. So maybe Ed knocked himself out at the Sperling?

''That's some people's theory,'' said Ed.

''A lot of people think subconsciously there was this Freudian thing where he wanted out and the only way to get out was to make it impossible'' to stay in, Sherrie said.

Rollins said he doesn't think it's true and doesn't want to think it's true.

''Are you self-destructive?'' I asked.

''I'm a risk-taker.''

''Are you addicted to fear?''

''I'm a man who's overcome fear all my life. Even though I've had a boxing career, there never was a time when I didn't go into a locker room and get sick and scared to death. . . . I think to a certain extent my career in Washington has always been—you know . . . the fear that someone's going to find out that you're not as good as people say you are.''

The fear of being found out. One senses in Rollins a constant tension between his aggression—his desire to knock 'em out, floor 'em, leave 'em helpless on the mat—and his sense that he's a fraud. This, of course, is not the stuff of political strategy but the working out of neurosis. Not a public drama but a kind of internal boxing match in the public arena.

''Are you going into therapy?'' I asked.

''I'm not afraid of therapy. I don't think I need therapy.''

After spending an afternoon and evening with Ed Rollins, it occurred to me that there are perhaps three lessons here that might benefit young Washington political operatives:

1. Never spin your friends. It adds distance.

2. Never network in a psychiatric ward. The people you cultivate may be unreliable.

3. Never stop being nervous. At the Sperling, Ed Rollins was calm.

Is Ed Rollins through as a political operative?

''Yes,'' says New Jersey Democrat Anne Campbell. ''Going back to Watergate, there's the sense of Republican dirty tricks, and any Democrat with half a brain will make an issue of it with Rollins.'' Governor Christine Whitman, through a spokesperson, says, ''His career is seriously damaged and it will take effort and time for him to rehabilitate himself.''

But a comeback, says even the Whitman camp, is not out of the question. ''There is no question he contributed to the victory. That's undeniable. He's good at strategy and organization.'' Would she hire him again? ''No.'' But some people say that there are definitely people who would.

Susan Estrich says, ''Most politicians want to win. At the end of the day, I still think he's one of the smartest Republicans around. He still has [the Whitman victory]. . . . I think there are going to be politicians who are four points behind who'll be willing to swallow hard and let bygones be bygones.'' Democratic political consultant David Doak agrees: ''No one who is talented is finished. . . . There are few people around who have worked and won at the presidential level.''

Rollins's nemesis Roger Stone, on the other hand, says Rollins is finished. ''He can't even be a media talking head anymore. That's the only thing he was good at, talking. Now he can't do that.'' Stone denies an allegation that he had hired a P.R. firm to fan the flames engulfing Ed Rollins. ''Ed Rollins was on fire,'' laughs Stone. ''Why should I throw in a match?''

Rollins himself said, ''Can I come back? If I set out to come back, if I was determined to go do what I had to do to get back in the game, to come back, you know, I know how to do this well. I have a strategic mind. I know about message. . . . But the real question is: Do I want to do it? . . . I don't know whether I care.''

During my last meeting with Rollins, he spoke continually of his parents, of how they did everything for their kids when they had nothing.

When the firestorm broke, his father—retired and not well-off—sent him a check for $3,000. His mother, who could not imagine her son being accused on national TV of lying, called Sherrie and asked softly, ''Does Eddie really lie?''

''I'm not sure I'm ever going to get to do anything again to make them really proud of me,'' Rollins said, and his face reddened, and his eyes filled with tears. ''In the course of a week,'' he said, ''I was as high as anybody in this town could have been. And one week later I'm at the depths of despair and loneliness and pity. And I think the pity probably bothers me more than anything else. I don't want anybody to feel sorry for me. Don't feel sorry for me.''

Later, in his study, my eyes strayed to his cluttered desk, where the ''onward and upward'' messages were still piling up. I saw the daily political *Hotline*. On the front page was a report that Roger Stone had said he is writing a political novel about a Nixon-like figure who is advised by a white-bearded, bald-headed political adviser who counsels him to suppress the black vote.

''What a fucking prick he is,'' Rollins said.

He shrugged, looked at Sherrie, and shook his head. ''He better hope I don't fall off the Catholic wagon and find him in the men's room at Joe & Mo's.'' Then he shrugged again. ''You know, the hardest fucking part about this Catholic thing is I'm gonna have to forgive Roger Stone.'' □

PARAMOUNT

(*Continued from page 70*) shoes. His own lawyers, one says, check their zippers before stepping gingerly into his office. His reputation for mean-spiritedness is so widespread that people assume Davis himself is a lawyer; in fact, he started out as a P.R. man, and is excellent at disarming reporters when he feels like it.

In Hollywood they hate Davis because he doesn't kowtow, he doesn't kiss ass, and he rarely apologizes. They hate him because he insisted on fighting Art Buchwald in his suit seeking a share of the profits from the movie *Coming to America*, which revealed the entire studio system's rigged accounting practices. Most of all, they hate him because, as David Geffen puts it, "he is a man who got rid of the three most talented people in the world he inhabits"—Diller, Eisner, and Katzenberg. "That right there was one of the most monumental screwups in the history of show business. These three gentlemen have created billions of dollars in value for their companies that could have gone to Paramount. He threw them out. That right there is the seed that led to what is happening now."

After a stint in the army—he rejoined at 18 after being thrown out at 16—Davis began his career as an office boy at Samuel Goldwyn in 1947. In the mid-1960s he was Paramount's marketing chief when the studio's octogenarian management turned to him to help repel a takeover challenge from investor Herb Siegel. After researching the then little-known field of mergers and acquisitions in the New York Public Library, Davis helped erect a stout defense, one element of which was a friendly shareholders' committee. The committee chairman Davis named was an obscure Boston theater owner named Sumner Redstone.

But Davis's real education came when Paramount was acquired by the maniacal chairman of Gulf & Western, Charles Bluhdorn, and Davis was anointed Bluhdorn's chief lieutenant and all-around hatchet man. "While he was Charlie's lieutenant, he was the Elmer's glue," says Don Oresman. "Without him this place would've fallen apart. He worked with the bankers, the lawyers, he did everything. Charlie was crazy and chaotic and brilliant and outrageous and out of control. When Charlie died, Martin inherited an unholy mess, 110,000 employees, every company under the sun. Charlie bought everything. You couldn't even count the businesses. They were all over, Rust Belt crap—everything. It was all crap!"

Part of Davis's legend is how, upon taking the C.E.O.'s mantle after Bluhdorn's sudden heart attack in 1983, he cut off widow Yvette Bluhdorn's benefits, as well as her car and driver. Diller, who was running the Paramount studio to rave reviews at the time and who loved Bluhdorn like an uncle, fared little better. He and Davis had gotten along for almost a decade—Diller had even supported Davis's bid to replace Bluhdorn—but as C.E.O. Davis was determined to rein in what he considered Diller's luxurious studio fiefdom. "He was acting like the goddamn protected species at the company," growls Davis. "I was sick of it. He was political, destructive, playing games, [and] trying to undermine me." After a blowup over the fact that Diller and Eisner received 57 percent of the bonus pool, Davis began hearing rumors that Diller was being wooed by Marvin Davis, who had just taken control of Twentieth Century Fox. "I didn't give a damn," he says.

"I didn't leave because of Marty Davis," Diller says today. "On the other hand, if Charlie had lived, I'd probably still be there." The problem, Diller says, was that "after the first few weeks I realized [Davis] was 'executive-adverse,' that he was actually anti-executive, that he didn't believe in people, in the actions of people, that he did nothing for them. It was not a tool he used. I don't know anyone who leads a company who doesn't deal with people in some way—to inspire them, to drive them nuts, something. I don't think he's a bad guy or a sadist, he is just uncomfortable with people." Davis's fatal flaw, charges Diller, "his sole indictable crime," was never developing an overarching strategy. Among his sharpest memories of Davis, Diller says, is listening to Eisner mutter during Davis's speeches, "God, this man is such an imbecile."

When Davis replaced Diller with Frank Mancuso, Eisner bolted, as did Katzenberg and eventually dozens of other executives. Davis was too busy staring down the likes of Carl Icahn to notice how much blood he had lost. In those early days he fought off an armada of would-be raiders, including Ivan Boesky, daring them to launch hostile bids. None did. Davis loves those kinds of bare-knuckle confrontations, his most famous being his own kamikaze bid to break up the almost complete Time Warner merger in 1989, for which he was widely reviled. "Some people think I enjoy this, and they're nuts," Davis protests. "I've seen so much of this. Too much of this. [But] to me this is part of the job. If I can't put up with this, I don't deserve to be here . . . I enjoy the challenge. If you delve into my psychology, you'll find I like the challenge."

"We're like pigs in clover," laughs Oresman, who serves as Paramount's chief administrative officer and general counsel. A wizened, whimsical figure forever trudging down the long corridor to Davis's suite, Oresman sits in his sunny, antique-filled corner office wielding a pair of binoculars to spot the odd goshawk that swoops around the skyscraper's summit. Just the night before, he and Davis learned of Malone's stunning plan to merge TCI with Bell Atlantic, yet Oresman is indifferent. "Martin and I don't shock very easily—we've been around too long," he says laconically. "You have to understand, there are people like us who have no interest in the outcome but who revel in the process. . . . I'm interested in books. I'm interested in literature. I'm interested in birds." He whips the binoculars around as a bird soars past. "Did I tell you I saw a peregrine falcon up here the other day?"

An antique-car nut, Davis works off stress racing his green Aston Martin at top speeds between Manhattan and the home he shares with his second wife, Luella, in suburban Connecticut; he boasts of making the difficult drive down through the Bronx on Sunday mornings in 65 minutes flat. That's about all Davis will say regarding his family life, which has included a nasty divorce. His older son, Martin junior, died of heart failure at the age of 32 on Christmas Day 1986, and though Davis won't discuss it on the record, friends say it has left a tear in his soul. During our discussions he brings it up only once, as evidence that he can feel pain as well as inflict it.

"I'm stunned that he mentioned that to you," says a close friend. "I thought he had just closed that out completely, because he has never referred to it." The friend continues, "Martin can be the most charming man I know. Why he insists on creating this macho image, I'll never know. He has a very fragile view of himself. He's not a guy with a lot of innate self-confidence, and one of the ways he protects himself is keeping everybody away from him. It's very hard to get any real personal glimpse of him, because he's afraid to show it. There's a lot nicer person buried there [that] he's afraid

to let out. He's so afraid it'll give people the wrong image. It's as if he's [imprisoned] in the role."

Davis spent the 1980s whipping the chaotic old Gulf & Western conglomerate into fighting shape. He jettisoned dozens of divisions that sold everything from auto parts to zinc and rechristened what remained Paramount Communications: the Paramount studio, a TV unit that produces 30 hours of weekly shows such as *Entertainment Tonight* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Simon & Schuster (now called Paramount Publishing), Madison Square Garden, the New York Knicks and Rangers, and a grab bag of TV stations, theaters, and theme parks.

Davis's plans to rebuild Paramount into an entertainment colossus centered on finding a powerful merger partner. His search shifted into high gear soon after his failed attempt to break up the Time Warner merger, when he surprised Wall Street by unloading a banal financial subsidiary, the Associates, which furnished half his earnings. Davis barely had time to pour himself a congratulatory scotch before he was besieged by speculation about what he planned to buy with his $1.8 billion cash hoard—and, given the takeover rumors forever swirling around the company, whether he could spring the right deal before someone sprang at Paramount. But as pundits on both coasts waited in anticipation, a funny thing happened.

Nothing.

"I love Martin, you know that," says a close friend. "But since October '89, he's had his thumb in his mouth. He bought some theme parks, some computer companies, some assets, but really? Nothing!"

It hasn't been for lack of trying. For four years, as *Variety* and *The Wall Street Journal* linked him to every major player in the media world, Davis scoured the globe for his dream deal. It didn't help that his quest coincided with a creative drought at Paramount Pictures, though many feel Sherry Lansing, with the help of no-brainer sequels such as *Wayne's World 2* and *Addams Family Values*, has the studio back on track. Davis bought time with a bristling arsenal of anti-takeover defenses and a simple warning. "I've questioned his competence as a manager," says Diller, "but he's a superb tactician in these areas of [takeover] mythology. [He says,] 'You come after me and I'll go after your throat in the worst possible way.' "

The downside of Davis's act was that few people wanted to marry a wolverine. One of his closest advisers allows, "Martin does not generate feelings of great warmth on behalf of prospective merger partners. Whether it's accurate or not, he is seen as a difficult person to work with. [People] weren't too eager to jump into bed with a man like Martin." By Davis's own admission, this was evident from the start. Europe captured his interest early on, and he drew a bead on Reed, the giant British publisher. It could have been a $4 billion merger, but Reed's executives panicked at the first sight of Davis. "I was told they were petrified of me," he says.

To a unique degree, Davis's search was a one-man show. He doesn't want a lot of advice from aides, much less investment bankers, whom he disdains. "I'd fire 'em all if I had the time," he grouses. Even Paramount president Stanley Jaffe, a Hollywood terror in his own right, is kept far from the action. While Davis expresses fondness for Jaffe, his voice can take on a condescending tone when he's irritated. "Things are too fluid, Stanley," Davis tells Jaffe one day by phone, "but if you're lying around on your ass out there [in L.A.] with nothing to do, come back and we'll see what happens." Davis can be just as dismissive of Oresman, his lawyer of 27 years and the man who knows him best. Asked if Oresman can be termed his "chief confidant," Davis shakes his head, saying, "I've been a chief confidant, and I don't want one. I think it's a terrible sign of weakness."

After the Reed rebuff, he toyed with the idea of buying a 25 percent stake in a Dutch media company, Elsevier. Davis flew to Amsterdam several times for talks with its executives, but gave up in the face of daunting Dutch government and union approvals. "Oh, you wouldn't believe it over there!" exclaims Oresman. "It's impossible. It's like saying I want to marry ZaSu Pitts. Well, number one, she's dead. Number two, she's married, and, number three, she doesn't like men. There were obvious problems." Says another adviser, "I always thought those [European] ideas were bullshit. You have to have a capacity for self-mesmerization that is monumental to believe either of those deals was going to happen."

Record companies intrigued Davis, and he talked to almost all of them, including Polygram, Bertelsmann, and, before its acquisition by MCA, Geffen. "We had a very unpleasant meeting," David Geffen recalls. "He wanted to buy my company, and I basically said, 'Why do you want me? If you got rid of Michael, Jeffrey, and Barry, I'm just like them.' " Instead, Davis nearly partnered up with Thorn EMI, thanks largely to his high-powered consultant Mike Ovitz. "Thorn EMI we've been talking to for years," says Davis. "We talked about a partnership—as we did with Bertelsmann—where we would take an interest in the music company. This was a mating dance. I don't think [they] wanted to do anything. Ovitz came in late in the game, in '91, I think, and he clearly worked hard on it, working on our behalf to build a relationship with [Thorn EMI chairman Sir Colin] Southgate. We had every kind of formula discussed. Goldman Sachs was brought in, as was Lazard U.K. This could have been a $4.5-billion-plus deal."

There were long talks with executives at Sony, including chairman Akio Morita, with whom Davis had exchanged love notes over the years. Davis was especially keen on a proposal to combine Paramount with Sony's U.S. arm. But during an awkward set of discussions with Sony president Norio Ohga and Sony America head Michael Schulhof, an exasperating language barrier proved the least of Davis's problems. "I know [Ohga] speaks English," Davis gripes. "There's nothing more irritating than talking to a man who knows exactly what you're saying, but just gives you this look." Davis would have been the C.E.O., but talks broke down when Sony insisted on outright control. "They said they'd do something they'd never done before," he says, "which I took as the ultimate bullshit or the ultimate insult. 'You would be the first American, the first outsider, to sit on a Japanese board.' We would have gotten two seats, [but] they wanted control of everything. Give me a break."

There were brief flirtations with McGraw-Hill ("That was a fast rebuff"), Gannett's Al Neuharth ("When he was kissing my ass trying to get me to do the deal, he did a wonderful column on me"), AT&T ("Don't ask"), and Matsushita. The most ironic overture came from Time Warner. The idea sprang from the fertile mind of the late Steve Ross, who not long after the merger of Time and Warner contacted Davis to discuss a further $12 billion merger with Paramount. Davis, after getting over his initial amazement, agreed to talk. "There were two meetings that have never come

at," says Davis. At one, he found himself shaking hands with former Time enemies Nick Nicholas and Gerald Levin, who apologized to Davis for some blistering comments about his character during the Time fight.

"Steve made a terrific presentation, but I politely declined to do anything," Davis recalls. "I mean, this was the most incongruous situation I'd ever been. I sat there, with God as my witness, and said, 'How are we going to run this?' Steve said, 'We'll have an office of the chairman. It'll be you, Jerry, and Nick [and me].' I said [to myself], Christ, now I've got three guys who can put a bullet in my head instead of one. God, just what I need."

Davis spent long months studying mergers with all three major television networks. He and Tom Murphy of Cap Cities/ABC are close friends, and they talked often of combining their companies. "If you ask me who I have the most respect for in this business, it's probably Murphy," Davis says. "He's clearly someone I can identify with and operate under." But even though Davis was willing to cede the C.E.O.'s seat, Murphy never warmed to Paramount's Hollywood fast lane. "My impression was that he just didn't want to do anything at that point," says Davis.

CBS entered the picture with an unexpected call from attorney Arthur Liman. Liman, who seems to represent half of the Fortune 500 against the other half, asked whether Davis would be interested in a quiet get-together with owner Laurence Tisch. When Davis consented, Liman arranged for the two men, using assumed names, to meet one morning in a suite at the Regency Hotel on Park Avenue. Davis listened carefully as Tisch, over a pitcher of orange juice, felt him out about ways to do the deal. "We were buying CBS—we would have been the buyer," says Davis. "We went through the whole thing. [Liman] had mentioned a price, 225. Larry's a trader, you know, and everything he's ever sold he's sold at the wrong price. My answer was 'If it's doable, we'll do it.' " But after several weeks of talks, both sides' lawyers felt the regulatory hurdles were too great. "The only thing I got out of it," says Davis, "was a glass of orange juice."

NBC was the real story. In fact, Paramount's plans to buy the peacock network consumed more of Davis's time—over two years—than any other. While General Electric executives have consistently denied putting NBC up for sale, Davis says he and G.E. chief Jack Welch negotiated off and on from August 1990 until the end of 1992 on a plan Paramount dubbed "Operation December." The combined company, which would have renamed NBC "The Paramount Broadcasting System," would have been split between Paramount (51 percent) and G.E. (49 percent). "That's one Welch will go off the wall on, because he's never disclosed it," says Davis. "This was real. We had a deal. It blew apart at the 11th hour—at five minutes till midnight—over one thing. Talk about drama."

The G.E.-Paramount talks were so secret, says Davis, that NBC president Robert Wright wasn't told of them until afterward. The head of another G.E. subsidiary, Michael Carpenter of the Kidder, Peabody brokerage firm, acted as intermediary after Paramount initiated the talks via investment banker Felix Rohatyn. Davis envisioned transforming NBC into an international news-and-entertainment system that would dwarf CNN, broadcasting via satellite to affiliates he had quietly lined up throughout Western Europe and the Middle East. "It would have been a terrific deal," Davis says, eyes brightening. "This was our one best opportunity. It was one of the major disappointments of my life. This was the one I was *sure* we were going to do."

> "We had a deal [with NBC]. It blew apart at the 11th hour. Talk about drama."

Lazily paced at first, the talks intensified in early 1992. Davis forged ahead despite warnings from his studio chief at the time, onetime NBC Entertainment head Brandon Tartikoff. Tartikoff ripped his former network in a memo, terming NBC a "bad news buffet." Another complication, ironically, was Diller, who began scouting his own purchase of NBC after leaving Fox in early 1992. "Diller has become a factor," a Paramount memo concluded that March. Davis scoffed at the possibility, writing Diller off entirely after Geffen told Paramount bankers that Diller would be unable to buy NBC without financing from G.E.

By April, Davis and Welch were close enough to a deal that Paramount was drafting press releases. Depending on who you talk to, the merger was actually consummated, or almost consummated, during a late-night meeting between Welch and Davis. Davis says the last hurdle was regulatory approval for the transfer of certain NBC stations to Paramount. Welch wanted him to proceed without it; Davis said that would be risking bankruptcy.

"I remember sitting with him that night in this little alcove in Felix Rohatyn's apartment—the one where all the deals are done—sipping white wine," recalls Davis. "I said, 'Jack, I can't do it, I just can't do it. But you think about it, and I'll think about it.' I called him the next morning in New York and said, 'Jack, I can't do what you're asking.' I could feel his intensity, his excitement, rising over the phone, and then I felt it just drain away. It just disappeared. The deal was over. . . . Now, for some reason, he's mad—he says, 'We had a deal, you reneged on it.' " An adviser in the talks confirms Welch's anger: "Go talk to Jack Welch and he will swear to you he had a deal. He went to bed that night believing he had sold NBC to Paramount. The next morning Marty calls and says, 'Wait, I have to rethink things.' [Welch] called me, incensed, [saying,] 'What's this guy doing? He doesn't know what he's doing!' "

Talks with NBC sputtered on for months afterward, but never again came so close to fruition. Davis turned his attention to the cable industry and John Malone's giant TCI, which he knew coveted Paramount. Davis never trusted Malone. In this he had fellow travelers in Washington, where Malone has been called "the Darth Vader of cable," the man who runs, in Al Gore's famous words, "the cable Cosa Nostra." TCI controls franchises that serve 20 percent of all American cable viewers and has a 25 percent stake in Turner Broadcasting

System, which includes CNN and TNT; and its Liberty Media affiliate owns sizable stakes in the Family Channel and Court TV, as well as 22 percent of QVC. Though he is universally lauded for snapping up franchises over the last 20 years, Malone's take-no-prisoners approach to customer service has riled community leaders—and congressmen—from Vail, Colorado, to Morganton, North Carolina, a groundswell of anger that doesn't seem to bother Malone much more than a hangnail. A solitary workaholic, he lives a quiet life with his wife, Leslie, on a secluded 83-acre ranch 10 minutes from TCI headquarters in suburban Denver. Warmth, even a friend or two acknowledge, is not Malone's strong suit.

"In my opinion Dr. Malone is the smartest businessman I've ever met," says Brian Roberts, whose Philadelphia-based Comcast cable company is another QVC partner. "But, like everyone, he does have some flaws. Unfortunately, one is not caring what people say about him, even if they drag his name unfairly through the mud. It's a shame. It's a tragedy. He's truly a visionary."

Davis had kept an eye on Malone since learning that the TCI chief, during Paramount's skirmish with Time Warner, had quietly hired Drexel Burnham to help assemble a consortium to bid for Paramount. "He thinks I don't know about that," says Davis, "but I was quite well aware of it." At Malone's suggestion, Davis began meeting with Ted Turner, noodling out ways to merge Paramount and Turner Broadcasting, where Malone is a powerful presence on the board of directors.

The mercurial Turner was a source of unending fascination to Davis. "As I got to know him, I learned to make sure I got him in the right mood swing, or he'll be crazy," Davis tells me. "He's on lithium, you know. When we got to talking, he'd get so excited, I thought he'd have an unregulated orgasm." By Davis's count, there were at least three sets of talks with Turner, not including visits to each other's headquarters. At first, Davis was struck by Turner's fawning admiration for Malone. "You should hear Ted rhapsodize about Malone, just going on and on, [how] John Malone saved his ass" during Turner's 1987 financial crisis, says Davis. "He talks of Malone in glowing terms, of getting Malone's approval, almost like parental consent, for marrying Jane Fonda. Turner looked to Malone as his God."

The problem, Davis came to feel, was that Turner is living in a Potemkin village. "Ted has no authority, he has no control," Davis claims. "Any expenditure over $2 million he has to go to the board for. He's a minor player. He's got no control over his destiny, and he doesn't even know it. [Malone] sends him up in a blimp and tells him he's got an air force. Malone controls everything."

At the same time, Davis learned from his talks with Malone that the TCI chief didn't necessarily return Turner's warm feelings. In fact, Davis says, Malone talked of how he and Davis could slice up Turner Broadcasting for themselves. "I could see that Turner had a respect for this guy that John Malone was already abusing," he says. "He'd say, 'We'll get Turner contained and then do anything we want.' " Adds Davis, "I told Ted, 'Any way you cut it, Malone will always have control over both of us.' And here I am seeing him sell Ted down the road. And I know full well I would be next."

Still, by last spring Malone was a regular fixture on Davis's couch, spinning scenarios that mixed and matched pieces of Turner, TCI, the TCI-controlled Liberty Media, and Paramount. As the talks progressed, Malone joked he was spending more time at Paramount than in his own office, a sentiment Davis wearily shared. Whenever he spied the long-winded Malone heading down the hallway to his office, Davis says, "I told the secretaries, 'There goes the day.' "

"Malone was looking to have a piece of us," explains Oresman, "on the grounds he was more likely to get that than the whole thing. It was part of a pattern where if he buys a quarter-loaf, he can buy half a loaf next week, and three-quarters of a loaf a week after that. He was essentially opportunistic. It's all part of the grand daisy chain—connect as many pieces to the central command as you can." If TCI bought into Paramount, Malone pledged, he wouldn't meddle in operations. If their companies merged, Malone urged Davis to think about replacing founder Bob Magness as TCI's chairman. Davis recalls, "He was saying, 'Bob has made all this money, he's got this new young wife, he's not really interested in this. Maybe that's something you should think about.' I always felt there was an unclean bribe there. To tell you the truth, I always wanted to take a shower after I left him."

Davis claims he entertained Malone's soliloquies mainly to keep an eye on him. "All I said was 'John, if it makes sense, we'll do anything. But let me tell you, no matter what, you won't get control of Paramount. . . . If you're going to [invest] in the company, we're going to want a standstill [an agreement restricting further stock purchases],' which is a nice way of saying we don't trust him. And we didn't."

Last April, while still talking to Malone, Davis reopened long-dormant discussions with his friend Sumner Redstone, who wanted a studio to augment Viacom's cable networks. Redstone, born Sumner Rothstein in Boston's old West End, is surely the unlikeliest media magnate in the world. At 70, he is a grandfatherly presence drifting through the grungy MTV 25-year-olds in Viacom's new Times Square headquarters. A cantankerous, Harvard-trained billionaire given to short sleeves and ratty herringbone blazers, Redstone grew up the son of a nightclub owner who opened one of the first drive-in theaters in the U.S. Building his father's business into a nationwide chain now boasting 843 screens, Redstone kept a low profile on the national scene until buying Viacom in 1987.

Few who know him underestimate Redstone's fierce drive. After surviving a Boston hotel fire in 1979 by hanging from a window ledge, he developed a fearless streak that, says a former aide, caused him to rededicate himself to his businesses. During especially exciting presentations Redstone is a sight to behold. "He gets so into it, he's like a mad dog, literally foaming at the mouth," says a former associate. "And sometimes he'll be gesturing with a cigar and he'll hit himself in the head, just covering himself with spittle and ash." Redstone always agreed with Davis that their companies made a perfect pair. The problem was price, and Redstone, unlike Davis, wasn't in any hurry.

By the time Redstone entered the picture, Davis and Malone had sharpened their focus on a quasi-merger that, in one of the year's great ironies, would have installed Davis as Barry Diller's boss. The heretofore secret plan called for TCI to acquire a 17 percent stake in Paramount. In return, Paramount would acquire TCI-controlled Liberty Media, along with its 22 percent stake in QVC. "[Malone] would have given us control of QVC, yes," confirms Davis. "I had

interest in it. It's just a programming channel. I can show you two plans right now for shopping services that are going to put Barry out of business. And believe me, there will be more."

But as spring gave way to summer, QVC did demand Davis's attention, though for entirely different reasons. In May, rumors spread that Diller was preparing a hostile bid for Paramount. Davis, who had been tracking Diller for more than a year, wasn't completely surprised. "As soon as Diller came into QVC, we knew something was up," says Davis. "Common sense told you that. Home shopping? I mean, come on."

"I had thought of Paramount [before] leaving Fox," Diller now admits, "but I didn't think the time was right. I was pretty sure something would happen within two years. I was sure Paramount would get sold, one way or another." When it did, Diller vowed, he would be at the bidding table.

Diller's impishness, his zest for gamesmanship, come through as he curls up in a cushiony green chair at his Waldorf Towers apartment in New York one cold December morning. The Paramount struggle is entering its fourth month, and the strain can be seen in the explosion of lines under his eyes. But Diller can't seem to sit still. While happy at QVC, he is antsy to rejoin the Hollywood whirl, friends say. "He misses it terribly," says one. "It's so difficult for him to be out of that loop."

"I knew Davis had been tracking me in various ways," Diller says with a sly grin. "I had been told this by several people: I was the one he was worried about. We had begun to track Paramount in the fall of '92. The Robertses [of Comcast], Dr. Malone, and I discussed the opportunities we might want to pursue. And in April-May, [bankers] Allen & Co.—really Herb Allen and [his partner] Enrique Senior—came to us and said, 'We think there may be a way to do this.' I said, 'Go ahead.' "

Diller knew and accepted that Malone had his own interest in Paramount, and had even taken to kidding him about it. One night as they parted outside the Waldorf, Malone mentioned he was heading up to Paramount. "I said, 'John, it's never going to happen,' " Diller recalls with a laugh. " 'You can spend 2,000 hours with him and he'll do the same thing to you he's done to everyone else. He's just talking to be defensive. He'll talk and talk and play the game and never do anything. Nothing.' "

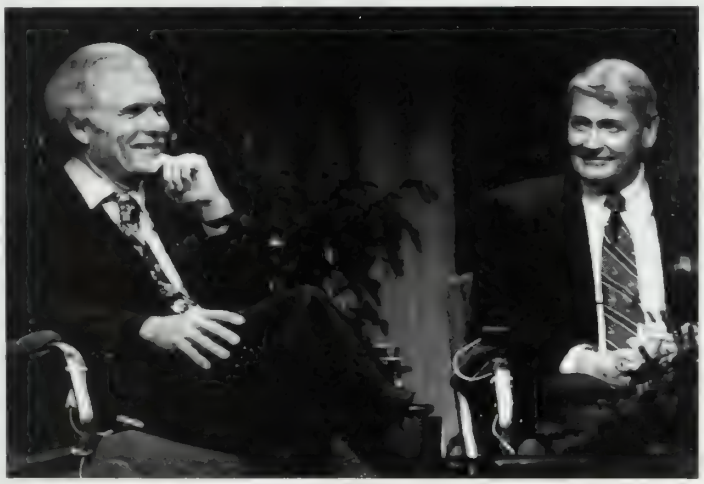
By early June, when Davis began hearing the Diller rumors, the QVC board had indeed given Diller the go-ahead to launch a bid, "a purebred, over-the-transom bear hug," as Diller puts it. It was at this point, Diller now knows, that Malone's attorney made his call to Don Oresman, warning that Paramount had better do something with Malone before Diller did something to Paramount. Davis, for his part, waited a day or two to confront Malone. "It would've been stupid of me to call him mad," he says. "There was no urgency. John's a bully, and this was a bullying tactic. I was smiling through it all. I can play the game too. I had no reason to say, 'You lying son of a bitch,' what I really felt in my heart."

On June 18, Davis sat in his suite at the Bel Air Hotel and, jotting notes on a pad of hotel paper, reached Malone just as the TCI chief was leaving for Miami to steer his sailboat to Maine for the summer. Davis came right to the point. "Quit trying to use Diller to put a gun to our head!" he recalls warning Malone. To Davis's surprise, Malone took a far softer tack. "Barry wants to do it, Comcast wants to do it," Malone confirmed. "I will not support Diller. Marty, I'm your friend. I promise you we're not going to finance him." Still, Malone said, he was in a difficult position. As a QVC board member, he felt obliged to back Diller. But given his own talks with Paramount, Malone felt he had a conflict and shouldn't be involved in any talks with Diller about a Paramount bid. "I can recuse myself," Malone volunteered.

"You can't, you're already pregnant," averred Davis. In his joshing way, Davis accused Malone of offering to sell out Diller just as he had Ted Turner. "Don't try to do another Turner," Davis said. The conversation ended inconclusively, with Malone reminding Davis he was late to fetch his boat. Davis replied, "Look out, John, for Paramount submarines."

Malone, who declined to be interviewed, confirmed Davis's version of their conversation in a sealed deposition in November. "He called me up, I believe, and said that I shouldn't be threatening him with Barry Diller," Malone testified. "That if we wanted to continue to have friendly discussions, that I needed to keep Barry essentially on a leash and that he felt that I was probably the only guy who could prevent Barry Diller from doing something aggressive relative to Paramount. . . . I think I said that I, you know, I'm against it. I'm doing what I can to, you know—to not support it, but that I don't have control of the situation. . . . That we won't support it."

Today, Davis says he didn't believe Malone for a minute. "He was so full of shit" is how he puts it. In fact, Malone proved good to his word, much to Diller's distress. What Malone had ne-



Air power: Cable czars Ted Turner and John C. Malone speak at a panel discussion in December on the future of television.

"I told Ted [Turner], 'Any way you cut it, Malone will always have control of us.' "

glected to tell Davis during their phone call was that he had stepped out of a QVC planning session to take his call. "John comes back in," Diller remembers, "and said, 'I've told [Davis] I have a conflict of interest. The discussions are now bifurcated. There is a TCI discussion with Paramount, and a Liberty Media discussion with QVC. I will step aside [from the QVC discussion] for now. I will let [Liberty president] Peter Barton carry this further.' " Says Brian Roberts of Comcast, "John was not deceitful. John was openly conflicted."

But then, in the days to come, Barton, purportedly acting on his own, did exactly what Marty Davis had asked Malone to accomplish. To Diller's dismay, Barton announced that Liberty Media could not participate in any immediate QVC offer for Paramount. "They said they would not participate in the [bid] because they didn't want to do a hostile deal," says Diller, "but they wouldn't stand in our way of doing it." But as Barton well knew, Diller wasn't going anywhere without Malone's backing. It was a crushing blow to Diller, who was then obliged to call off his plans for an immediate attack. "It was impossible," Diller says. "It was horrible." He resolved to devote his attention to QVC's pending acquisition of the Home Shopping Network, hoping Paramount would still be available when he finished.

The bizarre risk was that his own partner, Malone, having in effect vetoed the QVC bid, might jump into the breach with a Paramount bid of his own. "We thought Paramount would hold," says Diller. "We said, 'We may lose it,' to Dr. Malone or X or Y, because Dr. Malone would say to Marty Davis, 'Your worst nightmare is coming after you—go do a deal with me.' I thought it would hold for three or four months, but I was prepared to accept losing it."

Oblivious to Diller's new plans, Davis became apprehensive when his talks with Redstone stalled two weeks later. The sticking point with Viacom was price. Davis, holding out for $70 a share, constantly told his investment bankers, "I have to have a seven. Until we get to seven, we don't have a discussion." On July 9 the Paramount board rejected what Redstone's bankers characterized as Viacom's best bid, $63.50 a share in cash and stock. "Martin's strong instinct was that the right fit was Viacom," says Don Oresman. "But he couldn't get [Redstone] to get within spitting distance of a deal that wouldn't embarrass us. Sumner was negotiating like it was some deal for a movie in a multiplex in Peoria. It was kicking and screaming to get this guy to a merger."

With the Viacom talks at a standstill, Davis grew anxious to discern Diller's intentions. The rumors refused to subside, and Davis suspected Diller's friends were spreading them to frighten him into a deal with QVC. "David Geffen was out telling everyone this," says Davis. The rumors were also driving up the price of QVC stock, the likely currency in any bid for Paramount. "This was plotted out for a long time, believe me," he charges. "They were trying to subvert me. Half the people [Diller] told about a bid also told me." Davis grins. "It takes a lot more than that to rattle me."

"It's just not true," counters Geffen. "Over the last three years, my name was thrown out as a buyer of Paramount. Twice I had to call Marty to assure him I did not hold a single share of Paramount and had no interest in doing anything hostile. For some reason he never believed me. [As for Diller's bid] I never discussed it with anyone. Barry's always been interested in Paramount. Very frankly, the idea of acquiring Paramount was not something that Barry had discussed with me in any real or meaningful way until the Viacom deal was announced."

Davis invited Diller to lunch at Paramount on July 21. While Diller was evasive about his own plans, he seemed to suggest that Davis should worry about a bid from *someone*. "I know other people are interested in you," he said, according to notes Davis scribbled afterward. Davis had a good idea who he meant. After lunch, he telephoned Malone, repeating his "Paramount is not for sale" message. The two agreed to meet, for what proved to be the last time, on August 10.

Davis always insisted he was far less frightened by Diller than by Malone. "I don't consider Diller then, or now, a threat," he says. "Barry Diller doesn't frighten me. It's what's behind him that worries me. The guy I always knew had designs was Malone. Rightly or wrongly, I never considered Diller as anything other than a puppet of Malone." At that final meeting with Malone, Davis took a tough line. "Neither one of you scares me," he recalls saying, "and I won't stand for your tactics anymore. Stop the intimidation. Stop the games." Still, Davis admits he tried a little game of his own, accusing Malone of secretly assembling a hostile bid for Paramount. "Did I know for sure?" Davis asks. "No. I wanted to see his reaction."

"Who says?" Malone asked.

"Other people have told me."

"That had to be Redstone," replied Malone—a pointed answer clearly intended to show Davis his talks with Viacom were no longer secret. Malone denied harboring hostile intentions, though Davis recalls he felt free to comment on Diller's. According to Davis's notes, Malone said, "I told Diller to stop with the goddamn leaks and these rumors because all he'll do is drive you into Viacom's arms." The meeting was probably the shortest the two ever had. "It was basically two guys trying to spook each other," says Davis.

Afterward, Davis remained in limbo. There was little movement on the Viacom front—except, strangely, in Viacom's stock price. Davis saw it immediately: both of Viacom's stock issues had risen steadily since early July. Between July 6 and August 20, Viacom B shares rose nearly 20 percent, from $46 to $57. It didn't take a genius to see the surge was fueled at least in part by Redstone's own purchases; excluding days he did not buy, Redstone's trades accounted for nearly 19 percent of all volume, according to a later QVC analysis. The effect was to pump up the value of Viacom's bid.

Redstone denies manipulating his stock to increase the value of Viacom's bid, pointing out that the company was in the midst of a routine stock repurchase program. "I don't believe Sumner did it," Davis says of the alleged manipulation. "If you look, you see the stock was moving even when they weren't buying. It was clearly moving on its own." While that's no doubt true, any Wall Streeter knows that the best way to inflate a stock is to spread the word to allies and have them buy on your behalf. John Malone suspected Redstone was doing exactly that. "I've heard rumors that [Sumner] was engaged in a process of calling and tipping people that a very favorable transaction to Viacom was in the works, and encouraging them to purchase Viacom stock in the open market," Malone said in his deposition. "It looks terrible, just terrible," a Paramount adviser acknowledges. "Was it legal? Yes. Was it ethical? No. But look, Barry was out doing the same thing. He had all these people buying for him. They were both out doing it."

In fact, Davis himself alleges that

ller and his allies, chiefly media dealaker Herbert Allen, engaged in similar ctics to buoy QVC stock. Davis even nsidered filing a complaint with the E.C. "Look, the evidence we have is all rcumstantial, I don't have any proof," says. "But it's the way Herbie Allen nerally functions. He goes out and ishes and makes promises. You know, Buy the stock and I guarantee you'll do ell.' I know he does that. Well, let me ut it this way. He's known for that." llen, whose reputation is above reroach, shrugs off the charge: "The accuation is false. During a superheated ontest, people often say foolish or intemerate things. We've all done it. It's best to orgive and forget those statements."

Thanks in part to Viacom's higher stock rice, talks between Davis and Redstone's ankers revived in mid-August, only to eadlock again within days. Even with /iacom's stock rising daily, Redstone's offer was still around $65. "We have to ave a seven," Davis repeated. He also anted a "collar"—a form of guarantee—that Paramount shareholders would e reimbursed if Viacom stock fell to its ormer levels. Redstone refused.

By Wednesday, August 25, Davis had given up and left for a vacation. "I said, 'Fuck it, I'm going,' " Davis recalls. "The deal was dead. Dead. We called it off." He and Luella piled into the Aston Martin and drove to Delaware, where they toured the former DuPont estate, Winterthur. The next morning they drove to Virginia, where Davis, a Thomas Jefferson buff, did some sight-seeing at Monticello. Keeping in touch by car phone with Oresman, who was vacationing with his grandchildren on a Montana dude ranch, the Davises drove on to Washington, where they visited the Holocaust Museum.

Davis arrived home the following Wednesday, and within a week Viacom had boosted its bid to $69.14, though Redstone still refused to grant the collar. For Davis it was too close to pass up. "I took the $69.14," he admits with a sigh, "because I couldn't get the seven. I could just taste the asset mix. I could taste the opportunities. I could taste the future. I didn't think it was worth quibbling over the last dollar."

The two new partners sealed the agreement over dinner in New York at Redstone's suite in the Carlyle hotel. Afterward, Davis, for whom deal-making is an aphrodisiac, stepped out onto the sidewalk feeling satisfied, and saw a familiar face. "I came out at 11 o'clock," he remembers, "and there's Henry Kravis, who's got some girl on his arm, and he says, 'What're you doing here?' And I say, smiling, 'Probably the same thing you're doing here, Henry.' "

Davis's head hadn't hit the pillow that night before the feeling spread within his own team that he had "caved" to Redstone to head off a hostile bid from Diller, Malone, or both. "Martin essentially capitulated on every issue to get into that deal," one of his advisers tells me. "There wasn't an issue that Marty didn't [give in on]. All during that time the rumors are hot and heavy that the gorilla is coming. It was all that was in Martin's mind, believe me. Greenie [Viacom adviser Robert Greenhill] is pounding [that] on him day in and day out."

"That's their spin," Davis shoots back. "Diller clearly didn't have the capacity to do it, so I didn't pay attention. There was no way I could see QVC doing anything. If you want me to give you a psychological profile of my mind at that point, no, I didn't dismiss it entirely. Of course not. Of course it was in my head. But I couldn't conceive of a bid."

"That's absolutely true," seconds Don Oresman. "Malone gave us all this bullshit about Diller, which was completely self-serving. It was silly. We didn't believe it. It was all said to scare us into a deal with Malone. Diller didn't play any role in this whatsoever." Oresman's comments, made on the eve of a crucial November hearing on Diller's suit to knock out Paramount's anti-takeover defenses, were equally self-serving; admitting that Diller was a factor in Paramount's thinking would have bolstered QVC's legal argument that Paramount was holding an auction and that it should be reopened. "I didn't think anybody would go after us," Davis insists. "There I made a mistake. I was stupid. I thought the fit was too strong, the assets. Honest. I didn't see anybody else out there. I'd exhausted everybody else."

But if Davis was sanguine about a competing bid, Sumner Redstone was not. Returning to his office after a gala press conference with Davis, Redstone made a feeling-out phone call to Diller at the Waldorf. Diller had been pooh-poohing rumors of a Paramount-Viacom deal all summer. "Despite the rumblings of war, I thought there was going to be no dawn raid," he sighs. "You believe what you want to believe, I guess. I didn't want something to happen in the fall. I wanted them to wait till the spring! When [the Home Shopping] merger was done!"

When Diller came on the line, Red-

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: Photographs, top to bottom, by Cecil H. Finlay, Annie Leibovitz, Clarence S. Bull/The Kobal Collection
Page 8: Photograph, bottom center, corset and bra from Lingerie on Lex, N.Y.C., M. Cole, Santa Monica, and all Nordstrom stores in California and Oregon; stockings from Bergdorf Goodman, Fogal of Switzerland, and Saks Fifth Avenue, all in N.Y.C.; shoes from Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, N.Y.C.; hair accessories from all Neiman Marcus stores, or call 619-454-8466
Page 26: Photographs of Cindy Crawford, Michael Crichton, and Marky Mark by Annie Leibovitz
Page 30: Photograph by Jonathan Becker
Page 35: Photograph courtesy of Eugene Genovese and Elizabeth Fox-Genovese.
Page 38: First edition of *Call It Sleep* from the collection of Lawrence I. Fox.
Page 49: Turtleneck from American Rag Cie, L.A.
Page 52: Photographs, far left, hair and makeup by Debbie Jacks; center, from Springer/Bettmann Film Archive. Illustration, bottom, © 1993 by Anima DC Comics; all rights reserved.
Page 54: Styled by Xavier Cabrera for Cloutier; grooming by La Lette Littlejohn.
Page 56: Photographs: Top, outfit by Thierry Mugler, sunglasses by Chanel, earrings by Judith Jack, all from Saks Fifth Avenue, Bal Harbour, Florida; styled by Tico Torres; hair and makeup by Régine Thorre; location courtesy of Fairchild Tropical Garden, Miami. Bottom left, by John Paschal/Celebrity Photo. Bottom right, from Rex USA.
Pages 58–59: Romper by special order, call 212-517-7125; shoes from Neiman Marcus, Dallas; sheets, call 800-553-5309.
Pages 61–63: Lace slip from Lingerie on Lex, N.Y.C., M. Cole, Santa Monica, and all Nordstrom stores in California and Oregon; shoes from Bergdorf Goodman and Manolo Blahnik, both in N.Y.C.
Page 65: Dress from Odds Costume Rental, N.Y.C.; shoes from Bergdorf Goodman and Manolo Blahnik, both in N.Y.C.; earrings from Connie Parente, L.A.
Pages 72–73: Large photograph from A.P./Wide World Photos. Insets, top, by Bob Pearson/Agence France-Presse; bottom, by Daniel Morel/A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 74: Photograph from Saba.
Pages 78–79: All clothing by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. Michel Aleman for Frederic Fekkai Beauty Center; Danilo and Vincent Longo for Pierre Michel at the Plaza; Enzo Laera for Elizabeth Watson; Tracie Martyn for the Warren Tricomi Salon.
Page 84: Photograph, right, from Reuters/Bettmann
Page 89: Bathing suit from the OMO Norma Kamali boutique, N.Y.C.; hairstylist for Wavelengths; makeup artist for Cloutier.
Page 93: Photograph from Ron Galella.
Page 95: Watercolor from a private collection, courtesy of Galerie St. Etienne, N.Y.C.
Pages 96–97: Photograph from Photofest.
Pages 100–101: Large photograph and inset, right, courtesy of Sotheby's, London; inset, left, from the Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters.
Page 102: Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's, London
Page 104: Large photograph from U.P.I./Bettmann
Page 105: Photograph © by Joan Munkacsi, courtesy of Aperture, Inc., and the Howard Greenberg Gallery, N.Y.C
Page 115: Photograph from Celebrity Photo.
Page 119: Photograph from Sygma.
Page 133: Photograph courtesy of the California Cable Television Association.
Page 137: Photograph, bottom right, by Fouche-rand/*France-Dimanche*; all others from the collection of Jean-Claude Baker

stone joked that he had just characterized him to reporters as his closest friend in the entertainment world. "Well, we are good friends," Diller responded carefully, "and whatever we decide to do in the future—"

"What are you talking about?" Redstone interrupted.

Diller calmly explained that QVC "might enter the situation. . . . We've been thinking about it." He recalls, "I said, 'And we may be competitive,' and I got to the word 'competitive' and he said again, 'You're just going to cost me more money.' " Later Redstone made a similar call to Malone.

The calls went for naught. A week later, Diller kept his promise to Davis, telephoning him to announce that QVC, with John Malone's full financial backing, was offering to acquire Paramount in a cash-and-stock bid valued at $9.5 billion. The conversation was brief, barely a minute long. "Barry has this expression—I've heard this from him for years—which is 'We-ell?' " Davis says. "[So] I said, 'Barry, I'll look at the letter and get back to you.' " Davis had been expecting the call for days. "Was I pissed off? No. Was I dancing a jig? No."

The moment a bidding war broke out, Davis was in an unfamiliar position—merely the football in a fierce scrimmage between Diller and Redstone. Alone in his office, Davis planned for a Viacom transition that might never happen, briefing Paramount board members and cursing out the odd arbitrageur probing for inside information. Redstone had hired famed detective Jules Kroll to gather intelligence, though Davis says the two rejected a descent into the gutter—unless, of course, it proved absolutely necessary. He does not, however, deny an interest in dirt Kroll might unearth on rumored links Malone's TCI may or may not have had with the rogue bank B.C.C.I. "Now, the B.C.C.I. thing," Davis says with a grin, "I'd love that."

Davis persisted in considering QVC's bid Malone's creation, not Diller's, and predicted to me throughout September that Malone would somehow betray Diller. "You watch," he said. "Malone will try and sell Barry down the river just like I saw him doing to Turner."

Davis's warnings appeared to come true one October morning when Malone stunned the business world by announcing a $33 billion merger between TCI and Bell Atlantic. No one was more amazed than Diller, who watched Malone tell a press conference that QVC's bid was "peripheral" to his future plans. "Barry was completely blown away," says a close friend. "He felt betrayed. And he was devastated by Malone's statements. Devastated. He may deny it, but I know it's true."

Diller, who now downplays Malone's announcement, says he actually learned of the deal 10 days before Malone first told him the news, on the eve of its disclosure. "I can't precisely pin down where I heard it; it was one of four people," Diller says. "I didn't do anything about it because there was nothing I could do. I thought it would have negative consequences, but I couldn't figure out how negative. When Dr. Malone called me the night before, I knew what the call was about. I delayed taking it for six hours, for my own reasons. I was at a black-tie dinner for Edgar Bronfman at the Pierre. We didn't talk till after 11. I told John, 'Congratulations. You have to do what's in your company's best interest. But we have been severely hurt in Paramount, and I wish the timing had been different.' He said, 'I don't agree it's hurt Paramount. I will be there to support you, no matter what.' I said, 'I don't know how we'll recover from the confusion this will cause at this very sensitive moment.' He said, 'I don't agree with that,' and he repeated his support. I said, 'O.K.' But I was certainly not happy about it.

"From that day on," Diller continues, "Malone was true to his word." Not only did TCI's financial commitments remain in place, but Malone volunteered to call executives at one prospective QVC partner badly spooked by the Bell Atlantic move, BellSouth, and urge them to join the QVC bid. Despite Malone's reassurance, BellSouth stayed away for several weeks.

By early November, with Paramount's board rejecting his bid out of hand, Diller's momentum had stalled. "We could be out of this—we could be finished on any given day," Diller fretted one morning. The problem, ironically, was Malone. A government anti-trust review was under way, and given Malone's contentious history with regulators, Diller dreaded the sort of delays that had killed other deals. "If we can supply all the F.T.C. information right away, then [our offer] will close 10 days later, and that's plenty of time for us," he said. "If it's longer than that, we're finished." Davis felt Diller's hard times in Washington were just beginning. "They've got to get rid of Malone," he told me. "He's their biggest impediment. We're in pretty good shape, I think, unless they can get some more help."

Within days Diller miraculously managed to do both. In a set of grueling, impossibly detailed negotiations, Diller cut a deal in which BellSouth agreed to invest $1.5 billion in his bid. The genius of the investment was that it bought out Malone's position, blasting away the roadblock to government approval. Though the loss of TCI's connections was a severe blow to Diller, the new commitment from BellSouth allowed QVC to boost its bid above Viacom's sweetened offer. The solution came just as Diller had almost given up hope. "There were so many moments in that period when the thing was blown, when it was just not doable," he says. "There were dark moments when I would stare at the wall and just say, 'We can't do it. We can't.' "

With the new deal set, all eyes turned to Delaware, where on November 16 a judge heard arguments on QVC's suit to knock out Paramount's anti-takeover defenses. If Diller couldn't eliminate them, all his scrambling would have been for nothing. As Diller retreated to his mansion in L.A.'s Coldwater Canyon to await the verdict, he acknowledged that a loss would almost certainly force him to quit, handing Marty Davis the biggest victory of his life.

"Anything yet?"

It is D-day, the day before Thanksgiving, the day the Delaware court will rule on Diller's suit. Davis sits alone behind his big partners' desk all morning, seeing no one and taking few calls, touching base often with Oresman for any indication of when the judge will rule. If Paramount loses, an open auction pitting Diller against Redstone could ensue, though Davis doubts that will happen. Four years ago the same court ruled against his own effort to break up the Time Warner marriage, and he is confident the judge won't reverse the policy.

Davis can practically taste victory. QVC's stock price is up, suggesting Wall Street—which punishes a likely acquirer's stock—thinks Diller has a weak case. "The rumor is we've won," says Davis. Oresman ambles in to review an array of statements they can make once the court rules. "We'll get a flurry of calls from the press," the old lawyer rasps, "and we'll put out *(Continued on page 138)*

Flashback







Josephine Baker



"She gave men a hard-on! *Please* don't be afraid to write that!" says Jean-Claude Baker, the lost dauphin in Josephine Baker's Rainbow Tribe. For six years he traveled constantly with his "second mother" (she never officially adopted him), the divine "bird of paradise" who conquered Gaul in the 20s—with the aid of a feather and a few bananas. "She would talk to me, sleeping in the same bed—only as a son, *never* a lover." And now he has gathered the "bits of the puzzle" and fashioned them into a new biography called *Josephine* (Random House).

"Miraculously, I have discovered 19 years she erased. Her American springtime. She was making *a lot* of money—the little girl, 16, who stole the show in *Shuffle Along*. She left for Paris with a star's contract in her pocket. The world is told that France discovered Josephine! This is *not* the fact." Perhaps the *only* undisputed fact about Baker is that her life was an entanglement of myths. "It was mad! Fabulous!" says Jean-Claude. "But it was madness on a grand scale. *Always* believe in Josephine Baker!" —MATTHEW TYRNAUER





Clockwise from top left: **with friends at Chez Joséphine, her club in Paris, 1927; Berlin, 1928; drawn by Garretto in *Vanity Fair*, February 1936; with Louis Armstrong in Paris, 1959; with her adopted children at Les Milandes, France, 1958; in the Folies Bergère, Paris, 1927.**

PARAMOUNT

(Continued from page 136) some idiot statement, which says nothing. Just because we have to."

Tension on the 42nd floor rises perceptibly as lunch comes and goes. "I'm a little nervous, but not that much," Davis tells Redstone in a quick call. "Keep your cool." In an empty office down the hall, Oresman passes the time flipping through a loose-leaf binder of verse he has collected over the years. "I've been trying to find an appropriate poem for today," he says, selecting "One Art," by Elizabeth Bishop. "The art of losing isn't hard to master," Oresman recites. He moves on to an Emily Dickinson poem on waiting, followed by an A. E. Housman ode to lawyers, "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries," before finishing with Cavafy's "Waiting for the Barbarians": "What are we waiting for, gathering in the marketplace / The barbarians are coming . . ." He laughs. "Need I say more?"

One can't help but contrast Oresman's offerings with the first joint effort of the proposed Paramount-Viacom merger, a 96-page work entitled *This Book Sucks*. The back cover of the book, published by Paramount's Pocket Books and devoted to Viacom's Beavis and Butt-Head, features a rear view of the two obnoxious boys with their shorts pulled down, asking, "Hey do you like to read by moonlight, huh huh huh." "Our first synergy!" Davis exults. "I know," replies Oresman, "isn't it disgusting?"

"I'm not sure Oresman even knows who Beavis and Buck-Head are," says Davis later as he paces the empty office. It's almost 1:30, and there's still no word from the court. Brimming with nervous energy, Davis brings out a rough drawing for an "attack ad" he had planned to use against Malone. A takeoff on Paramount's famous *Godfather* movie logo, the drawing depicts Malone as a shadowy figure holding the strings of several puppets—one of them Diller. "Great, isn't it?" Davis asks.

He steps out into the hall, only to pop back a minute later. "It's in," he says, eyebrows arched, flashing a predatory smile. The court has ruled. "Think positive," he says.

Davis disappears behind closed doors into Oresman's office. For a moment, raised voices can be heard inside. Oresman opens the door, holds up one finger, and says, "We'll be right with you." When Davis emerges, his face gives away nothing.

"Walk me down," he says quietly, motioning toward the long, dim hallway to his office. When he delivers the verdict his voice is almost a whisper. "They ruled in favor of QVC," he says. "No kidding. I'm not kidding."

Davis, who clearly expected a knockout punch against Diller, is trying hard not to show how devastated he is. As he reaches his outer office, both secretaries peer up expectantly. "Be of good cheer!" he urges, forcing a smile. The two women don't know how to respond. "We'll file for an expedited appeal, get a date, and go on to some damn thing," Davis mutters absently, slumping into his desk chair. For a moment he looks every fiscal quarter of his 66 years.

The first call comes from Redstone, who is aboard a plane to Boston for the holiday. "Hi, Sumner, how are you?" Davis answers. "Yeah. We lost . . . We're trying to get the damn decision now. He voted against us . . . No, against us! Yeah . . . Isn't that great? . . . I don't believe it, either, but it clearly happened . . . O.K. . . . Bye." He replaces the receiver and takes a breath. "Jesus Christ," he sighs. He is staring out the window when the second call comes in, from Stanley Jaffe. "Clearly we have lost the case" are Davis's first words. A burst of invective blasts from the phone. Davis holds the receiver away from his ear. "Just relax," he says. "Hello?" He puts it down. "He hung up."

In the next 20 minutes Davis manages to reach all of Paramount's 11 outside directors. Each is stunned. "I must say this is a surprise," he confesses to James Pattison, a Canadian board member. "I would not have figured it this way." Finally the phone returns to its cradle. "What's hard," Davis tries to explain, "is they're . . . they have a lot of . . . lot of, I guess, disappointment." He pauses. "It's tough."

After another hour of phone calls, twilight approaches. Far to the south, the sky above New York Harbor is streaked with red. Davis stops and blows out his cheeks. "There've been worse days, I know," Davis says. "I've just got to think of one."

By late morning in L.A., Diller couldn't stand the waiting and decided to ride his bicycle down to his gym. "I got bored silly—not bored, crazy," he says. He called New York from the gym and learned the news. "There were four or five people there with a combined I.Q. of 100—you know, gym people," he says. "There was no one to tell!"

As the year closed, the momentum stayed with Diller. Stung by the court ruling that it had unfairly favored Viacom over QVC, the Paramount board established an open auction of the company. Redstone scrambled for additional financing while Davis sagged beneath the weight of public condemnation for his stonewalling of Diller's bid. When I see him for the last time, Davis appears very tired. "I've been kicked hard," he says, "but I've been kicked before. When I look in the mirror, I have nothing to be ashamed of."

Even as the board sought to referee the bidding, it grew clear that, with both Diller and Redstone offering to buy stock directly from shareholders, the highest bid would win. "When it comes down to it, the board's approval doesn't mean a goddamned thing," one director told me. "It all comes down to numbers. What you have now is a game of chicken." Brian Roberts put it this way: "If Redstone's never letting go, no matter what, he'll win this thing."

Needless to say, this is not the way Marty Davis wanted it all to end. He knows that no matter who controls Paramount his days in the rickety old skyscraper at Columbus Circle are numbered. The company's lease runs out soon, and Davis will either move to a new home at Viacom's headquarters in Times Square or have a lot more time to race his Aston Martin up and down I-95, wondering how his four years of sweat and yearning could have gone so wrong. □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

QUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

course you like money. Not just because it makes you feel good to sit on like Ebenezer Scrooge or some Taurus with planetary afflictions, but also cause it gives you what you cherish above almost everything else (with e exception of bossing people around), and that is *freedom*. Enslavement financial security would be a horrible fate. As Saturn enters Pisces for two ars, take stock of how hooked you get on having checks coming in regu- rly. Are you going to be as charitable as possible? Or will you start to feel ed and have to take it out on the poor needy?

ISCES *February 19–March 20*

say you're unmotivated because you're a Pisces is ridiculous, because u've managed to be successful despite the insane hours you keep. You *ve* lacked a consistent sense of purpose, discipline, and confidence. Al- ough some would call you self-destructive, you're not unlike the Zen aster who can laugh and walk away from anything. With Saturn entering ur sign, hang on and be stable, no matter how you feel inside. You've got e talent, and—when you're not looking as if you just stepped out of a bed here you'd been vegetating for 10 years—you've also got the looks.

RIES *March 21–April 19*

s time for you to get spiritual. You've heard about spirituality, read about , thought about it, maybe even preached it. Now feed yourself to the lions d practice it. Develop a personal belief system in something higher than ourself or collapse and get rushed to the Betty Ford clinic. Escape routes e all false. You have two choices: either be selfish and go mad with guilt, r be a Good Samaritan even if it means having people laugh at you behind our back. Oscar winner or average citizen, with Saturn in your 12th house ou need to set aside time for meditation or self-pity, whichever you prefer.

AURUS *April 20–May 20*

ven though Saturn's traveling through your 11th house clouds your direc- on until you don't know where you're going or what you're doing, so hat? And even though some merciless judges and heartless critics don't ive a hoot where your next meal is coming from or whether you eat at all, ou've got a few heavy hitters as supporters now, and that's money in the ank. Be proud of yourself. It's been harder for you to come through the ast two years than it would be for an elephant to squeeze through a drain- ipe. And you've done it without a hair out of place!

EMINI *May 21–June 21*

makes you so nervous to have people looking over your shoulder that you an hardly think, much less be creative and productive while pleasing the ublic, the networks, the producers, your supervisor, your boss, or anyone lse who happens to have your head on the block. But as Saturn culminates your solar chart now, you've got to crystallize everything you've been inking about doing for the last 15 years, whether it makes you nervous or ot. So get off the bed, under the shower, and out into the world, and keep epeating, "Pressure is good. Pressure is good."

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

he strong and supportive transits of Jupiter through Scorpio and of Saturn hrough Pisces will stabilize you through all of 1994, unless you've become otally cynical and think that hope is utterly stupid. Yes, you've been blown round like a little sparrow in a Force 5 hurricane for the last three years, so aturally you're leery (and wisely superstitious) about signing on the dotted ne and unpacking the good dishes. You've learned that any definition of he word "permanence" should include the phrase "a temporary condition hat seems anything but."

LEO *July 23–August 22*

Leos from all over the world will probably be flocking to Dr. Ruth now as Saturn creeps into your 8th house and demands that you re-evaluate oddly and honestly relationships that have been sustaining you only marginally. Even lovers who have been spooning and crooning passionately in the moonlight must now become aware of the fact that while monogamy can be fulfilling it can also be a drag. Those swinging-single Leos who haven't heard that wild sex is out will simply have to settle down and find some appropriate outlet for their desires. It's a new movie, all right.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Saturn's opposition doesn't always mean that you're literally attracted to sociopathic abusers, but get hip to the fact that people can have enormous problems that have nothing to do with you. When they reject you, they're not rejecting *you* per se; they're just being who they are. So dry your eyes, throw your head back, and pretend you're Claudette Colbert in a wartime movie. If, however, you insist on walking into relationships like a Brownie selling cookies on death row, you'll keep emerging the same old way—with no cookies and no money, just a tattered little uniform.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Vegging out in front of the tube can sometimes be therapeutic, but in the long run it takes its toll on your mental and physical health, which, now that Saturn is moving into your 6th house, will become a subject of concern. Rock star, housewife, or unemployed stockbroker, you've got to overcome any grandiose notions you may have and *go to work*. Find your niche and do any job, menial or otherwise, that can help take you out of yourself. You weren't born to sit home, day in and day out, watching trashy talk shows and consuming sugar. Or were you?

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

The search for love can be a true source of creative inspiration. You don't have to sit around watching ice melt in the bottom of the glass. Positive, evolved Scorpios write plays, tell jokes, compose music, do all sorts of great things while they're waiting for their one and only to come around. The transit of Saturn through your solar 5th house over the next couple of years will have you singing love songs and trying to coochie-coo your way into heart after heart. The big question, though, is this: Does the verb "to love" always have to have an object?

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

With Saturn lumbering into your 4th house, every rambling, restless Sadge on both sides of the Rockies will feel an urge to look through wallpaper samples and think couch fabric. To help you in your fight against the pull of family, here's your mantra for the next couple of years: If just for spite / You have a fight / And get taken away in a paddy / When you make bail / And get out of jail / You go right straight back to Daddy / 'Cause your heart belongs to Daddy / If and when and wherever you roam / Yes, your heart belongs to Daddy / Why not face it now, baby? Go home.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

One moment you're brimming with dedication, thrilled to be given the privilege of doing Heaven's work, and so full of forgiveness and mercy that your every move should be accompanied by the sound track from *Bells Have*. Then the wind changes, all that emotion goes straight down the drain, and you think angrily, What a jerk I've been! The weirdest thing about Saturn's moving through your 3rd house is that normally you'd insist that the bed be made with the pillows perfectly plumped, but at this point that sort of compulsiveness must seem a little stupid.

Social Study

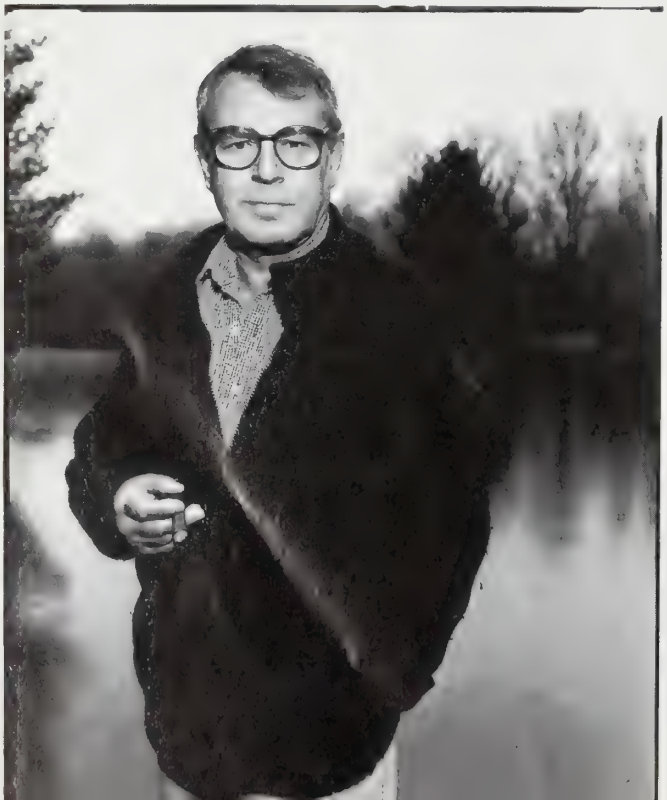
Miloš Forman

Orphaned when the Gestapo seized his parents, director Miloš Forman (*Hair, Amadeus*) chased a dream to the top of his profession. Now, as he publishes his memoirs, called *Turnaround*, NELL SCOVELL gets him to reflect on *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Childlike awe forever.

What is your greatest fear?
Loss of memory.

When and where were you happiest?
November 30, 1977, in New York City. [The day he received U.S. citizenship.]



Which living person do you most admire?
Dr. Henry Kissinger. Mainly because he became the secretary of state in this country with an accent even thicker than mine. Also because his China policy performed the most important power-balancing act in the second half of the century.

Which living person do you most despise?
Keating, Milken, Boesky, and company because what they did is the most effective fertilizer for budding leftist fanatics all over the world.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Having my name in the *New York Times* crossword puzzle twice.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Wisdom.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Youth.

On what occasion do you lie?
Trying to tell the truth to my wife.

Where would you like to live?
In the guest room of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Which words or phrases do you overuse?
"You look great."

What is your favorite occupation?
Dozing or gossiping.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Nap after breakfast.

What is it that you most dislike?
The sound of an alarm clock.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Selfishness and greed.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Selfishness and greed.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Chaplin's Little Tramp.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Cluster headaches.

Who are your favorite writers?
Feuchtwanger, Faulkner, Flaubert (randomly choosing letter *F*).

Who are your heroes in real life?
Václav Havel. I know what he was facing. I was there. I knew I would have to go to prison or collaborate with Communists, and I didn't have the guts or the courage for either, so I left. He stayed and went to prison. He is my hero.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Excluding some great loves that faded, I guess I have to reluctantly admit that my only lasting one is myself.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My mortality.

What is your motto?
"Get used to it, son."

Photograph by MARY ELLEN MARK

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Edward Klein

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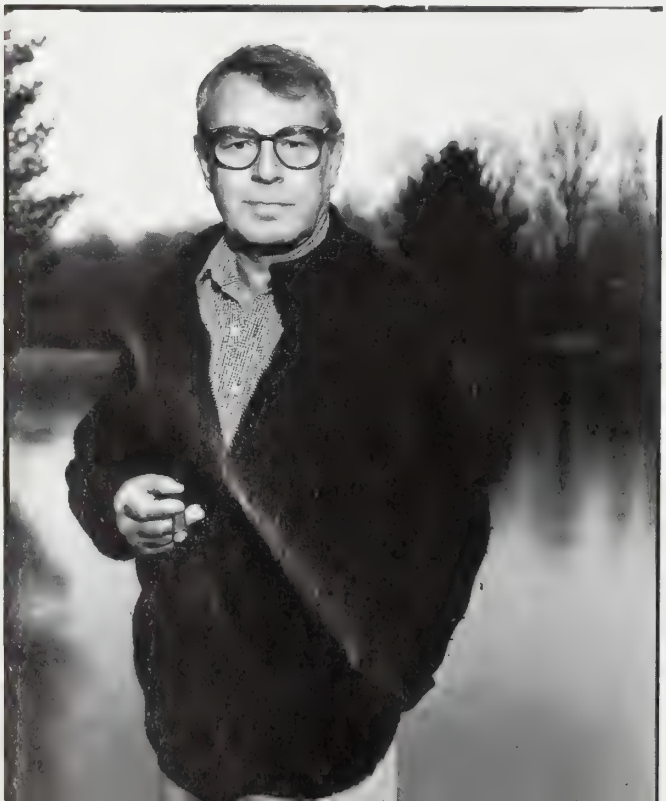
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VANITY FAIR

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Doris Duke-out, page 136.



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Doris Duke's Final Mystery: When tobacco heiress Doris Duke died in October, her last will and testament left her inner circle aghast—control of the bulk of her fortune went to Bernard Lafferty, her butler of six years. Bob Colacello goes inside the battle that is raging over her billion-dollar legacy. 136

George in the Jungle: On everything from health care to Whitewater, George Stephanopoulos is a key player inside the White House; at 33, he is also a pop-culture star outside it. Marjorie Williams traces the conflicting forces that tie him to Clinton. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz 146

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Editor's Letter

Curious George



At the age of 33, George Stephanopoulos has survived a grueling presidential campaign and the many crises of his first year in the White House; as the second year begins, he appears to be more essential than ever to the president. Though it is no longer his job to put the spin on every detail of every scandal, Stephanopoulos nonetheless became an important part of the damage-control team when the story of the Clintons' involvement in the Whitewater Development Company turned out to be a legal, political, and public-relations mess. As Marjorie Williams points out in her profile on page 146, to a man who suffered through the Gennifer Flowers flap and the torturous disclosure of Clinton's draft record "Whitewater must have a depressing familiarity indeed." Once again, the president's staff was trying to cope with a crisis in which they didn't have all the facts.

Judging from accounts, Stephanopoulos takes a lot of heat from his boss, especially when the going gets rough, but he also seems to have a unique ability to get Clinton to confront the tough choices—as well as to make the president comfortable with tough decisions. Top aides before him have played similar roles. F.D.R.'s close adviser Louis McHenry Howe, who was said to have "slept at the foot of the president's bed," was the only person who could tell Roosevelt "No." And until he fell from grace over a vicuña coat (a gift from a Boston businessman), Dwight Eisenhower's top aide, Sherman Adams was known as "the Abominable No-man."

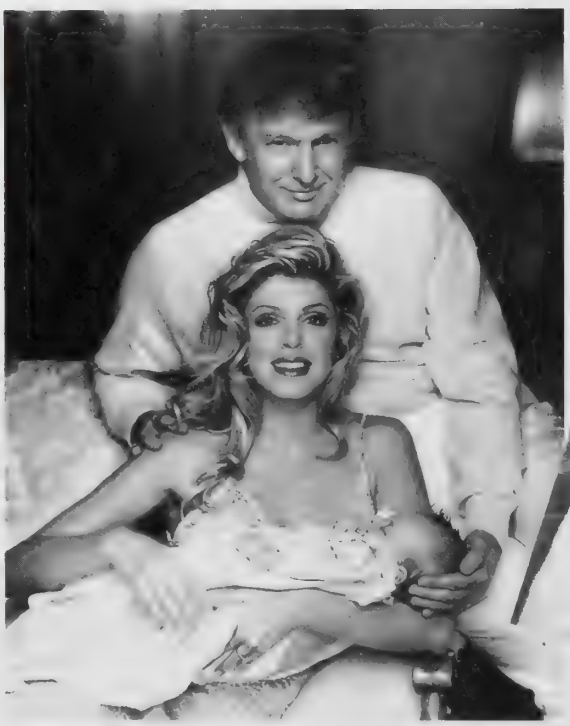
There is one obvious reason why, in Clinton's Rhodes-scholar-laden administration, this particular Rhodes scholar has such clout: his loyalty. Both Bill and Hillary Clinton know that Stephanopoulos will defend them to the last ditch. But as Williams writes, "in all really important staff relationships, between a principal and the one or two aides who work most intimately with him, there is at least some quality of a marriage, some deep fit between psyches." And it is on this level that Stephanopoulos is indispensable: as the yin to Clinton's yang, the control freak who has all the discipline the president is lacking, the man who brings an aura of sanctity to the task of political compromise.



Editor in chief

Cover

A Family Affair





MARINA SCHIANO

And baby makes three: blushing bride, groom, and little Tiffany pose for the cover, *left*, photographed at Trump's Mar-a-Lago estate in Palm Beach, Florida. Once a chorus girl but always a Georgia peach, Marla, *below*, wears a robe by Todd Oldham.

ON THE COVER
Marla Trump wears a dress by Norma Kamali and earrings by Gabriella Sanchez. Donald Trump wears a sweater by Best of Scotland and trousers by Brioni. Tiffany Ariana Trump's gown is from Wicker Garden's Baby, and was dyed by Costas Tzanedakis/Colibri, Inc. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Lydia Snyder for the Stephen Knoll Salon. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michel Comte.


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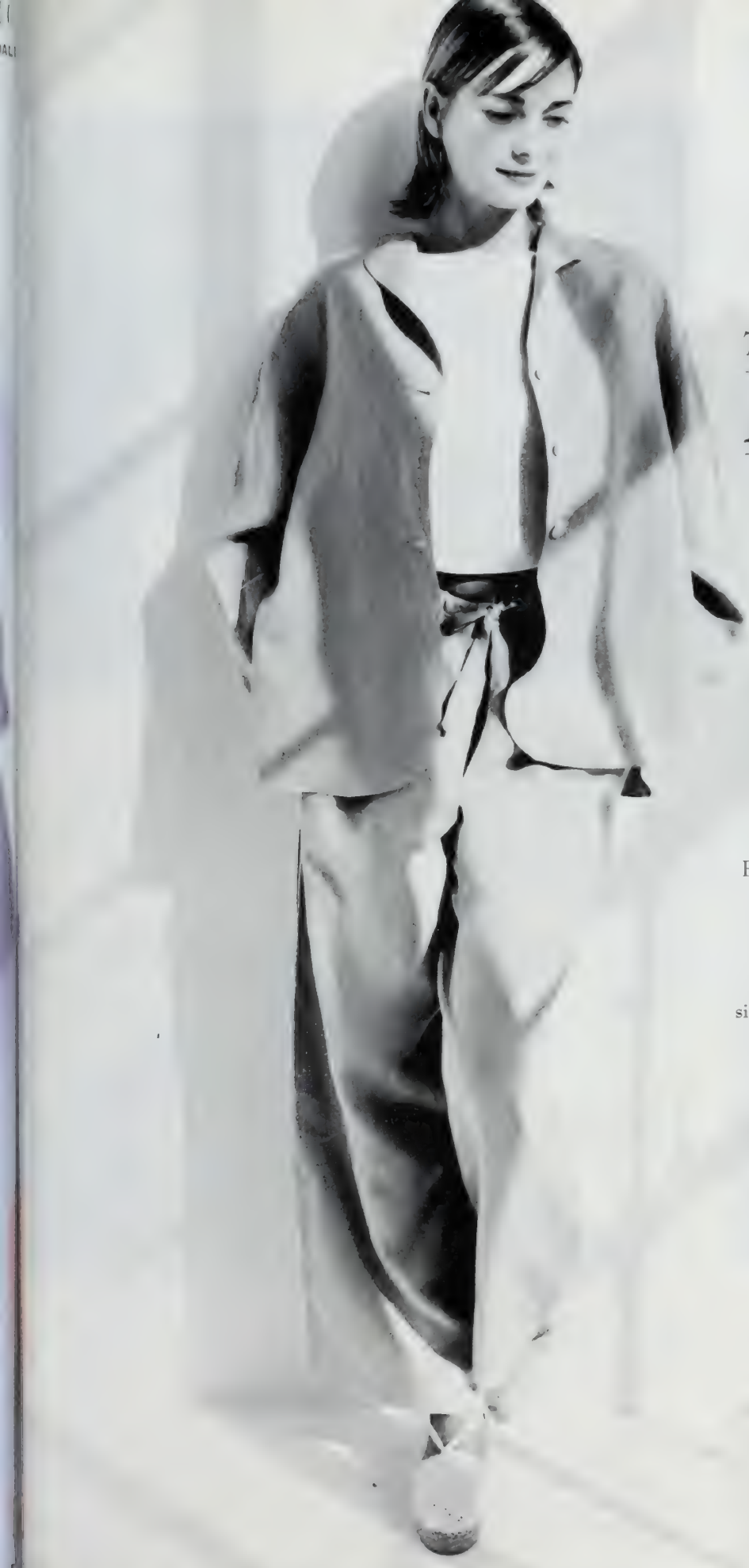
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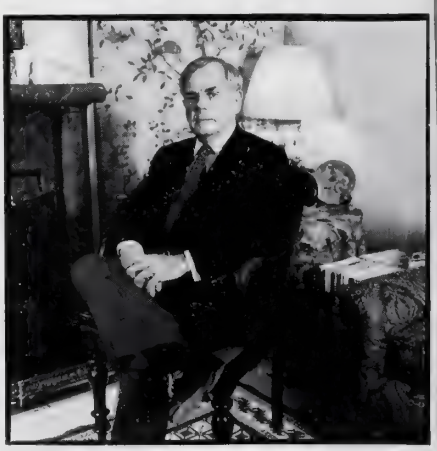
*Ann Louise Bardach is shown above with Fidel Castro, who chose her for one of the rare extensive interviews he ever gives to American print journalists. "When I met Castro again at New Year's," she says of the subject of her article on page 128, "I reminded him that we had first met in October. 'Oh yes,' he said. 'You're the one who said you'd like to do a story on me like {*Vanity Fair*} did with Gorbachev. Well, look what happened to him. He doesn't have a job anymore! It doesn't sound like such a great idea.' I thought that was it for me . . . but thankfully I was wrong."*

Harry Benson's *The Beatles: In the Beginning,* which celebrates the 30th anniversary of the Beatles' coming to America, is just out from Universe/Rizzoli. This month he photographed *Hello!*'s Eduardo Sánchez Junco.

Bruce Handy is a senior editor at *Time* and a regular contributor to *The New York Times Magazine*.

Christopher Hitchens's book *For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports* is out from Verso. He lives in Washington, D.C.

James T. Jones IV is *USA Today*'s R&B, jazz, rap, and gospel critic as well as being a bassist in the D.C.-based Frontline Jazz Ensemble. He's from Detroit, hometown of Aretha Franklin, the subject of his profile in this issue. "Yes, Aretha's shy, secretive, and moody," he says. "Yet interviewing her was like talking to one of my aunts. She's extremely down-home."



Dominick Dunne's best-selling novel A Season in Purgatory *will be out in paperback in July from Bantam. In his report from Los Angeles, on page 108, he brings in his long-awaited verdict on the trial of the infamous Menendez brothers, which he also wrote about in the October 1990 and October 1993 issues.*

(Continued on page 26)

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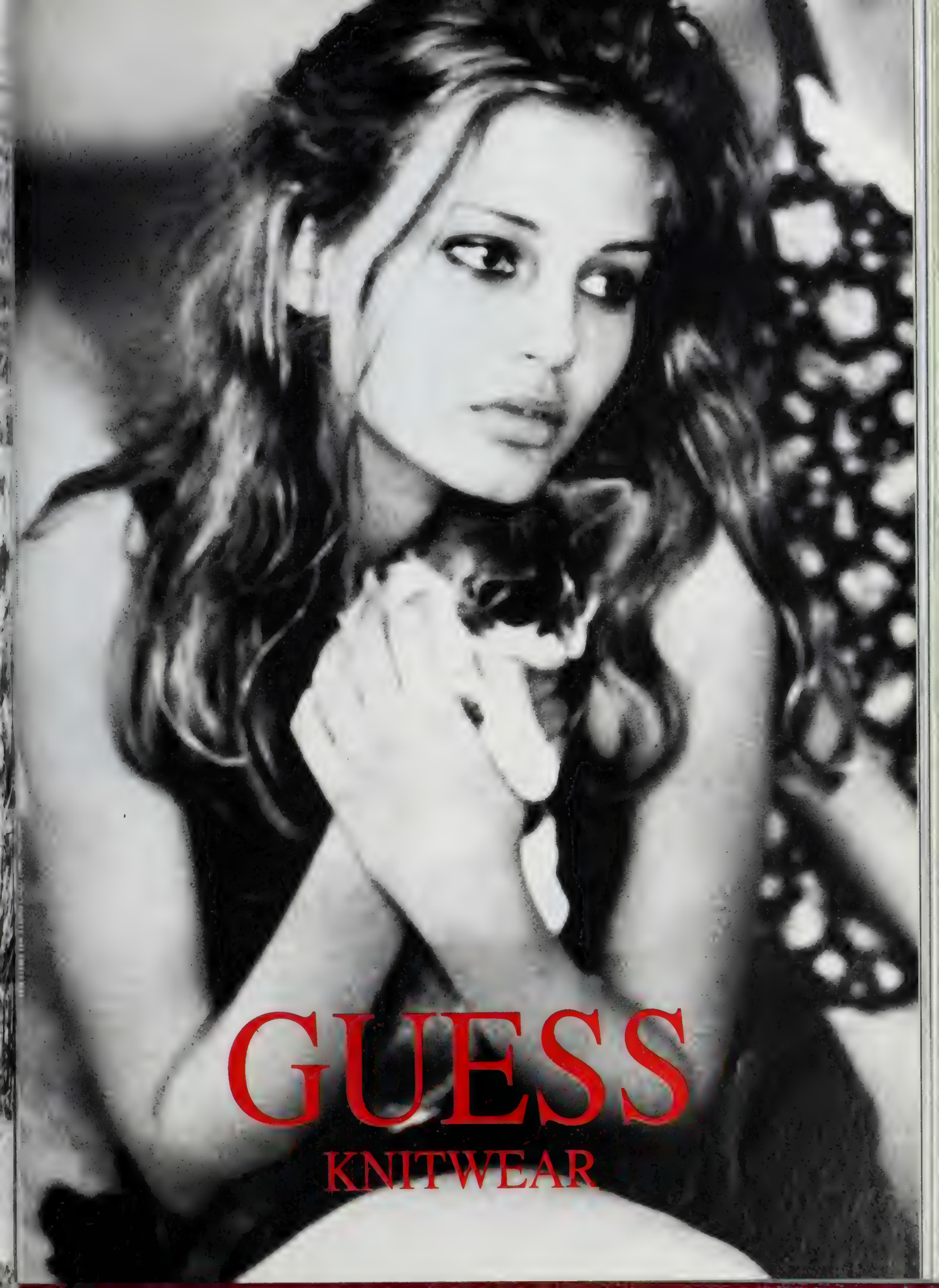
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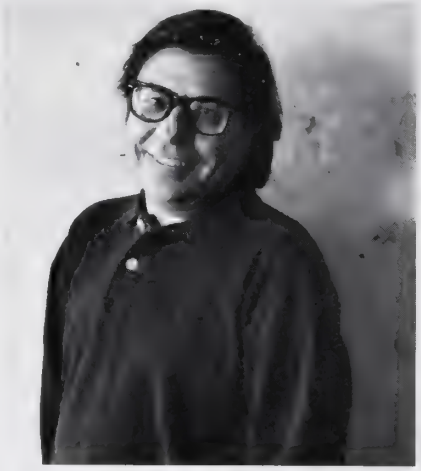
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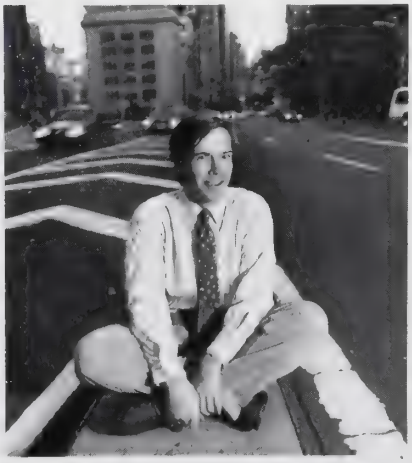
(Continued from page 20)



TODD EBERLE

Bob Colacello is a V.F. *special correspondent. "I knew Doris Duke," he says of the subject of his story on page 136. "But even I am amazed by how complicated and mysterious her last years really were."*

Edward Klein is a *V.F.* contributing editor. "For a reporter, there's nothing quite like life with Donald and Marla," he says of this month's cover story, on page 120. "Marla would call and say, 'I understand you were speaking to Donald, and I want to clarify what he was telling you about me.' No sooner did I hang up than Donald was on the line saying, 'I understand Marla called you, and I want to give you the real story.' "



KELLY CAMPBELL

Henry Alford is the author of Municipal Bondage, *excerpted on page 104, which will be out this month from Random House.*

Annie Leibovitz's photographs will be on exhibit at the Ansel Adams Center for Photography in San Francisco through the middle of this month and will then travel to Montreal's Museum of Fine Arts. In Europe, the show will be at London's National Portrait Gallery from March 4 through the end of May.

Robert Risko, the illustrator, is collecting his work for a book to be published by Abrams. He has just completed a signature line of jewelry for Acme Studios, Maui, to be sold in museum gift stores.



Marjorie Williams was a political reporter for The Washington Post *for five years, and now covers Washington for* V.F. *This month, on page 146, she catches up with Clinton wunderkind George Stephanopoulos.*

Luisita Lopez Torregrosa, a *V.F.* contributing editor, went to Madrid for an intimate profile of Eduardo Sánchez Junco, who runs the wildly popular *¡Hola!* and England's *Hello!* "He is cunning and charming," she says of her subject, "and one of the most private figures in the publishing world."

George Wayne, a contributing editor of *Allure*, is the founder and editor of the biannual style journal *R.O.M.E.* His celebrity Q&A runs each month in the "Vanities" section.

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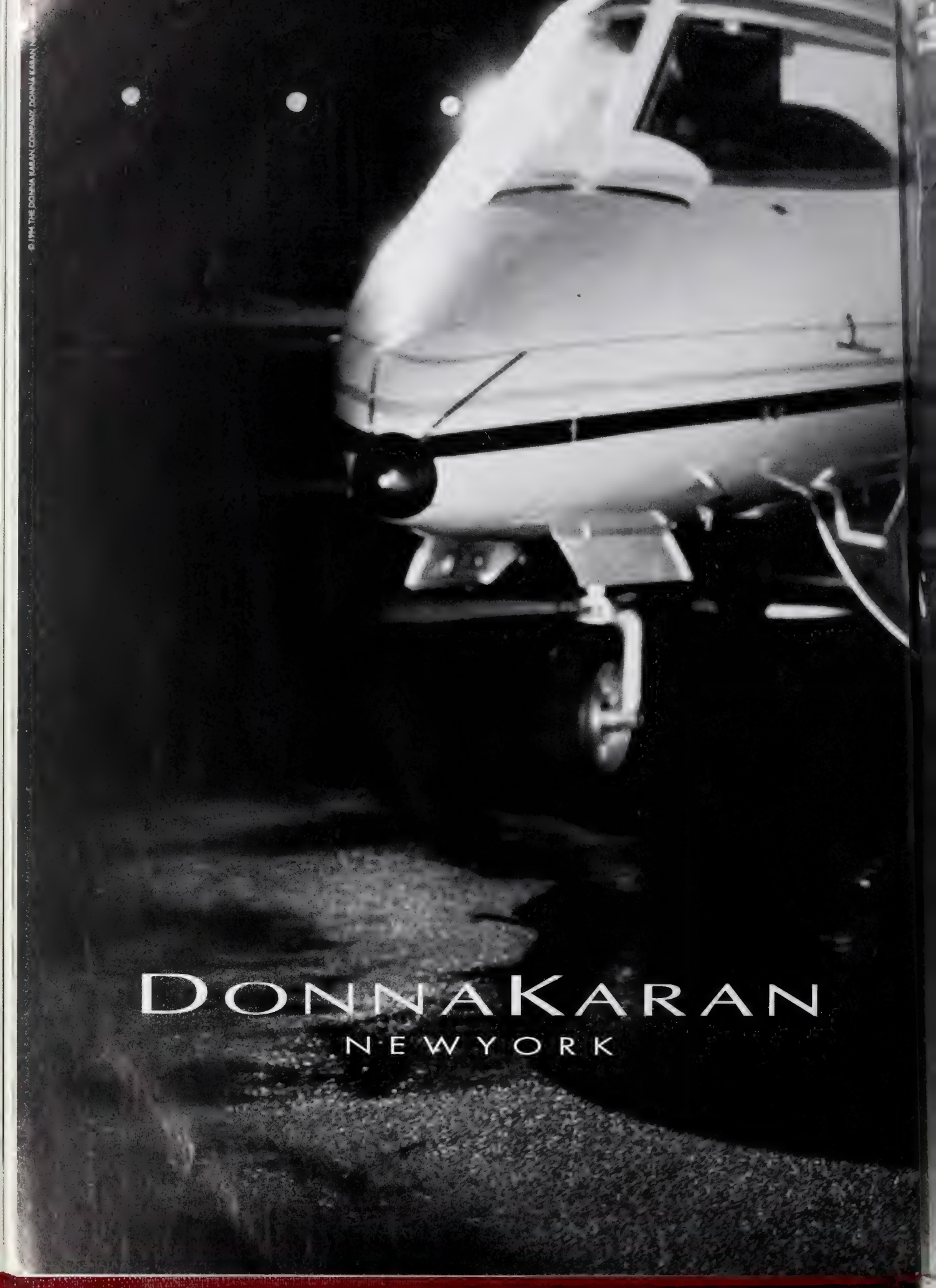
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VANITY FAIR is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.,
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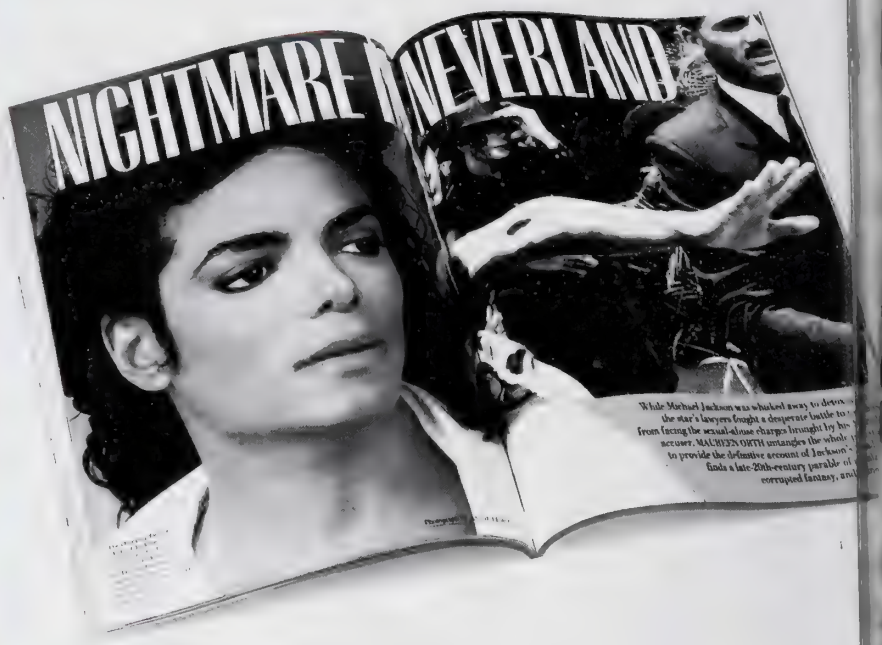
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Letters



JACKSON WHOLE

The Pellicano Brief

Your recent article by Maureen Orth on Michael Jackson ["Nightmare in Neverland," January] draws a number of very inaccurate conclusions. For example, the Jackson camp did not "overplay its hand" in declining the demand for very large payments to the father of the teenager in question. Making such payments would have appeared a sign of guilt and made Michael vulnerable to future demands. Besides, at that point, the teenager had squarely denied being molested, and there was no evidence to support the father's claims.

Another example is your criticism of Bert Fields for advising the court that Michael could well be indicted. Mr. Fields told the court just what had been reported to him by Howard Weitzman, and that information was important to the motion being argued. Mr. Weitzman told me the same thing, i.e., that a Santa Barbara grand jury had Michael's case and that an indictment was likely. Mr. Weitzman's information turned out to be inaccurate, but Mr. Fields had no way of knowing that at the time.

Mr. Fields, who has gone some 30 years without losing a trial, would have won this one too. Unfortunately, he decided to withdraw as Michael's attorney, announcing his intention to do so on November 23. He urged me to stay on the case, but I too resigned.

ANTHONY J. PELLICANO
Los Angeles, California

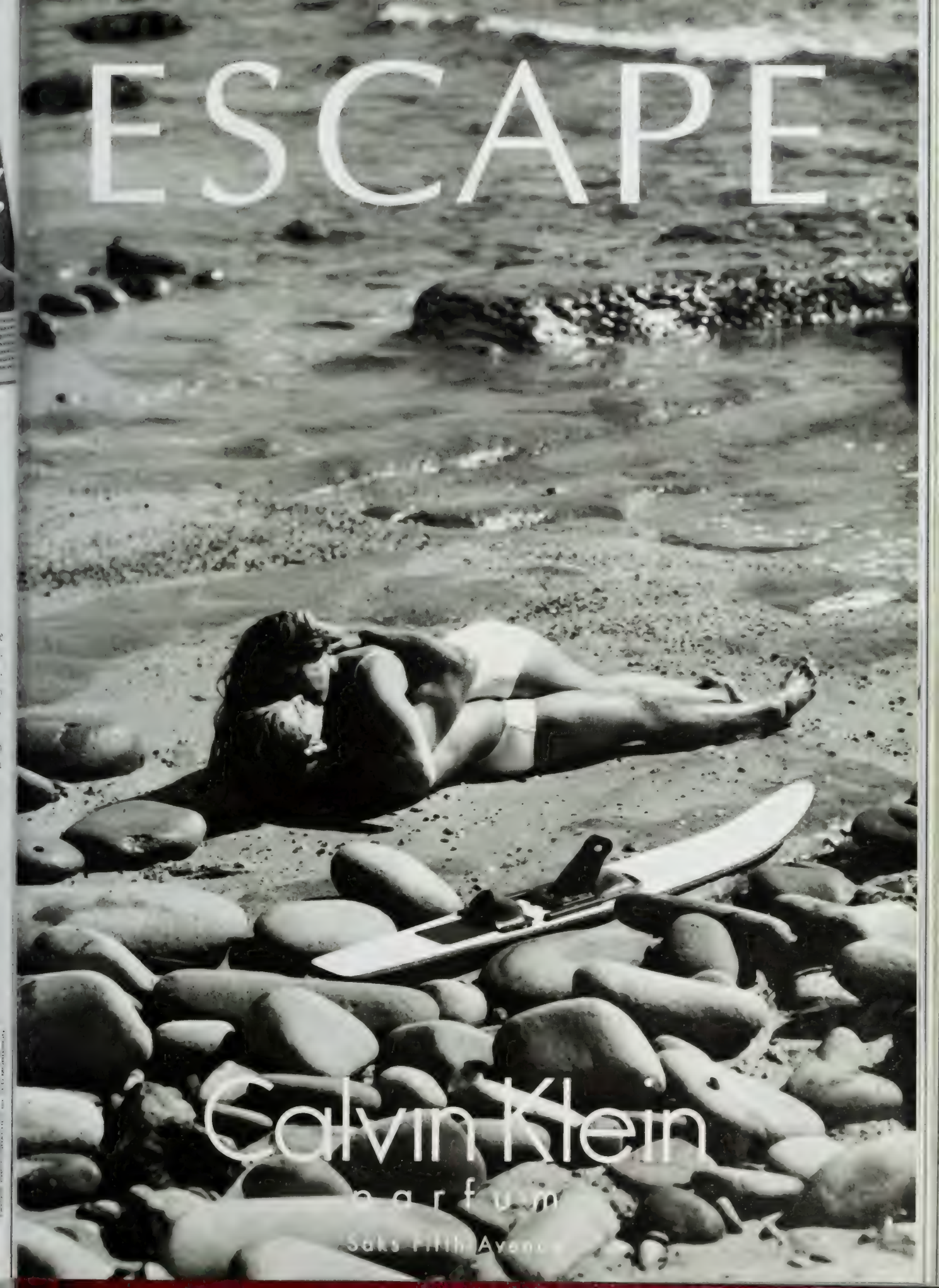
Maureen Orth's "Nightmare in Neverland" really stoked my guerrilla response to this case: Michael Jackson needs a genius psychiatrist and better lawyers. A prison sentence—or worse—should be reserved for Jamie's parents.

LAURIAN LEGGETT
Beverly Hills, California

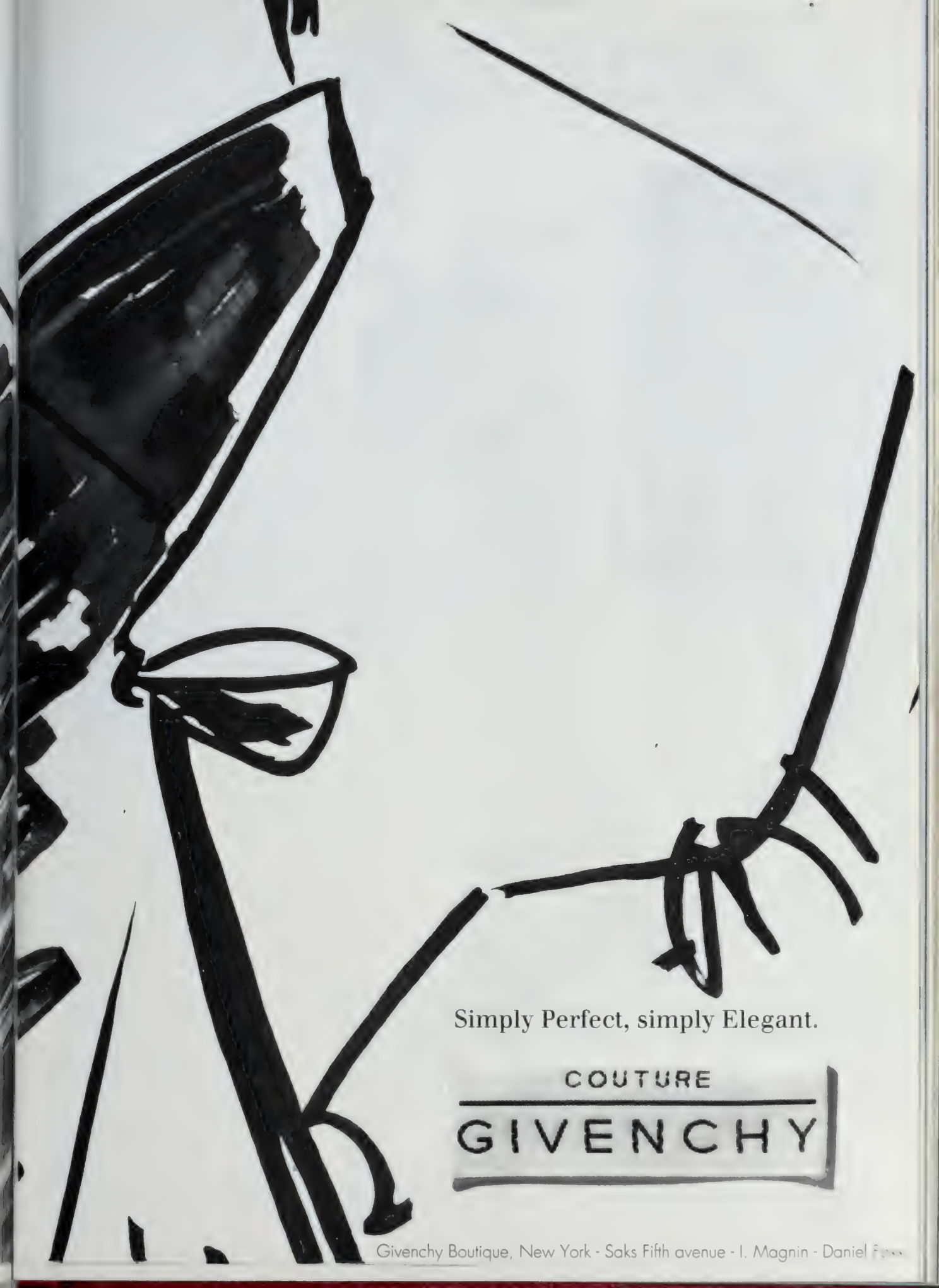
Roald Over

While recognizing much of the Roald Dahl I knew in Christopher Hitchens's piece "The Grimmest Tales" [January], I would say something was missing—a recognition that above all else Dahl was concerned for the underdog, whoever he perceived that to be. His views were not always consistent and not always praiseworthy, but underlying them was this sympathy for the par-

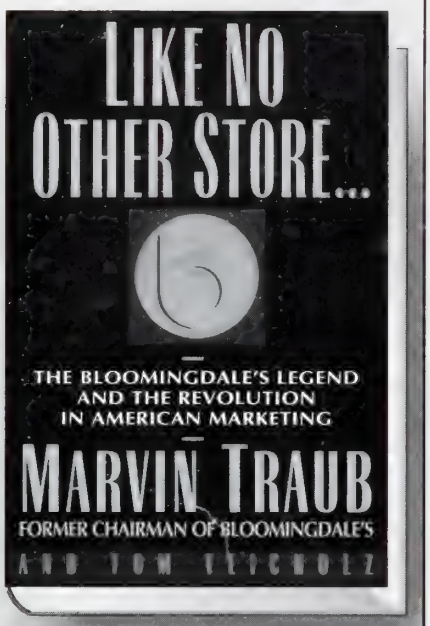
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ty not in charge. Once one has this in perspective, perhaps the consistency in his life and work—which made it possible to poke fun at parents and teachers and other supervisory folk—can best be understood.

PETER MAYER
Chief executive, Penguin Group
New York, New York

Glad to Be Gray



As a Richard Gere fan, I loved your cover story on him ["Top Gere," January]. Leslie Bennetts's interview revealed an intelligent, calm, and sensitive man who is finally enjoying his success. Herb Ritts's photos captured Gere's softer, happier side; both the cover and the picture on page 69 prove that Richard Gere, gray hair, wrinkles, and fully clothed, is 1,000 times sexier than Sylvester Stallone in the nude.

RENÉE NEWBOLD
Newport News, Virginia

Washington Diarist

Douglas McGrath's "Sexual Congress" [January] was a humorous take on a much broader issue than Senator Packwood's sexual harassment and diary dilemma.

McGrath's piece was suggestive of the thinking that some males still possess, including Senator Packwood. The rationalization process that McGrath includes in many of the entries leads to acts of sexual harassment and sexual aggression. Males rationalize unwanted physical and verbal advances and suggestions toward women by surmising that they are helping the female in some way. If a woman has a want or a need, she is extremely capable of communicating that herself; no cryptic gender language is needed.

The cultural references McGrath includes lend to the humor and play up the sheer marketability of the whole story. An excellent review goes to McGrath for taking a pertinent issue and addressing it in a ready-to-read format. This piece is an altogether too accurate reflection of our society.

BETH E. McDERMOTT
Falmouth, Massachusetts

Best of the Rest

A woman writes: "I'd be very interested in reading Marcel Proust's answers to the Proust Questionnaire." Space prohibits us from satisfying your request, but we will say this: it's remarkable how many of Proust's answers have been echoed by V.F.*'s own questionnairees over the last several months. Asked what they dislike most about their appearance, for example, both Proust and Connie Chung replied, "I look scary without makeup." Proust, like Riddick Bowe, listed as his greatest extravagance his "eight or nine" cars (with, yes, the Jeep as a special favorite). And—oddest of all—both Proust and Martin Scorsese claimed they were happiest "when my friends and I were making* Mean Streets." *Go figure. Lots of mail about Michael Jackson, including one letter from Alan L. Light of Iowa, who met Jackson at the Kahala Hilton hotel in Honolulu in 1988. Mr. Light sent a photograph of himself and Jackson, who was with a young boy. He says, "We saw them making big soap bubbles on one of the balconies." In that issue's cover story, another reader felt, "the author and {Richard} Gere reveal subtle but insidious homophobia by referring to rumors of his sexual orientation as 'accusations.' " And a Texas woman writes, "I've got to hand it to you guys! Anyone who would try to perform mental resuscitation on the likes of Sly Stallone and now Richard Gere gets my sympathy."*

Finally, this from a Philadelphia reader with remarkable self-control: "I not only read V.F. *cover to cover each month, I study it. Every word, every page—even the masthead. . . . The only thing, no offense, that I don't read is your {editor's} letter. . . . I'd just prefer to imagine the thinking that goes into putting the magazine together, rather than knowing the actual details."*

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

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UNTRUE NORTH

Celebrated Iran-contra operator and "victim" Oliver North is making a run for the U.S. Senate in Virginia. But with his shady past, can North convince the voters that he isn't *semper infidelis?*

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On first thought, one would say that Scott Fitzgerald never made a more fatuous remark than when he observed, "There are no second acts in American lives." A glance at the press will show the unwisdom of the maxim. Riddled with silver bullets though they may have been, there are some Americans who just never stop coming back. Nixon, Milken, Presley . . . count them for yourself. Our president even managed to get his *start* as "the Comeback Kid," a new variant, and a promising one, on an old gambit.

There are some characters, though, who will not be granted the second act of their choice. As I write, Oliver North is proposing himself as the standard-bearer of the party of Lincoln, in the home state of Mr. Jefferson. He wants to be the next Republican senator from Virginia. It will never happen.

I can be pretty sure about this, because I've learned from being dead wrong about him the first time out. On July 8, 1987, I sat helpless with laughter in a Senate hearing room as North also sat, festooned with every medal he could unearth—including his parachute-jump wings and his shooting badges—defending himself against charges that he had misused private funds to install a security system at his home. Claiming that master terrorist Abu Nidal was on his case, he told a group of petrified congressmen and Keystone Kop attorneys the following fable:

> Now I want you to know . . . I'll be glad to meet Abu Nidal on equal terms anywhere in the world, okay? There's an even deal for him. . . . I was about to leave for Tehran. I had already been told by Director Casey that I should be prepared to take my own life. . . . I do not wish to overdramatize this, but the Abu Nidal terrorist in Rome who blasted the eleven-year-old American Natasha Simpson to her knees deliberately zeroed in and fired an extra burst at her head, just in case. Gentlemen, I have an eleven-year-old daughter, not perhaps a whole lot different than Natasha Simpson, and so when Mr. Robinette told me on or about the tenth of May that he could immediately install a security system, I said: "Please try to keep it to the eight thousand to eighty-five hundred dollars. I am, after all, a Marine lieutenant-colonel, and I live on my salary."

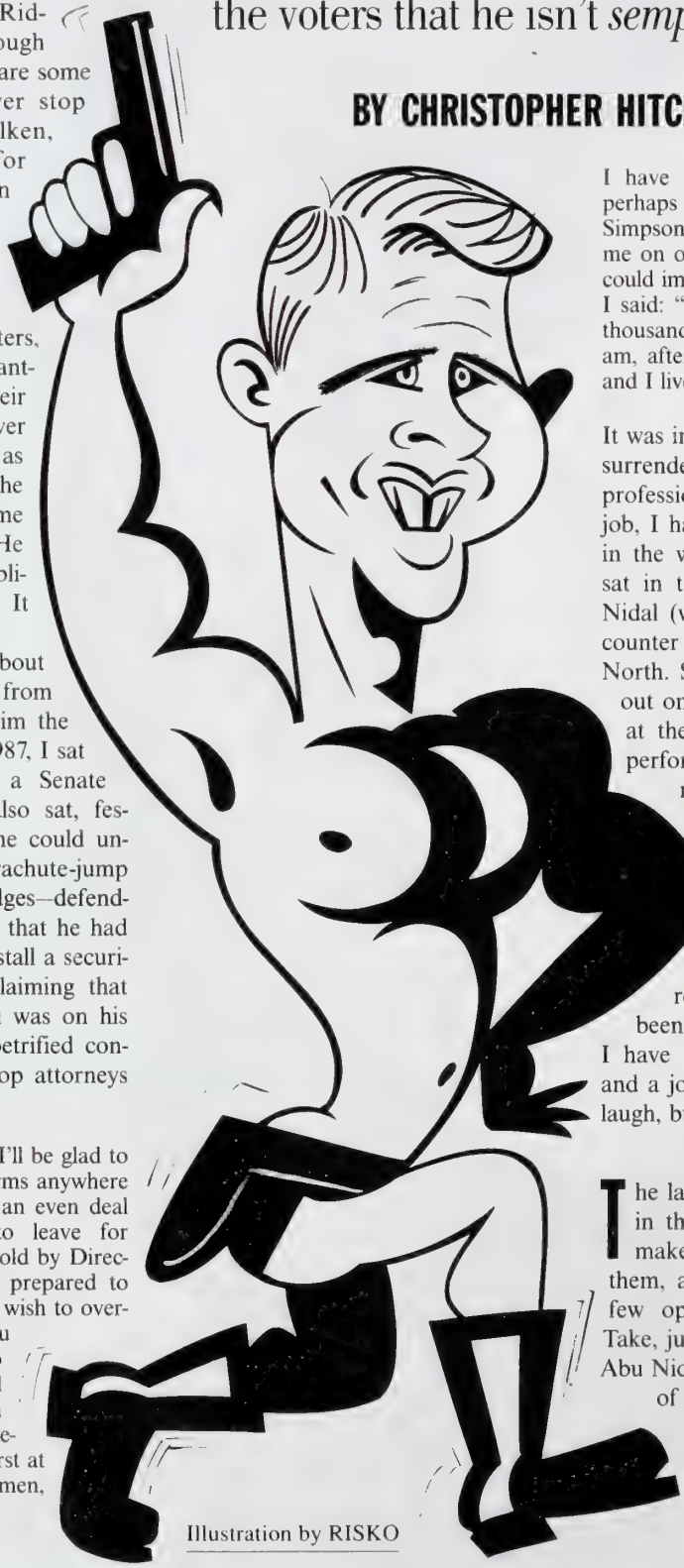


Illustration by RISKO

It was impossible to witness this without surrendering to hilarity. Apart from my professional admiration at such a ham job, I had just become the only person in the world who could claim to have sat in the same room with both Abu Nidal (with whom I had a chilling encounter in Baghdad in 1976) *and* Oliver North. So there was something to dine out on. But more, I had been present at the birth of a tremendous comic performer—one who combined the moist sentimentality of Nixon's "Checkers" speech with the near-hysterical improvisation of a Joe McCarthy. Emerging from the hearing room with a smile on my lips, I ran straight into the brainless roars of "Olliemania," which had been provoked by exactly the words I have quoted above. Well, fair's fair and a joke's a joke and I'm the first to laugh, but really . . .

The laugh, however, will be on North in the end. Because the things that make him unelectable are—most of them, at any rate—contained in those few operatic sentences I just cited. Take, just for a taste test, the matter of Abu Nidal. Abu Nidal, hired gun, leader of a renegade faction of the Palestinian Al Fatah organization, and author of the Rome and Vienna bloodbaths, is one of

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those people about whom everything that is said is true. One truthful thing said about him is that he bought arms from Manzer al-Kassar, a Syrian operator who turned arms money into drug money and vice versa. Al-Kassar was once sentenced to two and a half years in prison by a British court for his part in the smuggling of dope. In 1987 he held a meeting with the Medellín cartel to arrange a carve-up of the cocaine trade.

In that same year, which was a good year for his business, Manzer al-Kassar also received $1.5 million from Oliver North. In return for this, he furnished Eastern-bloc weaponry to the contras. So I, too, would have been fascinated to see the face-to-face meeting North proposed between himself and Abu Nidal. "Whaddaya got?" would have probably been the opening line on both sides.

You think that I exaggerate? Listen to the tape on which North chats with Manucher Ghorbanifar. Ghorbanifar, you may recall, was the former secret-police informer turned arms dealer who acted as a designated pimp and middleman for the ayatollah's Iran. North continued to believe in him long after the C.I.A. had put out a warning to all stations that he was a crook. Their recorded exchange in London went like this (remember that the negotiable currencies here are Americans held in darkened cellars in Beirut, and weapons forbidden by Congress to their kidnappers):

GHORBANIFAR: I think this is now, Ollie, the best chance because we never would have found such a good time, we never get such good money out of this. [Laughs.] We do everything. We do hostages free of charge; we do all terrorists free of charge; Central America for you free of charge; American business free of charge.... Everything free.

And what is North's response? Instead of saying "Nothing is for free," or even "Don't call me Ollie," the tape has him replying, "I would like to see... some point this, uh, idea, and maybe, y'know, if there is some future opportunity for Central America."

Semper fi! North could sure be tough when it came to scaring some uninformed congressmen before the cameras. But leave him alone with a gun-running middleman for hostage takers and he was more than a patsy and somewhat more than eager to please.

In his famous sketch about T. E. Lawrence, Alan Bennett gave this deadpan commentary: "Clad in the magnificent white silk robes of an Arab prince, within his belt a short curved gold sword of the Ashraf descendents of the Prophet, he hoped to pass unnoticed through London." This comes back irresistibly when one hears North talk about his life being in danger in Teheran because Bill Casey had said it was. (Incidentally, by then North was conveniently quoting a dead man whose widow, Sophia, has since angrily repudiated her husband's protégé.) In point of fact, far from conducting a mission behind the Iranian lines, North was met at the airport, whisked past customs by his grinning hosts, and installed with his party on the entire top floor of Teheran's main hotel. There he offered large consignments of heavy weaponry to the most hard-line elements of the government excoriated, by the Reagan administration and all subsequent administrations, as most conspicuously involved in the rape of international law.

Far from being the enemy of "terrorists," North was the man who introduced them into the closest counsels of the U.S. government.

Even if you didn't know this, you could have guessed it from the topic the Iranians kept raising. In return for their "help" in gaining the release of American civilian hostages, they wanted guns and money, but they also demanded the release of a group of pro-Iranian prisoners jailed in Kuwait. This group, known as the Da'wa prisoners, had been convicted of bombing the United States Embassy in Kuwait City. North's response? No problem! He later pressed the Kuwaitis to comply, in return for some "guarantees" from Iran. It was this disclosure which, said Secretary of State George Shultz, "made me sick to my stomach." Will the sturdy Republican voters of Virginia be able to say less?

(North, incidentally, appears to have a special affinity for those who conspire to attack American embassies overseas. In April 1985, the Costa Rican authorities arrested several of North's mercenary subordinates on a fortified ranch. In subsequent statements, these men talked of a plan to blow up the American Embassy in Costa Rica, and to assassinate the American ambassador to that country, in order to blame the crime on the Sandinistas and build support for the contra war.)

The memory of the hostage trauma has of course faded somewhat. But in a Senate campaign, North cannot expect to avoid questions about his consorting with hostage takers. It's often forgotten that three *additional* American hostages—Frank Reed, Joseph Ciccipio, and Edward Tracy—were taken captive in Beirut *after* North opened his arms-for-bodies bazaar. Why not, since their market value had so obviously increased? That might weigh on the conscience of a lesser man, though North has never blamed anyone but Congress for the entire affair.

And then there was a non-American hostage, taken as a direct result of North's Teheran and Beirut shenanigans. Terry Waite, the personal envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, did not know that North was running a "back channel" to the kidnappers. He negotiated in good faith, but with people who obviously *did* know and who therefore didn't trust him. He vanished into hell for five years. At one point he asked North directly if he had been "using" him. "Our government uses people every day" was North's blithe reply.

Speak for yourself, Ollie. In any case, there are numerous devout Christians in the state of Virginia. North, indeed, never opens his mouth without claiming to be one. He has sought allies among Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition. It will be interesting to see how many believers—including Pat Robertson himself—will be able to embrace North with any sincerity once they read Terry Waite's memoirs.

All right, whom does that leave? Suppose you are a Virginia voter and you can't stand the Constitution and throw up at the thought of Congress and never could figure out the hostage fuss anyway and are inclined to believe "Ollie" over the press and the smart-asses. You still care about drugs, right? And "the war on" same?

It was in April 1985 and February 1986 that North's most trusted deputy, Rob Owen, warned him in two memos that the contra operation, with its off-the-book slush funds, and fly-by-night air



CHANEL

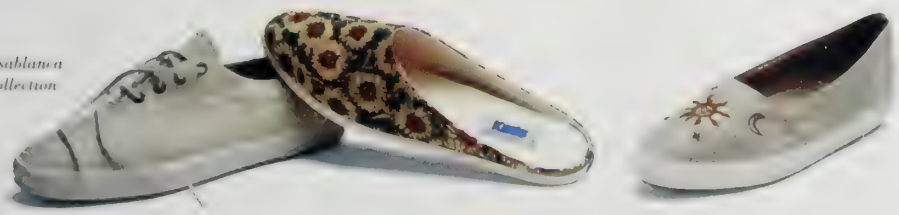
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transport and shipping, was being used as a conduit by narcotics smugglers. There is no record of North ever responding to these warnings: indeed, he intensified his support for the same operatives rather than otherwise. But he cannot claim not to have been told.

Then it was in June 1986 that *The New York Times* published the two massive front-page stories that exposed General Manuel Noriega's pattern and history of organized drug trafficking, a pattern later adduced by the U.S. government to justify an actual invasion of Panama in which members of North's beloved Marine Corps were killed by Noriega's goons. Yet, in August 1986, North's own handwritten notes (recently unearthed by the National Security Archive) show him arranging a secret meeting with Noriega to arrange "cleaning up [Noriega's] image."

The same set of notes shows a hectic session between North and Noriega, during which the pair planned the sabotage of the airport, the oil refinery, and the telephone system in Nicaragua. North has never been asked to explain his "image"-cleaning services for Noriega, nor his collusion with a drug lord in planning attacks on civilian targets, nor his suggested payment of at least $1 million to a Noriega treasury which was then well understood to be fed almost entirely by cocaine profits.

What about the case of José Bueso Rosa, a Honduran general convicted on American soil of planning the assassination of the president of Honduras and sentenced to five years in federal prison? According to the Justice Department, Rosa was bankrolling his enterprise with a $10 million cocaine deal, also on American soil. North nonetheless insisted on clemency for Rosa, because of his usefulness to the contras and because he had been "always ready to assist us." When was the last time a Senate candidate ran as the spokesman for clemency in such cases?

If you now go back to the North statement at the beginning of this article, you will plainly see that every word in it, including "and" and "the," amounts to a lie. Glenn Robinette, the private investigator and ex–C.I.A. man who was paid out of Iran-contra proceeds, later testified to falsifying, at North's request, the invoices for the installation of the famous security fence, to a total, incidentally, of $16,000. And North's words "I do not wish to overdramatize this" were used to introduce an irrelevant six-foot blowup of a *Newsweek* article on Abu Nidal. Far from being the enemy of "terrorists," North was the man who introduced them into the closest counsels of the United States government, and afforded them privileges and courtesies he never extended to the elected Congress he deliberately deceived.

There is a reason for the (so far) widespread public ignorance of North's hair-raising underworld connections. Actually, there are two reasons. The first is that the Senate and House inquiry into Iran-contra decided in advance to concern itself only with "the diversion"—the illegal transfer of funds from one bunch of thugs and torturers in Iran to another bunch in Central America. It's as if, in considering the implications of the whole term "Iran-contra," the lawyers had decided to play it safe and concentrate only on the hyphen. That was their mandate, and they discharged it poorly, as the Walsh report illustrates. However, no such restriction applies in the case of a candidate for the United States Senate. He can and will be asked about what he actually did, on both sides of the hyphen.

The medical records of his 1974 mental crack-up were later weeded from North's file; the cover-up will probably be raised during the race.

The second reason is the (so far) remarkable solidarity of Republican politicians and commentators. It's true that on minor questions of North's veracity, and on equally minor questions of his petty-cash depredations, figures as diverse as Elliott Abrams, Mrs. William Casey, Edwin Meese, and Ross Perot (and we're not talking famously scrupulous people here) have come forward to say that North is a liar and that he cannot be trusted around the cash register. But all of this stuff is also deliberately trivial. What about North's involvement in the spending of slush money in a congressional campaign in concert with supporters of the John Birch Society, *while he was working for the National Security Council?*

North, from his position on the N.S.C., approved the disbursement of money, questionably raised for the contras by the Bircher fanatic Carl "Spitz" Channell (who later pleaded guilty to defrauding the U.S. government), used by his subordinates to intervene in the reelection campaign of Congressman Michael Barnes of Maryland (who was onto North about the arms). North also and notoriously interfered with witnesses and with evidence, and attempted to pervert the course of an imminent congressional investigation by having a crucial witness, former mercenary foot soldier Jack Terrell, defamed as a potential presidential assassin. In the face of this fantastic subversion of the principle of elected government, where are the defenders of the dignity of the great deliberative body?

I called a sample group of Republican senators—Robert Dole, Richard Lugar, William Cohen, and Mark Hatfield—to ask for comment on the wisdom or decency of choosing North to be one of their number. All promised an early reply. None delivered. So far, then, the party establishment is paralyzed by partisanship and afraid of North's fund-raising capacity. One hasn't heard yet, either, from William Safire or the other keepers of the G.O.P. conscience.

Thanks to the limited scope of the prosecution, North was able to defend himself on a narrow front and finally, in spite of innumerable admissions, to get off on a technicality. (Talk about the courts being too soft on crime.) This is why one looks forward so keenly to the rest of the campaign, which has months yet to run. Although the candidate avoids interviews, and talks of press conspiracies even more hotly than does Ross Perot, he's finding it harder to laugh off the material that is surfacing even in the conservative press.

The report about his deceitfulness and his being slippery with cash appeared in *Reader's Digest,* which North, with his Bates Motel glare, promptly denounced as targeting "traditional values, strong families, and the defense of our nation." (That's *Reader's Digest*!) And it was the ultra-right *Washington Times* which most prominently reported North's mental crack-up in 1974, when his former battalion commander Richard Schulze found him "babbling incoherently and running around naked, waving a .45 pistol." The medical records of this episode were lat-

ELIZABETH

ARDEN



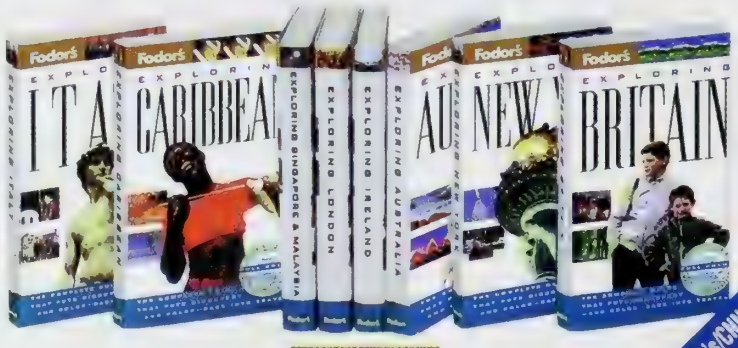
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er weeded from North's file; it's prob bly the cover-up rather than the origin meltdown that will be raised as part the normal course of a Senate race.

First from behind his illicit fenc and now from the millionaire comfo of his Virginia ranch—which, for co noisseurs of fantasy, is called Narni after C. S. Lewis's mystical land North has insisted, in ever more d manding fund-solicitation letters, th he was the target of an "inquisition" b Congress. It's as if he objects to th very inquiry into illegality which he, b his shredding parties and pre-arrange lying, did so much to prolong and cor fuse. While telling the voters of Virgini that "I have put Iran-contra behin me," North was all the while spendin chunks of his sudden fortune on a serie of secret legal motions to excise damn ing passages from the final report on th scandal, written by Republican judg Lawrence Walsh. The report itsel demonstrates why North has tried t suppress it. In the bracing air of oper democratic contestation, however, it wil be fascinating to see how North ac counts for his involvement in hostage taking, for his smuggling of foreign despots and desperadoes into secret American discussions, and for his guilty knowledge of the narcotics racket, to say nothing of his friendly intervention on behalf of those who bomb U.S. embassies. I don't think that *Semper fidelis* will quite cover it.

Nor does retired lieutenant colonel David Evans, who served with North at Marine Corps headquarters and who writes to me that "to many Marine officers, North violated the oath of office, which is not to persons, but to a concept: The Constitution. The oath that North took cannot co-exist with his actions. Hauling that Marine uniform out of the closet was for effect. In North's case, patriotism was not the last refuge of a scoundrel, but the first."

Evans is registered to vote in Virginia, and isn't especially enamored of the North campaign, which, according to a leaked version of a sample mailing, is directed chiefly against "those pushing to give homosexual activists free access to our military and those who want to make laws allowing foreigners who have AIDS to become U.S. citizens." In the margin of this distraught leaflet, another reserve officer, who sent it to me, had written, "Makes me want to barf. Words of a scoundrel. Words of Elmer Gantry. Swore to defend the Constitution, and shredded it." □

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Aretha Frankli
the legenda
Queen of So
in repos

SOUL OF THE QUEEN

She's got fame, furs, 15 Grammys, and a whole lot of attitude. Now Miss Aretha Franklin is back, demanding R-e-s-p-e-c-t, with a hot song, a new album, and the urge for a deeper love

BY JAMES T. JONES IV

Detroit's wheels are turning slow now. Nothing's up. On Linwood Avenue, crowds have dwindled at New Bethel Baptist, where Aretha Franklin's father, the late Reverend C. L. Franklin ("the Man with the Million-Dollar Voice"), son of a Mississippi gambler and sharecropper, dazzled thousands with blazing sermons. Rap reigns these days. Gone are gospel's bountiful spirits: Mahalia Jackson, who changed Aretha's diapers, and Clara Ward, who inspired young Aretha to sing when, filled with feeling during a funeral solo, she tore off her hat and flung it to the ground. Even the "kids" who grew up here with Aretha—Smokey Robinson, the Temptations—are aging now. Miss Ross is no longer supreme. C. L. Franklin's house is dark and empty. But Aretha can't bring herself to sell it.

These days, the Queen of Soul holds

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court miles away in the suburbs. Franklin, 51 now, has lived rather reclusively in fancy Bloomfield Hills since 1982, when she returned to her hometown from L.A. after the sudden breakup of her second marriage, to actor Glynn Turman. (Franklin's first husband was Ted White, whom she married in 1961 and divorced in 1969.) A short time after her return to Detroit and her then bedridden father, a near air mishap (she calls it "a dipsy doodle") resulted in her now legendary fear of flying, which curtailed travel and touring. She rarely left Michigan. It seemed, in fact, as if fate and circumstance had conspired to ground Aretha back home—to nurse her wounds, to recover from a life that reads like something you might encounter in a Toni Morrison saga.

Aretha Franklin, who has described her music as "me with my hand outstretched, hoping someone will take it," has been singing for four decades, beginning in her father's church. Her major period of chart dominance began—after a flirtation with jazz and six years at Columbia Records as a would-be black Streisand—in 1967 at Atlantic Records with her first soulful blockbusters, "I Never Loved a Man (The Way I Love You)" and "Respect." A steady stream of hits followed, trailing off in the 70s and accelerating again with her move to Arista Records in the 80s with songs such as "Freeway of Love," from her first platinum album, *Who's Zoomin' Who?*

Stardom has rocked her up and down and back—from gospel to MTV, segregated rooms to sequined gowns. Husbands (two), lovers (you add them up), and hard times have taken a toll, certainly, though many would add that Miss Franklin has exacted a special penance of her own from those whose paths she has crossed. She has recorded 58 albums, released 17 top-10 singles (more than any other female singer in pop history), and won 15 Grammys (more than any other female performer ever). This year she's nominated again and will also receive a Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award. She has made classic records in almost every category. She has mothered four sons: Edward, a theological student; Kecalf, a rapper; Teddy junior, who plays guitar and travels with his mother; and Clarence, a chronic schizophrenic.

She is one of music's legends. "She's got the pipes," says Diana Ross. "*Real* pipes." No one ever doubted that. Yet Franklin remains one of the most enigmatic performers in show business. Mercurial diva or neighborly homegirl, survivor or victim, mad as in angry or maybe a little nuts? For decades now, the questions have remained. But her place in African-American culture, where her name holds near-mythic resonance, remains secure. "She has always been our queen," says ex-Vandella Martha Reeves. "People have always rallied to her." As a performer, she carried black music, with the help of Ray Charles, from the church to the radio. As a social force, not only was she Martin Luther King Jr.'s friend and ally, she was the voice carried into battle, the woman who demanded her dignity, the sound that said pride. Her voice welled with emotion, yet promised resilience. And to this day it is this same tension that defines Aretha. In her review of the Billie Holiday story, *Lady Sings the Blues,* Pauline Kael noted that Franklin's voice—which even detractors concede is an instrument of awesome natural power—can do what Holiday's never could: *heal.* But has it healed her own pain?

She was the voice carried into battle, the woman who demanded her dignity, the sound that said pride.

Not an easy question. Yet last year was—as she might put it—a particularly up-tempo kind of situation for the Queen. In May, at Radio City, after a surprise entrance through the audience from the rear of the auditorium, she took the stage in a Supremes-style wig, a sequined jumpsuit, and a few rolling acres of white fur. She tore the place up with a voice that sounded, if not brand-new, then definitely reopen for business. The audience, recalling previous outings, when Aretha performed as if she might rather have been in Bloomfield Hills watching her favorite soap, *The Young and the Restless,* threw up their hands in joy.

They may have other reasons to rejoice. Aretha has sworn off chain-smoking her Kools, and some of her famous high notes, extolled by fans including Barbra Streisand, are audible once more on her newest single, a remake of the club hit "A Deeper Love." The song, which may get her back on the top 10, is taken from her latest album, a long-delayed (let it be said: the Queen does not hurry herself) collection of greatest hits and new songs. Last year she also sang with Sinatra on his *Duets* album and performed rather consistently for a woman who hasn't set foot on a plane since 1983. Early last year, wearing a fur that may stand as the Pearl Harbor of the animal-rights movement, she sang for the president during the inaugural festivities. Last spring, she did the second TV special of her career, receiving repeated standing ovations from the audience and praise from the stellar guest list. "I can't believe I'm here," said Bonnie Raitt, echoing all the other singers who have paid homage to the Queen through the years. "She's the main influence on me vocally."

Others, however, were left speechless by a surreal ballet sequence in which Aretha, in a tutu, attempted pirouettes. In another set, her Bill Blass gown, with its plunging neckline, led columnist Liz Smith to comment, rather gently, "She must know she's too bosomy to wear such clothing, but clearly she just doesn't care what we think, and that attitude is what separates mere stars from true divas."

Aretha's response? "How dare you be so presumptuous," she wrote Smith, "as to presume you could know my attitudes with respect to anything other than music.... Obviously I have enough of what it takes to wear a bustier and I haven't had any complaints. When you get to be a noted and respected fashion editor, please let us all know.... You are hardly in a position to determine what separates stars from divas since you are neither one or an authority on either."

Well, nobody said she'd mellowed.

As I walk into Machus Restaurant in Bloomfield Hills, a woman waves. Five feet five inches tall and stout, she's wearing a simple white blouse, a sleeveless vest, black flared pants, and moccasins. Aretha Franklin looks like one of the auto executives' wives scurrying about outside with their bags from Hudson's. Except, of course, she's black. No one looks her way; the only sign of stardom is Harry Kincaid, more family friend than bodyguard, seated near the table where Aretha sizes up a towering taco salad. "You probably thought we'd never get together," Aretha says, turning


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***Left,* Aretha Franklin with her father, the Reverend C. L. Franklin, "the Man with the Million-Dollar Voice," in the early 70s. *Below,* Franklin with her second husband, actor Glynn Turman, in their San Fernando Valley home. *Right,* Aretha on vacation in Spain with a former boyfriend and one of her four sons.**

the fact that our interview has been canceled and rescheduled again and again into a joke—on herself. I didn't take it personally: Aretha gets cold feet. She cancels things, gets nervous, procrastinates. Like lightning, Franklin sparks at random. You never know what's going to happen. And you never know whether she's making you wait because she's the Queen or because some part of her is scared, suspicious. Brilliant or "no show," regally temperamental or extremely terrified, Aretha doesn't flounder between the extremes. She's on or off, up or down, and you sense that this is something she cannot consciously control.

In 1969, at the height of her first wave of hits, she canceled a group of concerts. In 1984 she backed out of her commitment to star in a Broadway musical based on the life of Mahalia Jackson. (In court she was ordered to pay $230,000 in expenses to the show's producer.) As reticent as Garbo, she has shunned almost all lengthy interviews since 1968, when *Time* outraged her with a story suggesting that her life with Ted White was no bed of roses. "Her attitude is 'I do what I like to do, no matter what,' " says Clive Davis, president of Arista Records, her latest label. Jerry Wexler, who produced Aretha's great records at Atlantic, recalls, "Way back to my early days with her, she would win every award in sight, every year, all the Grammys. And I'd wind up going to pick up her hardware because she wouldn't show. She had some kind of complex about not doing it unless she really had to.... She would be down and depressed. I remember going to sit with her at the Drake hotel and holding her hand and begging her to come to the studio because we had a room full of musicians. And finally she came in and did it. I'll tell you this. There was never any kind of attitude in the studio. Once you were there, it was beautiful."

Today at Machus, Aretha laughs huskily, and her face, natural except for a little eye makeup (tiny flecks of dried mascara dot her eyelids), turns pretty and youthful.

"I'm very simple," she says, grabbing a taco chip whose cheese clings tenaciously to her plate. "Not literally.... I am just a regular, when I'm not onstage.... I'm a mother and an aunt." She scoops up a taco, covered in meat, and continues: "I like my celebrity where it is, because I can do most things that anyone else does. I can do my own grocery shopping. I can get out and shop."

The Queen of Soul in a Farmer Jack supermarket?

"I just don't believe when guys say that stuff. Why can't you imagine that? Why can't a *man* imagine me shopping for groceries and doing what women do? I am a woman and I am a lady. Farmer Jack, on 12th Street, is exactly where I get my meat.... They have a very quick turnover of meat down there, and that's where the best meat is in the city. It's not out here. It's down on 12th.

"Somebody once said, 'Yeah, I can just see you out in your flower garden.' I planted a garden of roses, a lot of roses and trees and different other things.... Every now and then I have to bust a few suds, yeah. I do my own personal wash." The waitress removes the unfinished taco salad and brings the entrée, a steak, which Aretha cuts hesitantly.

"This is a filet mignon? It's strange," she says as she quizzically pokes the meat. "It does look dry. This restaurant has changed since I was here last. It's not the way I remember, and they have a different menu."

Being "a regular" seems to matter a great deal to her. And there's a kind of longing in her desire. Her life has veered fairly spectacularly from the quotidian. Hence the craving for domesticity—and, after years of show-biz virtues, her demand for straight talk. She can be incredibly direct. "I ran into her at the inauguration," Diana Ross tells me. "I said, 'You know what, girl? We just really need to know each other. I just think it's ridiculous that we've never taken time to know each other.' She said, 'Well, you say that, but what are you going to do?' " She has no time for what's not "real," a word that gets repeated a lot in her conversations. Defending herself against the anti-fur activists, she tells me, "Leather comes from animals, you know what I'm saying? We're all using a lot of leather with respect to our shoes and handbags and things like that, so come on, let's be for real."

The Reverend C. L. Franklin was no ordinary minister. In the black culture of the segregated 40s, 50s, and 60s, the preacher carried enormous social and political influence. C. L. Frank-

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lin was one of the country's most powerful black pastors, a man who attempted to organize his own, northern version of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, a passionate, ambitious leader. His was a voice that could wrap itself around the deepest, most private feelings of his thousands of parishioners. Aretha was his beloved daughter, the child whose talent mirrored his own dynamic charisma. She grew up as a child in his church, his temple, under the spell of his dreams.

In black Detroit, C. L. Franklin's daughter was never an unimportant person. She was a princess in a very special kingdom. Early on, however, there was loss, an essential loss that may account for the Queen's less confident side. Aretha's mother, Barbara Franklin, left her family in 1948, when Aretha was six. "Reverend was gone so much," recalls Willie Todd, a New Bethel deacon. "He was a playboy. I mean, truth is the light. That wasn't their first separation.... Aretha was a little bitty something."

Barbara died when Aretha was 10, and the singer, who has never discussed her mother in public, will say little about her today. "She was the choirmistress and pianist," Aretha tells me, speaking very softly. "I was so small when she was singing. I don't remember everything. But I knew she could sing and I certainly could see how much people enjoyed it."

When asked another question about her mother, Aretha snaps, "I can't write my book, James," she says, referring to her frequently delayed autobiography. "I'm going to write my book." But singer Mavis Staples, a longtime friend of the Franklins', remembers, "She had a brush and a case, and I asked, 'That's your mother's brush?' And she said, 'Yeah, man, that's my mother's brush. It's still got a little hair in it.' I think that was the worst thing that could've happened for her, not to know her mother."

Aretha's grandmother kept the four Franklin kids (Aretha, Carolyn, Erma, Cecil) and her oldest sibling, Vaughn, from her mother's first marriage, in check. "She didn't spare the rod with any of us," Aretha recalls. "You had to be doing it right with Big Mama or she would meet you at the nerve endings you would understand the most."

C. L. Franklin's world was a place of spirituality and feeling where the love of God was never detached from the pleasures of the body or the earth. There was always music—gospel *and* jazz. Aretha Franklin, whose skills as a pianist are comparable to her agility as a vocalist, played the instrument like a prodigy almost from the moment her fingers touched the keyboard. It should not have been surprising. It is hard to imagine a location more nourishing for musical talent. In addition to the gospel greats such as Mahalia Jackson and Clara Ward, who visited often, Reverend Franklin—no foe of "the Devil's music"—filled his big house on LaSalle Street with gospel singers and visiting bluesmen and jazz musicians. Outside, the sound of nascent Motown moved through the streets. "There were so many people in our neighborhood," says Smokey Robinson, who has known Aretha since he was six. "Diana Ross lived right down the street from us. The Temptations lived not too far, a few blocks. The Four Tops. So we had a bunch of music happening in our neighborhood. We used to hang out, do things musically, 'musical battles,' we called them." Guess who won?

"Why can't a *man* imagine me shopping for groceries and doing what women do? I am a woman and I am a lady."

All kinds of musicians were part of her informal musical education. "They would just play," she says. "At that time I couldn't play the piano. I just listened and met them. They would come to church on Sunday: Art Tatum and Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington and Sam Cooke.... My dad wanted me to study and he got a music teacher for me and it was O.K. for a while, but I felt like I wanted to be in the intermediate book, doing something more than we were doing. I just felt like what we were doing was too childish.... The teacher would show up and I would just hide until she left. I refused to go to class anymore. I really wanted to get out of the baby book and this whole vernacular that I thought was elementary."

Suddenly she pauses. "If I hadn't played by ear, that might have changed my style altogether. My approach would not have been as natural as it is. So it's possible I may or may not have been successful."

But with Reverend Franklin pushing, there was no doubt she would succeed. "She was so young when she was singing," says Willie Todd. "And the people all admired her a lot because she was Reverend Franklin's daughter.... Aretha was his choice and then she could sing and they pushed her around a lot because, really, the way I felt about it, Erma [her elder sister] could beat Aretha singing, but the people didn't go with that because Erma wasn't Reverend Franklin's favorite."

I ask her about the first time she sang in public. Did her dad say something like "O.K., Aretha, you're going in that church and you're going to sing lead—"

"He didn't say that," she interrupts.

"What was the first time like?"

"It was fine," she answers, stony-faced, revealing nothing.

"What was the first song?"

"'Jesus Be a Fence.' It was a favorite song. I was about eight or nine. They had a chair—I used to stand on the chair because I was too small to be seen behind the podium."

"It was something to hear a little girl belting it?"

"Yes," she says slyly. "Four octaves." And then, peeping out like a mischievous kid from behind the mask of her composure, she smiles.

By the time she was in her early teens, Aretha Franklin was on the road with her dad's gospel caravan, touring the segregated South by car while her father flew between engagements. A hard life for a girl, her late brother and manager, the Reverend Cecil Franklin, once said: "Driving 8 or 10 hours trying to make a gig, and being hungry and passing restaurants all along the road, and having to go off the highway into some little city to find a place to eat because you're black—that had its effect." Those times—back roads, segregated rooms, "the Chitlin Circuit"—seem so distant now that it is easy to forget that the same person we're seeing in an MTV video actually survived them. But Aretha Franklin did and they remain part of her, part of the diva who seems so unwilling to inconvenience herself for anyone these days. "We'd drive thousands and thousands of miles," she has recalled. "I've been to California from Detroit about four times through the desert. Baby, those steep mountains with



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no railings. That was worse than coming across in a horse and buggy, I'm sure. *Never again! Never again!*"

But at an age when most of the girls from New Bethel were joining the church choir, Aretha Franklin was meeting the big names.

She was especially fond of the great singer Sam Cooke, who would later try to get her signed at RCA. There have long been whispers of a very passionate romance between them, but Aretha now denies she was involved with the much older star. "He was every bit as fine as they say he was and more," she tells me. "Yeah, I had a crush on Sam, and my sister had one. We had these heavy, heavy crushes on him, and he was a very sweet guy, a fabulous man, not to mention singer. One of the singers of all time in my opinion. Stunning personality. If there were 25 women in one room, he could make each one of them feel like there was something personal between him and them." A few years ago, Franklin confessed that she was so devoted to Cooke that she kept a scrapbook on him and everything about him. In the book, she saved one of his old crumpled Kent cigarette packages, which she cherished for years.

She remembers meeting another gospel family, the Staples Singers, at a gas station. She especially recalls their handsome brother. But Mavis Staples says she met Aretha when the Davis Sisters, another gospel group, persuaded Franklin to confront her about a romantic rivalry. "Oh, man," Mavis remembers, "we would get into such devilment. When we started traveling on the road together, that's when we got tight. Aretha went to the beauty shop, man, and came back with green hair. Reverend Franklin said, 'Aretha, go back to that beauty shop.' She said, 'Daddy, I *like* it like this.' ... Aretha was so cool ... She would pick on the midget, Sammy Bryant [who traveled with the show]. Aretha went for bad.... One time she hid behind the tree with a baseball bat to knock her own sister in the head.... Aretha was tough, but she ain't nothing but a cuddly bear."

But by the time she was 15, Aretha had her first hit gospel record on her hands—and a baby on the way. Two years after her first son, Clarence, was born, a second—Edward—arrived. Aretha has always declined to identify the boys' father—or fathers—whom she did not marry. How did that play at New Bethel, I ask.

Aretha bristles. "I'll talk about that in my book," she says firmly; she keeps her secrets. "Aretha has gone through a lot of trouble in her life," says Jerry Wexler. "A lot of trouble. And she doesn't want any reference to it." Carolyn King, a former New Bethel secretary who sang backup for Aretha, says, "She'll only let you ask her so much.... Sometimes you want to know a little bit more, but some things are between her and God." To Aretha, even in a tell-all age, there is dignity in silence. "Trying to grow up is hurting, you know," she once said in a rare unguarded moment. "You make mistakes. You try to learn from them, and when you don't it hurts even more. And I've been hurt—hurt bad." She rarely speaks about her relationship with Ted White, whom she married and put in charge of her career when she was 19 and who fathered her third son, Teddy junior. White, according to *Time* magazine, "roughed her up in public." Says Mavis Staples, "She fooled around and got with a man like Ted White, but that's the kind of dude Aretha likes, the dude that flies fancy." Willie Todd adds that "Reverend Franklin couldn't stand Ted," and pianist Teddy Harris agrees. "Aretha is the kind of girl, you've got to love her hard. ... She requires a lot of attention and she didn't get that from Ted. Ted was into something else. He was kind of abusive."

"She would never do a song of self-pity," said Jerry Wexler, "the scorned woman, the hurt woman. That was absolutely *out*."

But Aretha was not without spirit. Billy Davis, part of Detroit's music scene at that time, remembers the teenage Aretha Franklin as very strong with little trace of insecurity. "I don't think she was shy," Davis told Franklin biographer Mark Bego. "She was a little introverted. I would never describe her as shy. She was a strong individual and had a mind of her own—there's no doubt about it. Aretha wasn't anyone that you walked over or pushed around or manipulated too easily, even at that age."

Whatever she was suffering—or not suffering—privately, Aretha in public was something to see. In *Parting the Waters*, his study of the civil-rights movement, Taylor Branch describes a 1963 concert held at Chicago's McCormick Place to honor the heroes of Birmingham, where scores of protesting schoolchildren had been attacked by police with dogs and fire hoses. After Martin Luther King (C. L. Franklin's good friend) spoke, Mahalia Jackson sang, joined by Dinah Washington, Queen of the Blues. "The three of them," writes Branch, "held the overflow crowd until two o'clock in the morning, when young Aretha Franklin topped them all with her closing hymn. Only twenty-one, already a battered wife and the mother of two children aged six and four... Aretha Franklin still remained four years away from crossover stardom as Lady Soul, but she gave the whites in her audience a glimpse of the future. She wrung them all inside out with the Thomas Dorsey classic 'Precious Lord, Take My Hand,' and by the time she finished few doubted that for one night they had held the most favored spot on earth."

The church and its music could not contain Aretha indefinitely. Especially after she saw her friend Sam Cooke and her idol, Dinah Washington, become big secular stars, having started as gospel artists. In 1960 she was signed to Columbia Records by John Hammond, the same man who had discovered the 17-year-old Billie Holiday at Monette Moore's Club in Harlem. After hearing a demo, Hammond called Franklin the best voice he had heard in 20 years, the greatest voice since Holiday. Reverend Franklin, who had told his daughter that she would one day perform for kings and queens and who had already turned down an offer to Aretha from Motown's founder, Berry Gordy, was hardly surprised. Others were.

"Was the church surprised when you went secular?" I ask Aretha.

"That's what I hear," she says. "I heard it much later. I heard that there was a bit of controversy going on.... I wanted to broaden my horizons musically. I didn't want to be limited to one type of music."

"So there was some resentment about you turning secular?"

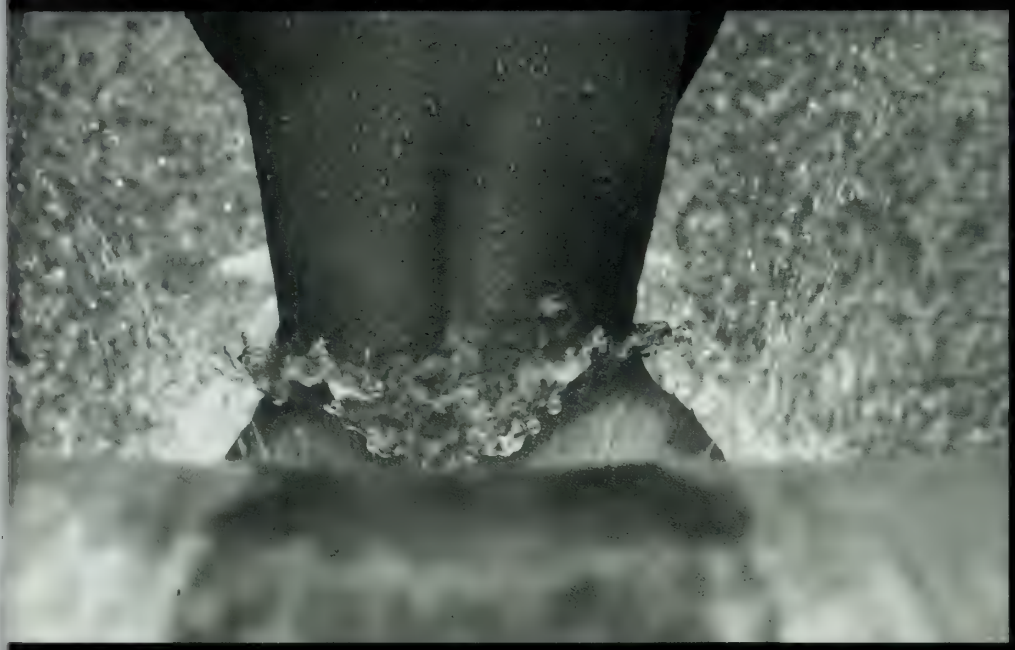
"I don't really think about that. What I'm singing is everyday music for most people, things that relate to our hearts,



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our everyday life, what we do every day, and I truly am everyday people offstage. My dad's responsible for that.... Had it not been for him, I would've become affected much younger. I lived in New York for a period of time...and part of me, when I would come home to visit, I didn't feel like I should have to share the housework. I just didn't know any better. So I would come home and everyone would be working, washing dishes and vacuuming and doing things, and I would be standing around looking at everybody, and my dad came downstairs...and he said, 'See if you can find your way in that kitchen and introduce yourself to the trash.' "

"How did you make the transition from gospel to jazz?"

"My dad took me to New York. This bass player, he and my dad were good friends, and we had a session here and we took those dubs, or demonstration records, to New York."

"Why jazz?"

"I guess that's just the kind of music I liked initially and I gravitated to. I like R&B too—it's just what I was singing at the time. I made my debut with Columbia Records singing 'Navajo Trail' and 'My Funny Valentine.' "

"Early on, you would hold back for a more commercial sound?"

"Some people that I know and I call it lazy singing—you're not staying on the beat. I like it, but it's not a producer's favorite kind of thing."

"You were always working, gigging? Did you fly much back then?"

"Yeah, I flew for 20 or 25 years."

"Do you think you'll fly again?"

"Yeah."

"Are there fear-of-flying classes?"

"Uh-huh. USAir.... I've taken that. Now I have other things to work with."

"Videotapes?"

"Who cares?"

In 1967, "I Never Loved a Man" made Aretha Franklin a superstar, but the next year "Respect" earned her the first two of her Grammy Awards. The song also made her a force. One of the all-time classics of American music, "Respect" resonated with the power of Franklin's own personality and the spirit of the times. Martin Luther King Jr. was on the streets, making change. But his friend Aretha, who had sung for him so often ("Most people don't realize how much work she did for Martin Luther King," Jerry Wexler has said, "she devoted an enormous part of her life to King"), was on the radio all day long, calling for "Respect" in a voice that could not be forgotten. Or ignored.

Many people took the song as a message from blacks to whites. But "Respect" was actually a different sort of demand, a demand from a woman to a man for dignity in the guise of what Jerry Wexler called "sexual attention of the highest order." Aretha Franklin had appropriated a song containing sentiments that, at the time, were considered masculine ("Respect" was written and originally performed by Otis Redding). She claimed her proper respect before most women had ever heard of feminism. And she wanted it sealed with a kiss, tied up with a touch of transcendent love. It was 1968 and Franklin's performance was a revolution of its own. She sang about wanting what she wanted and *taking* it when most ladies still spoke of sex as just one more tribulation. And the song, to this day, defines the essence of Franklin: the forceful assertion of personal pride in the face of pain or disrespect. "She would never do a song of self-pity," Wexler has said, "the scorned woman, the hurt woman: 'Come back, please. One more chance'—that was absolutely *out*."

"You know," Aretha says, "the brother that gets me is going to get one hell of a fabulous woman."

Offstage, it wasn't so simple. "She was very shy when it came to speaking in public, because Ted used to rehearse her," says bassist Rod Hicks, who toured with Aretha for six years. " 'Say this like that.' And every night she would say things almost exactly the same way, because it worked. We played all the major television shows, and I remember one show—I think it was the Johnny Carson show—and Jerry Lewis was on the show with her, and he said something to Aretha and my heart jumped up in my mouth because it wasn't right. I can't think what he said, but Aretha cut him up. She knew how to scream on you. She's excellent at that. He said something derogatory toward her, like she was just another little girl sitting there. Whatever she said to Jerry Lewis, there was a chill that came through the room. Because he was out of order and she checked him right quick."

Fame had come very fast for this young singer, working mom, troubled wife. "There was not enough care in the early days with respect to what my schedule was," she tells me now, shaking her head. She became physically and mentally exhausted. Tragic deaths claimed pals like Martin Luther King Jr.'s brother, who drowned in a pool accident.

Franklin's life took its place in the headlines as well. In November 1968 she was charged with reckless driving after running two cars off the road in Detroit. The next year, she was arrested for disorderly conduct after allegedly swearing at and trying to slap two cops following her involvement in a minor traffic accident in Highland Park, Michigan. That same year, the Reverend C. L. Franklin allowed the Republic of New Africa, a separatist group, to hold a conference at New Bethel Baptist. There was violence. In a gun battle with police, one officer was killed. Five were injured. Franklin and his daughter were caught up at the center of the storm called the 60s. In 1969, *The Detroit News* reported that Ted White was being sought by police for allegedly shooting business associate Charles Cook in the groin at Aretha's home. Not long after, Aretha and White finally divorced. She was apparently drinking heavily.

"I'll tell you something about Ted White," says Rod Hicks. "He didn't have no pussycat. He had a tiger on his hands when that girl got drunk."

Aretha has finished her steak and is getting into a conversational groove. The subject is men. She's single now, and as far as she's concerned, she's a catch. "I was looking in the mirror earlier and I said, 'You know, the brother that gets me is going to get one hell of a fabulous woman,' " Aretha says. "I said this while I was combing my hair. That's because I can do it. That's right, I can do it. Thinking about what my thing is. The brother that gets me is going to get one hell of a fabulous woman."

She says she likes "simple things" about men. "Nothing, as I said, that's unrealistic or impossible. My standards are not so high that this person is not real. I think some people's standards can be too high and that person isn't



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even around. But mine are more down-to-earth." She likes personal attention, but "not overly so," she says. "Within reason, reasonable.... Yes, I want romance. I like men who are thoughtful.... Most of the men I date, even though we don't date anymore, we're friends." She hired her last boyfriend, Willie Wilkerson, to work with her during tours.

"She tries to do too much," says Wilkerson. "She takes on the responsibility of everything. When I'm with her, she gives me some of the responsibility.... When I'm there, things go smooth.

"My title is music librarian. I handle sheet music. I make sure nothing is lost. I make sure music gets to her. She just asked me to do this job recently.... Sounds like something small, but it's major." He says he doesn't take any flak from Franklin. "I'm no one's pissing post. We were on the bus the other day.... She went *off*.... She says, 'They left the music.'

" 'What music?' I said. 'Here's the seven boxes.' I was going to tell them to pull this bus over. 'Take a cab to the airport. You don't talk to me like that.' "

They were engaged, he says, but broke it off. "She's a homebody," he says. "She really is as far as I can see. She likes being around the house and likes having a man around the house. The type of person I am, I can't sit around the house. If I could be that type of guy, I would have been there. I'm too hyper."

A romance in the 70s with her former road manager Ken Cunningham produced her son Kecalf, but no marriage. And an engagement was broken off years ago between Aretha and Dennis Edwards, formerly of the Temptations. "She's just a teddy bear," says Edwards. "She really needs a lot of love, that's all. She's a stern lady and she's very strong. But, like any strong woman in the world, she needs love.... Let me say it like this. I should have married Aretha. It was all in my court and I think I'm the one that was so scared of marrying this superstar."

Aretha doesn't understand why men are afraid of her. "I would never dog anyone," she tells me. "I would never do that to my man. In fact, I could appreciate a man who appreciates me and who appreciates women."

We get up to leave the restaurant, and she excuses herself for a minute to buy some doughnuts at the counter. "One thing I want to add," she says when she comes back, as if she's had a revelation. "The best ones are married.... You know, when I was in the dressing rooms, touching up my makeup, the other girls were studying men. When I was going onstage and traveling, see, a lot of the best ones got scooped up."

Outside, I ask why she and Ted White didn't become friends after their divorce.

"I think... who said we weren't?"

"I'm asking you."

"And I'm asking you."

"Oh, so you are—you *are* good friends?"

"It depends on the definition of 'friends,' " she says as we walk toward her limo. "Why shouldn't we be? There's a measure of respect."

"You know, when I was in the dressing rooms, touching up my makeup, the other girls were studying men. A lot of the best ones got scooped up."

In 1978, Aretha Franklin married her second husband, actor Glynn Turman, in her father's church. To many observers, it seemed she had finally found the perfect man, a fellow performer. They moved to a house in Los Angeles, in the Valley, with his three children and her four. This period of domesticity was interrupted when Aretha's father was shot in his home by burglars. He was hit twice in the groin. The Reverend survived the shooting, but lapsed into a semi-coma. He lived for five years, passing away in 1984. Says Mavis Staples, "The best thing that happened to Aretha was that... they kept him alive, because if he had died right then... there would have been no more Aretha."

"He was so special to her," says Carolyn King. "I think it was something that Aretha couldn't receive or understand from anybody else. She would definitely receive it from her father.... I think she adored him."

To this day, Aretha Franklin cannot talk about her father. When he is mentioned, she looks away, eyes watering. "I don't really want to discuss that," she says.

Reverend Franklin's house still stands empty in Detroit. "We are looking for buyers," Aretha says, "and we have been looking for buyers for the last, oh, one and a half years. We've had some offers, some that were not really real. Some people were lookers, and they just wanted to get in to be able to look around, but they were not bona fide buyers.... We're looking for the right kind of buyer, and I'm looking for someone who will take care of the property and restore it, probably to its original beauty."

In 1984, she divorced Glynn Turman, much to the surprise of friends and family. The reason for the divorce remains a mystery and Aretha will say little about the breakup. Rod Hicks's brother, Bernard, who used to raise horses with Turman in California, was surprised by the divorce. "They seemed to have a nice little working thing," he says. "Glynn was a good cat, too. I'm just sorry that they couldn't work it out." Why the divorce? "I can't tell you why," he says. "It's weird, it's definitely weird. You have to talk to Erma about that. I'm not going to talk about Aretha. I love her."

Aretha moved back to Detroit in 1982. Between 1988 and 1989, there was more tragedy: the deaths of a brother, sister, and grandmother. For some time, her sister Erma has said, the family was not able to mention the word "death" around Aretha. And at New Bethel Baptist, where a photo of C. L. Franklin hangs above the organ and a cross bears the words "In Memory of C. L. Franklin," the preacher's daughter is not often seen.

"She always used to make Watch Night [New Year's Eve] service," says the Reverend Robert Smith Jr., who replaced her father as pastor at New Bethel, "but then there was a rapid succession of deaths in her own family. Her father went first, then I think maybe it was her sister. She lost her sister, grandmother, and brother all in about 24 months, you know. With all the funerals she came to, I think that when she enters now she gets a feeling of bereavement. It's hard for her to be in here and not think of what's happened to her family.

"You look in her eyes and you see sorrow," says Reverend Smith. "I guess that's what makes her such a soulful singer."

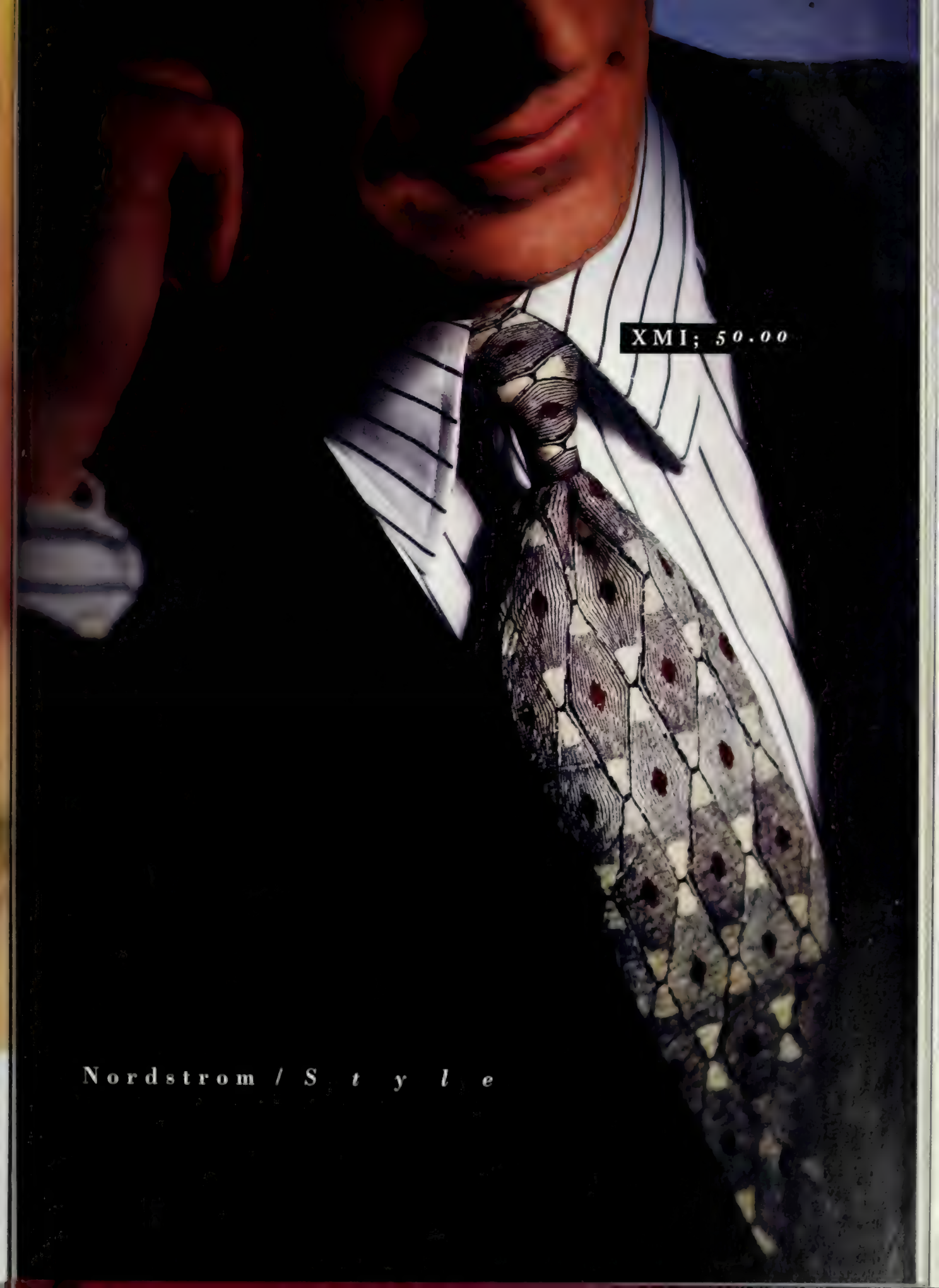


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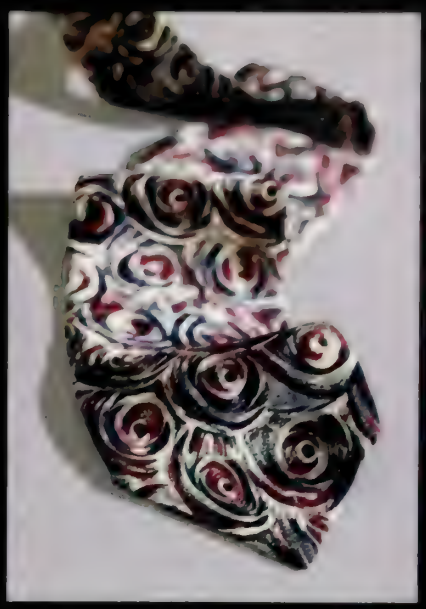

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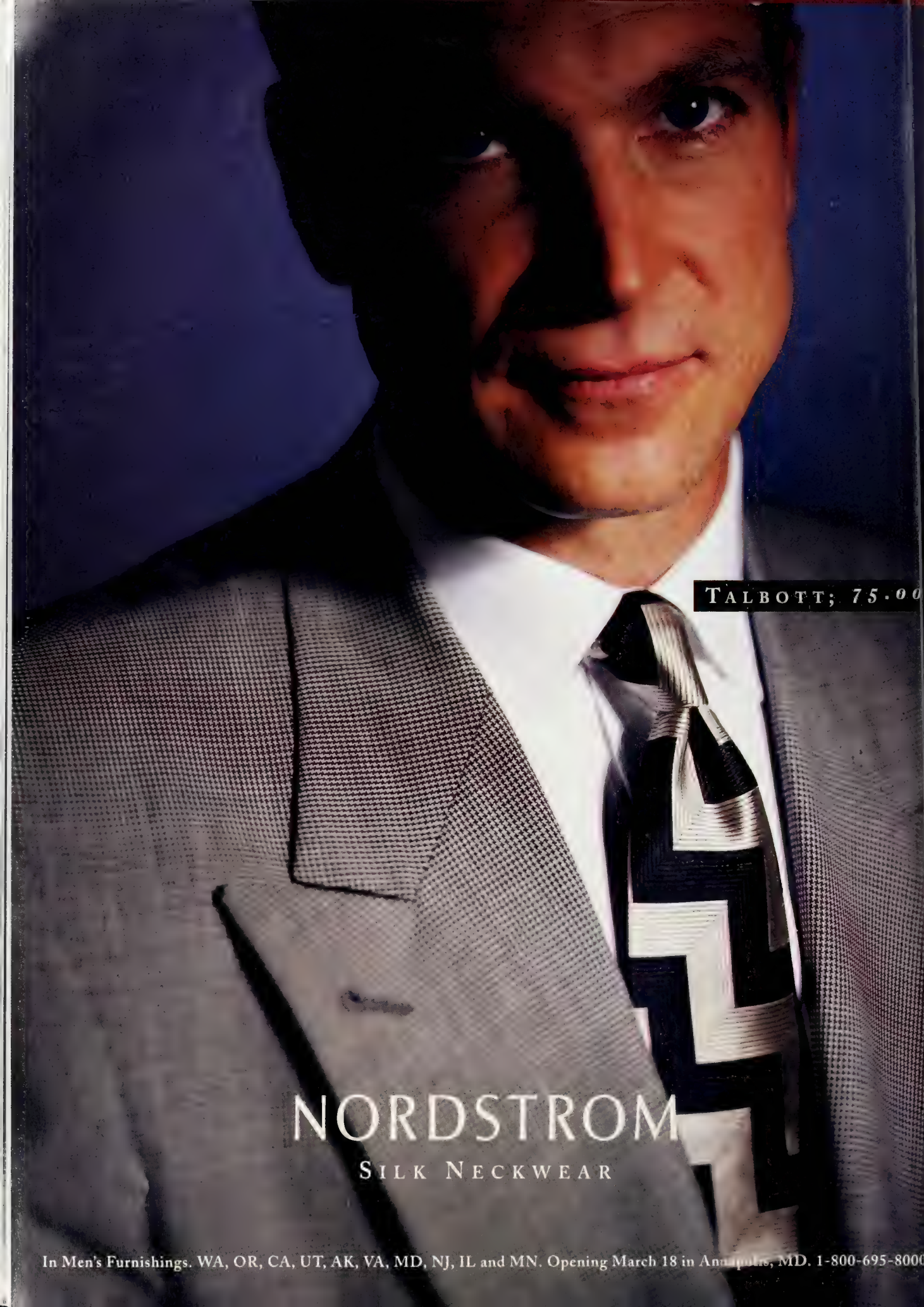
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"Aretha's insecure," says Mavis Staples. "As good as she can sing, she doesn't have a lot of confidence. Everybody in her family has petted her and told her, 'Aretha, you're bad.' All of us did. I babied Aretha for years.... Aretha told me one time, and this shocked me, she said, 'Mee, you know there ain't nobody out here who can sing but you and me and Nancy Wilson.' I said, 'Well, I appreciate you adding me in the number.' "

In 1987, Mavis Staples sang with Aretha on *One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism,* her most recent gospel album, recorded before the congregation at New Bethel. The standout of the live performance was "Oh Happy Day," featuring Franklin and Staples. It was to have been released as a single, but at the last minute, according to Staples, Franklin called to say that they had to re-record it in the studio.

Staples, at home in Chicago, didn't understand. "I was doing all the lead and people were shouting and everybody was going crazy.... She said, 'Mee, you're going to have to come over here to Detroit. We're going to have to do "Oh Happy Day" again in the studio.' I said, 'What's the matter? There was nothing wrong with it.' I thought it was hip. She said, 'Mee, it's just the audio or something.' She would never let me hear it, so we went back....

"Then I made a vocal run in the studio, and the engineer, you saw his hair still on his head. Aretha would say, 'Take that out. We're going to do another.' And he said, 'You wanna take that one out?' Aretha says, 'What did I say?' He said, 'Mavis, don't say a damn thing.'... That's when I gave up. I said, She just ain't going to do right, because she thinks I'm going to upstage her. I can't take nothing from her and she can't take nothing from me, but she don't realize that, you know. What she did to that record!"

"You go in her house," someone told me, "you're going to see this room which is a shrine to her father with pictures of him and candles. And you're going to see this big Lucite box right at the door.... It's a big, Lucite box with this big rhinestone crown in it."

I am thinking about the rhinestone crown in the big Lucite box as I follow the white limousine that is carrying the Queen of Soul home, past the huge suburban houses with the sculpted lawns, past Lone Pine Road, Echo Road, down a tree-shaded dirt lane to a stark white six-bedroom house where an Excalibur with the license plate ZOOMIN waits in the drive.

On the porch, a small dog barks and wags its tail. "Ginger," Aretha says, "that's-a girl. She's about 49 or 59 in dog years, 7 years to every year in human years. My neighbors are very nice. My flowers are around that way. I planted all these trees. I'm growing roses."

She takes a sniff. "Country-fresh air. The air is clean, quiet, beautiful—very quiet." We walk toward the back, where there is a swimming pool. "I planted all these roses," she says. I ask who lives with her. "My family," she says, "so on and so forth."

"All I can say is I think Natalie Cole has been *influenced* in a very positive way. That's what I think."

"Your sons?"

"No," she says, and then changes the subject. "When I want to get out, I get out for a movie sometimes with my friends or my neighbors. We went to see *What's Love Got to Do with It?* That's the last thing we did.... Tina and I did a couple of shows together at a place called the Five-Four Ballroom. That's where we first saw each other. We were on the same show that night. I was pregnant about seven, eight months with Teddy, but I was still performing up to about that time and they were preceding me and I followed them. When they left the stage, there was a whole lot of smoke and dust. I mean, they really, really got into what they were doing."

I ask about the film's portrayal of Ike beating Tina, and she looks uncomfortable.

"You never know what's going on," she says. "I just never dreamt that kind of thing was happening."

I remind her that some people see parallels between her and Ted White and Tina and Ike Turner.

"Well, when people don't know what they're talking about," she says, "it will make you mad.... My story is not her story. Her story is not my story."

I ask whom she would like to play her in a bio film.

"Very interesting. Natalie Cole maybe," she says sarcastically. "In good time." (In 1976 Natalie Cole broke Aretha's eight-year winning streak at the Grammys in the female R&B category, and at one time she was heralded as the Queen's heiress apparent.)

I bring up Cole's recording of Aretha's old number "Take a Look."

"That kind of thing," Aretha says, "is typical of Natalie. I got a letter from her telling me certain things, saying certain things, prior to the release of it.... I don't own these songs, you know. Anybody can sing what they want to sing. We don't own these songs.... All I can say is I think she's been *influenced* in a very positive way. That's what I think." But she does not seem threatened. "With respect to maintaining my title as the Queen of Soul," she has said, "it's second nature to me, and I think, just being myself, the rest will take care of itself."

We chat for a while about other things and it occurs to me to ask her something I've always wondered about. Why, I say, did we never see Aretha Franklin on *The Ed Sullivan Show*?

"They said my gown was too low-cut," Aretha Franklin says, looking straight at me, remembering what was to have been her debut on the show. "I didn't think it was, and Cholly, my choreographer Cholly Atkins, didn't think it was. It was a beautiful gown, beautifully beaded gown, but I don't think at that time they had seen a black woman on network TV showing as much cleavage.... Fortunately, I had brought several other gowns with me. I had several other, high-cut gowns that we went to, but there were so many artists on that evening that I got cut. I guess that was it. I was worn out, the place was in a thousand pieces. I had rehearsed a long time for that appearance, me and Cholly. I just went out the back door crying. I was about 16, 17, and I really looked forward to that so much and then to be bumped off the show just wore me out.... We never appeared on that show. I don't recall them asking and I don't recall ever asking to be."

Suddenly I remember Liz Smith's little scolding in the paper, and I realize why Miss Franklin is so sensitive about her wardrobe. And I leave her in the house with the rhinestone crown and her photos of her father, still looking for what's real. ☐



The reign in Spain: Eduardo and his mother, Mercedes, at their home in Madrid. Behind them is a portrait of Eduardo and his father, Don Antonio, who founded *¡Hola!* 50 years ago.



HELLO!'S ELUSIVE CONQUISTADOR

Eduardo Sánchez Junco is Madrid's Citizen Kane, a powerful and mysterious media tycoon whose frothy *¡Hola!* and *Hello!* magazines reign over the newsstands in Spain and England. Will Don Eduardo bring his glossy empire to the United States?

BY LUISITA LOPEZ TORREGROSA

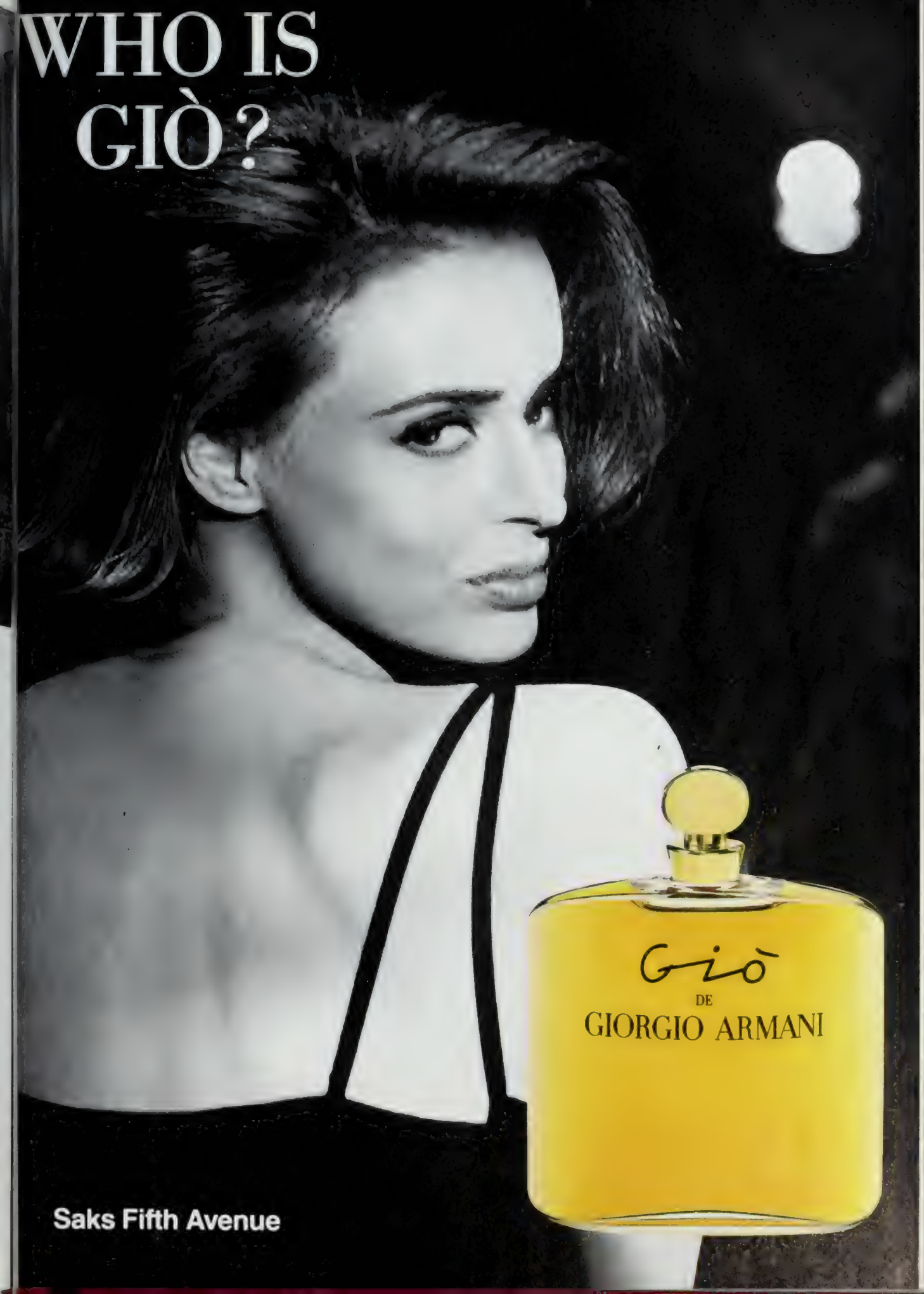
In the baroque world of Madrid's upper class, one of Europe's most snobbish circles of dowagers and grandees, the name of Eduardo Sánchez Junco, the "Citizen Kane of Spain," provokes awe. For Don Eduardo, the owner, publisher, and editor of Spain's largest weekly, *¡Hola!*, and England's best-selling *Hello!*, reigns as the chronicler of high society in a country where aristocracy is a national obsession, where anyone-who-is-anyone holds a title—*la condesa* this, *el marqués* that—and where life revolves around fashionable restaurants, weddings and debuts, summers in Majorca, and the society pages.

But Eduardo, a patrician self-made millionaire at the age of 50, remains in the shadows, shielding himself and his family—which holds sole control of the Sánchez publishing empire—from the headlines. Few untitled people, in fact, are familiar with his name and face, though millions know the puff pieces and artless photographs of royalty and celebrities in *¡Hola!* and *Hello!*

Don Eduardo's invitation to meet him at his home, an unpretentious 1960s apartment in a stylish district of Madrid, was unusual—he normally receives guests in the magazine offices a floor below. He grants face-to-face interviews only rarely, and he is visibly uncomfortable, squirming into a corner of a plump pearl-gray sofa in his living room.

While across the Atlantic magazine publishers and editors thrive in the limelight, becoming at times bigger than the publications they command, Eduardo—as everyone calls him—eludes publicity, preferring the pastoral seclusion of his 5,000-acre farm in Burgos to the frenetic chitchat of Madrid's social life. "We have no secrets, nothing to hide," he as-

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sures me in a firm, measured tone. "You have to understand, that is our character. We want our magazine to stand on its own. We don't want to distract from it by being interviewed and photographed.... I would like to remain anonymous. I feel no need to be popular. It isn't necessary. Discretion is essential to our work."

Short and handsome, with an Old World charm that veils a calculating mind, Don Eduardo crosses his arms over his faded blue polo shirt and leans back. He seems bigger than he actually is, and daunting, an impresario accustomed to giving orders and imposing his will. Powerful, deeply lined, and framed by graying sideburns, his face has a fluorescent-light cast to it, and although he is a fanatical tennis player, he has developed the pudgy midriff of the desk-bound.

"The key to our success," he says, "is in the news of the week, and that is unpredictable. Yes, the package matters. The mix. The pretty pictures. The cover. But it's the news, the information we give inside that no one else has, that is at the heart of the magazine."

His father, Antonio Sánchez Gómez, a newspaper editor who created *¡Hola!* with a ruler and a pencil in a small room in the family flat in Barcelona 50 years ago, "was a genius," declares Don Eduardo. "He understood what the reader wanted. In 1944 his idea was quite original, a precursor of a kind of journalism that has been broadened over the years. When he started, he called it *¡Hola! Semanario de Amenidades* [A Weekly of Amenities]. Think about it. He already understood the use of pictures, of entertainment. Sometimes he used to say that *¡Hola!* captures the froth of life—nothing that is heavy or deep or depressing."

With Disneyesque magic, the formula works. There are pages and pages of color pictures of the rich and famous—royalty, movie stars, and fashion models at weddings, baptisms, funerals, debutante parties, and affairs of state. Visually dominated, the magazine adds reportage that runs to inanities (*People* magazine is cerebral by comparison). The reader-friendly Q&A's create an artificial intimacy, a gauze thrown over reality. It's all geared to make people look good and feel good.

The secret of *¡Hola!*'s appeal lies in the pictures. At a glance, the photos seem harmless and boring, but a closer look reveals famous faces as they are seldom seen in fancier magazines, where the photographs are often staged. *¡Hola!* and *Hello!*—which are not identical, since each caters to a different culture and language—are not unlike a family album of snapshots taken by a close relative.

A recent issue of *Hello!* carried nine pages and 20 pictures of the trip Prince and Princess Michael of Kent took on the Eastern and Oriental Express from Singapore to Bangkok. There is the princess, in her green and white head scarves and tropical whites, fanning herself while holding a bouquet and smiling at shy Singaporean children dressed up

"*¡Hola!* captures the froth of life—nothing that is heavy or deep or depressing."

in local costumes; there is the princess fanning herself on a trishaw ride; there she is again, fanning herself and singing, mouth wide open, aboard the train. Her husband, in double-breasted pastels, smiles through his beard, perhaps unaware that in these photos he comes across as the prototypical colonial governor.

"We don't believe in opinion journalism," explains Don Eduardo, "in judging the values and attitudes of people. The images always say more than the protagonists. We do look for that something in the pictures."

It's not easy keeping the magazine safe for 12-year-olds while at the same time toasting royals and celebrities whose real lives are often scandal- and tragedy-ridden. But Don Eduardo pulls it off. The magazine projects a rosy universe where lives have happy endings. Even the few funerals it covers are positive, commemorative rather than mournful.

Faithful to an iron rule set long ago by his father, Don Eduardo will never embarrass a subject, will never offend a reader, will never wallow in gossip, and will not run screeching headlines. He *will* seek and print firsthand confessions—if Princess Di wanted to sit down and talk about her bouts with depression and life with Charles, Don Eduardo would happily publish it. But he won't print secondhand reports, lurid rumors, or sexual dirt, his reporters tell me, not without a tinge of irritation. "I knew all about Diana and Charles before it broke," one says, "but Eduardo wouldn't listen to it." And so, the sludge of journalism, even the discreet forms of trash and sleaze that juice up the news around the world, finds no home in sweet *Hello!*

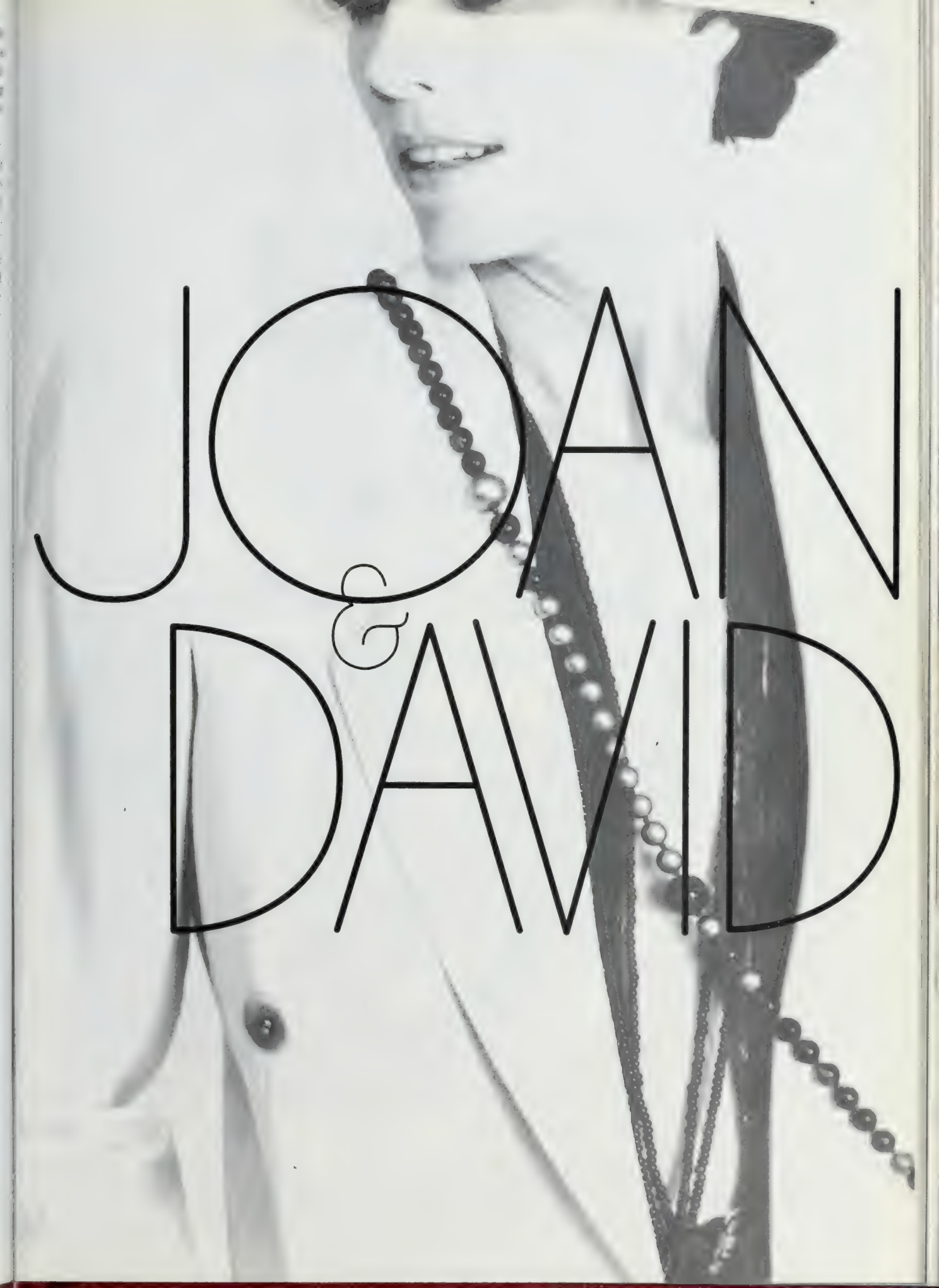
Take, for instance, the recent interview in *Hello!* with the onetime wife of the late actor Raymond Burr, which reveals that Burr lived with a man for 30 years. The magazine resisted the titillating headline—"Perry Mason Was Gay." Instead, it went dainty: "Revealing the Secret She Kept for 45 Years—Raymond Burr's Widow Isabella Talks for the First Time About Her Marriage to the Perry Mason Star."

Don Eduardo concedes he has to shape the information he gives. "I have to set limits. More often it's the tone that's important, the style we use to convey the information. Our success lies in the way the readers relate to the magazine. It's not great, transcendental journalism. It's entertainment."

With promises of decorum and mild-mannered articles, he scores some big-time coups—an exclusive on Mia Farrow in Ireland (which beat *Paris Match* by a few weeks), an intimate spread on the Duke and Duchess of York, exclusive photos of Elizabeth Taylor's private wedding.

These are the sorts of eye-popping pieces that the Sánchez family has peddled so successfully that *¡Hola!* is now the biggest-selling weekly in Spain, with a paid circulation of 650,000 and estimated annual advertising revenues of $48 million. Its sister publication, *Hello!*, started five and a half years ago in London, has taken England by storm. It has shot up from 180,360 readers to almost half a million—with a following that ranges from working-class readers to the affluent audience advertisers and publishers crave—and it is believed to make about $2.2 million a year. An unlikely urchin, coming from the provincial Continent, *Hello!* has grown faster than any other British magazine *ever*—and it has done so without trading on scandals, without scurrilous gossip, and without tits-and-ass vulgarity.

"There has never been anything like *Hello!*," says columnist Mary Kenny in London's *Sunday Telegraph*. So intrigued is Kenny with the *Hello!* mystique that she has taken the trouble to trace its success to semiotics, the philosophical study of communication through signs and symbols. She professes that "it is about the Catholic return of the visual to what has been a


JOAN
&
DAVID

fundamentally Protestant, word-oriented culture."

I ask Don Eduardo about his plans to produce an American edition of *Hello!,* which he hopes will pop up on the newsstands in big U.S. cities such as New York, Los Angeles, and Miami this year. (*¡Hola!* already has a following among the large Latin-American community in South Florida.) "The decision to go is not final," he says. "When we are ready to announce it, we will."

In the prickly world of publishing, where a tiny leak can deflate a deal, the long-running negotiations to find an American partner have taken on an aura of great mystery. Like Don Eduardo himself, who gives away no details, the other principals involved in the discussions are secretive. According to New York publishing sources, the prospective partners have included Meigher Communications, Hearst Corporation, and the ubiquitous Rupert Murdoch. "Eduardo would be comfortable with Murdoch," says an insider who spoke on the condition of anonymity. Murdoch certainly has the organization and distribution system Don Eduardo needs to start up in America, but it seems unlikely, although not impossible, that Murdoch and the one-man band Sánchez Junco could easily share power.

The negotiations between Don Eduardo and S. Christopher Meigher III, the C.E.O. of Meigher Communications, go back more than a year. They eventually stalled because Don Eduardo was reportedly unwilling to cede editorial control and commit enough money. "There was a gap in investment," reveals a source. But Meigher still foresees big things for Don Eduardo and considers himself an admirer of the man and his magazine. "Eduardo has something unique," he says. "He would add a new energy to the U.S. publishing environment. He has a rare blend of editorial vision and commercial acuity and intuition."

The official line at Hearst headquarters in New York is press-release terse: "We are no longer involved in the project." Yet a source outside Hearst who is familiar with the maneuvers claims that the company is not entirely out of the picture and that a team of executives traveled to Madrid in December to press its case with Don Eduardo. Those who know Don Eduardo's thinking, however, confide that his attention has lately been captured by Condé Nast Publications, the publisher of *Vanity Fair.* "He definitely wants to go with Condé Nast if something can be worked out," a source told me. S. I. Newhouse Jr., chairman of Condé Nast Publications, says, "I talked to him recently. I have always been very impressed with the magazine. However, we have so many magazines that we felt it would not be in the best interests of Sánchez to take him up at this time."



Diva of dialogue: *Hello!*'s Marquesa de Varela, who interviews royalty and celebrities.

"The true [Spanish] high society is made of 20 families. It's like the end of an era—corrupt and immoral."

Some observers believe that Don Eduardo will in the end choose a low-risk course, launching the American *Hello!* entirely on his own, from Madrid. "My guess is he'll start slowly," says a source, "and expand on a gradual basis."

In any case, the news that *Hello!* may come to America has roiled the fanzine industry. The supermarket tabloids *National Enquirer* and *The Star* are known to have considered starting up a *Hello!*-like magazine. Time Warner is test-marketing *In Style,* a *People*-magazine spin-off, in what seems to be an attempt to pull the rug from under *Hello!* But one publishing expert says that the Time Warner magazine may be overmatched. "*In Style* is a monthly," he says. "*Hello!* is a weekly. The people over at *In Style* are pleased with the result so far, but they are not overwhelmed. *In Style* doesn't capture *Hello!*"

An American launch of *Hello!* would mean that Don Eduardo would occasionally have to leave the comforts of home to attend to business 3,500 miles away. (He oversees *Hello!* in Madrid, where all the copy and photographs are faxed or flown to him. He edits it, lays it out, and sends it to the printer, and the finished product is then sent back to England for distribution—a cumbersome process that may not work across the Atlantic.) To make things more troublesome for him, he dislikes planes, speaks little English, and barely knows New York.

He is also worried that the American market may prove costly to conquer. "There's a limit financially to what we can do," he says carefully. "I fear the risk. It's a big gamble." Even with his extraordinary success in England, Don Eduardo doesn't assume that *Hello!* will make a big splash in the United States. "We would prefer to sneak in," he says, half jokingly. "That way, if we fail, we can sneak back out and no one will know."

He is no streetwise and worldly Rupert Murdoch, but he is an adventurer—he took a Spanish product to England in the middle of a recession and succeeded—and a visionary who hopes his magazines last 150 years. He can't resist a challenge, even when it means venturing into a vast and unfamiliar new market like the U.S. "I don't know why I would do this," Don Eduardo wonders aloud. "It's not for personal aggrandizement. It's not for financial gain. I am very comfortable economically. It must be something I have to do. It's professional necessity." Then he breaks into a boyish smile. "Well, it's America. America *is* the dream, isn't it?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD CORMAN, STYLED BY LORI MODUGNO; HAIR BY PATRICK MELVILLE; MAKEUP BY ALBERTO FAVA

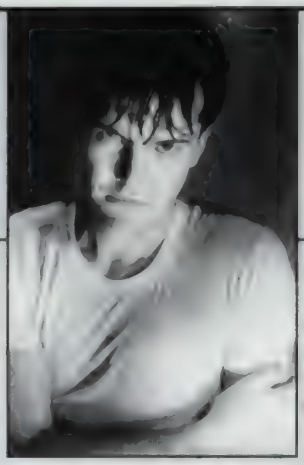


Photo © 1994 John Lovett

**"'I'm sensing...
I'm sensing *cheese*,' I intoned.**
'I'm not sure if it's Roquefort or something from the Pyrenees — but it's some kind of *blue cheese*...' "

The first collection from the *Spy* writer who has actually...

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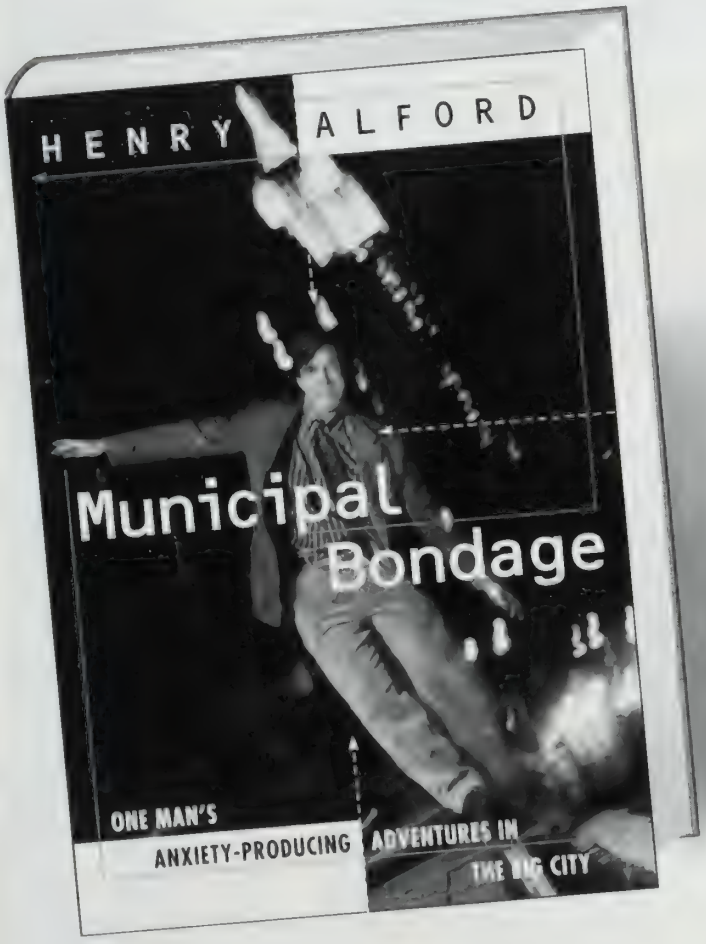




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Henry Alford's work appears regularly in publications such as *Spy*, *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *The New York Observer* and *Details*. He has appeared on the Tonight Show with Jay Leno.

RANDOM HOUSE

Don Eduardo Sánchez Junco has lived with *¡Hola!* all his life. "It's like my sister," he says. "I've lived *¡Hola!* since I was a child. It's my family." An only child, Don Eduardo was just a year old when his father started the magazine, and his mother remembers baby Eduardo crawling beneath the table where she sat with her husband, piecing together *¡Hola!* with scissors and paste. It was an inauspicious beginning. "My father would come home from work around 3:30 in the afternoon and sit down with my mother to plan the magazine," Don Eduardo recalls. "They did it all alone." In time, Don Antonio left his job at *La Prensa,* an afternoon newspaper, and put his energy and savings entirely into the magazine. "He put all his money, which wasn't much, into it. It was my parents' labor of love."

We're meeting a second time, in the den of his apartment, a dim room furnished with a silver-gray sofa, a piano, a TV set and VCR, and a bar with two low wood-and-leather chairs. Behind the bar, glass shelves hold a collection of porcelain beer mugs, and small 19th-century canvas paintings of landscapes and farm scenes hang on gray-papered walls. It is late afternoon, and Don Eduardo is in a hurry. He has phone calls to make and his regular Tuesday-night tennis game. But he takes time to pour an espresso and talk about the magazine.

As *¡Hola!* grew in circulation, he says, Barcelona became inconvenient, too removed, and the Sánchez family moved to Madrid, from which distribution of the magazine across the peninsula was easier. Then, in February 1984, Don Antonio died. "It was unexpected," Don Eduardo says with lingering sadness. "It was a Monday, the day we close the magazine, and he had been working here, in this same building. My parents lived next door to us. He had been closing pages and signing them off on the rundown sheet. Suddenly he had a heart seizure. It dawned on me later that his initials were on the first pages that went to press and mine on the final pages. I saved that sheet and have it framed. It is to me so symbolic... that there is no line that divides us."

It's time now for his tennis match, at a private club, but before he leaves to change clothes he brings in his mother, who lives in a connecting flat. Doña Mercedes enters the room nervously. She has rarely given an interview and feels embarrassed talking about herself, but she tells me about her 42 years of happiness with her husband, whom she met when she was 17. "He gave me a pen," she recalls. They married when she was 20 and he 30, and not once in their four decades together does she remember their being apart.

"I wanted many children, 20, but instead we had this magazine," she says. "This is our daughter." After Don Antonio died, Don Eduardo insisted that she keep working on the magazine, and despite her protests her influence is enormous. "She has her kind of taste," says *¡Hola!* correspondent Naty Abascal, "and she has a lot to say about the pictures and the copy."



Picture-perfect: The Sánchezes select photos for their next issue.

Though the Sánchez empire spans 92 countries, "they do all the layouts by hand. Doña Mercedes and Don Eduardo do it all."

Formal but affectionate and striking at 72 in a finely cut foggy-gray suit set off by her coiffed blond hair and her blue-green eyes, Doña Mercedes wears almost no jewelry, only a single strand of pearls, and an aquamarine Hermès scarf. While chic Madrileñas might shrivel without their designer baubles and gold chokers, she makes her statement quite simply, a Castilian Katharine Graham.

"My inner loneliness is enormous," she says, her eyes moistening as she recalls her husband. "So I will stay on with this thing of ours. It is like being at his side.... My God, why isn't he here to see all this? How beautiful it would be to have him here."

I ask her if she will go to New York when *Hello!* debuts. She remembers her last trip there; she stayed at the Pierre. "I was so in love with New York," she says, "that now I'm afraid the enchantment will be gone." She wants to publish *Hello!* in the United States, she assures me. "In life there are steps to climb," she recalls her husband saying. "I believe that, yes, we must do this. This is a step that he would have climbed."

Now she wants me to meet her granddaughter Carmen, a 22-year-old with long dark-brown hair and dark eyes, Don Eduardo's oldest child. Eduardo and his wife, Carmen, who was a journalism student and is involved in the magazine, have two other college-age children, Mercedes, a 20-year-old agronomy student, and 18-year-old Eduardo, who is studying journalism. Daughter Carmen, the newest star in the Sánchez family, has five bylines in the recent fashion issue, including interviews with Gianni Versace, Oscar de la Renta, and Valentino. A wisp of a woman in faded jeans and a white T-shirt, she is totally unassuming and seems chagrined when Doña Mercedes shows me her articles and boasts that Carmen wants to get a master's degree at Harvard. Carmen can barely speak for herself because she is recovering from minor throat surgery, but she manages a wan smile and, diffident like her father, whispers, "I hope so."

It is now past eight o'clock, and my visit is almost over, but while we are talking Don Eduardo saunters in for a moment, wearing sweatpants and scuffed tennis shoes. He is warmly solicitous of his mother and, to my surprise, hugs me as he leaves. Doña Mercedes turns to me and says softly, "My son is everything a mother could ask. My son is the soul of everything."

The Marquesa de Varela flings open the door of her bedroom, an apparition in head-to-toe black. "What a life this is! The life of a journalist!" she exclaims with the flourish of a grand entrance, her hands fussing around a pair

HARRY BENSON


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of earrings. The *marquesa,* who procures top celebrity interviews for *Hello!,* has just arrived from Jordan, where she visited with royalty. Her luggage, a couple of oversize duffel bags, rests on an Art Deco–ish modular sofa in her cramped living room.

In two days she will fly to London for the wedding of Viscount Linley and Serena Stanhope, and then she is off to New York, where, she tells me, she is looking to buy an apartment. It's all like that, a maddening swirl. She sits down for a nanosecond, her hem riding up to mid-thigh, behind a coffee table laden with a mass of papers, letters, faxes, and copies of *Women Who Run with the Wolves* and *The Bridges of Madison County*. A frumpy maid is dusting, and it turns out there is nothing to drink in the kitchen. Before the *marquesa* rushes me out of the apartment for an espresso at a nearby café, she hands me a picture of one of her daughters, a stunning girl with onyx eyes the size of marbles. "You know, I'm a grandmother," she reveals with a broad lipsticked smile, her greenish eyes flaring wide, anticipating the compliment that must follow—that she looks too young to have grandchildren.

Twice married and twice divorced—her title comes from a Spanish *marqués* whom she divorced several years ago—the *marquesa,* who insists I call her Neneta, takes me on a whirlwind tour of her life. She has a daughter in Spain, another in Uruguay, and a young son who often travels with her. She was born in Uruguay, née María Julia Marín, nicknamed Neneta, 48 years ago, the daughter of a strict Spanish father and a Genoese mother. She says she owes her strong character to her father, who is dead, and sketches an idyllic childhood of horses and far-flung travels to Biàrritz and Paris followed by dismal marriages to a wealthy Italian businessman and a titled Spaniard. After her last marital debacle, she vanished from society. But a year ago a radical change happened. She had to undergo breast surgery, which turned out well, but the scare led her to revise her life, to come out again in society and enjoy friends and work.

"I can thrive alone, but I have a pride that kills. To be a Latin-American woman is not easy," she sighs, shaking her head. For the past 11 years she has worked for *¡Hola!,* and now she is based in London, where she is the number-one "fixer" for *Hello!,* the woman—a persistent rumor has it—with the Louis Vuitton suitcase filled with cash to pay for interviews. She denies all that with vehemence, obviously insulted. "Look at me. I hate labels." She fingers her snug black knit dress and sticks out her laced-up black suede high-heeled ankle boots. "This little skirt I bought at Sears in Miami. The shoes are Donna Karan. It's the herd that buys Louis Vuitton, and those Chanel bags."

The Vuitton suitcase is the least of her worries. The publishers of *Hello!* have been reprimanded by the Press Complaints Commission of Britain for paying for an interview with Darius Guppy, a quasi-aristocrat who is serving eight years in jail for fraud. The magazine admits paying a relative of Guppy's and an agent to acquire the interview, but claims it did not know it was violating the British press-ethics code. In Spain, paying for interviews is commonplace, and such things are taken in stride. There are other rumors, denied by the *marquesa,* that she got the exclusive on Elizabeth Taylor's wedding by promising to donate money to a charity and that she paid off the Duchess of York for a 46-page spread. "We do pay some people," she has admitted. "But all the magazines in the world pay, for weddings, for baptisms.... It's all envy. They are going after me because I get these people."

She does confess she is deeply unhappy in London—"I get no support from the *Hello!* staff there, and the English are impossible." As for Spanish society, she shrugs it off. "The true high society is made of 20 families. It's like the end of an era—corrupt and immoral."

These days Spain has become just a stopover for her, a chance to check in with Don Eduardo and see her daughter. "Eduardo is not close to anyone," she claims, including herself. "He's not close to his mother. He's not close to his wife. He has a very complex personality.... He changes his mind constantly. He's always adding pages or cutting back at the last minute. We do everything on the run, and he is the only one who can make decisions. He has all the power."

In the *¡Hola!* stable of stars, none shines like Naty Abascal, described aptly as "classic and exotic" in *¡Hola!*'s special 1993–94 issue on *alta costura* (high fashion), presided over by Don Eduardo's mother. "Doña Mercedes has her little drawings, her little dolls, and she sits next to him every week in this





DeVECCHI

BY HAMILTON HODGE

Neiman Marcus BERGDORF GOODMAN

little room and they put out the magazine," says Naty, a fashion arbiter and famed model (she was once photographed by Avedon and hangs around with Valentino and the Milan gang) who wants the magazine to venture farther out on the fashion scene.

We meet when she strides queenlike into the Hotel Ritz in Madrid to have lunch. Slender and very tall, an olive-skinned Audrey Hepburn, she is monochromatically dressed in a tweedy jacket-and-skirt suit of the faintest brown, an Hermès scarf wrapped around her elongated neck. Air kisses out of the way, she puts her Hermès beige leather bag down on the hotel's handloomed carpet and unfurls her scarf. Her eyes, lined in black, are the shade of Godiva chocolate truffles. But it is the shape of her nose—Roman, aquiline, with a photogenic bump—that dominates the face.

Naty has been with *¡Hola!* just a year, jetting from Madrid to Milan to Paris to New York to follow the fashion trail. She's a natural force in a scene of hyperegos and outré artifice. She is separated from a duke and she rues that she is now alone, taking care of her two boys, and that her frenzied life has the twists and turns of a *telenovela.*

She is too busy relating the dramas of her life to speak about *¡Hola!* But later, after she and I spend almost an hour at the Hermès boutique on the Calle de Ortega y Gasset while she tries on virtually every scarf in the shop, she takes me to *¡Hola!*'s office, on the first floor of Don Eduardo's apartment building. The office is not usually accessible to the outside press, and the front door is locked much of the time. A visitor might easily miss the entrance, which has only a small gold-plated sign with the word ¡HOLA!

The house of *¡Hola!* is hardly a palace. One would think this is a struggling little magazine. A dozen or so trophies and plaques of encomiums are piled on a table in a hallway, but there are no gallery posters or blowups of magazine covers brightening up the walls. There are a few official photographs of King Juan Carlos, and a photograph of Don Eduardo's father, Don Antonio, statesmanlike in his 70s, gray hair combed back, tie firmly knotted, jacket buttoned up, eyes staring dolefully at the camera.

The room where *¡Hola!* comes together every Monday resembles an old-fashioned newspaper office, crammed floor to ceiling with books, trash from previous issues, sketches, and layouts. A calendar and the photograph of Don Antonio hang on one wall. On this late afternoon the place is gloomy and quiet, with only the white noise of a fax machine in another room breaking the silence. A rectangular art table occupies most of the room, which is strewn with the debris of publishing—notes, tacked-up memos, drawings. "They do all the layouts by hand," Naty says. "There are no computers, only that little projection screen to see the photos. Doña Mercedes and Don Eduardo do it all."

A handful of writers on the fourth floor, where *¡Hola!* has expanded into a set of barren offices, write captions and headlines, but Don Eduardo minds every detail, from the cover to the crossword puzzle and recipes. (Mia Farrow was the cover in London but not in Madrid; the Princess of Wales is a surefire cover and gets big play in both countries.) All this editing—by fax, by phone, and sometimes by shouting—creates mayhem in the magazines' offices in both capitals, especially in London, where editors are said to be chafing under Don Eduardo's long shadow and are shocked at times by his decisions. He is known to lose his temper and throw things around.

All this editing—by fax, by phone, and sometimes by shouting—creates mayhem in *Hello!*'s offices in Madrid and London.

"He works all the time," Naty says. "They have *no* social life. It's a family that is always together, always united. The mother, the children. They have no other world.... They have their farm, their cows, their chickens. He likes to hunt and play tennis. They have an enormous farm, with everything—tennis courts, swimming pool. It's fabulous!

"But," she goes on, "they are not known in society and they haven't tried to mix with anyone. Well, maybe that's how the great fortunes are made."

Gaetana Enders, the wife of the former U.S. ambassador to Spain, Thomas Enders, and a longtime correspondent for *Hello!,* has known the Sánchez family for many years. "It's a very seductive family," she says fondly. "They are very old-fashioned. They safeguard the privacy of the family and trust each other more than anyone else. The family is right-wing and believes in family honor."

Like others who work for Don Eduardo, Enders takes pains to convey her intimacy with the family—she is a guest at the farm, she dines with them and knows their private lives. Speaking glowingly, she assures me, "Eduardo is not impressed by anything... Not by fame, not by parties.... He never accepts dinner invitations. He hates them. He doesn't give a hoot about glory. This is very unusual in Spain."

It is growing dark in downtown Madrid and soon the tapas bars will be crowded and the galas that may appear in *¡Hola!* next week will begin. But Don Eduardo Sánchez Junco won't be attending. He will play a set of tennis and then return home to have dinner and go to sleep. "I have many friends," he says with a shrug, "but I just don't have the time to go out and go to dinners and parties."

In a worn black pullover and open-necked white long-sleeved shirt, his silk socks just short of the cuff of his dark slacks, Don Eduardo hardly fits the image of a man of fortune. Wealth and fame seem to have left him untouched. He is not the type to host a black-tie affair for Plácido Domingo or cruise the Aegean on a yacht with Gianni Agnelli.

He easily laughs off the notion of a grand ball featuring the many faces that crowd his magazines to toast the upcoming 50th anniversary of *¡Hola!* Perhaps he might agree to give away commemorative designer T-shirts (Valentino has been mentioned), but the idea that really appeals to him is to do "something" involving his readers, to thank them for their loyalty.

His ambitions, though international, are equally modest. "These projects—going to America—fill you with illusions," he says, "but at other times I wonder. I don't have the desire to create other magazines. Our thing is very personal, it's family. I am not drawn to the struggle of turning this into a big enterprise.... I would rather watch nature." Don Eduardo tells me he has a degree in agricultural engineering and in his spare time has turned his land in Burgos into a thriving dairy farm. "I would rather go to my farm and enjoy the landscape, the birds," he says. "I prefer that much more to celebrity." □



AT THE END OF A LONG DAY,

CAESAR DID *NOT* HAVE A SALAD.



ROMANA

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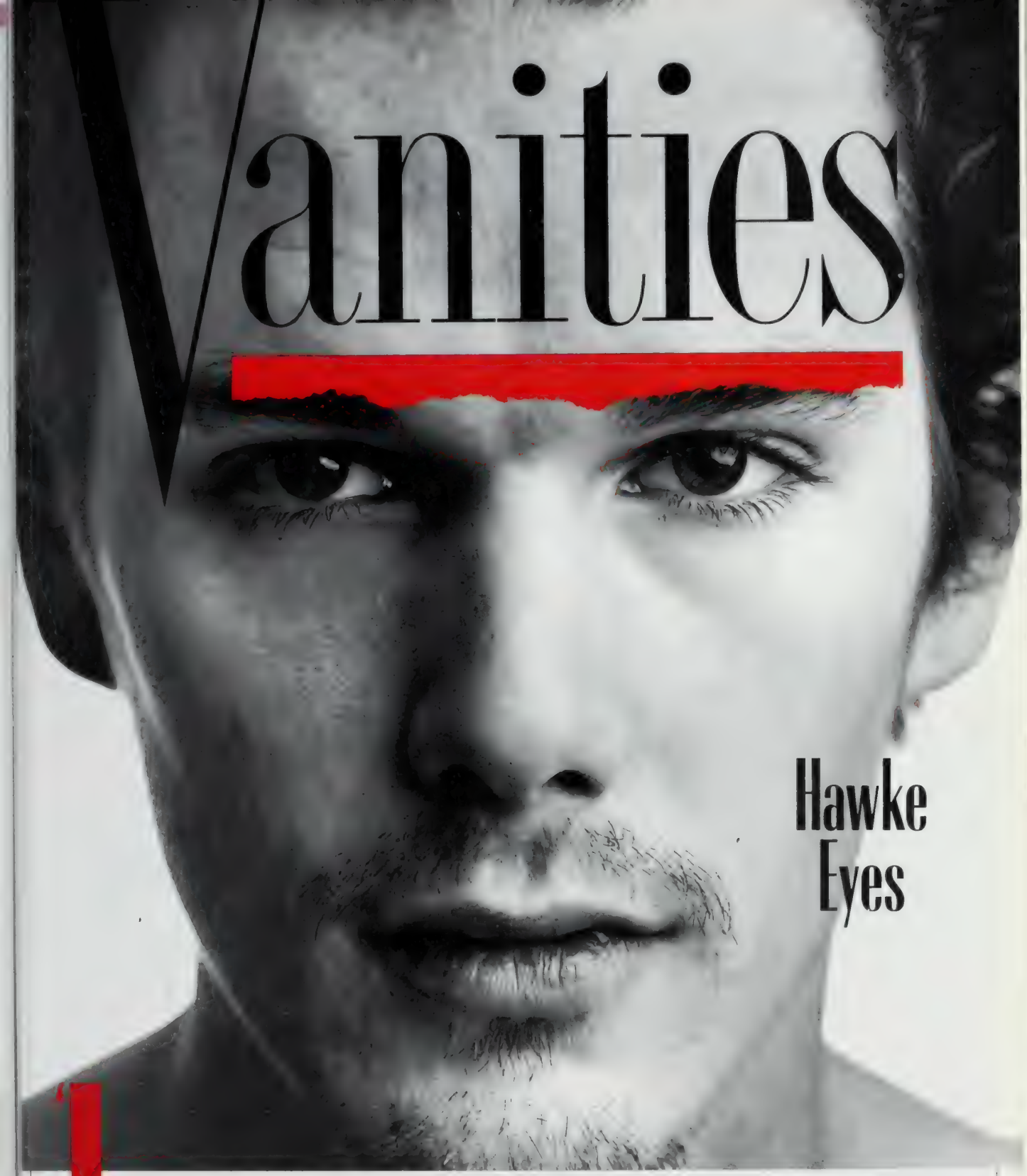
VERSACE

JEANS COUTURE

G.MENTA

New York Beverly Hills San Francisco Washington Houston San Diego Chicago Las Vegas Bal Harbour Honolulu Mexico City Vancouver Toronto

Vanities



Hawke Eyes

I had done a lot of male-bonding movies—*Alive* and *A Midnight Clear* and *Dead Poets Society*," says **ETHAN HAWKE.** "So doing a movie with Winona [Ryder] was really attractive to me." In the charming Ben Stiller-directed *Reality Bites*, Hawke constitutes one-third of a postcollege triangle—although the film has as much to say about the job market as it does about True Love. But don't dare pigeonhole it. "All these pseudo-labels [are] absolutely meaningless," says Hawke. "This is no more a 'Generation X movie' than *The Graduate* was. People's behavior always seems to circle the same areas. I believe that the emotional themes are always the same." And Hawke's own emotional themes? "I'm not far away from this movie at all."

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by DAVID ROSE

Hype & Glory

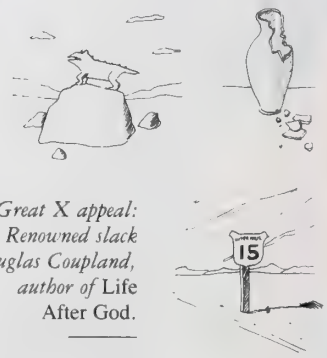
By BRUCE HANDY

"X" marks the schlock: slacking towards Bethlehem with author Douglas Coupland

Is this what our scary Judeo-Christian God has come to, Abraham's fearsome taskmaster nudging 28-year-olds through the postcollege blues, the Gospels' mighty Redeemer transubstantiated into Prozac for Pacific Northwestern slackers?

That is the impression left by Douglas Coupland's new book, *Life After God* (Pocket Books), a collection of eight stories that mean to form a commentary on spiritual crisis as it is experienced by underemployed twenty- and early-thirtysomethings. This will be familiar terrain for those who have read Coupland's *Generation X: Tales for an Accelerated Culture*, a novel that introduced the titular term to the language and became a campus best-seller, the *Trout Fishing in America* of the early 90s. By turns clever and irritating, *Generation X* was in essence a conventional story of bored, alienated youth, but one that heralded the arrival of a new genre: half bildungsroman, half magazine trend piece. More than an uneven first novel, this was a canny pop-culture manifesto.

The title *Life After God* bespeaks its own calculation—"You are the first generation raised without religion," Coupland flatters ahistorical readers in an epigraph—and marks the return of an earlier hybrid: fiction larded with McKuenesque profundities, a *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* for the mid-90s. But instead of grainy photos of birds, the illustrations here are a series of faux-naïfish line drawings, some of birds, some not, penned by Coupland himself. As you can see, below, they look as if they could have been taken from a spiral-bound small-press massage guide, circa 1978 (how's that for Generation X–style pop-cultural knowingness?):



Great X appeal: Renowned slack Douglas Coupland, author of Life After God.

These drawings, along with the book's abundant white space, promise a snappy, if precious, read. Unfortunately, Coupland's fictions have never been fertile ground for characterization and plot, and when he takes as his subjects numbness and ennui, this is the result:

> I was wondering if I would eventually be exhausted by the effort it was taking to cope with solitude. . . .
> I had been driving south from Las Vegas to Palm Springs and the Nothingness was very much on my mind. . . .
> I drifted listlessly about the house, from silent room to silent room, spinning the wheels of the two mountain bikes on their racks in the hallway and straightening a pile of CDs glued together with spilled Orange Crush . . .

When not immediately concerned with the practicalities of driving around aimlessly or moping about the house, the stories in *Life After God* (one is grateful none takes place in a deserted bus stop at 3:02 A.M.) are infused with the hothouse nostalgia and premature weariness of high-school seniors harking back to the Eden of junior year. Increasingly, one longs for Coupland to prick his pro-

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE

Its beauty

There used to be many cars like this, although they were only for a select few. Elegant sport coupes. They felt

grows

powerful and graceful. They were responsive but always in control. With this car they're back. With a 2.5-liter

with each

24-valve V6, rack-and-pinion steering and dual air bags for modern peace of mind. The Mazda MX-6 LS is

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made in America. But it lives up to a heritage of twisted Alpine roads. And lives up to them quite beautifully.

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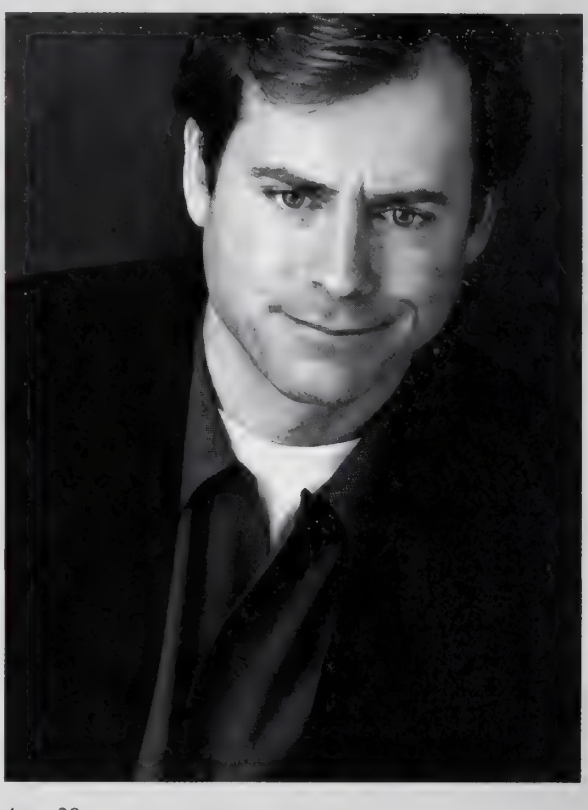
tagonists' doomy *gravitas,* either to make merciless fun of their self-absorption (that would certainly be my preference) or at least to flay their pain in some revelatory way. But Coupland, while invoking the sort of men and women whose lives have grown impacted with postmodern irony—these are people who use "Malibu Barbie" as an adjective and refer to their kids as "Damien"—is himself a surpassingly un-ironic writer (two stories here are addressed to the narrators' young children, a device I suspect would prompt snickers even at *Redbook*). There are flashes of genuine wit and surprise, as in a scene in which two siblings entertain themselves by dropping a cordless phone into a beehive and listening in on another line. But then there are also passages like the one in which a young woman, who has just been left by her abusive lover, sets two pet goldfish free in a reservoir with this benediction: "Bye-bye, fishies. . . . Make sure you two stay together. You're the only chance that either of you is ever going to get." We are meant, as best I can make out, to be touched.

To the book's credit, there is more going on than simply another variant on *all you need is love*. God may be dead, Coupland tells us, but if you miss Him—hey, at least you know you're still half alive. As the narrator of the final story concludes:

> Now—here is my secret:
> I tell it to you with an openness of heart that I doubt I shall ever achieve again, so I pray that you are in a quiet room as you hear these words. My secret is that I need God—that I am sick and can no longer make it alone. I need God to help me give, because I no longer seem to be capable of giving; to help me be kind, as I no longer seem capable of kindness; to help me love, as I seem beyond being able to love.

These are admirable sentiments, even if the lovely hush with which they are expressed reminds me of the collections of daily affirmations that my grandmother used to leave beside her bed. I suppose this is "shocking," in the *Entertainment Weekly* blurb-writing sense of the word, coming from the spokesman of a new generation. Coupland is indeed brave to bring up something as fuddy as God (though just to let us know that he hasn't gone all Cynthia Ozick on us, he dedicates a story to Michael "Losing My Religion" Stipe—*cool!*). But as the various narrators blur, one woebegone software salesman after another, reading the stories in *Life After God* becomes not unlike spending an evening in a bar with an old school friend you quickly realize you've outgrown. While the friend details the countless bitter disappointments he or she has suffered since commencement, all you can do is listen—or try to, intermittently—while you doodle away on a cocktail napkin. Why not try your hand at some birds?

Briefly, Greg Kinnear



Age: 30.

Old Job: Making fun of talk-show hosts.

New Job: Talk-show host.

Explain, Please: Kinnear will continue to be the wisecracking host of E! channel's *Talk Soup,* which shows excerpts from the previous day's talk shows. And he has just succeeded Bob Costas as host of NBC's half-hour *Later*.

So That Makes Him Legitimate Fodder for* Talk Soup*? "You mean would I show a highlight of *Later* on *Talk Soup*? Absolutely. Come to think of it, maybe we'll just get rid of Sally, Montel, and all the rest of them, and I'll just show the 10 best moments from *my* show."

Wait a Min— "It's a tough position. If there's any objectivity left in the bowels of my soul, I'll have to conjure it up to determine whether a moment is worthy of *Talk Soup*."

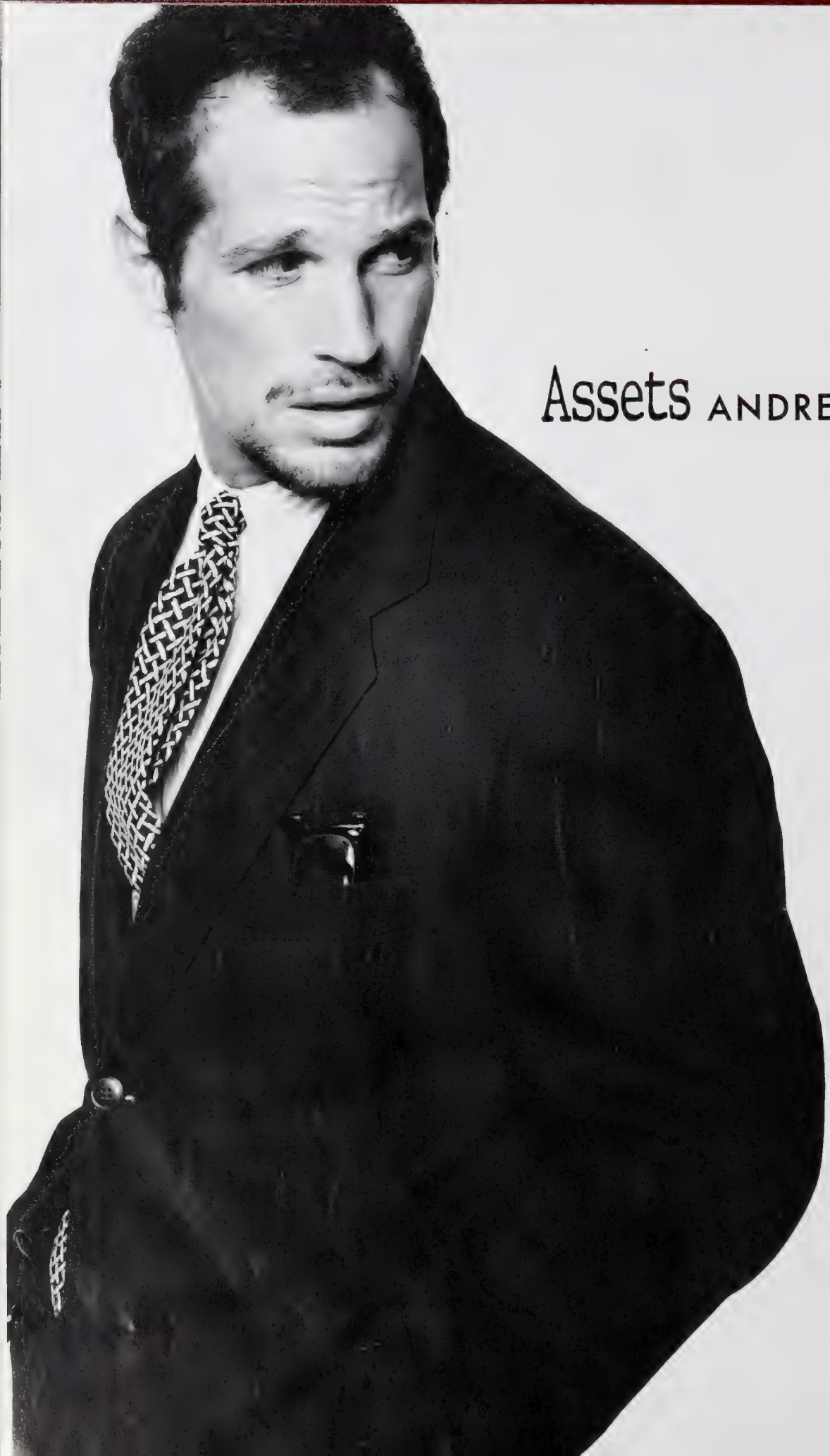
***His Plans for* Later:** Tape it live, the same evening it airs; retain the eclectic guest list.

Won't Double-hosting Be Grueling? "It's not really that different than any of these other late-night guys. I have an hour show like everyone else—I just get a seven-hour break in between the first half-hour and the second half-hour."

Kinnear's Answer to the Inevitable Chevy Chase Question: "I have the added advantage of being on when no one's watching, anyway. So I really can't lose. If people turn off the channel and go to sleep, that's pretty much what they're expected to do at that hour." ***—G.K.***

JERRY AVENAIM


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DIAMONDS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
The fragrance
dreams are made of
LORD & TAYLOR • FOLEY'S • ROBINSON'S • MAY • HECHT'S
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JACOBSON'S SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Vanities



Clockwise from left: Pony's Supper, *by photographer Steven Arnold; Banana Yoshimoto with her dog, Inuzo; Francine du Plessix Gray; H. L. Mencken; poet John Ashbery.*

Hot Type







'amour! La passion! La publicité! Whether, while nearly nine months pregnant, literally stabbing a critic in the back with a kitchen knife, or taunting her lover, Gustave Flaubert, by showing him love letters from her other romantic conquests, Louise Colet (the model for Flaubert's Madame Bovary) lived a life rich with drama and excess. **FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY** provides an unexpectedly candid portrait of sexual mores in 19th-century France in *Rage and Fire* (Simon & Schuster), an engrossing biography of the early feminist and flamboyant Romantic poet Colet: not since *The Bonfire of the Vanities* has there been a book filled with so many exclamation points.



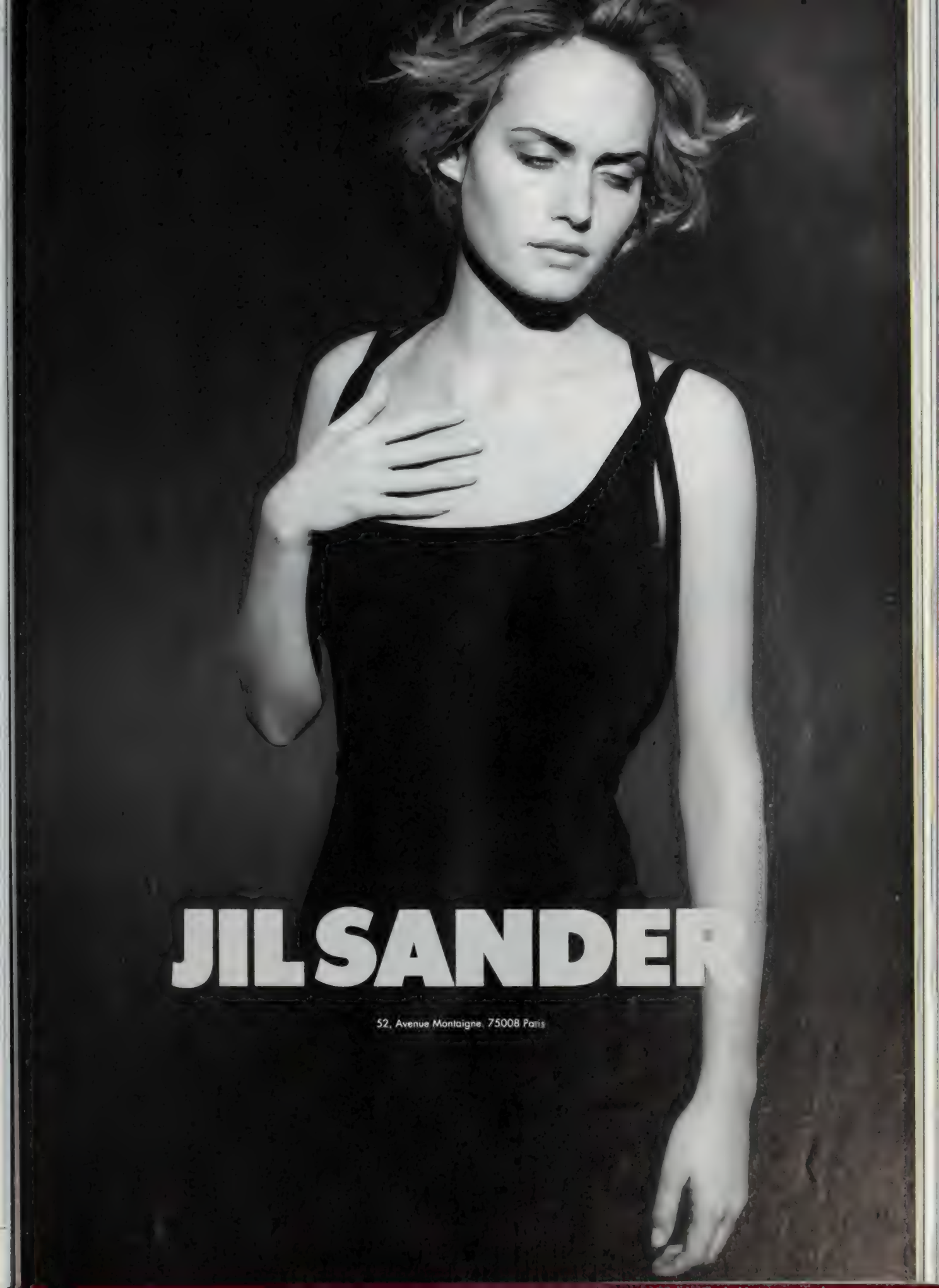
Also this month: In *A Family Place* (Atlantic Monthly Press), **CHARLES GAINES** explains how he regenerated his battered marriage and familial unity when the Gaineses built a cabin in Nova Scotia. A book of short stories written in English may never see print in Japan because its translators keep dying in **BANANA YOSHIMOTO'S** novel *NP* (Grove). **FRED HOBSON** chronicles the life of a literary lion in *Mencken* (Random House). **STEVEN ARNOLD'S** photographs are collected in *Cabinet de Curiosité* (Yobisha), which is in the form of a gold lamé Chanel purse. **ROLAND FLAMINI** reveals the practices of the MGM mogul in *Irving Thalberg* (Crown). **ROBERT E. HERZSTEIN** profiles the founder of *Time* in *Henry R. Luce* (Scribners). Two families become intertwined during the Texas Revolution of the 1830s in **ELIZABETH CROOK'S** novel *Promised Lands* (Doubleday). **JOHN ASHBERY'S** new collection of poems is *And the Stars Were Shining* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). **J. P. DONLEAVY** tells of his struggle to write his literary classic in *The History of "The Ginger Man"* (Houghton Mifflin). Renaissance Italy is the backdrop of **JAMES RESTON JR.'S** biography *Galileo* (HarperCollins). And **QUINCY JONES** wrote the foreword to *Snaps* (Quill), a tribute to the art of verbal warfare known as "snapping" ("If ugliness were bricks, your mama would be a housing project"). —HENRY ALFORD

Family Baggage



A 1909 illustration of Georges Vuitton, Patrick's grandfather, standing in one of his family's famed trunks.

Talk to Patrick Vuitton and you might believe the age of mass production had never dawned. The 42-year-old great-great-grandson of Louis Vuitton, supreme luggage-maker to French society in the 19th century, is carrying on the very grand traditions of his ancestor's atelier. Vuitton's newly restored special-order workshop at Asnières, near Paris, offers the luggage industry's equivalent to haute couture: one-off pieces made to order for prized clients. Patrick, who is the last member of the family still in the company, makes all those pieces you never knew you needed. A leather carrying case for the America's Cup, perhaps? Or a conductor's baton case for French maestro Pierre Boulez? No problem, monsieur. Patrick personally takes charge of special commissions. Just don't try asking him to name any of his celebrity clients. "*Monsieur!*" he exclaims with all the authority of a master craftsman. "That is *confidentiel.*" —ROGER TREDRE


JILSANDER
52, Avenue Montaigne. 75008 Paris

Vanities

Ruvo Awakening



MTV Europe's De Ruvo: Looks like Bardot, acts like Beavis.

Rebecca De Ruvo is glad you haven't heard of her yet. The sensual Swede of MTV Europe, who recently delighted 65,000 fans at an appearance in Israel, wants her Stateside identity to be that of vocalist, not V.J. With the looks of Bardot and the attitude of Beavis, the 24-year-old De Ruvo has a bio that reads like a teenybopper's fantasy. At 16 she got her own show on Swedish television, where she did "wacky pop-star interviews," and at 17 she sang background vocals for Mick Jagger, Bryan Ferry, and the Eurythmics. For the past three years she has hosted the European editions of *Dial MTV* and the morning show *Awake on the Wildside*. "This has done me good," she explains, "because I used to be useless in the morning and now I'm bright and perky."

These days De Ruvo is writing lyrics for her solo singing career and eagerly anticipating life on the road: "Sometimes I dream that guys throw their shorts to me when I stand onstage." Her MTV gig can't help but benefit the video for her upcoming single, "Call and I'll Be There." Now, if she could just decide on a name for the album, out from Arista this spring in the U.K. "If I title it after the single, it'll sound like an escort service," she says, "and naming a first album after yourself is a bit common—and who wants to be common?" —SUSAN KITTENPLAN

Night-table Reading



Beri Smither *(model):* Howards End, *by E. M. Forster (Bantam). "The story explores the human condition and how all people have the innate desire to connect with one another."*

Chris Connelly *(MTV movie host):* The Johnstown Flood, *by David McCullough (Touchstone). "Social history shaped like a thriller—essential reading for a New Yorker transplanted to the home office of natural disaster."*





Brooke Astor *(philanthropist):* Ottoline Morrell: Life on the Grand Scale, *by Miranda Seymour (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "She was an outstanding character, and although without any looks, she had enormous charm."*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



Create your own look.

Take an Eyeshadow Prism - a single compact
ntaining five sublime shades of the same colour.
Blend these graduated matte shades across
your eyelid, from light on the inside edge to dark at
the outer - creating a unique look to best suit you.
Add a touch of radiance, using the central
highlight to give sparkle to your eyes.
Givenchy Eyeshadow Prisms come in five different harmonies:
onyx, améthyste, topaze, diamant and corail.

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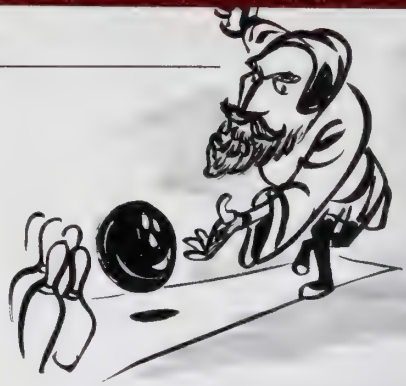
GIVENCHY

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Phoenix Denver Naples | Las Vegas Boston Bala Cynwyd | Beverly Hills Bal Harbor Chevy Chase | Bergen County Woodland Hills South Coast Plaza | Dallas Galleria Oakbrook Old Orchard | San Francisco Palm Beach Gardens San Antonio | New York Chicago Dadeland | Cleveland Troy Houston | Atlanta New Orleans Boca Raton

What If...?

We must never be afraid to ask the truly difficult questions in life, such as: What if your moving men were Merchant and Ivory? Or: What if Frank Sinatra taught English at Yale? In an excerpt from his new book, *Municipal Bondage* (Random House), HENRY ALFORD confronts these and many other nagging cosmopolitan quandaries.



WHAT IF MICHELANGELO HAD BEEN HETEROSEXUAL?

1508 Michelangelo stares at mistake made in fresco, hopin for sudden appearance of slo-mo instant replay.

1511 Michelangelo replaces Sistine Chapel's images of Sibyls and Prophets with photos of Jose Canseco and Kathy Ireland.

1516 Michelangelo's unveiling of statue causes friends to do "the Wave."

1523 Michelangelo develops interest in barbecuing and lawn care.

1530 Michelangelo's winning of bet earns him opportunity to throw one free punch at Pope Clement.



WHAT IF YOUR MOVING MEN WERE MERCHANT AND IVORY?

11:00 A.M. Helena Bonham Carter arrives bearing drop cloth and addled spinster.

11:13 A.M. Daniel Day-Lewis puts on spats, refers to fire escape as loggia.

12:02 P.M. Julian Sands arrives with scratch remover and local vicar.

12:10 P.M. Maggie Smith warns that loose items on truck can cause "quite a kerfuffle."

4:05 P.M. Emma Thompson puts down packing crate, has epiphany on sofa.

5:34 P.M. Phone call establishes that Ruth Prawer Jhabvala has been lost in busy foreign airport.

5:45 P.M. Filmmakers arrive, reminisce, fondle wicker.

WHAT IF THE CAST OF *THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP* WERE LIVING INSIDE YOUR BATHROOM?

8:30 A.M. Fred tells Morton he disagrees: creme rinse does *not* result in more volume.

8:33 A.M. McLaughlin terrorizes Eleanor with towel snapping and soap horns.

6:55 P.M. Jack shares cocktail near sink drain with blowsy Scrubbing Bubble.

7:35 P.M. Replenishing of toilet paper launches debate: over or under?

8:31 P.M. Group discusses whether Ty-D-Bol Man should be granted political asylum.

11:03 P.M. Fred's tub-and-basin-region prediction provokes fiery exchange about cleanser Zud.





WHAT IF FRANK SINATRA TAUGHT ENGLISH AT YALE?

eptember	Sinatra assigns lyrics of "Danke Schoen" in attempt to broaden canon.
October	Sinatra introduces guest lecturer Saul Bellow as "a big-leaguer, the best."
Jovember	Sinatra invites coed to his New York City lair for intertextuality and highballs.
Jecember	Sinatra's pinkie ring shreds delicate pages of his *Norton Anthology of English Literature*.
January	Sinatra exhorts blocked comp.-lit. major, "Swing, girl!"
February	Sinatra delivers paper, "Ode to Joeys: Images of the Baroque in Heatherton and Bishop."
March	Sinatra refers to Macbeth as "that bad man Mackie."
April	Sinatra has Yalies deconstruct liner notes to "L.A. Is My Lady."

WHAT IF YOUR DOG DECIDED TO DO A LITTLE REMODELING?

irst Week	Dog is momentarily confused by decorator's suggestion that they cover all walls in bark.
ond Week	Dog lodges snout between contractor's legs for genital update.
ird Week	Dog becomes irritable and vexed at mention of plaster's "scratch coat."
rth Week	Dog has all kitchen-cabinet doors soldered shut in attempt to thwart chuck wagon.
ifth Week	Dog announces he will paint whole apartment bone.



WHAT IF THE MAFIA HAD ITS OWN EPONYMOUS FRAGRANCE?

First Week	Mobsters copyright slogan "Mafia. For all the men you are . . . and all the men you off."
Second Week	*New York Post* runs front-page story with headline GOODSMELLEAS!
Third Week	Bloomingdale's lines up nine perfume sprayers in a row for gangland-style sprayfest.
Fourth Week	Sedan barreling down Brooklyn-Queens Expressway suddenly changes direction: Carmine "the Snake" Persico has forgotten his atomizer.
Fifth Week	Mob taps actress Talia Shire to be spokesperson for companion scent, Red Sauce.
Sixth Week	Informant's corpse is dumped in trunk of car, Mafia applicator wand placed in mouth.

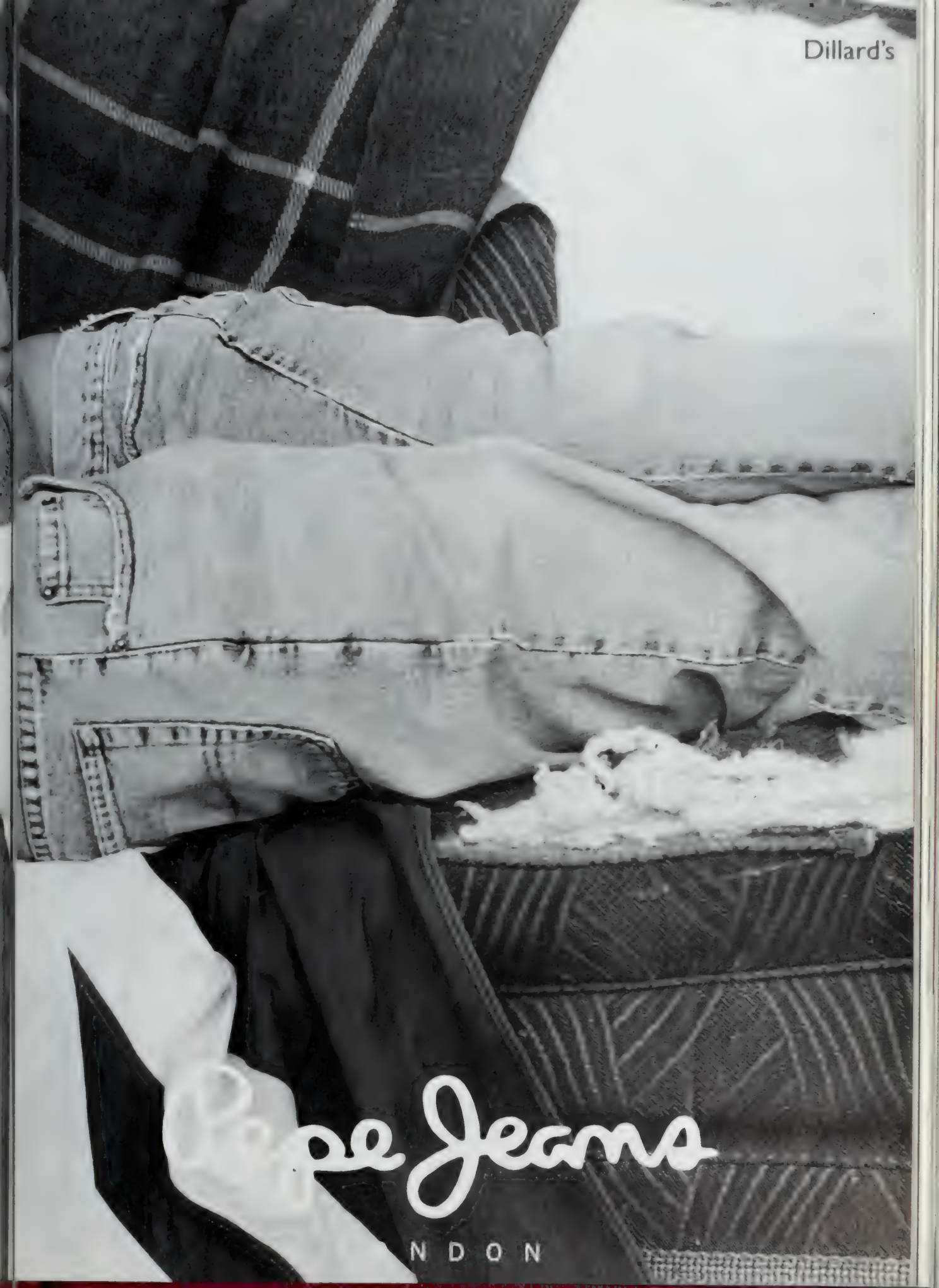


WHAT IF A FOUR-YEAR-OLD AMISH BOY GOT LOST IN THE CONDÉ NAST BUILDING?

Glamour	Editor notes trend: farmers are getting younger!
Mademoiselle	Boy drools on furniture in lobby; shrieking receptionist momentarily loses fake-English accent.
Self	Receptionist tells boy that she wishes he were a can of Tab.
GQ	Swishy male art assistant tells colleague that, yes, boy is only four, but he has the *body* of a six-year-old.
Allure	Beauty editor smiles at speck of mud on boy's cheek: assumes boy has been playing with samples of new placenta-based masque.
Vogue	Assistant publisher ashes cigarette over boy's head: assumes boy's straw hat is large mobile thatched ashtray.
Vanity Fair	Assistant editor tells boy that most Amish people are not famous.

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER




Dillard's
pe Jeans
NDON

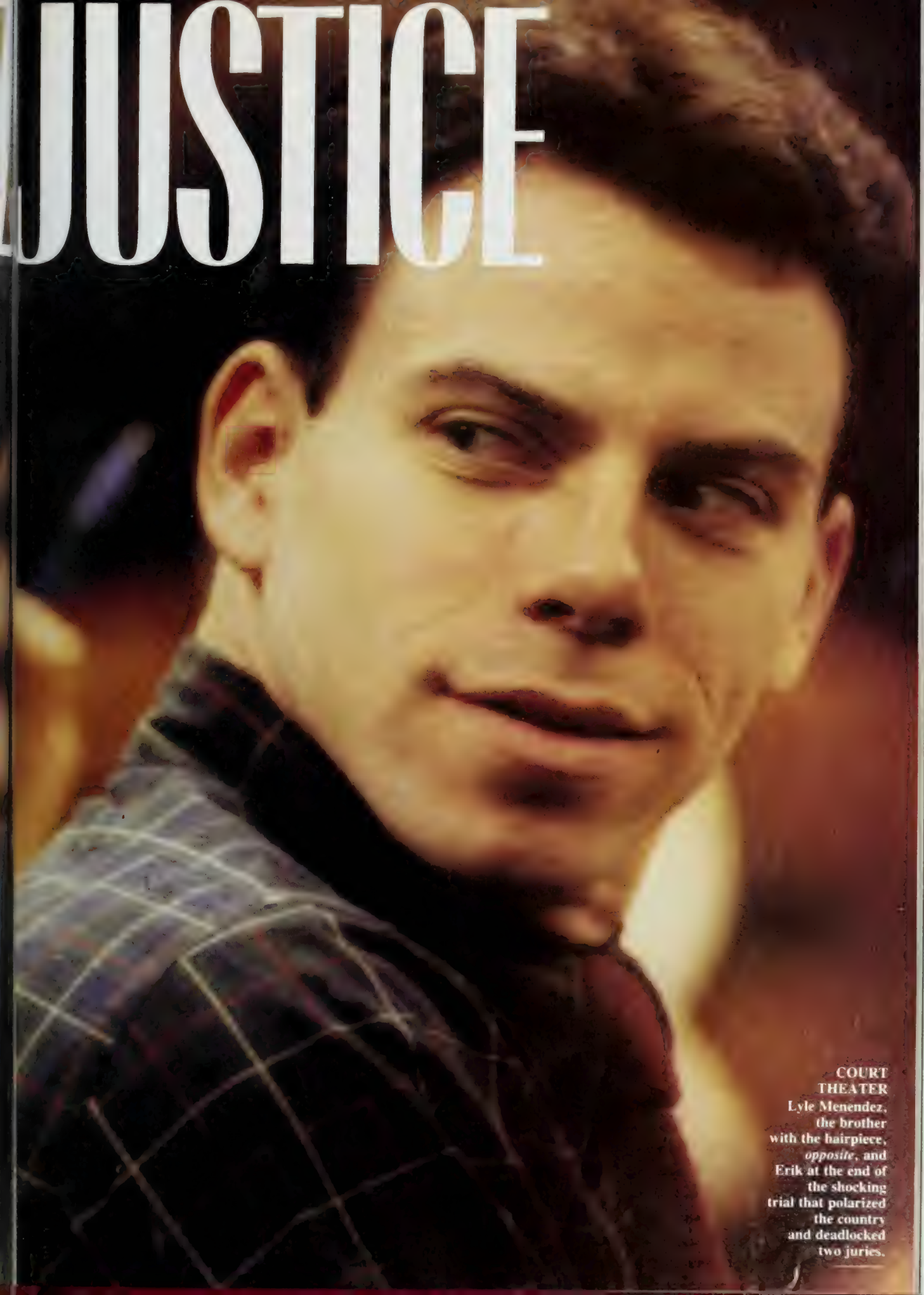
VANITY FAIR
MARCH 1994

MENENDEZ



After a long trial, two hung juries, and an earthquake, the story of Lyle and Erik Menendez seems murkier than ever. But, in interviews with friends and relatives of the confessed killers, DOMINICK DUNNE, who has followed the case for *Vanity Fair* from its bloody beginning, debunks the tearful defense of sexual molestation that divided the juries, the press, and the public—and turned a family tragedy into a marathon courtroom drama

JUSTICE



COURT THEATER Lyle Menendez, *the brother with the hairpiece, opposite*, and Erik at the end of the shocking trial that polarized the country and deadlocked two juries.

There are people who think these kids should get the Nobel Prize. We've all made a mistake, or most of us have, which is we've assumed that they were abused, and there's no reason to think they were abused.

—Steven Brill, creator of Court TV, on *Charlie Rose*, January 12, 1994.

A mistrial was declared Thursday in the murder trial of Erik Menendez after his jury reported it could not reach verdicts in the case that began as a simple whodunit but became dominated by impassioned claims of fear and molestation within the gates of a Beverly Hills mansion.

—Alan Abrahamson, *Los Angeles Times*, January 14, 1994.

So what happened? I'll tell you what happened. I was there, and these are my beliefs. Two juries took the word of two world-class liars, two rich, spoiled, arrogant losers who were already on the road to a criminal life when they shot their mother's face off and their father's brains out. Two juries made up of people the killers privately expressed to friends and confidants they didn't consider to be quite their peers fell for their pretty faces, their crocodile tears, and their extravagant lies. Correction. Not all the jurors did. Only some of them. And that's all it takes to hang a jury. Those who went along with the defense were in the thrall of a tiny, mesmerizing, brilliant, overpowering 50-year-old woman who dominated the proceedings from the beginning to the end of a six-month trial, leaving everyone in the dust behind her. She was impassioned. She was moving. She was possessed with fervor. She was often enraged. She was also mean, harsh, crude, and gutter-mouthed. Even the two well-known but uncivilized words ending with *u-c-k-e-r* were not alien to her vocabulary. She reserved one for the prosecution's chief witness, Dr. L. Jerome Oziel, to whom the killers had confessed their crime. She reserved the other for Judge Stanley M. Weisberg, who had made a ruling with which she didn't agree. "And you can print that," she snapped at one reporter in the elevator after her attack on the judge.

In a post-trial interview with Terry Moran on Court TV, Leslie Abramson, with a patient smile and a dismissive they-don't-get-it shake of her head, called those jurors who had held out for a murder conviction "uneducable," as if their minds were too dim to understand the consequences of abuse. That two people had been brutally slain seemed to be a matter of irrelevance. Their names were not even mentioned in the interview. Abramson's job, however, was not to educate jurors. Her job was to convince them. She almost did. Her amazing persuasive powers convinced a great many people that the molestation had taken place.

Look how compelling these abuse cases are. I mean, you have these clients who are not criminals, but sympathetic, decent *people who are in terrible trouble. And their so-called* victims *are nothing short of* monsters *who deserved to be stopped. Just because you're dead doesn't mean you're victim, a saint. Hitler is dead too.*

—Leslie Abramson, quoted by Gay Jervey, *The American Lawyer*, May 199

I found myself to be both repulsed and fascinated by the Menendez brothers. "Cry for what has been done to us not for what we have done to others" seemed to be the bottom line of their testimony and their courtroom presence. Contrition and repentance evaded them. Rarely have parents been so defiled by their children, or victimized by their killers. Throughout, the brothers acted as if forgiveness were their due. The parents they killed had already forgiven them their trespasses during their flirtation with criminal life, trespasses that would have put less fortunate young men in reform schools or jails. The parents had paid off for them, and made the major parental error of not dealing with the problems that caused the transgressions. In the final family irony, the hard-earned fortune of Jose Menendez, a Cuban immigrant who had made good, paid for the high-priced legal team that was expected to get his sons forgiven again.

Lest I be grouped in that contemptible circle of people Abramson calls uneducable on the subject, those people who cannot and will not understand the gravity of child abuse, I feel reluctantly obliged to reveal my own deep secret on that matter. I was abused as a child, although the term "child abuse" was not in use at the time. I was not abused sexually, but physically and psychologically. I was beaten with straps, hangers, and riding crops. I have had welts on my legs and thighs. To this day I remain partially deaf from a blow to the ear when I was in the fifth grade. I was a sissy. I was not good at sports. I embarrassed my father, a prominent heart surgeon in Hartford, Connecticut, who was otherwise a loved and highly respected figure. Although the beatings eventually stopped, the mockery continued until the day my father delivered me to the induction center in New Haven, Connecticut, when I was 18 years old, to go off and serve in World War II. When I returned, the medal I wore on my chest, pinned on by a general after an incident in battle, changed the dynamic between my father and me. Sissies don't wear medals. He died before any rapprochement was made. The obligatory conversation between us which might have heralded an understanding for the future was never held. Now, decades later, I still remember. I am unable even to visit his grave. But I never wanted to kill him. The thought never once entered my mind. There were alternatives. I went away to boarding school. I went away to war. I went away to college. I went away to my life.

Today, statistics indicate that more than three American children die each day from abuse or neglect. It is a subject that must be reckoned with. But it is also a subject that is being ludicrously overworked in the justice system. It has become an increasingly popular defense to gain an acquittal or an inconsequential verdict for the most heinous of crimes. Perpetrators need only to scream out "I was abused" and there is an expectation of forgiveness. Child abuse is such a volatile subject that a large

ection of the public need only hear the words to become assionate advocates of acquittal, no proof necessary.

t a White House state dinner, according to Newsday *on No ember 26, President Clinton confessed to some dinner com anions that he sneaks away from the Oval Office in the fternoon for a dose of the Menendez trial on Court TV. At the ourt TV office in the media center outside the Van Nuys ourthouse one day, a call came from someone in Mayor Rich rd Riordan's office to say they were having trouble with the udio on their set.*

He raped me," sobbed Lyle Menendez on the witness and, in one of the most overwhelmingly emotional mo ients I have ever encountered in a courtroom. Tears ran own his cheeks. This was unexpected. This was the tough uy brother. I was devastated by his first day on the stand s he told his story, elegantly guided by his lawyer Jill ansing, who, like a docent in a museum explaining the ıtricacies of a complex painting, led him through the ago y she depicted his life to be. Lansing made Lyle into a ympathetic, even likable young man, hiding the part of im that would not surface until the surprise admissibility f what became known as the December 11 tape, on which he old-bloodedly described to psychologist Dr. L. Jerome ziel the vicious slaying of his mother as a mercy killing.

veryone had expected that it would be never-stop ying kid brother Erik who would grip the court oom, but it was Lyle who soared. He was illiant. I believed him. I had tears in my eyes and lump in my throat. I thought, My God, I'm rong. This really did happen.

Lyle has all the instincts of a great neurotic ctor, on the order of Marilyn Monroe, Mont omery Clift, or Judy Garland, the kind of stars udios hated because they held up production, ıt who will go down in cinema history as the agic ones. Like them, Lyle Menendez knew stinctively how to take his moment and rn it into theater. There were rumors, nev verified, probably apocryphal, of an act g coach who visited him and his brother jail, masquerading as a therapist. This uch I know for sure: he was aware of e brilliance of his performance. He told eople on the phone that he knew he was more compelling witness than Erik, that could see how he moved Erik's jury hen he was on the stand, and knew actly which members cried. His ob rvations squared with what we in the edia had noticed at the time. He cre ated a model for future defense witnesses to emulate. Within months, Lorena Bobbitt, another Court TV star, gave a similar tearful witness-stand account of the abuse that led her to cut off her husband's penis. Subsequently, she was acquitted of the mutilation charge when her jury ruled that she was temporarily insane.

Jury deliberation in the trial of Lyle and Erik Menendez is now in its 14th day. After that, all that's left is the verdict and the big wrap party at Spago. —David Letterman

A second magnificent and theatrical moment for Lyle was his confession that he had molested Erik when they were eight and six years old. He looked down from the stand at his brother sitting at the defense table and whispered, "I'm sorry, Erik." Erik's tortured face and tearful eyes responded to his brother's apology. There was scarcely a dry eye in the courtroom. I didn't think then, as I thought later, watching the same moment on television several times, how false, how bogus, how planned and rehearsed it actually was. Were we really to believe that in the 17 years since

Erik said his father forced four categories of sex on him: Knees, Nice Sex, Rough Sex, and Sex.



QUEEN BEE
Leslie Abramson, Erik's lawyer, speaks to the clamoring press outside the Van Nuys courthouse two days before Erik's jury announced a deadlock.

it happened, if it happened, they had never talked about it until they were in the courtroom, playing to the juries? These were brothers who had lived together, played tennis together, burgled together, killed their parents together, been in jail together for three and a half years. As a stunt, it worked. Was it real? Not to me. Is it actually even molestation, or merely experimentation, when two little brothers go off into the woods together?

Children's tissues tear easily in sex with adults.

—Marlise Simons, *The New York Times Magazine*, January 16, 1994.

Let's get down to brass tacks about Jose Menendez raping his six-year-old son. The squeezed-tight little anus of a six-year-old is not an easy entry for a man-size penis. Surely, if it happened, the pain must have been unbearable, not just for the timespan of the rape itself, but for days and possibly weeks after. There must have been devastation to the rectal area. Other than to say it hurt and he bled, Lyle did not give any accounting of post-rape physical trauma. His attitude was more that of a straight guy being an unwilling participant in an unpleasant gay act than that of a rape victim. No medical records were produced.

"Why did the Menendez brothers kill their parents?"
"Why?"
"They didn't like the way they were being reared."

—Joke told at a Beverly Hills dinner party.

Incest as a defense is in the air. The once unmentionable subject is on every tongue. Celebrity after celebrity, including Roseanne Arnold, Oprah Winfrey, and former Miss America Marilyn Van Derbur, has gone public with his or her story. People who in the beginning had said "Fry them" about the Menendez brothers began saying "Acquit them" after the defense presented its bold and daring strategy. However, even incest victims are at odds with one another over the veracity of the brothers' story. Some who contacted me remained fervent in their belief that the story was fabricated. Others believed every word and were unswervable.

An incest survivor with whom I kept in touch during much of the trial doubted the truth of the molestation defense from the start. For this person, who has undergone years of therapy and has worked with other incest survivors, the three-hour trip to San Diego to buy the shotguns was the false note. If it had been a kitchen knife, or a gun already in the house, or any household instrument such as an ax or a pipe that might have been at hand, she would have believed the story. The advance planning and the use of a former friend's ID to cover up also rang false to this person. "The defense in this case is destroying a new area of the law," she said. "They are twisting it and contorting it to justify this crime that their clients have committed. This case causes many questions and concerns to be raised by some of us in the incest-survivor community. . . . Even though a significant number of children are told that they will be killed if they tell on their perpetrators, they simply choose not to murder them."

All trials are minidramas. Not only is it important what th actors say and how they say it, but how they look.

—Paul Mones, *When a Child Kills*

I have heard straight from the mouth of a Menendez relative, with whom I met clandestinely during the trial, tha the brothers' account of the molestation was false, gleaned from books they read in jail, beginning with Paul Mones' *When a Child Kills: Abused Children Who Kill Their Parents*, a study of true cases and how they were defended in court. Pamela Bozanich, the cool, no-nonsense prosecutor made the point during the trial that much of the defense strategy was suggested by Mones's book: "In one of the incidents related in the book, which dealt with sexual abuse as the basis for parricide, there was mention of Vaseline in that incident. There was mention of sex used to punish the child. There was talk about the defense attorneys' need to collect all photos, diaries, letters, and everything in order to substantiate the abuse. There was indication that the defendant in this case was scared that he was homosexual. . . . There's information on page 66 that the father's sex was getting rougher, that the sex included being poked with pens and pencils . . . that the particular person was dressed up in sweaters in order to make him look younger for purposes of testifying."

In court, Leslie Abramson said about the Mones book, "I'm familiar with the existence of that book. Surprisingly enough, I've never read it."

The abovementioned Menendez relative was shocked to hear from Lyle during a jailhouse visit shortly before the beginning of the trial that the defense was going to be child abuse and molestation, and expressed to him total disbelief that the molestation had ever happened. The person told me Lyle looked away and said, in a voice remarkably like his father's, "Well, that's the way it's going to be."

Bree Walker Lampley, news anchor: You have to believe the person you are defending is telling the truth.

Leslie Abramson: No, you don't. You don't have to believe that at all. You want to know whether they are or not.

—Television interview, KCBS, January 4, 1994.

To disagree with Leslie Abramson is a serious matter. You take her version of events as dogma, or else. Woe to him who dared to express that he did not find her killers as adorable as she did, or their killings as forgivable as she thought them to be. Anyone who differed with her was subject to her wrath, mockery, or vituperation. She publicly referred to one of my colleagues in the media as "despicable." She referred to another as "that piece-of-garbage reporter." I too experienced her rancor, after writing of my disbelief in the defense strategy of sexual molestation and imminent danger in the October issue of this magazine. That article signaled the end of any communication between us. Her first snub of me, in the corridor of the courthouse, was of the elaborate variety, with flaring nostrils and frizzy blond curls bounc-

ing angrily, a snub meant to be noticed by bystanders, after a "Good morning" by me went unanswered. Thereafter, all civil relations ceased. I had become the enemy.

"Why are you having lunch with that prick?" she asked my friend Caroline Graham of *The New Yorker*, who came to have lunch with me one day in the cafeteria of the courthouse in Van Nuys.

Several references to me by her appeared in the court transcript. Some of it was funny. Once, in the courtroom, she called me a "brain surgeon," after *Now*, the Tom Brokaw–Katie Couric show, had billboarded an appearance by me as taking the viewer "inside the minds of the Menendez brothers." She called attention to the show by asking the judge to exhort the jurors not to watch it. When Erik Menendez was on the stand, Abramson put up on the bulletin board a photograph of Jose Menendez holding both his sons, at approximately ages four and six, which had appeared in my last article in *Vanity Fair*. She asked Erik if he was aware of the photograph. He replied that he was. She asked him where his father's hand was placed. Erik replied that his father's hand was placed on Lyle's genitals. She asked, "Did the writer ever comment on where your father's hand was?" Erik replied no. For me, it remained a long stretch to think that Jose Menendez was deliberately touching his son's genitals in that posed picture.

Later, her attacks took on a more personal tone. The good thing about bad things' being said about you is that they are repeated back within minutes. She said about me to one of the more influential reporters covering the case for a daily newspaper, "He is filled with hate since his daughter's murder." It is true that I lost a child to murder 12 years ago. It is true that I have covered many trials since. A few days later, Marta Cano, an aunt of Lyle and Erik, repeated the same thing in almost exactly the same words during an interview with two other reporters, who are writing a book about the case. I was told that even Lyle Menendez, on trial for parricide, had said about me in a telephone call, "He has things to work out." Abramson described me to still another reporter during an interview as "a vampire who haunts courtrooms." The implication was that my personal tragedy disqualified me from reporting on the issue of murder, which is rather like saying that James Brady, who was gunned down by a would-be assassin's bullet, has no right to be an advocate for gun control.

Lyle Menendez's testimony changed my life. And I do have *a life. I believe in them, and I wanted to stand alongside them.*

Do you have the same feeling I do? I just want to take my boys home and tell them they'll never have to be harmed again.

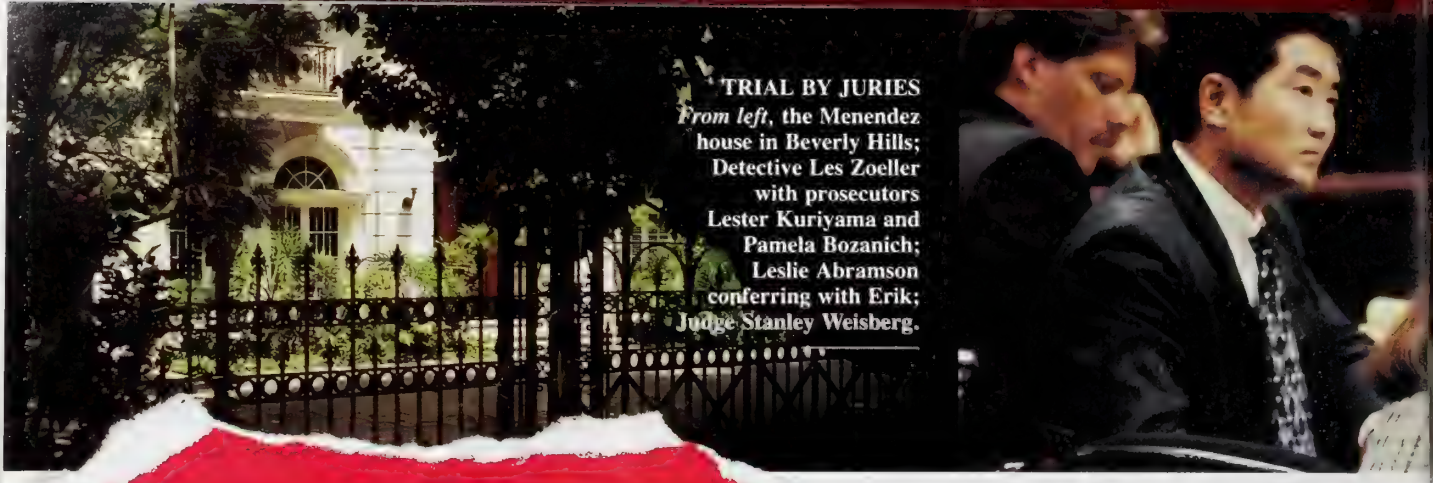
—Two pro-Menendez ladies in the courthouse corridor.

A long trial becomes a life in itself. Private dramas and comedies occurred that were not written about in the *Los Angeles Times* or talked about on Court TV. As the trial grew more intense, polarization of the occupants of the courtroom became evident. We in the media never spoke to the jurors, and the jurors never spoke to us. Nor did the two juries speak to each other. But they all knew who we were, just as we all knew who they were. We called one Ethel, because she looked like Ethel Kennedy. We called one Willie, because he looked like Willie Nelson. Three young women who were always together became known as Les-

"There was no way I was gonna make a decision to kill my mother without Erik's consent."



BAD SEED
Lyle Menendez with Jose, *left*, and Kitty about a year before he claims his father began to molest him.



TRIAL BY JURIES
From left, the Menendez house in Beverly Hills; Detective Les Zoeller with prosecutors Lester Kuriyama and Pamela Bozanich; Leslie Abramson conferring with Erik; Judge Stanley Weisberg.

Lyle looked down from the stand at his brother sitting at the defense table and whispered, "I'm sorry, Erik."

lie's girls. We watched which ones cried. We watched which ones rolled their eyes. It was not necessarily the issue of abuse that polarized the jury, as Abramson claimed after the mistrial. It seemed to be gender. She understood her audience; she appeared to know exactly which members of the jury were sympathetic to her, and she played to them. Pro-defense court watchers, who tended to be young, remained aloof from pro-prosecution court watchers, who tended to be older. We in the assigned media seats were also polarized, although we generally remained on good terms. I was pro-prosecution all the way and made no bones about it. Robert Rand, who is writing a book about the case, was pro-defense all the way and made no bones about it. The writers for the daily papers had to straddle the fence in their reporting, but their personal opinions became known. Again, gender was a factor.

Often the corridors of the courthouse were filled with young admirers of the Menendez brothers. On more than one occasion, I heard them say with indignation, "They should walk." About that, they were right. The Menendez brothers should have walked. They should have walked out of the house at 722 North Elm Drive in Beverly Hills. They should have gotten into the red Alfa Romeo convertible Jose Menendez had recently given Lyle for his birthday, the car Lyle didn't like, the car he called "a piece of shit" because he had wanted a $70,000 Porsche. They should have driven and driven and driven, as far as possible from their "lifetime of terror, their lifetime of threats," as the defense characterized their lives, and started over. It was a viable alternative to the violent choice they made.

One of the overriding questions about the case from the beginning was why these young men did not simply leave home, or go to the police and report the perverted father they described in such detail to the court. However much the defense referred to them throughout the trial as "children," "kids," and "boys," they were not. Children, kids, and boys who are abused have no choice but to remain in a life of misery. The Menendez brothers were old enough and strong enough to purchase 12-gauge shotguns and fire some 16 rounds into their parents, which no child would ever be able to do.

In their wonderfully scripted scenario, the Menendez brothers had an answer for all these problematic questions.

Why hadn't they run away? Lyle said that they had thought of it, but that "they would find us, and they could find us wherever we went." Why hadn't they gone to the police to report the molestation? "My dad was a very powerful, influential, well-known person in Beverly Hills," said Lyle, and for that reason they had not believed the Beverly Hills police would protect them. Detective Les Zoeller of the Beverly Hills Police Department, who has been on the case from the night of the murders, who was responsible for the arrest of the two brothers seven months later, and who sat alongside Pamela Bozanich and Lester Kuriyama at the prosecution table throughout the trial, smiled and shook his head when I questioned him about that response.

Just how rich and powerful was Jose Menendez that he could locate his sons anywhere and intimidate the police, as Lyle suggested? This is another of the greatly exaggerated tales of the trial. The defense's depiction of Jose's importance in the film industry and the Beverly Hills community exceeds the reality of the man's situation. Despite all of Jose's family's awestruck talk of his wealth and great success, he was never considered one of the power figures to be reckoned with in what is known in Hollywood as the Industry.

Outside of Live Entertainment, the video-distribution company that was a subsidiary of Carolco Pictures, his name was virtually unknown. Although his half-million-dollar-a-year salary plus $850,000 bonus sounds high in



nost places, it's no more than middle income by Holly-vood-executive standards. One of the most successful nen in the television industry, whose fortune has been stimated in the $100 million range, said to me about ose's much-publicized wealth, "Fourteen million? 'hat's nothing." He had reached the high middle, but ever the top, of the ladder. In the accepted fashion of eople at his level, he was heavily mortgaged and lived eyond his means. Everyone agreed that great things waited him in his future, but, in reality, Jose was fa-ious more for the circumstances of his death than for ny of his achievements in life.

So heavily was public opinion orchestrated to the bad ide of Jose Menendez that I did not know until after my ast article appeared in this magazine that the executive taff of his company—with a few exceptions, such as .oger Smith, the acting president after his death, who ulogized him at the first memorial service and then took ie stand for the defense to say how detestable he was—oved him and respected him greatly. "His death was evastating to the office," said Marzie Eisenberg, his ecretary for eight years. "We adored him, we mourned im. He taught me everything," said Vicki Greenleaf, is vice president of public relations. "I am outraged by is portrayal," said Patty Matlen, his director of post-roduction.

During her marathon 12-hour closing argument, Leslie Abramson hissed out a list of the words that her defense witnesses had used to describe Jose Menendez. Strict. Sarcastic. Belittling. Ridiculing. Humiliating. Successful. Reserved. Private. Image-conscious. Intimidating. Cruel. Controlling. Intelligent. Angry. Strong-willed. Competitive. Arrogant. Intense. Demanding. Stern. Obnoxious. busive. Unfair. Confrontational. Attractive. Belligerent. ude. Nasty. Frightening. Charismatic. Articulate. Domi-ating. Dictatorial. Sadistic. Unrealistic. Harshly critical. motionally harsh. Although many of the same words ight be used to give an accurate description of Abramson, is interesting to point out that not one of the defense itnesses, even those who hated him, described Jose Me-endez as the pervert father his sons said he was.

I know that you sometimes worry about your future. I have total trust in both you and Erik and have no concerns about your future and your future role in your country. I urge you as you go through life and enjoy the fruits of your work and the good fortune of your heritage to think of your family, your country, and your fellow citizens. I believe that both you and Erik can make a difference. I believe that you will!

—Letter from Jose Menendez to Lyle, which Lyle read at his parents' memorial service.

The only sources for the molestation defense were Erik and Lyle Menendez themselves. They got slight secondhand support from two cousins, but to me neither was convincing. When the brothers confessed to Erik's psychologist, Dr. Oziel, every gory detail of how they had killed their parents, including the extremely damaging testimony that they ran out of ammunition and had to go outside to reload Lyle's gun so that he could return and fire the final shot into his dying mother's face, neither mentioned that their father had sexually molested them both. Subsequently, bad things came out about Oziel. Abramson, in a staggering feat of attempting to destroy a man's credibility and reputation, made mincemeat of the doctor, but at the time of Erik's confession to him, which greatly angered Lyle, Erik had no misgivings about Dr. Oziel's character. Who better to discuss your sexual abuse with than your psychologist? The defense had an answer for that too: the Menendez family kept secrets, not only from the outside world but also from one another, and for Erik the molestation was so shameful a secret that he could not bring himself to share it even with his psychologist. But surely if it was the motive for committing the parricide, it could hardly have been considered untoward or disloyal to the father they had killed to bring it up, if only in the I-did-it-because phase of the confession.

As his brother noted, Erik Menendez was a far less compelling witness in his own defense than Lyle. As for the shameful secret of sex abuse that he could not bear to mention to Dr. Oziel, he had no trouble talking about it to the juries, the court, the television camera, and the world at large once he took the stand. Leslie Abramson claimed in an article in the *Los Angeles Times* before the trial started that there had been more than 300 separate acts of molestation, a claim that was not repeated in the courtroom. If it had been, Erik would probably have been able to describe

each one. As it was, he told too much. It was overkill. What is utterly shocking on first hearing can begin to sound commonplace if it is repeated incessantly. I was not alone in wondering if he was not transferring some of his own sexual experiences onto his father. There was no detail too intimate, or too personal, for him to reveal. Some of his revelations actually caused jokes to be made. He said that he had disliked the taste of his father's semen. But after learning from friends at school that cinnamon in a man's coffee or tea sweetened the taste of his semen, he ha solved that problem. Arleen Sorkin, a Hollywood wit, writ er, and actress, who followed the trial avidly on Court TV remarked, "The day after Erik said that, there wasn't a packe of cinnamon to be found in any supermarket in the city. Cinnamon in coffee has a very distinctive taste. It woul hardly have gone unnoticed by Jose Menendez, who, if h was the cruel father Erik said he lived in fear of, woul probably have exacted revenge in sexual punishment.

About every woman who spoke up for Jose, I was tol dismissively by his detractors, whether they knew her o not, "Oh, he was probably fucking her." If Jose Menendez had sex with as many women as people say he did, don't know how there could have been a drop left ove for Erik to detest the taste of.

A courtroom is a place where people lie.

—Jimmy Breslin

Erik told the court that his mother squeezed blisters on his penis, but he did not say how the blisters got there. He said that his father forced four categories of sex on him. They were called Knees, Nice Sex, Rough Sex, and Sex. Knees stood for oral sex while he was kneeling in front of his father. Nice sex meant hand or mouth "massage." Rough sex meant having needles and tacks stuck into him, or having his penis tied up with rope, while performing oral sex. Sex meant anal penetration of him.

If Jose did stick needles and tacks into his son's thighs and buttocks, didn't Erik bleed? Didn't Erik have scabs on his rear and thighs? I tried sticking a thumbtack into my buttocks and I bled. Here was a young boy who had played in tennis tournaments from the age of nine. He spent a great deal of his life in country-club locker rooms. Didn't that endless cadre of tennis and swimming coaches whom the defense flew in from everywhere with Kitty and Jose's money ever notice anything strange about the boy's buttocks in the shower room? If the act of sticking the needles and tacks into his body even remotely approached the savagery with which Leslie Abramson depicted it in her closing argument, when she jammed tacks into a photograph of six-year-old Erik's private area, it is likely that it would have had lasting effects.

I hated it. I hated it. I hated it.

—Erik Menendez on the stand.

Erik's defense never seemed to be able to let well enough alone, to quit when they were ahead. They kept loading it on, and often went too far. Some of Erik's testimony seemed almost absurd. He said that at times his father lit candles in his room before the dreaded molestation began. Incest is usually a furtive act of darkness, over quickly, having to do with power, rarely having anything whatever to do with love and romance, as the candlelit room would indicate, especially when the rectum was as reluctant an entry point as Erik tearfully insisted it was. Again, trying to explain that he and his brother feared that their parents were

"I think the hate that Erik had was with his father's inability to accept the way he was."



ACTOR-MODEL Erik Menendez in a revealing photograph taken by a friend. The defense tried to keep any mention of Erik's acting ambitions out of the trial.

going to kill them—which motivated the sons to kill the parents—he said, "I thought he was going to kill me that night, and I thought he was going to have sex with me first." It was just too elaborate an explanation. One or the other would have been sufficient, but the idea of Jose suggesting "one last fuck before I kill you" seemed ridiculously overdone to me.

Throughout the trial it was impressed on us by Leslie Abramson, and by aunts and cousins who took the stand, that Erik was the crybaby and weakling of the family. Marzie Eisenberg, Jose Menendez's secretary, and Craig Cignarelli, who had once been Erik's best friend, both said that the Erik in the courtroom bore very little resemblance to the Erik they knew. Eisenberg remembered him affectionately as a typical teenager. Cignarelli described him as fun-loving and mischievous in high school. In court, he came across as a dour, tragic victim. There was a bet in the media center as to how quickly he would break down on the stand. He did break down, but only once, and it had none of the pathos or drama of Lyle's first cry. He was on Xanax, it turned out. In a sidebar, Abramson told Judge Weisberg that Erik was nervous and needed the tranquilizer. The Xanax rendered him emotionless, as if the very act of speaking were an enormous effort. One day he seemed to space out looking at the microphone in front of him. In his report on Court TV that night, Terry Moran described him as stoned. Perhaps the Xanax was a mistake. Perhaps it would have been better for him to break down on the stand, have a nervous collapse, have to be carried out of the courtroom in hysterics by the bailiffs. It would have been a front-page story. Instead, he looked strange. His eyes had a *Children of the Damned* look about them.

There were members on both sides of Lyle and Erik's own family who refused to buy Leslie Abramson's account of the sexual abuse, but they remained hushed about their private opinions. One of them who had been particularly close to the sons said, "Wouldn't I have seen something? A sign in all those years? I would have seen something. Lyle can keep his mouth shut, but Erik talks. Erik would have said something. Never a word? Never. It was in the personality of the child."

Lyle is a Capricorn. Capricorns are so organized that they plan everything perfectly, right down to which crystal goblet the poison will go in. Erik is a Sagittarius. Sagittarians are so good-natured and plodding that they forget to wipe the mud off their boots when leaving the scene of a crime, and they can't wait to confess everything to the nearest priest.

—Michael Lutin, astrologer.

It remained unclear how two brothers could commit such a barbaric crime. What really happened that night? The why of it was never discovered, why they did what they did in the manner they did it. There has always been something not right, an element missing in the story, an important element, something the brothers know that no one else knows, possibly not even the lawyers who defended them. That secret is theirs and will probably remain theirs. Certainly, the reason, whatever it was, was more than greed, as the prosecution contended, although greed was probably a factor. It was more than hate, although hate was a factor. It was more than parental control, although control was a factor. Many doubted that it was sexual molestation, as the defense insisted. And it most certainly wasn't imminent danger, as the defense also insisted. So what was it? What could have happened?

Good father or bad, Jose Menendez was not unentitled to a certain amount of vexation over the two arrogant sons he had raised. This was a father who saw his immigrant dream of building a Cuban-American dynasty evaporating, as he watched the dismal failures they were becoming. Jose had aspirations of making his pile in the picture business and then moving to Florida to become a senator. He saw his sons as his successors. He had visions of a family compound, à la the Kennedys, where his sons would live near him with their wives and families. But that was never to be. There were problems, serious problems, with both sons. The brothers had been involved in a couple of burglaries around the town of Calabasas, where the family lived before they made what was virtually an overnight move to the death house at 722 North Elm Drive, Beverly Hills, in the aftermath of the burglary disgrace. Although the defense and the expert witnesses brought on by the defense to explain away the killings dismissed the Calabasas burglaries as teenage high jinks or adolescent acting-out, these were not inconsequential crimes. A less affluent burglar could have been doing hard time for them, but Jose was there, as always, checkbook in hand, to straighten out the latest transgression. Only two burglaries were alluded to during the trial. The total amount of money and property the brothers took from the houses of their friends' parents, when they were away, was in excess of $100,000. They used some of the money from the first burglary to buy walkie-talkies to perfect their technique for future heists, but their lucrative criminal path was brought to an early halt when a friend reported them to the police. Another burglary, involving only Lyle and a friend, in which Lyle burgled the new owners of the house in Princeton, New Jersey, where the Menendezes had lived before they moved to California, was not brought up in the trial. Jose Menendez was devastated by his sons' venality. "He cried after the Calabasas issue, after I said that Erik and I were sorry," said Lyle to Dr. Oziel on the confessional tape, made on December 11, 1989. "And I think he cried after the Princeton issue." The Princeton issue referred not to the Princeton burglary but to Lyle's enforced leave-taking from Princeton University, where it had been his father's life dream for him to go. Every Princeton student writes out a pledge before taking a test or exam, which says, "I pledge my honor that I have not violated the honor code during this examination." Despite Jose's impassioned pleas to Princeton, Lyle was suspended during his first semester for cheating. He was eligible for reinstatement a year later, and returned. That summer, he killed his parents.

Other people saw signs that Kitty and Jose did not see. In the month before the killings, one relative told me, she had warned Kitty that Lyle was out of control.

"Out of control how?" I asked.

"I don't know. Just in trouble all the time. Partying too

much, like every night was Friday or Saturday. I was worried about him.''

Marzie Eisenberg had noticed, too. She said, ''Lyle was always getting into a lot of trouble. I once said to Jose, 'Give those kids to me for six months and I'll show them what the real world is all about.' ''

Eisenberg said that Jose expected great things from his sons. She said that he and Kitty gave them everything, and that Jose was a pushover for them. Jose's sister Teresita Baralt, known as Terry, said, ''Perhaps Jose should have asked the boys if what he wanted for them was what they wanted.'' She said that Lyle was way out of his element at Princeton. She said that Jose expected too much of his sons, more than they could deliver.

Terry Baralt was the only Menendez family member who conveyed the sense that a tragedy had occurred, that the lives of none of the family members would ever be the same again. On the stand, unlike her many relatives who had partaken of Jose's grandiosity in life and then dumped on him at the trial, Terry Baralt remained loyal to her nephews, whom she genuinely loved, without betraying her brother and sister-in-law. She refused to hop on the bandwagon to assassinate their characters.

I will do anything to keep the boys from the gas chamber, but they must go to prison. They must. —Menendez relative.

That Jose Menendez was fed up with his wayward sons was no secret to some people. Carlos Baralt, Jose's lifelong friend, the husband of Jose's sister Terry, and the executor of Jose and Kitty's will, recalled for me a conversation he had had with Jose in the back of a limousine in New York. Jose told him he had given his sons too much. He had not punished them enough. He talked about taking them out of his will. It is not inconceivable that Jose was about to cut his sons off, kick them out of the house, and force them to make their own way, as he had had to do as a young immigrant. It might have been the making of them, but people who are used to a free ride on the merry-go-round are often reluctant to get off.

There was also another factor that may have played a large part in the family eruption that must have preceded the killings. That subject matter was Erik Menendez's possible homosexuality. Leslie Abramson fought like a tigress to keep it out of the trial and almost did, while at the same time the defense tried to depict the homophobic Jose as being homosexually inclined. It was alleged that Jose showed a pornographic film to his sons and neighbors when the brothers were very young. The purpose was to indicate his filth and vileness, to point out the low moral character of the child molester. But the name of the picture was not *Johnny Hard-on* or *Tits on Parade*. It was called *Pixote*, and was a prizewinning Brazilian film about poor children in Rio who are forced into prostitution to survive. It had been submitted by the Brazilian film board to the Motion Picture Academy as the best film of the year from that country. Those rather pertinent facts were never mentioned. A jar of Vaseline in the bookcase headboard of Erik's bed was very strongly hinted to be Jose's lubricant for anal penetration of his son. A more plausible explanation is that Erik used the Vaseline to rub on his hands for calluses after tennis. A maid who had helped Kitty Menendez for several days while she moved into the Elm Drive house was brought on by the defense to say that she had discovered stacks of gay pornographic magazines in Jose's room. Only recently, a well-known Hollywood composer who visited the house constantly when it was rented by a famous rock star before the Menendez family bought it told me that all the gay porn had been left behind in the closet of the master bedroom when the rock star moved out. Furthermore, constant rumors circulated that photographs had been discovered in Brazil of a gay teenage orgy in which Jose was a participant, and that Jose's name was on the Rolodex of a pedophile hustler service in Miami, but nothing came of those rumors in the trial.

Can't you find forgiveness in your heart for the boys? —Henry Llanio, Jose Menendez's cousin.

The words ''gay'' and ''homosexual'' were of so fearful a nature to most members of the Menendez family with whom I spoke that they were unable to deal with them. Whenever the subject arose in conversation, I was immediately corrected with the word ''bisexual,'' as if that lessened the shame for them.

One response I received startled me with its directness. ''Jose was homophobic, but in his kind of business there were a lot of gays, and he grew to accept that in other people. But he could never accept it in his own kids, if it were true. I think the hate that Erik had was with his father's inability to accept the way he was. Given time, Jose may have been able to cope with it. The initial finding-out would have been devastating for him. He would have come around in time, but it takes a while. It's a very strong possibility.''

In reality, Jose might never have come around. Perhaps not even Kitty. On the stand Erik said that his mother pressured him to get a girl—gave him six months to find one. He did, but they broke up shortly after.

''[My mother] would say, 'What, are you gay? What, are you not man enough for her? . . . Is this what your problem is?' ''

''Did your father call you a negative name for gay people?'' asked Abramson.

''Yeah. He called me a faggot. . . . He called me a fag or a faggot. He used both of them. He hated gay people.''

There was a time when Erik Menendez considered becoming an actor and model. A friend from that period, Philip Kearney, a former West Hollywood photographer now living in New Orleans, took modeling pictures of Erik and formed a brief relationship with him in 1988, after the family moved to Beverly Hills. ''When I knew him, it was after the Calabasas burglaries, which he talked about,'' said Kearney. ''Erik had no feeling that he had done something wrong. He was just embarrassed that he was caught and had to face his father.''

''Did you have an affair with Erik?'' I asked.

There was a long pause. ''Spiritually, yes. Physically,

almost," he replied. "I met him on the street in Beverly Hills. He wanted some modeling pictures, and I took them."

A person in Miami, who knew the family, suggested that Jose was so troubled by the possibility of his son's homosexuality that he sought help for him through Santería, a Cuban religion which in some ways is similar to Haitian voodoo. By means of animal sacrifices, Santería is sometimes used to rid people of evil spirits that possess them. In the sexual scenes with his father that Erik described on the stand, he mentioned the lighting of candles and the sticking of needles and tacks into his thighs and buttocks, both of which suggest something more ritualistic than sexual. A tip that Jose had seen a *brujo,* or witch doctor, who ran a Cuban restaurant in Los Angeles, led to a wild-goose chase between me and another reporter that came to naught. A Cuban friend in Palm Beach put me in touch with people in the Miami area who participated in Santería, but there was a reluctance to talk and then my phone calls went unanswered.

What Erik and I did took courage beyond belief. Beyond, beyond strength. There was no way I was gonna make a decision to kill my mother without Erik's consent. I didn't even wanna influence him on that issue. I just let him sleep on it for a couple of days.

—Lyle Menendez to Dr. Oziel on December 11, 1989.

Kitty Menendez was the defense's big problem. Kitty may have been a pitiful woman, but she had done nothing that could have given her sons the right to kill her, certainly not with such cruelty. A family member told me that Kitty changed completely after she discovered her husband was having an affair. The fact that the affair had been going on for six years without her having had any knowledge of it was devastating to her. Her reaction to Jose's infidelity was described to me as "like getting punched in the stomach, very hard." She felt totally betrayed and her behavior became obsessive. The one time she actually spoke to the mistress was outside the woman's office building in New York, where Kitty, knowing what she looked like, approached her. Instead of the hysteria we might have expected from the way Kitty was portrayed in the trial, the meeting, according to Pamela Bozanich, the prosecutor, who spoke with the woman, was pleasant, even cordial—two women who wanted the same man, talking about him. The mistress chose not to be a witness in the trial.

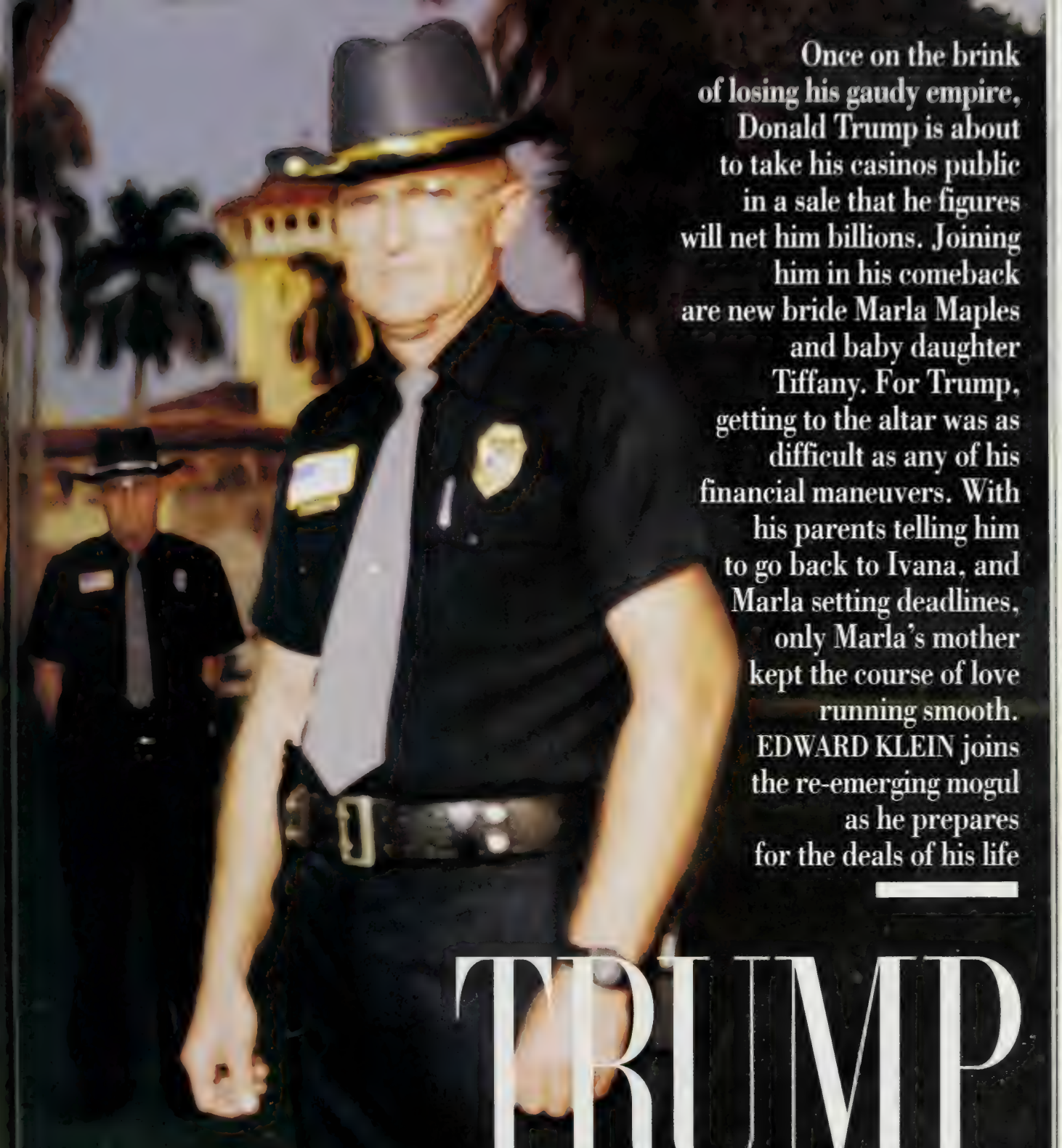
No stone was left unturned to assassinate Kitty's character or mock her life. Relatives and neighbors and teachers and coaches and people who said they were her friends were brought on by the defense to say things such as: Her hair was messy and needed a bleach job. Or, she lost her children in malls when they were young and continued with her shopping even after security announced over the P.A. system that they had been found. Or, she picked her children up from school in sweats. Or, she was a dangerous driver. Or, there were ferret feces on the floors of her houses. Her sister-in-law, even her own sister, rushed to put more nails in her coffin. Marta Cano, a sister of Jose Menendez, who had spent virtually the entire period between the killings and the memorial service in Jose's office going through his files looking for insurance policies and financial statements, became one of the foundation stones of the defense strategy, remembering in specific detail every wrongdoing of her sister-in-law over the years. "She told me she wished [Lyle and Erik] had never been born, because they had broken her marriage. She told me they had made her life miserable and separated her from Jose," said Cano. She said she heard Kitty encourage her children to lie. She told jurors that Kitty had raised her sons in total chaos, amid "piles of dirty clothes." When asked by prosecutor Pamela Bozanich if she could find anything positive to say about her, Cano conceded that Kitty was intelligent, could move a Christmas tree from place to place without any help, and could assemble a new barbecue all by herself. In her efforts to defend her nephews, Cano unwittingly provided one of the great laughs of the trial. She told jurors that when she filled the brothers in on the extent of the fortune they were about to inherit, they were shocked that their father had left so much money. She said that Erik cared so little for money that "if he did inherit he would give this money to homeless kids who had run away from home." Cognizant of the $700,000 spending spree the brothers went on after the killings, Pamela Bozanich was not about to let that whopper pass unnoticed. She asked Marta Cano how much of the insurance money Erik received went to homeless boys.

It is unlikely that a balding brother who suddenly appeared with a full head of hair would go unnoticed by his only sibling.

Joan Vandermolen, after first shedding tears for her departed sister, testified that Kitty was an intensely private woman, but she also said that her sister took four years off her age on her driver's license, and that she was "elated" and "excited" to have a Beverly Hills Zip Code. She described a letter she had found in Kitty's "nightstand" after her death, a letter Kitty had written to Jose, telling him how much she loved him. She said her sister's letter was "so private, so personal, so graphic," so sexually explicit in describing his "body parts." She said she had also found a sexually explicit "cheap paperback *(Continued on page 159)*



PRENUPTIALS
Donald with Marla and his security guards at Mar-a-Lago, his Palm Beach mansion, a month before the wedding. "If he hadn't gone that extra step," she said, "I would definitely have walked out."



Once on the brink of losing his gaudy empire, Donald Trump is about to take his casinos public in a sale that he figures will net him billions. Joining him in his comeback are new bride Marla Maples and baby daughter Tiffany. For Trump, getting to the altar was as difficult as any of his financial maneuvers. With his parents telling him to go back to Ivana, and Marla setting deadlines, only Marla's mother kept the course of love running smooth. EDWARD KLEIN joins the re-emerging mogul as he prepares for the deals of his life

TRUMP FAMILY VALUES

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

"Ivana still loves you," Donald Trump's mother was telling him.

"I know," said Trump. "I talk to her all the time. At least a couple of times a week. Ivana can't feel great about my baby with Marla. She can't be thinking, Isn't this wonderful."

"She'd take you back," his mother said.

"Mom, I'm going to have to make a decision about Marla," he said. "She stuck by me through the worst. She's been loyal. The obvious decision is to marry her."

Trump was having Sunday brunch with his parents in the Palm Court of the Plaza, the landmark Fifth Avenue hotel he had bought for $407 million in 1988 and had let his wife, Ivana, restore and run until Marla Maples came along. He did not like talking about marriage; in fact, he referred to it as "the big *M* word." And he surely wasn't going to tell his mother and father about the bruising negotiations he had had with Marla over a prenuptial agreement.

But if there was going to be a wedding—and it looked increasingly as if there had to be—he wanted his parents in his corner. "There's a level of brutality in boxing," Trump was fond of saying when describing his recent travails as a lapsed billionaire and the father of an out-of-wedlock child. "It's hard to take 300 punches in the face and come back for another round. I remember hearing a champ after a fight say to the cameras, 'I want to thank the Lord, my savior, who gave me the ability to beat the shit out of my opponent.' "

Trump's father had always been there for him. Donald learned how to be tough from his father, who made the first Trump million collecting apartment rents in the outer boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. In one of Donald's darkest hours, when Trump's Castle in Atlantic City was on the verge of defaulting on its interest payment to junk-bond holders, Fred Trump had purchased $3.5 million worth of gambling chips as an instant loan to his son. "When the shit hit the fan," Donald Trump recalled, "when this great genius Donald was getting stories that it was all over, my father would tell people, 'Do yourself a favor. Go to the bookie and put a lot of money on Donald's head.' "

His mother had been there for him, too, and many people thought that she had even more influence over him than his father. "She'd call me up and say, 'Darling, are you all right?' " he said. " 'Why don't you come over for a meal?' " Trump might describe other women as "ballbusters," but of Mary MacLeod Trump, his 80-year-old Scottish mother, he said, "I trust her 100 percent."

The trouble was that his parents had old-fashioned middle-class values, and they had never been crazy about Marla, the other woman, who was living with baby Tiffany Ariana Trump in Mar-a-Lago, the Palm Beach mansion Trump had snatched up in 1985 at the bargain price of $10 million from the estate of Marjorie Merriweather Post. At age 89, Fred Trump was suffering from Alzheimer's disease, but in his lucid moments he said that Donald should stay with Ivana, the mother of their three children—Donny, 16, Ivanka, 12, and Eric, 10—and that if Donald wanted

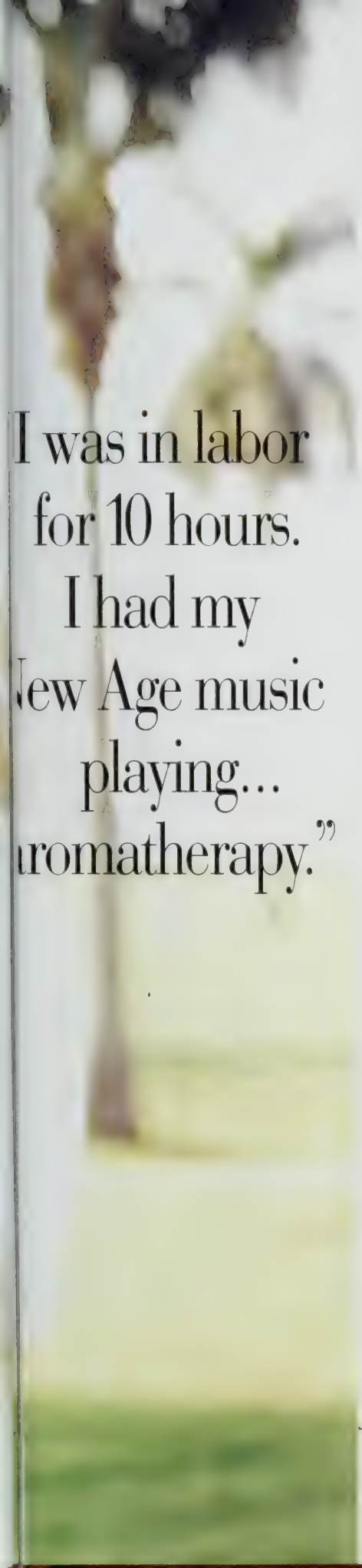


Photograph by DAFYDD JONES



PLAZA SWEETS
Between the ceremony and the reception, the Trumps appear outside the Plaza to wave at the crowd.





FRESH HEIR Marla holding Tiffany Ariana Trump on the grounds of Mar-a-Lago, which Trump plans to turn into a private club.

Marla as a mistress he should keep her on the Q.T. Even Mary Trump, who never criticized Donald, had looked askance at his soap-opera adventures since the famous New Year's Eve day confrontation four years earlier between Ivana and Marla on the ski slopes of Aspen.

"I don't know Marla well," Mary Trump said in her soft brogue. "I heard that she told Blaine [Donald's socialite sister-in-law], 'This is it! Either Donald marries me or I take my child. I will not have my child living here without a father at Christmas.' "

It was hard for Trump to explain to his parents that, as much as he wanted to reward Marla for her loyalty by making her an honest woman, it wasn't his sole motive for marriage. Trump had ambitious plans to offer stock in his gambling casinos to the public early in 1994, and it was essential to the success of this high-stakes venture that he remove the moral stigma of being viewed as an unfaithful husband and the father of an illegitimate child. Until the time of the stock offering, every decision about his personal life had to enhance his next big project: The Comeback.

If he left it up to Marla, they would probably have one of those New Age wedding ceremonies on the beach, with Dr. Arthur Caliandro, their minister from Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church, officiating and a few close friends getting sand in their shoes. At least that's what Marla said she wanted, though Trump couldn't help but wonder if her aspirations for her big day were really as modest as that. Anyway, modest was not exactly the Trump style. Some people liked to pigeonhole Trump as a shameless self-promoter, a hopeless narcissist, a modern Barnum, but his real talent, in his view, was his ability to visualize things on a scale larger and grander than anyone else and then, through creative financing, make them happen.

When he thought about marrying Marla, he envisioned thousands of guests in black-tie and gowns filling the majestic Grand Ballroom of the Plaza. Michael Jackson would come out of hiding just to attend his friend's wedding. Whitney Houston would sing. Every major Hollywood figure would be there—all the studio heads and all the stars, including Eddie Murphy, another personal friend. He'd have celebrities from the worlds of business and fashion and society. Even Howard Stern. He'd hire Elizabeth Taylor's press agent, Chén Sam, to handle the event, and she would ensure that it was covered by the world press. It would be huge. A monster. Controlled bedlam. You'd have people breaking down the police barricades. It would be the wedding of the year, the decade, maybe the century.

But time was running out. There was less than three weeks to go on Marla's Christmas Day ultimatum. And here was his father, sitting across the table from him, looking glum and vacant when his son mentioned her name. And here was his mother, making him listen to how much Ivana still loved him, and raising those baby-trap objections against Marla.

It made him wonder. His parents weren't the only ones who thought he shouldn't rush into marrying Marla. On the contrary, a lot of people believed that someday he and Ivana would actually get back together *(Continued on page 154)*

SPOTLIGHT

Misha in Motion



Airborne is a natural condition for Mikhail Baryshnikov, who early on mastered the art of seeming to hang perfectly still while aloft. He's become more grounded in recent years, as time and a bad knee turned him from ballet to modern dance, but his body in motion can still evoke awe and ovations. For the last four years Baryshnikov has been performing with the White Oak Dance Project, which he founded with choreographer Mark Morris. The group has appeared all over the world to stadium-size crowds, making it possibly the most successful dance company in existence. This month New York will finally have a chance to see what the fuss is about when White Oak opens at Lincoln Center with a program that includes solos for Baryshnikov created by Twyla Tharp and Jerome Robbins. White Oak's other dancers, such as Rob Besserer and Kate Johnson, can more than hold their own, but it's Misha who will fill the house. —SHARON DeLANO



MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV

His group is possibly the most successful dance company in existence.

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Conversations with Castro

Fidel Castro has outlasted assassination attempts, eight U.S. presidents, and the Soviet regime that backed him—but his island fiefdom is facing its most severe economic crisis in the 35 years since he took power. In a rare exclusive interview the Cuban leader sat down in Havana with ANN LOUISE BARDACH and talked—until three A.M.—about Bill Clinton and relations with the U.S., machismo and the persecution of gays in Cuba, the country's current woes, his future, and why the revolution *will* survive



Illustration by PHILIP BURKE



"It's not my fault that I haven't died yet," Fidel Castro shoots back at me with a droll smile. "It's not my fault that the C.I.A. has failed to kill me!" I had made a cautious foray around a delicate subject. Isn't he tired of playing David and Goliath with his superpower neighbor? "Isn't it time to retire?" I ask, beginning a troubling silence that ends with Castro locking eyes with mine. "My vocation is the revolution. I am a revolutionary, and revolutionaries do not retire," he says, "any more than writers." And then he laughs.

It is, as the government documents proclaim, Year 36 of the revolution. Moscow has fallen. The Eastern bloc is in ruins. His own country is in economic free fall. But Fidel Castro continues to proudly trumpet socialism.

"I feel like it all began yesterday," he says. "You could say that from the time I was 19 years old I have been engaged in an intense struggle. For 48 years. And in spirit I feel just like I did when I began. Some people say I am stubborn, but in reality I have been tenacious, persistent. I think that if I could live my life over again, I would do things exactly the same way."

I think of the recent spate of purse snatchings in old Havana, of the buildings crumbling along the Malecón, and remind him of Thomas Jefferson's recommendation: a revolution every 20 years. Castro admires Jefferson, but the words don't sit well. He shakes his head. "I think it is better to have one every 300 years. Life needs to renew itself," he says. "I am not here because I have assigned myself to this job for a lengthy period of time. I am here because this job has been thrust upon me, which is not the same thing." He leans forward, his face close to mine. "There are times when we really cannot be masters of our own destinies." Does he see his life as a calling or mission? "No, I've never thought that. I can say that I have enjoyed a certain privilege—like people who live to be 100—not because anybody planned it but because of an accident of nature." Have the Western media demonized him for four decades? Is he a devil? He smiles. "If that is the case, then I am a devil who has been protected by the gods."

Castro has suggested that he doesn't care how he will be remembered. "I feel no fear about myself personally. Glory and my place in history do not worry me. All the glory in the world can fit into a kernel of corn," he said, invoking the 19th-century Cuban patriot José Martí. "More people know about Napoleon because of the brandy than because of the battle at Austerlitz. We should be more concerned about the fate of ideas than the fate of men."

On January 1, 1994, Fidel Castro celebrated the 35th anniversary of his Cuban revolution, having outlasted eight American presidents, assassination attempts, the collapse of his Russian patron state, and a daily barrage of predictions heralding his imminent demise. And although he has told close friends that he will retire if the U.S. embargo is lifted, it does not seem likely that this formidable man will be disappearing from the world stage anytime soon. Cuba may be the last chapter of the Cold War, but judging from the awesome vigor of Castro, it looks to be the longest. Dressed as always in a crisp olive-green uniform and black combat boots, the imperially tall Castro seems younger than his 67 years. The trademark cigar is gone (Castro gave up smoking eight years ago in order to serve as a role model), but age has brushed him only vaguely: his hair and beard have grayed, a few sunspots dot his long, elegant hands. Only his mouth, with dry lips of purplish gray, truly betrays time's passing.

We discuss the most recent Clinton imbroglio—the president's alleged Arkansas girlfriends. Castro is faintly amused. "But look at how machismo works in Latin America," he says. "There are many countries where it is a good idea for the candidate in order to be elected to have a lot of girlfriends, where being a womanizer is a virtue." As he speaks, his empathy for Clinton seems to grow. "It's an interference in his personal life," he protests. "A violation of his human rights. Or is love not human?" Then he laughs. "Anyway, it has no logic," he says, summoning his legendary gallantry. "Clinton's wife is a beautiful woman."

Castro has been artful on the subject of Clinton. "My personal impression of Clinton is a positive one, but if I say something good about him, then people in the administration complain because they have enemies who complain that they are 'soft on Castro,' " he said. "If I say evil things, then the situation will be worse. So it is better for me not to say anything." But at a private dinner last fall with some visiting American businessmen, Castro spoke of being more uncertain of Clinton than of Bush and Reagan, who made no bones about their hostility. While conceding that the atmosphere is less venomous under Clinton, Castro mused as to whether the president had his own political phi-

> More people know about Napoleon because of the brandy than because of the battle at Austerlitz.

osophy or was simply a "reactor" to vents. In short, he wondered whether linton had the "right stuff."

Cuba today is a country of lunatic paradoxes. The nation leads Latin America in education and health care and has virtually eradicated illiteracy. Ordinary people—hotel chambermaids, taxi drivers, street children—speak with a staring breadth of knowledge. Jerry-built atellite dishes, often made from fan rids and map poles, dot Havana's oftops, snatching signals from CNN nd other stations. Equally impressive re Cuba's achievements in medical research, the development of vaccines or hepatitis B, meningitis, and a host f tropical diseases. However, Cubans oday are hungry for food and the basics. With gasoline unaffordable, Cua's roads are empty. Its hyper-educated populace is hard-pressed to find ooks to read. In public restrooms, toiet paper is nowhere to be found, lest it e stolen. Soap and pens are luxuries. erhaps most troubling is the ongoing rosion of the revolution's centerpiece –its health and education systems. A octor is always available, but frequently there is no aspirin or insulin to e found. Families eat two meals a ay—if they're so fortunate. Stray, kinny dogs roam the streets. With eople scrambling for food, there is othing left for animals.

The 35th anniversary was hardly estive: 1993 had been the worst year ince the revolution. "*El período especial*"—the special period—is the connually heard euphemism to describe ne most severe food and fuel shortages ndured since "the triumph of the revoution," the other mind-numbing buzzhrase. Last summer, Fidel Castro, his and forced by the collapse of his Soviet atron and the ever crippling U.S. emargo, legalized what has been the law f the streets for years—the dollar. The ractical coin of the realm is once again ne currency of Uncle Sam. The result is new class system: those who have ollars and those who don't.

Multiplying the country's woes, a urricane—"the storm of the century"—struck the island last March, destroying thousands of homes, submerging parts of Havana under 20 feet of water, and decimating more than a third of the sugar harvest. The year crawled to a particularly sour finish when more than 40 of Cuba's 900 champion athletes defected in Puerto Rico at the Central American and Caribbean Games in November, having been greeted by Cuban exiles chanting from the stands, "*¡Quédate aquí!*" Stay here! Then, only days before Christmas, Fidel Castro's illegitimate daughter Alina Fernandez Revuelta, a 37-year-old former fashion model and dissident, made a dramatic exit to the States and took to the airwaves with an emotional appeal for *her* daughter, who soon followed.



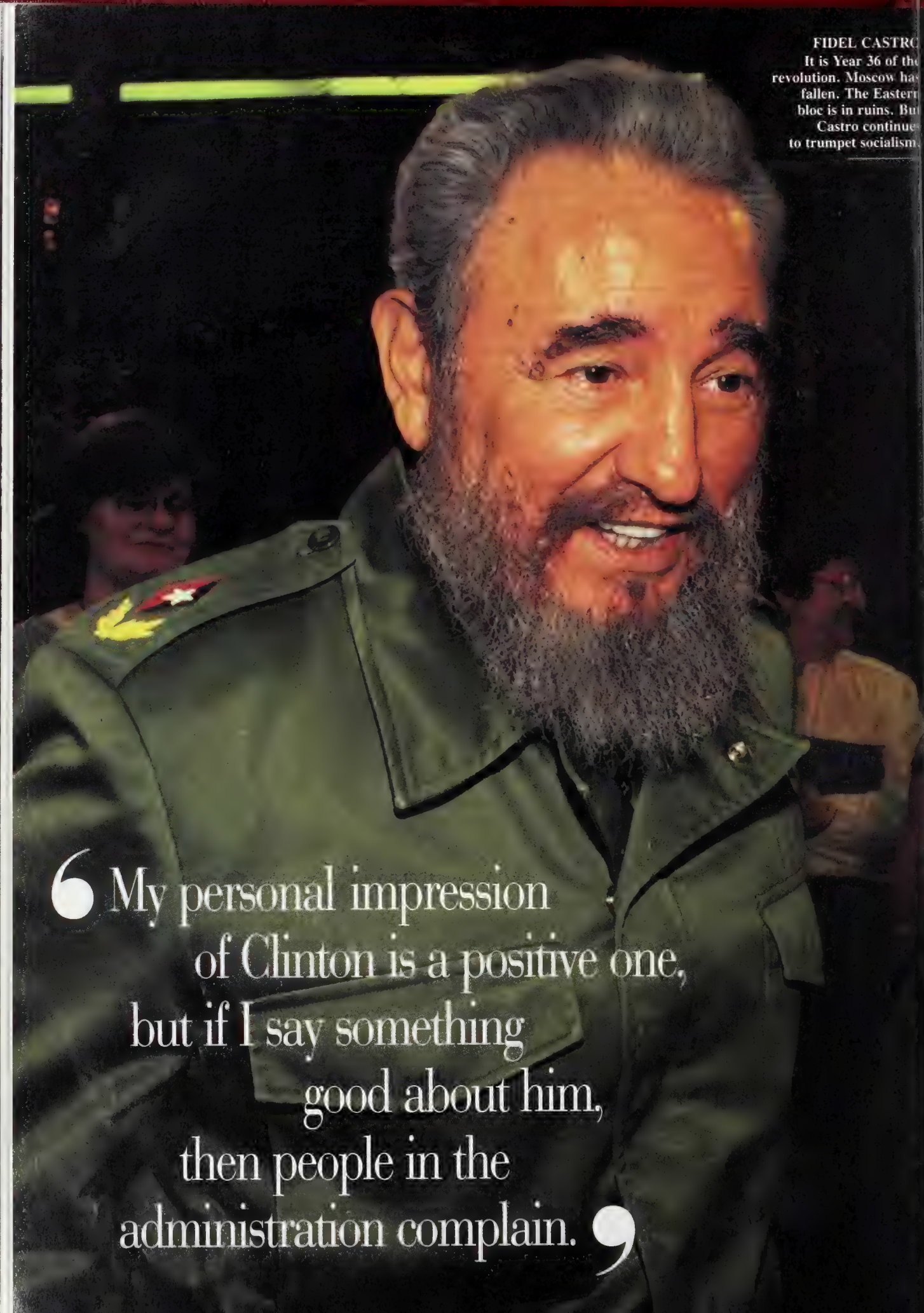
RICARDO ALARCÓN: "We have hit the bottom," claims the president of the National Assembly. "At this moment, hunger is not a problem."

"Alina's a bit of a dingdong," says a State Department source living in Havana who became friends with her, "a real character, but basically she's a good egg. She has a good relationship with her daughter, who really plays more of the mother role." Several months before her flight, I asked one insider about Castro's relationship with her. "There was none. He never spoke to her," she said half jokingly. "I think that's *why* she became a dissident."

Contrary to the howls of some Miami exiles, Castro still enjoys considerable, albeit diminished, popularity in Cuba. "There is an underlying support for Fidel throughout the country," an American intelligence agent living in Havana tells me, "especially in the eastern part of the country. People forget that 20 percent of the country had absolutely nothing before the revolution. Zip." Castro's biggest threat, the agent believes, comes from "Cuba's yuppies—upper-middle-class professionals like engineers, doctors, and lawyers whose peso salaries are now virtually worthless." Even Cuba's dissidents concede there has been little dimming in the adulation for El Máximo or El Caballo (the horse). One dissident says, "The strongest support for Fidel comes from the poorest, the less educated and sophisticated," which is, of course, the majority.

In Santiago, on the southeastern coast of this sumptuously beautiful island, an elderly woman, who describes herself as a mulatto, tells me Castro's secret weapon: "*Los negros*," she says, pointing to her brown arm. "Not me. I am fed up, but the others are not. And we are many more than *los blancos*." Of the more than one million Cuban exiles now living in South Florida, approximately 95 percent are white, while, unofficially, more than 58 percent of Cuba's 10.7 million people are black, mulatto, or some shade in between. "That's why there's paralysis in Cuba," the State Department analyst explains. "When Cubans look at white, right-wing Miami, they're afraid. Castro has been very successful in convincing Cubans that the most extreme Batistiano element in Miami has a stranglehold on U.S. policy." In any event, few can argue with Castro's own analysis of U.S. policy toward his country. "Cuba is not a foreign-policy issue for America," he thunders. "It's domestic policy." Actually, it's a Miami-policy issue.

A week before I interviewed Fidel Castro, I spent an afternoon with his old comrade turned enemy Eloy Gutiérrez Menoyo in the shabby Miami office of Cambio Cubano, his burgeoning Cuban-exile group. Prior to Gutiérrez Menoyo's emergence, Miami's Cuban politics had been dominated by the ultimatums of the confrontational right-wing exile millionaire Jorge Mas Canosa and his Cuban American National Foundation.



FIDEL CASTRO
It is Year 36 of the revolution. Moscow has fallen. The Eastern bloc is in ruins. But Castro continues to trumpet socialism.

"My personal impression of Clinton is a positive one, but if I say something good about him, then people in the administration complain."

But now, with more than 40 percent of Miami Cubans favoring open dialogue with Castro, Cambio Cubano seems to have growing support.

The Spanish-born Gutiérrez Menoyo joined the revolution against Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista in the mid-50s. "I commanded the Second National Front in Escambray," he said. "Castro talked about a revolution as Cuban as the palm trees . . . of bread without terror, and that is the revolution that 90 percent of the Cuban people backed. But then Fidel separated himself from that revolution and carried on his personal *caudillista* revolution. As we see it, he became the first dissident of the Cuban revolution."

Outraged by Castro's dictatorial governance, Gutiérrez Menoyo fled to the U.S. in 1961, where he founded Alpha 66, an anti-Castro terrorist group, whose activities he has since disavowed. Four years later, the ragtag troop was captured as they attempted to lead an uprising against the government. After a few days of interrogation, Gutiérrez Menoyo had a visitor: Fidel Castro. "The first thing he told me was 'Eloy, I knew you would come and I knew that I would catch you. You know, we're going to shoot you.' " Gutiérrez Menoyo paused for a puff of his ever lit cigarette. "I told him, 'I'm aware of that.' " Gutiérrez Menoyo reminded Castro that one of his brothers had died fighting Franco and that another was killed during the 1957 storming of Batista's Presidential Palace. " 'So I think I have won the right to rest, and if you would shoot me, I would thank you.' After that, Fidel said, 'Well, wouldn't you want to save your own life?' I said, 'No, because I would have to pay too high a price.' He said, 'You are imagining that.' "

Castro set only two conditions: that Gutiérrez Menoyo declare on television that the farmers of Escambray had been hostile to his insurrection and, second, that Manuel Artime, once the C.I.A.'s choice to replace Castro, would never lead a similar insurrection. Gutiérrez Menoyo said he was untroubled by either statement. "I was delighted," he said. Castro's reaction? "Fidel said he had to go eat."

Gutiérrez Menoyo was sentenced to 20 years in prison, plus an additional 25 years for leading counterrevolutionary activity while there. In all, he spent 22 years behind bars. "I always thought I would die in prison," he said flatly. "I lost the sight of one eye and the hearing in one ear and have several broken ribs from the beatings."

I told Gutiérrez Menoyo that during a visit to Cuba in October, Ricardo Alarcón, a high-ranking Cuban official, had told me that the Cubans were planning talks with exile groups for sometime this year. Would Gutiérrez Menoyo sit down with Castro and hammer out solutions for Cuba and reconciliation for its approximately one million exiles? "I can imagine this because I have talked to Fidel many times—although we are adversaries." I asked if he had a message for Castro should I see him during my stay in Cuba. "The only way out . . . is to bring democracy to the country," he said quickly, almost angrily. "That is the most noble way for him to close this page in history." Perhaps there was something else he wanted to say? Gutiérrez Menoyo pushed his cigarette into the ashtray on his desk. "I send them best wishes," he said, "so that they know that time has passed. And it is time now to speak of peace and not of war."

Fidel Castro has just dazzled another audience, a group of visiting Americans that includes East Hampton matrons, a cadre from Hollywood, and a handful of Club Red types. The setting is the Palacio de la Revolución, one of the few buildings in Havana that don't look as if they may collapse momentarily.

Afterward, Castro—flanked by Cuba's top brass—answers questions. Only his brother Raúl, chief of defense and, to some, the heir apparent, is missing. Rumors swirl around Raúl. The most persistent is that he is an alcoholic who not infrequently requires treatment. A government spokesperson denies this.

On the far right side of Fidel is 37-year-old wonder boy Roberto Robaina, who landed Alarcón's former, high-glamour job as foreign minister. Feisty, mustachioed, and partial to pastel blazers, Robaina is a favorite of Castro, who calls him by the affectionate diminutive "Robertico." He is another leading candidate for succession. Only a year ago, Robaina held the pedestrian job of running the Union of Young Communists. His claim to fame is the brainstorm to billboard Cuba with arty propaganda.

Sitting next to Robaina is economic czar Carlos Lage, a former doctor who faces the unenviable task of bailing out the Cuban economy. Beside Castro are the urbane Ricardo Alarcón, perhaps Cuba's most well-known politician, and his English-language translator of more than 20 years, Juanita Vera, savvy and pretty. To the left of Castro is Alfredo Guevara, head of Cuba's Film Institute, a friend of Castro's since their student days.

Gesticulating with his long, slender hands, Castro spouts revolutionary rhetoric but sidesteps cliché. Tonight, as always, there is the litany of achievements: the war against the infant-mortality epidemic, the cradle-to-grave health and educational systems, the assault on racism. The list goes on, never changing.

"I tell you that capitalism has no future," he booms. "Capitalism has destroyed in 100 years almost all the oil that it took millions of years to create. What would happen if every Indian, every Eskimo had a car to drive?" he asks, cracking up the hall. Environmental abuse by the First World is a recurrent Castro theme. The horrific pollution from Cuba's industrial chimneys and Hungarian-built buses is never mentioned.

Castro loves to flirt; his monologues are filled with cornball sexual suggestion reminiscent of the 1950s. But the Cubans, for all their passions and machismo, are quite puritanical. The unspoken rule is that *no one* is to query El Jefe about his love life, despite his legendary romantic conquests. One visitor, however, feigning interest in Cuban family values, asks Castro how many children he has. "Well, I don't have a tribe," he laughs. "Not that much. Fewer than a dozen." He pauses. "I think." Others believe there are more. "I see people all over Cuba who look just like Fidel," says one longtime Cuba watcher. "Then I realized they *are* his kids." The eldest, Fidelito, has kept a low profile since Castro dismissed him as head of the country's nuclear-power program, amid rumors that the 44-year-old was caught with his hand in the cash register.

When questioned about the droves



ALICIA ALONSO: The 72-year-old director of the Cuban National Ballet can barely walk, but like her country, she insists that she can dance.

of Cubans seeking escape to the U.S., Castro dexterously spins: "A large part of the Cuban migration to the United States is an economic migration, like the Mexican migration," he says. Mexico has plenty of oil, he continues, as if thinking aloud, faces no U.S. blockade, is not going through a "special period," yet thousands of Mexicans cross the U.S. border illegally every day. "In comparison, we have all these problems and only a few people leave illegally." Moreover, Mexico is not blasted by Radio Martí (a Miami propaganda network financed by the U.S. Information Agency), which he trashes as "500 hours of psychological warfare." He omits the obvious: that it's considerably easier to walk across the Tijuana border than it is to sail five days through shark-infested waters on an inner tube. Finally, he reaches for a sound bite. "If a Mexican goes to the U.S. illegally, he's expelled," he says. "If a Cuban enters illegally, he's given a house." Asked why he did not foresee the collapse of the Eastern bloc, Castro charges with both guns blazing. "If the C.I.A., after 35 years of surveillance and $10 billion in research, did not see it coming," he asks with mock incredulity, "how were we, a tiny island nation, to have known?"

Virtually every Castro speech builds to an impassioned denunciation of the American embargo, always referred to in Cuba as the "blockade" because of U.S. attempts to limit Cuba's other trading partners. In fact, America's Cuba policy, riddled with inconsistencies, is made-to-order material for a champion debater and former lawyer like Castro. "Those who blockade us have [had] good relations with South Africa, excellent relations with Chile, where thousands of people have been killed . . . and Argentina, where thousands of people are missing." There is the conspicuous absence of China in his litany, the strongest example he could draw upon, but China happens to be one of Cuba's biggest trading partners. Calling U.S. demands to improve Cuba's human rights a "cynical" maneuver, he fumes, "Never does the U.S. mention the word 'democracy' when discussing the Middle East. It discusses only one thing: oil, never democracy."

Castro stands to acknowledge the applause, and with security men dressed in pale guayabera shirts hovering on all sides, he and his fellow politburo members are led out. Juanita Vera catches my eye and nods for me to follow them "backstage" to what can only be described as a glorified greenroom, where I begin talking with Castro. Across the long room, Alarcón, Robaina, and Lage are shooting the breeze over coffee but frequently glance toward us. Moments later, Raúl Castro comes bounding into the room. A small, trim man, tonight he is wildly ebullient and plants kisses on my cheeks. "Kiss me. Don't bother kissing him," he says, waving toward Fidel, who is not amused.

I read to Castro from Gutiérrez Menoyo's brief, conciliatory message. Castro says nothing, betraying no thoughts or feelings. I prompt him for a response. Finally, he says, "I did not expect to receive this message from Gutiérrez Menoyo. I feel these are positive words which require some reflection." He says he wants to discuss it with his "closest collaborators," a reference to Robaina, who is said to be working on a possible upcoming summit between Miami exiles and the Cuban government. However, he says the issue is "so delicate" that he doesn't want to improvise a response. Indeed, Castro's rhetoric toward the exiles has softened somewhat. However, he will always be suspicious and, one senses, unforgiving.

"I really don't want to deliver an off-the-cuff message to the Cubans living in the United States right now," he says. "I can say that there is no lack of goodwill on our part," adding quickly, "nor of our resolve to defend our ideas and principles."

He launches into the venomous history of Cuba and the United States. "After the revolution, the first to arrive [in Miami] were the Batistianos, war criminals, [corrupt] politicians. . . . The U.S. let everyone in, even criminals. . . . Every possible method has been used against us, from plots to assassinate the leaders of the revolution and myself through biological warfare, which is why we have been so distrustful."

Castro is particularly irked by the bad press Cuba gets concerning the *balseros*, the rafters who risk life and limb to get to Florida. "We don't place any restrictions on leaving," he says, which is patently untrue. "The ones who are imposing the restrictions are the U.S. authorities," which is to some extent true. The actual situation is complicated. The U.S. Interests Section office grants 5,000 visas each year to Cubans who want to leave, but authorizes up to 20,000 people a year for travel with the intent to return. Many more enter through other means; the desperate ones take to the seas on their own. "If these people go legally to the U.S. Interests Section office, they are denied a permit," Castro argues, "but if they arrive illegally, they are received as heroes. They are responsible for the people who die during the journey." In fact, the immigration issue is an elaborate charade for both countries. The U.S. has taken in every Cuban who has arrived on its shores since 1959. However, with things as bad as they are in Cuba, much of the island's popula-

on might very well leave if they ould, creating a huge immigration risis for the U.S. and a horrendous mbarrassment for the Cubans. Consequently, both countries conspire to row obstacles in the way of immiration and divvy up the public-relaons rewards.

In an attempt to steer him away from netoric, I ask him about Celia Sánhez, said to have been his "eyes and ars" and, it's thought, in the begining, his lover. Like Castro and many f his earliest cohorts, Sánchez, who ied in 1980, came from the upper lass. She ran vitally needed supplies nd intelligence to Castro's guerrillas n the Sierra Maestra during the revolun. "Cuba has never been the same ince Celia died," one senior politburo ember tells me. "She kept Fidel in ouch with the people. She was a thouand times more effective than any inelligence organization. She was one of ne few people who could give him ews he didn't want to hear." Castro esponds with the formality of a eulo-y. "She was like a guardian angel for ll the revolutionary fighters whose roblems she took care of. She died rematurely," Castro says, his voice oftening, tinged perhaps with envy, and so she never knew these difficult mes."

Has he then developed other confi-

> If a Mexican goes to the U.S. illegally, he's expelled. If a Cuban enters illegally, he's given a house.

ants? "Yes," he answers immedi-tely. "I always tend to develop ties f personal friendship and affection ith my comrades." I press him gain on whether there is anyone rave enough to argue with him, tell im he's wrong. "I don't really need em to tell me things," he says in a ush of arrogance, "because I am always the one who takes the initiative and asks other people. It has always been that way."

But is anyone comfortable enough to tell him the truth? After all, Cuba's political prisoners aren't behind bars for whistling "Guantanamara." "If you had seen the last meeting of the National Assembly, you would realize that nobody is afraid of me. There is respect and consideration but no fear." (Actually, I did watch some of the televised meetings of the National Assembly, and the few I saw challenging Fidel were *históricos*—the Old Guard, who are hardly reform-minded.) "People come up to me and speak about anything," he continues. "Some people get nervous or emotional. Visitors [who say,] 'I've been waiting 30 years to say hello.' The fact is . . . I inspire confidence rather than fear."

Earlier in the day, I had seen a screening of *Fresa y Chocolate*, a film co-directed by the great Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, which had just won first prize at the Festival of New Latin-American Cinema. To many Cubans, the fact that the film even got made is a watershed event, dealing as it does with the persecution of gays in Cuba and the government's use of informers. The most damaging criticism of Castro's Cuba from the international community has always focused on human rights—in particular, its treatment of gays and other so-called "deviants" in the 60s and 70s. In fact, it was Cuba's persecution of homosexuals that generated the unthinkable: the union of the American left with traditional right-wingers in attacks on Castro.

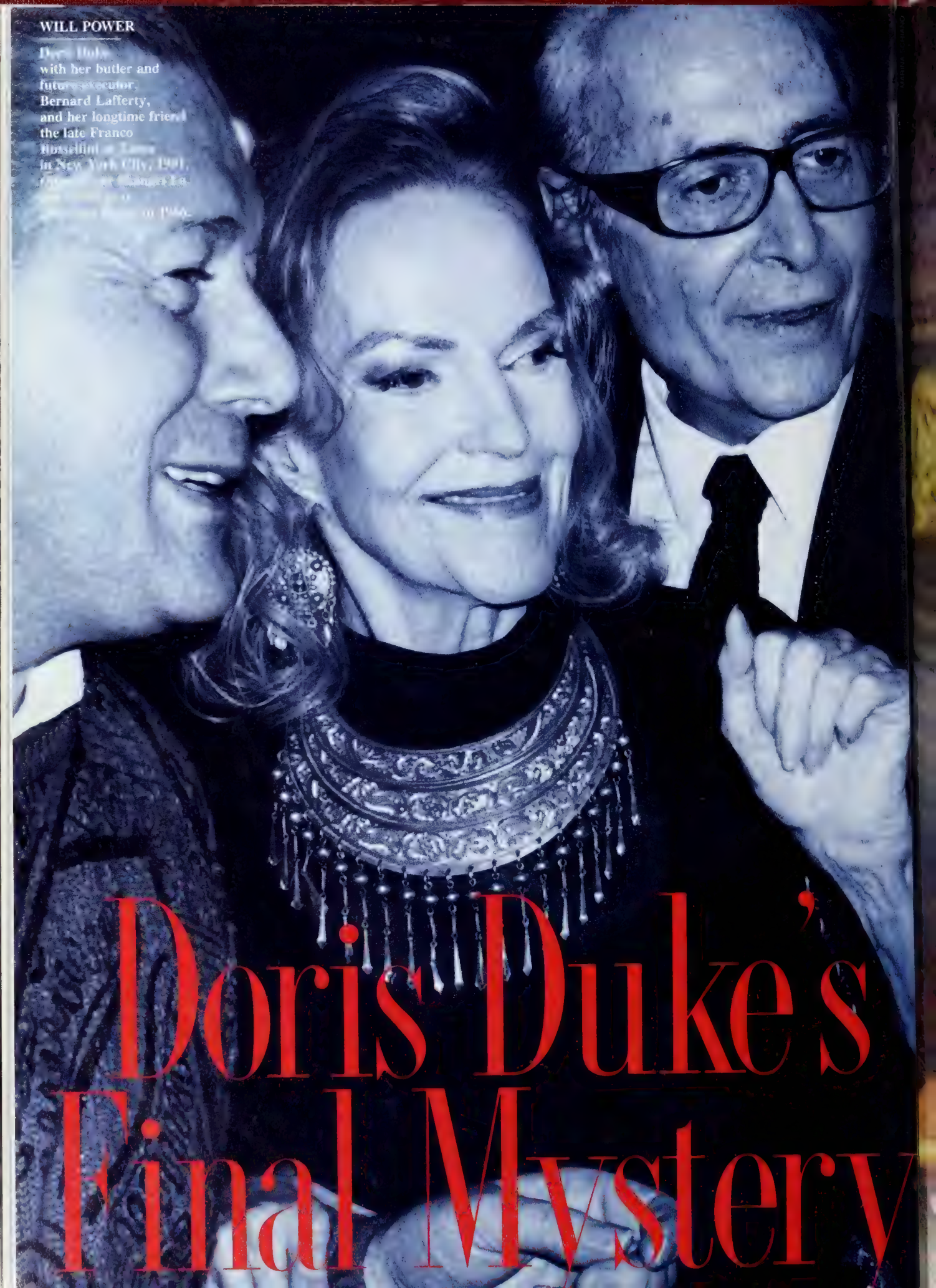
I ask Castro to talk about the changes in attitudes toward gays in Cuba, and remind him that he himself expressed doubts about gays. His response is as fast as a bullet. "I don't remember that and I have never had that idea." Not true. In 1966, Castro told journalist Lee Lockwood, "We could never come to believe that a homosexual could embody the conditions and requirements of conduct that would enable us to consider him a true revolutionary."

In fact, such opinions were not so rare at the time, but Castro denies his comments and describes revolutionary homophobia as merely a by-product of Latin-American machismo. It's a good argument and, no doubt, a factor. "[Machismo] is a historical and cultural tradition dating back no one knows how far," he says. "I must tell you, however, in all honesty, that I have never shared these feelings, despite having grown up in the same macho society. . . . I think there could have been an era when this machismo was very powerful, but this was not a product of the revolution but of the social milieu we were living in. We can't talk about a time as you described in your question because, really, there has never been persecution of homosexuals here."

Cuba's era of persecution began in 1965 and flourished for some years before losing steam. Grounds for persecution were any form of perceived decadence—be it sexual, ideological, or simply style of dressing. "My sense was that it had more to do with public behavior than with private behavior," says Sandra Levinson, who heads the Center for Cuban Studies and has traveled and done research in Cuba since 1969. "Sometimes it was about appearances." However, as documented by the late Nestor Almendros's films and the posthumously published autobiography of the brilliant, anguished writer Reinaldo Arenas, thousands of homosexuals were singled out.

Castro says, "We concentrated on the struggle for women for equality, against discrimination of blacks. I mean, homosexuals were not a high priority, but we did not permit persecutions of *(Continued on page 166)*

WILL POWER



Doris Duke with her butler and future executor, Bernard Lafferty, and her longtime friend the late Franco Rosselini at Tavern in New York City, 1981. [illegible] in 1966.

Doris Duke's Final Mystery



When tobacco heiress Doris Duke died last October, she left a will that shocked even those who had known her best. Ignoring Chandi Heffner, the latter-day flower child whom she adopted in 1988, Duke left control of the bulk of her fortune to Bernard Lafferty, her butler of six years. As Heffner fights to undo the will, she speaks exclusively to BOB COLACELLO, who delves into the mystery of Duke's final years



HAWAIIAN PRINCESS

Doris Duke Cromwell at Waikiki's Royal Hawaiian hotel in the 1930s. *Opposite*, the palatial pool at Shangri La, 1966.

"I loved her so much. . . . It's so hard for me still, so hard." Chandi Heffner choked back tears as she talked about Doris Duke, the worldly and restless tobacco heiress who legally adopted her in 1988, when Heffner was 35 and Duke was 75, and cast her out less than three years later. Duke died last October, leaving an estate reported to be between $750 million and $1.3 billion and lengthy obituaries which focused on her husbands and lovers, her houses in New Jersey, Rhode Island, California, and Hawaii, her collections of Oriental and Islamic art, her $5 million bailout of Imelda Marcos, and her perplexing relationship with Chandi Heffner.

"When we were together," Heffner continued, "when things were really great, Doris was in wonderful shape. We used to joke that she'd outlive me. . . . This whole thing is such a shock." Heffner almost broke down again. "O.K., I'm not going to see her, but . . . sometimes I can't believe it's real."

Heffner was sitting in the Manhattan apartment of one of her lawyers on a Saturday afternoon late last December. Nine months earlier, she had sued her adoptive mother for breach of contract, claiming that she had promised to maintain her in the Duke lifestyle for the rest of Heffner's life and to make her the principal heir of her estate. (After Duke's death, the trustees of her estate became defendants in this lawsuit.)

Chandi Heffner is a small, sturdy woman with thick black shoulder-length hair and bone-white skin. Thick black eyebrows set off her striking indigo-colored eyes. She was wearing a dark-blue turtleneck, old Levi's, cotton socks, and scruffy moccasins. As she spoke, she leaned forward like a child who is eager to please, but when she sat back and let her lawyers take over, her face lost its animation and she seemed older, harder, drained. She had just been through three days of depositions in New Jersey, where her lawsuit was filed, and had two more days to go before she could fly back to Hawaii, where she lives on an isolated 300-acre horse ranch, which Duke had bought for her on the Big Island for about $1.5 million before their rupture, and where she keeps a loaded pistol beside her bed.

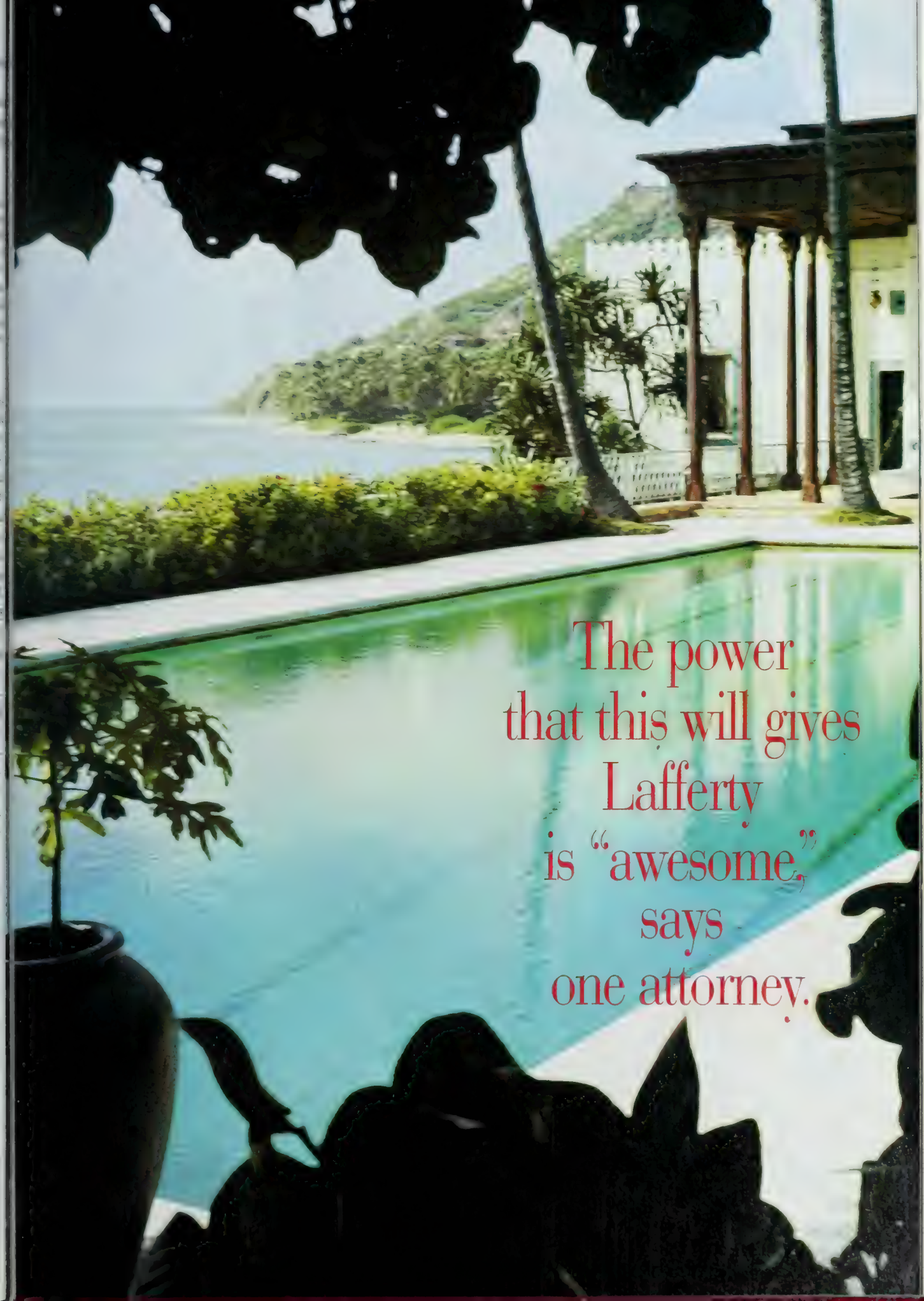
On April 5, 1993, one week after Heffner had sued her, Duke signed her last will, cutting off her adopted daughter in brutally explicit terms:

> I am extremely troubled by the realization that Chandi Heffner may use my 1988 adoption of her to attempt to benefit financially under the terms of either of the trusts created by my father. After giving the matter prolonged and serious consideration, I am convinced that I should not have adopted Chandi Heffner. I have come to the realization that her primary motive was financial gain.

This was the fifth time that Duke had rewritten or revised her will since Heffner's banishment 26 months earlier. Much to the surprise of almost everyone who knew Duke, she named her butler of six years, Bernard Lafferty, as executor of her estate and placed him in control of the newly created Doris Duke Charitable Foundation, which is to receive almost her entire fortune. The will provides Lafferty with an executor's fee of up to $5 million, a lifetime annuity of $500,000 a year, and commissions, which could run into the millions annually, as a trustee of the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation and of three other closely related new foundations: the Doris Duke Foundation for the Preservation of Endangered Wildlife, the Doris Duke Foundation for the Preservation of New Jersey Farmland and Farm Animals, and the Doris Duke Foundation of Islamic Art.

The power that this will gives Bernard Lafferty is "awesome," says one attorney. Lafferty can appoint the bank that will serve as the estate's co-executor, and three of the four other trustees of the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation. Only one other trustee was named in the will, Marion Oates Charles, Duke's longtime summer neighbor in Newport, Rhode Island. Lafferty also may pay fees to and divide commissions among the trustees as he sees fit.

An Irish-born orphan in his late 40s, Bernard Lafferty is recalled by guests at Duke's various houses mainly for his ponytail and gold ear stud, and for serving tea in full butler's uniform but barefoot. Immediately prior to going to work for Duke, he was employed by Heffner's sister Claudia and her hus-


The power
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says
one attorney.

"My father always said no one would eve



HIGH
HOLLYWOOD

Doris Duke Cromwell
with David Niven at a party
in Santa Barbara, 1939.

ve me except for my money," Duke said.

band, Nelson Peltz, one of the leading takeover tycoons of the 80s. In fact, it was Chandi Heffner who hired Bernard Lafferty for Doris Duke, in 1987.

"I got a call from my sister's majordomo, Ferencz Soltesz," said Heffner, who had been living with Duke for two years at that point. Duke was spending the spring, as usual, at her 2,700-acre Duke Farms, in Somerville, New Jersey. "Ferencz said, 'We had a butler who was fired. He has an alcohol problem, but he's a basically good person. He's standing on a street corner in New York right now and needs a place to go. Do you think you could help him out?' I said, 'Sure, have him call me.' And he called from a pay phone, and I felt so sorry for this guy, I said, 'Come to Somerville.' I asked Doris and she said, 'Yeah, it's fine.' So we let him start, and we had problems with the alcohol and did our best to put him in a situation where he dried out. And then he was going to A.A., and he did very well in A.A., as far as I know."

Heffner wryly noted that Bernard Lafferty, accompanied by a bodyguard and chauffeur, had sat through her depositions wearing a five-carat-diamond earring, a diamond bracelet, and a diamond watch. She did not directly accuse Lafferty of turning Duke against her. She told me that in the months prior to her fall from grace one of Duke's doctors was injecting her with steroids, for knee problems, and that the psychological side effects of "the substance enabled the other people to talk her into whatever they wanted. . . . They all of a sudden just totally cut me off, and I can't believe that was Doris. That's not the Doris I knew."

A few days before I interviewed Heffner, an item had appeared in Cindy Adams's gossip column: Robert Ibrahim Farrah, an instructor of Middle Eastern dance, who says he introduced Heffner to Duke in 1984, claimed that Duke had come to fear Heffner. "Miss Duke said to me, 'I think I may have been drugged.' "

Heffner dismissed such charges, and also told me that one day during the "steroid" period Duke had called *her* into her bedroom and said, "I think somebody is putting poison in my food. I think somebody is trying to kill me."

Other people told me that Duke suspected Heffner of poisoning or drugging her, and that she credited Lafferty with saving her life. These are just some of the accusations, strange rumors, and conspiracy theories that I heard concerning the last years of Doris Duke's life: Her estate is really worth at least $2 billion. Nelson Peltz is financing Chandi Heffner's legal battle. Chandi Heffner was "planted" on Doris Duke by Imelda Marcos. Chandi Heffner and Doris Duke were having a lesbian affair. Doris Duke dumped Chandi Heffner because Heffner wanted to marry one of their bodyguards. In the last year of Duke's life, Bernard Lafferty persuaded her to drop her physician of 12 years, her accountant, her bankers, and the lawyer who drew up her next-to-last will. Doris Duke committed suicide. Doris Duke was murdered.

Of course, many of the sources for these allegations are people who were left out of the will, or *cut* out of the will, or people who hope to eventually receive grants from the Duke foundations. And the person who could best illuminate Doris Duke's declining days, Bernard Lafferty, refused to talk to me. After repeated requests for an interview, I received the following statement through the New York public-relations firm representing him: "My duty to Miss Duke is to maintain her privacy even though she is gone."

"Doris Duke really was the last Chinese empress, the last of a type that doesn't exist anymore. If someone crossed them, they just put them out of their lives. There was a deadly side to Doris. She wasn't about being a pretty, rich American girl. She wasn't Barbara Hutton," says Marina Cicogna, who was a friend of both heiresses.

Although she was constantly compared to Hutton from the time they both had fairy-tale coming-out parties the year after the stock market crashed, Duke always hated the comparison to the much-married Woolworth heiress, who died penniless. Yet it is the underlying misconception of almost everything ever written about her, including Stephanie Mansfield's 1992 biography, *The Richest Girl in the World*.

"Nobody gave Doris any credit for having any taste, any intelligence, any anything," says Marion Oates Charles, known as Oatsie. "And believe me, she didn't get to $1.3 billion without working at it. I've talked to bankers who said she knew where every last nickel was. This was not a frivolous woman, either. We used to sit in the sunroom with these tiny bits of broken porcelain and she'd say, 'It's got to be fixed, and I can do it better than most people.' I suppose it was Doris's fault for never talking about what she did."

According to the 1993 Forbes Four Hundred list, Doris Duke was the 18th-richest woman in America, not far behind cosmetics billionairess Estée Lauder. In 1925, at the age of 13, she inherited an estimated $100 million in trusts from her father, James Buchanan Duke, a coarse but brilliant self-made man who founded the American Tobacco Company and the Duke Power Company, and who endowed Trinity College in North Carolina with millions, reportedly on the condition it change its name to Duke University.

"Buck" Duke was obsessed with his only child. He rushed to complete what was then the most expensive house on Fifth Avenue in time for her birth at home, on November 22, 1912. He named both his private Pullman car and his 80-foot yacht after her, and surrounded her with bodyguards. Until she was 10, when she started at the Brearley School, she was tutored at home. As a young girl, she wrote him love notes, which he pored over again and again. He also instilled in her an almost reflexive inability to trust people. Ron Protas, the artistic director of the Martha Graham Dance Company, says, "Doris was very shy, and never thought enough of herself, because she was so beat up emotionally by her father. One night at dinner, she told me, 'You know, my father always said no one would ever love me except for my money, and to be very careful.' "

Her mother was another story. A stingy southern belle, Nanaline Holt Inman was a widow with one son when she married Buck Duke in 1907. Although Duke was determined to pro-

"It was ironic that the man Doris loved the



HUSBANDS AND LOVERS

Above, **with the legendary Dominican playboy Porfirio Rubirosa in Paris before their 1947 wedding.** ***Right,*** **Duke and her sailing team at the 1939 Pulani Topping outrigger race.** ***Opposite,*** **with her first husband, James Cromwell, at a 1937 Waldorf-Astoria Burlesque Ball in honor of Elsa Maxwell.**

nost was the greatest gigolo of all time

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HUSBANDS AND LOVERS

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"I think somebody is putting poison in m

duce his own heir, Nanaline was as surprised as everyone else when she became pregnant at the age of 42, and she always favored her son, Walker Inman, over Doris. Nanaline worshiped Society, and she disapproved of her tall, awkward, studious daughter.

When Doris was only 14, she successfully sued her mother to stop her from selling Duke Farms, the estate her father had created out of New Jersey flatlands, including a 30-room mansion with an indoor pool and indoor tennis courts, artificial lakes, and man-made hillocks. Until Doris Duke's death, this would be her principal residence. The court also gave Doris title to the Fifth Avenue house, which she gave to New York University in 1957, and Rough Point, a huge Vanderbilt "cottage" in Newport.

In 1933, when she turned 21, Doris Duke came into the first $10 million left by her father. Two years later, against her mother's wishes, she married James Cromwell, who was 16 years older than she, and whose family had lost its fortune in 1929, and embarked on a two-year honeymoon through the Middle East and Asia. Inspired by this trip, they bought the most spectacular piece of property near Diamond Head in Honolulu, on which they built a Mogul-style fortress and named it Shangri La. Like all of her houses, it was guarded by fierce Dobermans or German shepherds.

According to the Mansfield biography, Cromwell asked her on their sexless wedding night what his annual income from her would be. He also hoped she would finance his 1940 campaign for U.S. senator from New Jersey; instead, she helped ruin his political career by snubbing Eleanor Roosevelt and putting private detectives on him to collect evidence of his extramarital affairs. She had several indiscreet affairs of her own, with Errol Flynn, Hawaiian swimming champion Duke Kahanamoku, and British M.P. Alec Cunningham-Reid. Then she became pregnant and had a premature daughter named Arden, who lived only 24 hours. "Doris had gone surfing," explains Nancy Cooke de Herrera, an old friend from Hawaii. "There was a rumor that she did it deliberately."

James Cromwell maintained that it was not his child, and friends assumed that it was Cunningham-Reid's. Chandi Heffner told me that Duke confided the truth to her: "It wasn't Cromwell's, and it wasn't her lover Alec's. It happened on a train to *(Continued on page 170)*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENZO NATALE



bod," Doris Duke told Chandi Heffner.



THE LAST COURT

Chandi Heffner, Duke's adopted daughter, today on her 300-acre Hawaiian ranch. *Opposite, top,* James Burns, Heffner's bodyguard boyfriend, celebrates the 1990 acquittal of Imelda Marcos at Adnan Khashoggi's Manhattan apartment. *Opposite, bottom,* Imelda Marcos and Bernard Lafferty with one of the Bactrian camels at Duke Farms, New Jersey, 1990.

Photograph by GEORGE LANGE

George in the Jungle

No White House aide has ever had the high-profile glamour of George Stephanopoulos, the 33-year-old son of a Greek Orthodox priest, who is now, after Hillary, the president's closest adviser. His true power, however, lies in the relentless tension between two Georges: the onetime altar boy and the skilled politico. As the Whitewater scandal rocks the administration, MARJORIE WILLIAMS explains why Stephanopoulos is so important to Bill Clinton

"This is all new to me, first of all," he says. "I mean, it's all happened very quickly."

This?

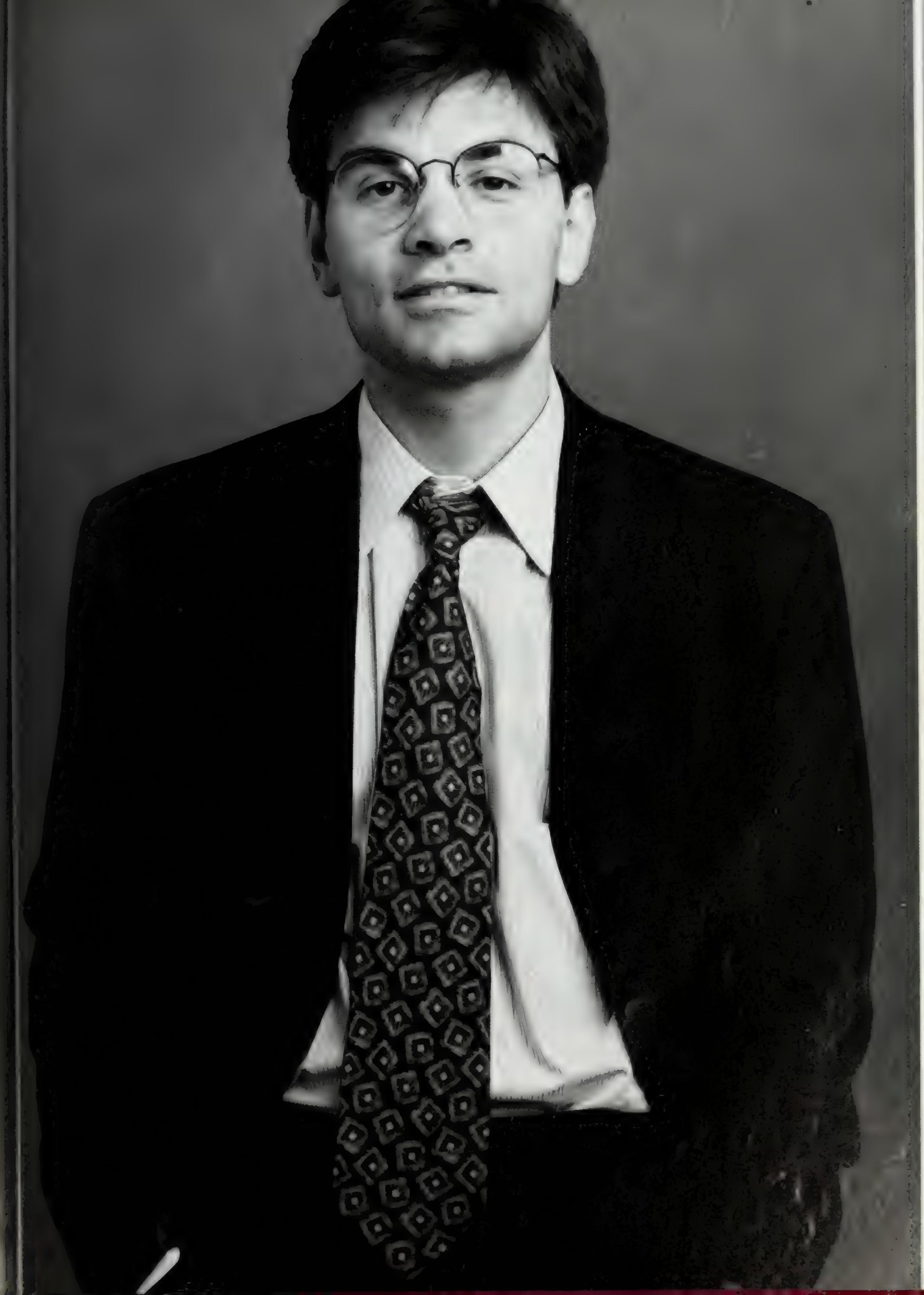
He laughs, flashes his diffident smile. Or, rather, his Diffident Smile: a reporter dealing with George Stephanopoulos can never entirely escape the sense that beneath his great likability lies a catalogue of gestures, each one more deliberate than the last. "*This,*" he answers, patting his desk in a motion that somehow takes in the entire strange experience of his first year in Bill Clinton's roller coaster of a White House: the weighty work that's scattered in front of him, what he calls the "narcotic" of working on the threshold of the Oval Office, and the unseemly recent attentions of magazines such as *People*.

He is explaining why he resists talking about his personal life, including his early family life. "I think if

WHITE HOUSE WUNDERKIND

Stephanopoulos has become more powerful since he was "demoted" last May; on matters of substance and scandal, his advice often outweighs that of David Gergen or Mack McLarty.

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



you're doing this kind of work in this kind of life, you're getting this kind of attention, you have to do what you can to keep some things private, and—you know, even sacred."

It's a big word, sacred; it is Stephanopoulos's trump card, and he plays it with finesse.

At the age of only 33, Stephanopoulos has pioneered a kind of cultural stardom unprecedented in the gray precincts of the capital. Surely no other aide in White House annals has inspired the creation of a fan club, complete with its own fanzine, the *Stephanopouletter*. Nor has anyone else in Clinton's circle had to requisition extra space in the Old Executive Office Building to handle the overflow of his own fan mail—including photographs mailed in by hopeful young women. As Stephanopoulos groused to an old friend, "I can hardly go to McDonald's without it getting in the paper."

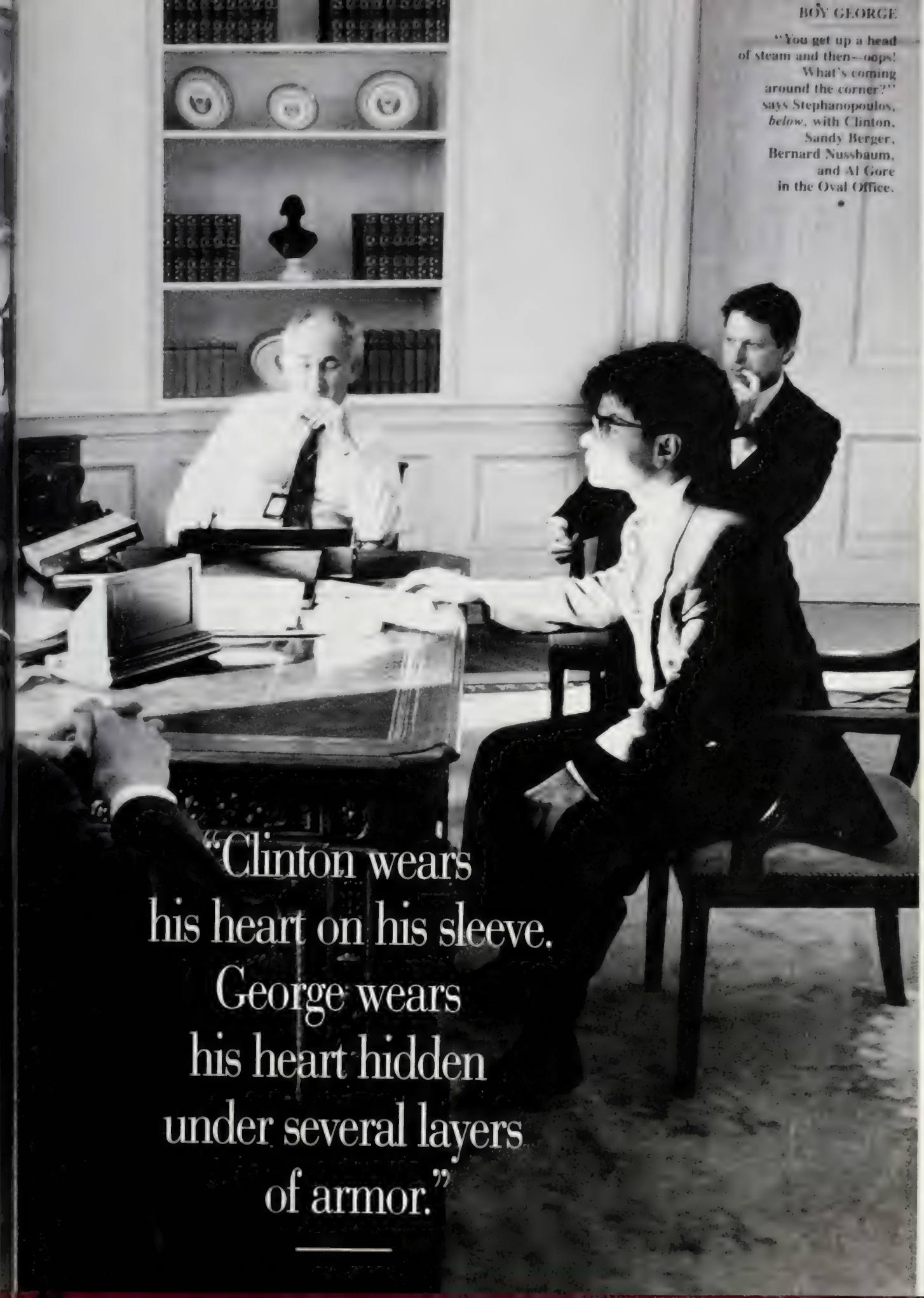
At the same time—much more quietly—he has become one of the central figures of the Clinton White House. Last May, when he was pulled from the job of spokesman and David Gergen was hired to improve the administration's public relations, it was widely assumed that Stephanopoulos had fallen from favor. The press cast him as Icarus—an object lesson in the perils of peaking early.

But now, as the Clinton administration enters its second year, it is clear that this analysis of his fortunes was wrong. As Stephanopoulos's friends insisted all along, the May reshuffle removed the parts of his job he most disliked (the same parts—though his friends were not as quick to acknowledge this—that he did badly), and increased his time at the part of the job he enjoyed (and did well): the role of senior adviser to the president for policy and strategy. Today, Stephanopoulos is perhaps the president's chief political intimate after the First Lady.

The evolution of his role can be summarized in the twin controversies that erupted this winter. When two Arkansas state troopers went public with their tales of Bill Clinton's revels in Little Rock, it wasn't George Stephanopoulos who had to face the braying pack. (A nightmare averted: *George! Is it true the president eats his baked potatoes in two bites? George! Did he really do it with a department-store clerk in the parking lot of Chelsea's elementary school?*) But as the murky tale of the Whitewater Development Company began to reach critical mass, and it became clear the administration could no longer prevent the appointment of a special counsel, Stephanopoulos became an important part of the damage-control team appointed to deal with the mess. He may no longer be out front every day, but in a crisis, Stephanopoulos is the indispensable man. It was Stephanopoulos who talked to the most important members of the press about Whitewater, intoning his usual soft-voiced denials and demurrals on the phone; it was still Stephanopoulos who was counted on for advice that would be unsentimental, realistic, and equally shrewd about the politics of Congress, the appetites of the media, and the dynamics of scandal.

Handling crises like Whitewater—sudden problems of high sensitivity—is one facet of Stephanopoulos's work. Another is his heavy involvement in managing the administration's dealings with Congress, especially with the House





BOY GEORGE

"You get up a head of steam and then—oops! What's coming around the corner?" says Stephanopoulos, *below*, with Clinton, Sandy Berger, Bernard Nussbaum, and Al Gore in the Oval Office.

"Clinton wears his heart on his sleeve. George wears his heart hidden under several layers of armor."

of Representatives, where Stephanopoulos has spent most of his career. In addition, he is the aide physically closest to the president, helping to organize and impose some discipline on Clinton's time from day to day. Recording everything in a reporter's notebook—what happened at a meeting, what follow-up is required, what promises were made and must be kept—he has brought a measure of consistency to a chaotic White House staff structure that has all roads leading directly to Clinton.

Beyond that, his job description—deceptively simple—is to give advice to the president. His value to Clinton is that he's fluent in both politics and policy. "On everything of consequence," says Paul Begala, a political consultant to the White House, "George's opinion matters."

The reasons for Clinton's trust in Stephanopoulos run deep, and include the two men's almost perfectly contrasting natures. But to understand why George Stephanopoulos is where he is today, it may be most helpful to look hard at that word "sacred," and at the ease with which it leaves his lips. In a world full of work-obsessed, reasonably good-looking, politically ambitious young men, Stephanopoulos has always stood out for the fact that he is the son, grandson, and nephew of Greek Orthodox priests; a former altar boy; a onetime student of theology as a Rhodes scholar.

At the heart of him, friends say, is a conflict: the age-old moral turmoil of the young man who has come to pursue good ends in a system that calls for calculating means—and who happens to have a natural gift for working that system. These friends believe that Stephanopoulos's spiritual side is the dominant one. On the other hand, those who know him only in the context of his career in Washington scoff at the very idea that there's a contest taking place.

What both sides miss is the intriguing truth that George Stephanopoulos's religious background and spiritual aspirations serve, among other things, to make him a more potent political animal. Undoubtedly, they supply some of the extreme, almost eerie calm that this young man brings to the exercise of power. They also lend him, when necessary, the useful camouflage of the choirboy. "He has a sort of second sense for how to make people like him when he screws them, make them feel it's not his fault," says author Eric Alterman, his best friend.

But more than that, they constitute an important part of his complex appeal to the president he works for: Bill Clinton, a man who loves the fruits of compromise but treasures the idea of his own unbending goodness.

Stephanopoulos agrees to a conversation in his White House office on a quiet holiday afternoon. "I have to tell you, this is very disconcerting," he says, settling back in his chair. At ease in jeans and a dark cotton shirt, his thick black hair neatly disheveled, with a cup of tea steaming on his desktop, he looks not the least bit disconcerted.

It is easy to see why the White House press corps found him arrogant. From his very first press conferences, his demeanor had an unmistakably snarky edge—a clear air of contempt for the grubby scribes who pestered him with their repetitive, process-obsessed questions. To this day, says a friend, "he *hates* the press."

But one-on-one Stephanopoulos can be charming. He is, to begin with, one of those mysteriously sexy men who belong to no standard genre of good looks. His appeal—indefinably contained in his quiet voice and his fine smile and his squarish face—transcends the fact that he stands only about five feet seven and carries his small frame in a slight crouch, as if protecting something at its center.

Beyond that, he projects a certain modesty. It might or might not be genuine, but it is in any case persuasive enough to be effective. When I ask him if he has read *Remembering Denny,* Calvin Trillin's compelling meditation on an old friend whose Rhodes scholarship turned out to be the pinnacle of a life of unfulfilled promise, the boy wonder offers a fabulous grin. "No," he says. "I'm too scared."

Stephanopoulos seems to have a grip on the strange alchemy that has suddenly transformed his life. Upon the release of *The War Room,* the recent documentary that focused on the contributions of Stephanopoulos and strategist James Carville to Clinton's presidential victory, Alterman teased his old friend about press materials that described him as Clinton's "brilliant, handsome" communications director. "George, I never thought you were that handsome," Alterman said.

Replied Stephanopoulos, "I wasn't."

That's not to say that he doesn't enjoy the fuss. His record of attendance at parties—large, small, and medium, with Hollywood names and Washington royalty—suggests that he relishes the social perks of fame. Then there was his well-publicized, now defunct romance with *Dirty Dancing* star Jennifer Grey. Stephanopoulos has complained angrily about the publicity that attended his dates with her, especially, friends say, about false reports that he had broken up with a long-term girlfriend, a woman he had been dating for about three years, in order to take up with Grey. In fact, the woman in question, an attorney who now works for the Justice Department, had broken up with him—for reasons, according to friends, that included religious differences (she is Jewish) and the obsessive nature of his work life.

Asked if he will discuss his romantic life for this article, Stephanopoulos laughs and says, "Aggressively no. Emphatically no!" However, there is pleasure in his smile: he may decline, but he enjoys having to.

"In a way, he's modest," summarizes a White House colleague who is struggling to explain Stephanopoulos. "But then, he's 33 years old and doesn't feel the least bit of self-doubt about where he is. It's not as though he got where he is by shunning the spotlight. . . . He's not just a nice young boy from Cleveland that this happened to."

Indeed, Stephanopoulos has an uncanny awareness of himself as a logical object of interest. He discusses his own life as if it *were* an object, one the two of us have sat down together to appreciate in tandem: this aspect of his character has been "overdone," he'll say in response to a question; this other one has been "blown so out of proportion." Asked to label his political philosophy, he bridles, then says, "I guess I'm a liberal." But then he must carefully distinguish himself from all the other, presumably less thoughtful souls who share that label: "I mean, it's a different—I *end up* being a

liberal," he says, "not 'I am a liberal, therefore I think this.' . . . I end up being a *modified* liberal."

This self-consciousness, though, seems at constant war with another facet of the man: beneath George Stephanopoulos's political geniality and his enjoyment of fame lives a deeply reserved, self-contained young man.

"There are many things about George I have no idea about, and I consider myself a fairly close friend of his," says a colleague. "He's wound very tight."

Charles C. Moskos, author of *Greek Americans: Struggle and Success*, notes that the Greek-American men who have been most successful in politics—men such as Stephanopoulos, Paul Tsongas, and Michael Dukakis—"tend to be somewhat reserved personalities, unlike the Zorba the Greek image. There's an old Jewish saying, 'Think Yiddish, dress British.' The Greeks have a version of that."

This reserve is a political gift of sorts, setting him apart from the grasping and clawing of his brethren. "All the internecine crap that happens in a campaign—he was never part of that," says Richard Mintz, a campaign aide who shared a Little Rock apartment with Stephanopoulos. "George never would bicker or speculate about who was up and who was down." Mintz laughs, and adds, "If *we* were talking about it, he would listen, but he'd never weigh in."

He was only 28 when he was hired as chief floor assistant to House majority leader Richard Gephardt, a job in which he essentially represented his boss to all the members of Congress. Paul Begala, who also worked in Gephardt's office, was struck by Stephanopoulos's ability to deal with the old bulls who had spent decades amassing power. "He never sucked up; you never heard him say, 'Oh, Mr. Chairman, that's a nice tie.' He was never intimidated, either. There is nothing more intimidating than being confronted with a John Dingell or a Dan Rostenkowski face-to-face. And in George's case, it's face-to-belt-buckle. . . . I saw George many times standing up to these guys."

These colleagues are describing the most striking thing about George Stephanopoulos: that he has a preternatural poise for someone in his early 30s.

After a time, his interview responses come to seem strenuously correct, with each thought followed by its tempering counterthought, until at last he has defined the narrow, just-right path he walks. "I grew up with the feeling that it's not enough to work for yourself," he says—and, before the period at the end of that sentence has fallen into place, hastily adds, "*solely*," lest you think he is making too high a moral claim for the work he does. "I mean, I'm not working in a village, you know, feeding people. I don't like when people try to make something like this sound like that. Not to take anything away from the work. I think it is as high and good a work as you can do."

You can't blame him for picking his words carefully. George Stephanopoulos is not just a political star; he is also a generational star, symbolizing the arrival of the boomers (or their kid brothers) at the very highest levels of responsibility. And you can see him watching from within a still-dawning awareness of the envy and ambivalence he can incite in those around him.

But through all these efforts to sound just right—altruistic but not pious, caring but not self-congratulatory—shines that clear sense of his own singularity: *It is important that I get this right*, say his hesitations and emendations. *This is George we're talking about.*

It is a quality different from arrogance or conceit; one has the impression that this is the axis of his life: the need to calibrate carefully, precisely, what he thinks and feels. More than anything else, it seems simply the self-involvement, the self-scrutiny, of a young man who really did occupy a singular place in the universe for all the earliest years of his life.

"George needs a secretary to just be a human being," says his best friend. "He's just not good at life."

Those who know Stephanopoulos well agree that his roots in the Greek Orthodox Church are "crucial to understanding George," in the words of Eric Alterman. "*The key* is that he is the son of a middle-class American priest."

George was the second of four closely spaced children, and the elder son. He often went with his parents on visits to parishioners, or with his father to make calls at the hospital—early training in the skills of diplomacy and deference. He acknowledges that this has been helpful in his political career: "I remember when I interviewed with Dick Gephardt he asked me how I could do [the floor manager's] job—which was working with all the members. . . . And I said, 'It's how I grew up.' "

His poise is probably common to all clergymen's children. But the Greek Orthodox Church in particular emphasizes the place of priests' families, according to Nancy Agris Savage, who edits the leading Greek-American newspaper, *The Hellenic Chronicle*. "The wife and the children, they're held up to the community, and they're expected never to get into trouble, always to be an example."

Thus Stephanopoulos lived out his childhood under the concentrated gaze of a series of (Continued on page 176)

Drs. Junkins, Kwiatkowski, Cuervo, and Huang haven't been doctors long enough to know they're supposed to drive one of those overpriced luxury imports.

When Ed, Janet, Beth, and Jim emerged, successfully, from medical school, they felt the gratification of having achieved a lifelong goal, while also confronting a hard reality common to most young doctors—a ton of student loan debt. (You could buy five Saturns with what a new M.D. typically owes.)



In Ed's case, that hard reality also included his 10-year-old car—nobody could tell him how much time it had left. Since a pediatric resident's life is ruled by a beeper (and because you can't tell a sick kid that the tow truck was late), Ed bit the bullet and went looking for a new car.

Say ahh! Our hunch is that at least 9 out of 10 doctors would really love how easy Saturns are to take care of. (But don't quote us on that. Ask your doctor.)

While he was making the rounds of the car dealerships in town, Ed discovered Saturn. Where, along with the simple, painless way one shops at our showrooms, he liked the rather healthy range of standard features offered and (especially) the fact that the price of a Saturn did not put him into a state of shock.

Since then, mostly on his referral, many of Ed's colleagues have been filling the hospital parking lot with new Saturns. (Apparently, the people who pay most attention to a doctor's advice are other doctors.)



The Saturn SL1

A Different Kind *of* Company. A Different Kind *of* Car.

The Doctors are pictured with a 1993 Saturn SL1. M.S.R.P. for the 1994 Saturn SL1 is $10,830, including retailer prep and optional passenger-side mirror. Tax, license, transportation, and other options are extra. If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans, coupes, and wagons, please call us any time at 1-800-522-5000. *© 1993 Saturn Corporation.*



Jim, Ed, Janet, and Beth (left to right) bought their Saturns at Saturn of Owings Mills and Saturn of Glen Burnie

TRUMPS

(Continued from page 125) again. Who knew? Maybe they would. Anyway, he had the sinking feeling that he was losing control, repeating the same old mistakes, and there seemed to be nothing he could do about it.

"Mom," he said, "what should I do?"

The next evening, Trump's stretch limo picked me up at my apartment, then swung down Fifth Avenue and stopped in front of the pink marble entrance of Trump Tower. Trump was scheduled to make a brief appearance in Brooklyn. After that, he was off to a black-tie dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, where a high-powered group of public figures called the Forum Club, founded by his pal limousine tycoon Bill Fugazy, was to honor Trump as Humanitarian of the Year.

"Can you believe it?" Trump said as he slipped into the seat next to mine and patted me on the knee. "Humanitarian of the Year? Now, *that's* something different for the Trumpster."

The last time we had been together was back in the early 80s, when I was the editor in chief of *The New York Times Magazine* and he had invited me to Trump Tower with the aim of interesting me in assigning a story on the pharaonic renovations he was making to his vast triplex apartment, which consisted of more than 50 rooms, including an 80-foot-long living room with a waterfall. No story had appeared at that time, and I wasn't sure the world needed one now. What was there left to say about Donald Trump? Hadn't he lost control of everything—his yacht, his plane, his airline, his casinos, his hotels, his apartment buildings, his credit with the banks, his credibility with the press? Wasn't he, like those tarnished icons of the garish 1980s Michael Milken and Ivan Boesky, history? Had he learned anything from his collapse and catastrophe? Or was he still essentially an alienated figure, a man at war against himself?

"As nasty as the press can be," he told me on the way over the bridge to Brooklyn, "they know that once they've cut you down the best story is to build you back up again. Piece by piece, deal by deal, a beautiful story is starting to emerge about me."

He handed me a folder containing his personal financial statement, which had been prepared by the accounting firm of Spahr, Lacher & Sperber. It showed that, as of September 1993, he had assets of $139,326,000 in cash and cash equivalents. Someone who was familiar with the details of his finances had told me that those figures were actually on the conservative side, and that Trump kept more than $6 million in his personal checking accounts alone. That didn't mean, however, that Trump could just reach in and grab all that money for his private use. He had huge financial responsibilities. In the halogen light of the limo, I tried to decipher *that* side of the statement. But Trump had already launched into a stream-of-consciousness speech that sounded amazingly like Al Pacino's monologue about selling real estate in the movie *Glengarry Glen Ross:*

"When you have 15 years and haven't had a miss, and then everything crashes—the entire world crashes—you learn a lot about yourself. I *want* people to be skeptical of me, of my real net worth. Otherwise, how can I expect them to compromise with me and allow me to do what I want to do?

"The one thing I've learned through this: I had to go back to work. I had been in Europe fucking every model in the world. My life was wild. I started hiring these fucking morons to run my casinos. All those geniuses from Wharton and Harvard, they didn't have the touch. All of a sudden—a human trait—I wasn't watching the business. I had to go back to work."

He went on, describing in his inimitable fashion nothing less than the most spectacular financial roller coaster of modern times: his crash and comeback. In 1989, when Trump was at his peak, *Forbes* magazine estimated that he had a net worth of $1.7 billion. It was the height of the real-estate boom, a time when the Japanese were coming into New York City and paying any price for trophy buildings.

He owned two casinos in Atlantic City—the Castle and the Plaza—and he had a third one, the Taj Mahal, under construction. He had bought the Eastern Shuttle, overpaid for the Plaza hotel, and started work on Trump Palace, his Third Avenue condominium. His first two books, *The Art of the Deal* and *Surviving at the Top,* both published in hardcover by Random House, sold a combined total of well over a million copies.

But within a matter of months the real-estate market collapsed, and Trump was underwater. His personal liabilities alone —debts guaranteed with his signature— were approaching $1 billion. He had to hand over the Shuttle to Citicorp. He had to turn back his 282-foot yacht, the *Trump Princess,* to the Boston Company. He had to give up the Trump Palm Beaches condo to Marine Midland.

"I had to put my ego aside for a while," he told me. "The smart thing I did was go into a big cash-flow business: casinos. In 1990 I went in early and said to the banks, 'I want to work a deal. I want to restructure my loans, and I want $65 million in new money.' They put up $56 million. I bet the ranch. I said, 'I am going to give you sign-offs, and I'm going to say I need this capital. I'm going back to work.' "

Trump persuaded the banks to refinance his debt, and he promised them that the mounting cash flow from his casinos would cover the interest and, eventually, repay the principal. The embarrassed bankers agreed; they had little choice but to give him the breathing space he was asking for.

"The lowest point was a day sometime in the middle of 1991 when the shit hit the fan," he said. "Both the *Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* did front-page articles saying I'd never come back. . . . I wanted, perhaps stupidly, to get out of my marriage. I had a prenup with Ivana—$10 million and a couple of houses. At first, her lawsuit against me was for $2 billion. Her lawyers would have settled for $150 million. At one point I was ready to hand her a check for $50 million, and they turned it down cold. Then I had these horrible articles about me, and that day I get a call from Ivana: 'I vant my money! I vant my money now! I vill take the $10 million.' The only reason she took 10 was because she wanted to make sure there was something there."

We had arrived at Kings Highway in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, the site of the 1991 black rampage against the Hasidic community, which ultimately cost Mayor David Dinkins, who failed to act promptly, thousands of Jewish votes and his job. Matt Calamari, Trump's chief bodyguard, opened the door, and his boss ducked out.

The street was lit as bright as day, and there wasn't a black person in sight. The entire block had been turned into a deserted no-man's-land by a large contingent of high-ranking police officers, who were there to make sure that that night's event went off smoothly. The tall, blond Trump bounded up the stairs of the Alexandria Catering Hall and waded into the room full of bearded, black-coated Hasidim, who represent the most cohesive political bloc in New York City, and who had gathered for a fund-raiser for Noach Dear, a New York City councilman. Dear

had helped Trump on a number of zoning issues, and although Trump had a phobia about germs and hated physical contact, he dutifully shook the hand of every rabbi and community leader in the room.

An hour later, we were heading back to "the city," as Manhattan is always referred to by those who, like Trump, grew up in the outer boroughs. He told me how, more than 20 years earlier, Lewis Rudin, the scion of one of New York's most prominent real-estate families, had given him the idea of leaving the small-time world of Brooklyn and Queens and making his fortune in "the city." Then his mind turned to the future, and he was once again the salesman in full cry.

"This has been the best year of my life," he said. "The Taj, the Plaza, and the Castle [his Atlantic City casinos] will spin off gross operating profits of $250 million, enabling me to pay down my debt and recapture 100 percent equity in all three casinos. The Plaza hotel will show a profit, after interest payments, of $15 million. The condominiums at Trump Palace have sold out. I've got zoning approval to start building on the West Side yards [a 75-acre parcel of land on the Hudson River between 59th and 72nd streets], and Philip Johnson is designing the first four buildings.

"I don't pay Ivana a penny of alimony anymore. She's moving out of the Trump Tower triplex in January, and I'm moving back in. I'm no longer on a $400,000-a-month living allowance from the banks. I'm working on my third book, *The Art of the Comeback*, although I haven't chosen a publisher yet. I bought the land under the Empire State Building from a very wealthy Japanese man. I'm buying an L-1011—that's a wide-body jet that seats 350 people, 10 across."

How much of this was true and how much was Trumpster hyperbole? I asked bankers, Wall Street executives, and businessmen who knew the inside story of Trump's finances, and a great deal of what he had told me checked out. The bottom line was that Donald Trump had reduced his personal debt from $975 million to $115 million, and that, if all went according to plan, he would be totally free of personal debt after he took his casinos public.

When we entered the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, Trump looked around as though he were appraising the property, and muttered, "Someday, someday." We rode the elevator to the Starlight Roof, where he was one of the night's honorees at the Forum Club. Mayor Dinkins was seated on the dais. So were Mayor-Elect Rudolph Giuliani, Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly, Trump's old friend Lewis Rudin, and a host of other New York City luminaries.

"Watch this," said Trump, about to make his entrance. "Just watch what happens."

As he squeezed between the crowded tables in the direction of the dais, the room was suddenly electrified. Heads turned, and people stood to get a better look at him. Men elbowed one another out of the way in order to get near him. A woman in a tightfitting cocktail dress broke away from her husband and demanded, almost hysterically, to have her photograph taken with Trump. She seemed on the verge of both laughter and tears. The pupils of her eyes were dilated. Trump put his arm around her

Donald & Marla

The Romance at a Glance

Winter 1989–90: U.S. forces invade Panama. DECEMBER: Ivana Trump confronts Marla Maples at an Aspen resort, enjoining her to "stay away from my husband." FEBRUARY: *New York Post* links Donald Trump and Marla for the first time, quotes her deeming their relations "the best sex I ever had."

Fall 1990: Margaret Thatcher resigns as British prime minister. NOVEMBER: Marla muses to *Vanity Fair*, "Ivana wants a billion, but we just don't have it"; remark enrages Donald, who objects to royal "we" and implication that he is not a billionaire. DECEMBER: Marla leaves Donald; judge grants Ivana divorce from Donald; Donald briefly dates model Rowanne Brewer; Marla returns to Donald.

Spring 1991: President George Bush treated for fibrillation of the heart; Donald proposes to Marla in helicopter; she accepts.

Summer 1991: Warsaw Pact dissolves. JUNE: Donald and Marla split over his refusal to announce their engagement. JULY: Donald and Marla reconcile; he presents her with $250,000 engagement ring while they are golfing.

Fall 1991: U.S. recognizes newly independent Baltic states. SEPTEMBER: Donald and Marla split again; Marla begins dating Michael Bolton. OCTOBER: Marla appears as self on *Designing Women*, alludes to Donald's "big ego"; couple seen together four days later. NOVEMBER: Once again, Donald proposes; once again, Marla accepts.

Winter 1991: Soviet Union disintegrates; Gorbachev resigns; Donald and Marla stage public donnybrook at Four Seasons Hotel in Washington; Marla hurls shoes at Donald and screams, "I'll never marry you. I don't care how much money you make"; couple makes up almost instantly.

Summer 1992: Hurricane Andrew lays waste to South Florida; Marla makes Broadway debut in *The Will Rogers Follies; Newsday* critic writes, "She doesn't embarrass."

Fall 1992: Bill Clinton elected 42nd president of the United States; Donald and Marla break up again.

Spring 1993: Standoff between federal agents and Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas, ends in siege, massive fire, death of 72; Marla announces she is pregnant; Donald insists he cannot marry her without prenuptial agreement.

Summer 1993: White House counsel Vincent Foster takes his own life; Marla and Donald almost marry over July 4 weekend; Donald, in Marla's words, "has a little freak-out" at last minute.

Fall 1993: 13 U.S. soldiers killed by Somalian militia in Mogadishu; Marla, with Donald present, gives birth to Tiffany Ariana Trump.

Winter 1993: A crazed gunman kills six on the Long Island Rail Road; Donald and Marla wed; Donald credits L.I.R.R. shootings with making him realize that "life is short and I want to do this now."

—TIMOTHY LONG

shoulder and peered into the camera. His eyes matched hers; they had that same narcotized look.

The next day, Trump flew off to Gary, Indiana, for a press conference and a meeting with the city council on his proposal to build a huge floating casino-and-hotel complex on a 121-acre site there leased from the USX Corporation. He was accompanied by Nick Ribis, the highly regarded chief executive officer of the Trump Organization, who had spent nearly $1 million on architects, lawyers, lobbyists, and public-relations consultants in an effort to convince the city fathers of Gary, a sooty, down-at-the-heels steel town 25 miles southeast of Chicago, that their financial salvation rested with Donald Trump rather than with a half-dozen other gambling suitors.

Trump knew that The Comeback depended in large part on his plan to sell stock in his casinos. But in order for the public offering to be the wild success he hoped it would be, he had to demonstrate the ability to diversify to jurisdictions outside of Atlantic City. It wasn't that the competition from gambling on nearby Indian reservations had hurt Atlantic City; despite some dire predictions, that hadn't happened. But the pressure was on Trump to broaden his base and show growth. He had already acquired a site for a riverboat casino in Gulfport, Mississippi, and in addition to Gary he had his eye on Las Vegas, New Orleans, and St. Louis.

Things seemed to go well in Gary, and Trump was in an ebullient mood as his plane headed home. "If you like beautiful boats and beautiful homes and beautiful planes," he told me, "just because it's the 90s, are you supposed to say, 'Oh, excuse me, I don't like these things anymore'? Bullshit! And, of course, I could add women to the category . . . but I won't."

The extent of Trump's rehabilitation could be measured by the fact that, back in New York, a number of investment bankers were betting on the value of his marquee name to make him a winner on Wall Street, where gaming stocks were hot. During 1993, there had been more than 20 initial public offerings, or I.P.O.'s, in the gaming industry, and Wall Street was convinced that casino gambling—confined until now to a relatively few widely separated locations—was capturing the hearts and minds of America. Indeed, legalized gambling was a $30-billion-a-year business, twice as big as movies and television combined.

"Donald has defied the law of gravity," said Marvin Roffman, a leading stock analyst and once one of Trump's harshest critics, who had been fired by his firm back in 1990 after he had angered Trump by telling a reporter that Trump's Taj Mahal was on the verge of financial disaster. "He went to his bankers and said, 'Look, who do you want to run this business? I'm licensed and I can turn this thing around. Can you? Are you licensed? Do you have anyone to run this business?' If he wasn't in a regulated business, anyone could have assumed control. But in New Jersey it can cost more than a year and a million dollars to get licensed, plus the fact that they want you to submit all your canceled checks for 10 years, and they do a background check where they find out the color of your underwear."

"If Donald Trump is not back, I'm missing something big," said one of his investment bankers. "You can write the guy down, short him, but in reality there is something there, a substance that the average guy can't make happen."

"The conceptual problem or opportunity facing Trump is: Can he issue the right amount of equity before this window of opportunity is slammed shut?" said James Grant, whose highly regarded bimonthly, *Grant's Interest Rate Observer*, had been the first to blow the whistle on Trump back in 1987, when it predicted his bankruptcy. "Nothing this frothy . . . the stock market has lasted very long. I guess if Trump sells stock, as he tells me on the phone he might do, he could walk away free and clear with that charming smirk on his face."

Wilbur L. Ross Jr., senior managing director of Rothschild, Inc., and the investment banker who had helped the bondholders in the Taj Mahal restructuring, added, "I think he is the world's greatest promoter and P.R. person. In Atlantic City, you're selling them entertainment, pageantry, wishful thinking, a dream. So having someone like Trump lends itself to that. . . . He has captured the public imagination and turned it into a resource for himself. People may joke that he's always promoting himself, but he's figured out a way to make it more than an ego trip. He's turned it into money."

For my benefit, Trump started calculating what he would be worth after he took his casinos public. "If the I.P.O. goes to $4 billion, and I have a billion dollars' worth of debt," he told me, "then I'll be worth $3 billion, and we're not even talking about my New York real estate."

But even investment bankers who were eager to do business with Trump believed that his figures were inflated. "I think," said one, "if you look at what the average casino value is on the market today—the going valuation range—you come out to about $2 billion [for Trump's company, not $4 billion]. However, what is the added value of the Trump name? It's a brand name, and it really has some value. He loves the word 'billions' because he hasn't learned the word 'trillions' yet. If you say, 'Hey, Donald, you may not get this,' it's heresy."

"You want my prediction?" said another expert who was close to the situation. "He will get to the public marketplace. He'll sell half to the public, and he'll keep half of it for himself. It's the largest casino company in the world, and before debt it will be worth over $2 billion. When all is said and done, he'll be worth as much as $500 million to $750 million."

"I've got to make a decision about Marla," Trump told me again and again over the course of the next couple of days. "We have a baby. We have a good relationship. It's a little unfair to her. . . . But I love the freedom."

Although he cranked up the suspense at every opportunity, I suspected that he had already made up his mind but needed to feel that he had total control over when and how the information would be released.

"When Donald started talking about divorcing Ivana, he used to call people at night," said one of his friends. "His survey is a way of notifying the world. So a month before his wedding to Marla, he comes to me and says, 'I don't know if I should,' and I immediately knew he was going to marry her."

On December 9 he attended a meeting of the Riverside South Planning Corporation, which consisted of representatives of environmental and other influential liberal groups that Trump had persuaded to work with him on developing the West Side yards. It was a lovefest—lambs lying down with the lion. Then he returned to his office and took one giant step toward the altar: he hired Chén Sam, the Egyptian-born, British-educated physician who has handled Elizabeth Taylor's P.R. for 21 years. But he didn't tell her whether he was ready to marry Marla. All Chén Sam knew for sure was that her office would be working on "Donald's future projects."

The next day, Trump put out the story himself: Donald and Marla were getting married! The news was splashed all over

TV. The phones in Trump Tower began ringing off the hook. That night, we hopped down to Atlantic City on his Super Puma helicopter for a tour of his casinos. Trump recalled how his three top casino executives had lost their lives in a helicopter crash in October 1989, a tragedy from which many people dated the beginning of his financial crash. The memory triggered dark thoughts, and Trump said, "It's all bullshit. You do all this, and then you kick the bucket, and your kids start fighting over your money. Tiffany fights with Ivanka, and Ivana comes back and says, 'It was me he really loved all the time.' And so what was it all about?"

This disquisition on death led him to the subject of AIDS. "Being single out there is a little bit scary, to put it mildly," he said. "It's like being in Vietnam, in the forests, and knowing there are guns pointed at your head. I long for the 70s to the extent that it was a different time. Now if you get something, they tell you not only are you going to die but that you're going to die over 10 years—your skin is going to rot and fall off, and you're going to die a horrible death. Despite all that's been said about me, I'm actually a one-woman man."

"As much as he talks about sleeping around with models," said someone who had known him well for many years, "Donald has a deathly fear of disease, germs, AIDS. I don't see him sleeping around at all. My theory is he never slept with any of those models. I don't believe he had sex with any of these women in the past six, seven years—except Marla. And Marla has that figured out."

After Atlantic City, we boarded a rented Gulfstream for the flight to Mar-a-Lago. Trump began reminiscing about one of his well-publicized breakups with Marla. "She was very hurt," he said. "Michael Bolton calls Marla and says, 'Marla, I'd like to take you out.' And he falls madly in love with her. Now, I say to myself, Wait a minute. I don't like this. Michael Bolton—he's got the No. 1 fucking album in the world, *Time, Love and Tenderness*, and what that does to a guy like me, a competitive guy, it's like an affirmation that the girl has to be great, because the No. 1 singer has fallen for her. There's nothing wrong with what she's doing. I left her. Not only that. I left her like a dog.



Donald and Marla Trump greet the press after their wedding at the Plaza.

Donald & Marla

The Wedding at a Glance

Number of people invited: **1,700**

Number of people who attended: **1,300**

Number of people it took to phone out the invitations over eight days: **10**

Number of security guards stationed around the Plaza hotel for the wedding: **65**

Members of the working press credentialed: **195**

Number of TV crews credentialed: **25**

Number of still photographers credentialed: **80**

Pounds of Cristal beluga caviar ordered: **70**

Number of shrimp ordered: **10,000**

Number of squab breasts prepared: **1,000**

Racks of lamb prepared: **2,000**

Pounds of beef fillet prepared: **50**

Number of turkeys prepared: **35**

Number of bottles of Cristal champagne ordered: **1,320**

Number of bottles consumed: **578**

Pounds of ice ordered: **2,800**

Number of white diamonds in Marla's borrowed Harry Winston tiara: **325**

So what happens is I say, 'What the fuck is going on?' I do a Trump number on her. All-enveloping. I call her. She says, 'How could you have left me the way you did?' She decides to go to Hawaii with me instead of to Europe with Michael Bolton. In Maui this guy finds out where we are, and starts sending flowers. Yellow roses with a note. 'I've got Georgia on my mind. Love, Michael.' She's torn. I've left her twice. But she drops him and comes back to me."

Marla Maples was stretched out in a black one-piece bathing suit on a chaise longue by the pool at Mar-a-Lago. Her skin was perfect, and her body was athletically taut. It was hard to believe that, less than two months before that, this 30-year-old, five-foot-eight-inch former beauty queen, model, and showgirl had been pregnant and had weighed 151 pounds. She was already back down to 127, and was shooting for 125 by December 13, just a week before her wedding, when she would go for the first fitting of her white wedding dress, which was being designed by Carolina Herrera. She said she ate a lot of green vegetables, almonds, sesame seeds, and fruits. "The motto should be 'Nothing in excess,' " she told me in all seriousness. She slipped a strap off her shoulder and guided Tiffany to her left nipple.

"I was in labor for 10 hours," she said. "I created a beautiful environment in the hospital. I had candles, a picture of me and Donald. I had my New Age music playing . . . aromatherapy, which is supposed to be very calming. My mother was there. Donald was there. My good friend Janie Elder. My manager's fiancée, Meeka Dawson, a Native American Indian. Aiko, who calls herself a nurturer, and who specializes in pre-natal care and birthing, and who gives massage and prays with you. There were a lot of times I yelled, 'Pray for me *now!*' And Donald was going to the doctor, 'Can't you give her something?' because he couldn't stand me in pain, and me telling Janie, 'Don't you dare allow him to give me anything.' "

Marla's mother, Ann Ogletree, a 54-year-old southern beauty, appeared at poolside in a bathing suit and mules and prepared to take Tiffany away for a nap. Ann was serving as nanny in the 118-room mansion, which was designed for

TRUMPS

Marjorie Merriweather Post in the 1920s by set designer Joseph Urban, and which featured a dining room that seated 50, a drawing room with a replica of a gold-leaf ceiling in the Accademia in Venice, 58 bedrooms, 33 bathrooms, three bomb shelters, a theater, and a golf course. Trump had received permission from the Palm Beach Town Council to turn Mar-a-Lago into a private club. In the meantime, he and Marla were camped out amid all this splendor in the bedroom once occupied by E. F. Hutton, Marjorie Merriweather Post's second husband, which Donald and Marla had decorated with wall-to-wall off-white carpeting, floral Roman shades, and rattan furniture.

When Donald was not outside hitting golf balls on the lawn or supervising renovations on the house, he spent his time in the bedroom with Marla and the baby. They put Tiffany between them on the big double bed, ate from plates delivered by the butler, and watched a football game on television. They lived more like an average husband and wife in Mar-a-Lago than they did in New York City, where Marla had her own apartment in Trump Parc, and Donald had his three-bedroom in Trump Tower, two floors below the triplex that Ivana and their children had been occupying since the split. Though he spent an occasional night at Marla's place, he was often at home.

It soon became apparent that Ann Ogletree served another important function in this stormy household. For more than six years, Donald and her daughter had had a relationship marked by jealous temper tantrums and frequent breakups. They might love each other, but they enjoyed torturing each other, too. Donald complained that Marla didn't show him sufficient appreciation for what he had done for her—making her a celebrity and giving her the good life. Every time Donald dumped Marla and went off to have his picture taken with some model, people thought he had the upper hand. But the truth, it turned out, was far more complicated than that.

Marla knew how to push Donald's buttons. She taunted him in public for being overweight. She played with the hair on his head, lifting it up and exposing his scalp, and poking fun at his efforts to hide his hair loss. She derided his sexual prowess in front of his friends and associates.

During the time she was tucked away as Donald's secret mistress in Atlantic City, Marla had managed to turn him against everybody, isolating him from his own casino executives, and creating havoc. She had driven Donald crazy by showing him all her personal diaries, except one missing volume, which Donald suspected had been stolen—along with some nude photos of Marla—by Chuck Jones, Marla's former press agent, whom she was suing for allegedly burglarizing her apartment and stealing 71 pairs of her shoes and boots.

"I don't care about her diary or her nude photos," Chuck Jones told me. "I have a doctor who I'm dealing with on this [allegation of foot-fetishism]. I offered Marla a chance to talk to my psychiatrist. This thing is something I tried to deal with from the start. It's not a perversion, not a foot fetish. It's something else, something I can't understand yet. I'm working on it with this doctor on a constant basis. We haven't really resolved any of those psychological issues."

"Women have an effect on Donald like nothing I've ever seen," said a friend. "Ivana did the same thing to him that Marla did. Under Ivana, people didn't pay their bills, and the Plaza was a disaster. I'm very concerned that things are going to change dramatically in his business life after he marries her. What do you think—Marla won't want to run things?"

Trump must have sensed that things could spin out of control again, and it was his deep reluctance to get married that caused the greatest acrimony between him and Marla. "I've always been very sensitive to what others may think," said Marla, "so my greatest fear was created with the picture that was drawn of me in the media. . . . I felt very misunderstood. I was extremely judged, as I had judged others in the same position.

"Arthur Caliandro and I prayed together over the telephone. . . . As Christmas approached, I was feeling bad, because we weren't married, and I was going back to Georgia to visit my family. I felt it was now or never. If we didn't make this commitment now, before the holidays, it would never happen. I didn't see any reason to wait, and I didn't see why he should wait. I couldn't have stayed in the relationship, because I would have doubted how strong his love is. If he hadn't gone that extra step, I would definitely have walked out."

Once again, the ever present Ann Ogletree held them together, constantly phoning Donald to smooth things over, constantly making sure that Marla stayed with the program, whose sole purpose was to get Donald to marry her. Ann counseled Marla on the subject of a prenuptial agreement, which Marla tearfully refused to sign, because, among other things, it would have effectively robbed her of all power and gagged her from ever revealing any of Donald's personal or financial secrets.

"A prenuptial is a horrible document," Trump admitted, "because it says, 'When we get divorced, this is the way we'll split things up.' And when you're a believer in positive thinking, it isn't good. But it's a modern-day necessity."

Trump had used all his considerable powers of persuasion, and, in late November, Marla had caved, agreeing to sign the prenup. But, according to someone close to the negotiations, she wanted $25 million in the event of a divorce. Though no one outside of the two parties and their respective lawyers had presumably seen the document, it was eventually filed with the New Jersey Casino Control Commission, and Trump proudly confided to people close to him that he had negotiated Marla down to $1 million.

Marla didn't want anyone to know that she had signed the prenuptial agreement, and when she learned that Donald had told me about it, she phoned me.

"This was the big battle all along," she said. "But there's a lot of factors involved here. We basically came to an agreement that for the first few years we would agree on something and then tear it up. So, that way, I feel that we have what he needs right now for his business. And then, in five years, I have what *I* need for a true marriage."

But those familiar with prenuptial agreements thought that Marla might have missed the point. "She thinks it's wonderful, because after a few years the agreement is going to expire," said one expert. "But let me tell you, it will either be extended after the five years or Trump is out of there. Five years made her happy. She thinks after five years they will be free to be totally in love."

On the eve of his wedding, Trump sent a dozen red roses to Ivana. Despite their divorce two years ago, he had in effect kept her on the string. He spoke to her on the phone, often with the excuse of discussing their children. Ivanka and Eric were enrolled in private schools in Manhattan, while Donny, the eldest, was away at boarding school in Pennsylvania. When home, the children often took the Trump Tower elevator down from the triplex to their father's apartment. They were also free to barge into

his office during meetings. It was clear to all that Trump loved his children, and that he was good with them, although he didn't especially care to deal with their problems. The children, for their part, loved their father, and they put a lot of pressure on him not to marry Marla.

It seemed fitting that, as Donald prepared to marry Marla, Ivana was back on the ski slopes of Aspen, where it had all begun.

"I stay at Little Nell hotel, Marvin Davis hotel, at bottom of mountain, with Barbara Davis and all the kids," Ivana told me. "I ski better than when I was a racer. I go in February with my children in Switzerland at a club, Corviglia, one of the most exclusive clubs in the world. And I race there. I race one year, and second year I don't. Reason is because I always win."

Trump was exultant that *The New York Times,* which had given him such a hard time when he was down-and-out, had run a front-page story, replete with a huge photo, of his visit with Marla to city hall to pick up the marriage license. He had given *Entertainment Tonight* exclusive video rights to the wedding rehearsal. At Chén Sam's suggestion, he would be selling family wedding photos to magazines and newspapers all over the world and donating the money to charity.

But although all the preparations were going according to plan, he was deeply concerned about the turnout for the next day's ceremony. His staff had started phoning people only eight days before—there had been no time for printed invitations—and now, with so many people away for the holidays, it had become abundantly clear that most of the celebrities he had been counting on were not going to show up. There would be no Eddie Murphy, Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston, Liza Minnelli. No supermodels or Hollywood moguls. In fact, it looked as though there would be more photographers than familiar faces. There wouldn't be any Trump kids, either, because Ivana, who was vacationing with her steady beau, Riccardo Mazzucchelli, an Italian businessman, wasn't letting Donny, Ivanka, or Eric attend the wedding.

He had decided to spend his last night as a single man not at a bachelor party in the fleshpots of "the city" but in rural New Jersey, where a Christmas celebration was being given at the home of Nick Ribis, his C.E.O., for people associated with the Trump Organization. Trump nibbled from the buffet, then went into the study and presented himself to Carol Schuler, a professional tarot-card reader, who had been hired for the evening.

"How is his marriage going to work out?" I kibitzed from the sideline.

"O.K. with you if I answer?" the reader asked Trump.

"Uh, I guess so," he said nervously.

Schuler threw a card on the table and said, "It shows imbalance in the relationship. You need to compromise more."

Trump was clearly not pleased. The tarot reader threw another card.

"This shows it's important to include each other in decisions," she said. "She's very protective. She's there when you need her."

"Will I have more children?" Trump asked with genuine curiosity.

"Yes, and the next one's going to be a boy. And this changes your entire life."

"Will business continue to do well?"

"This is another question that isn't black and white," she said, considering a new card. I watched as Trump seemed to sink under the weight of her words. "There is growth, but slower than you'd like it to be. You have some difficult cards here. Don't take on more than you can handle."

On the way home, I asked Trump if he felt that Marla had trapped him into marriage by having Tiffany.

"We've been together for six years," he replied. "If she wanted to do that—get me by getting pregnant—she could have done it a lot sooner. We had just gotten back together, and she wasn't using the Pill, and I knew it. I don't feel as though I was trapped. Trapped would have been not to tell me she wasn't on the Pill. I'm not the kind of guy who has babies out of wedlock and doesn't get married and give the baby a name. And for me, I'm not a believer in abortion."

I then asked him what he had learned from his brush with financial death, and the painful experience of being shunned by the world when he was down.

"I have friends who can have war with someone and then go back and be best friends," he said. "I can't be that way. . . . You have to remember who the loyal ones were and who were not, and if you don't, you're a total schmuck. And if I have a chance to hurt these people who weren't loyal to me, I will. Call that vindictive. Call it what you will. . . . People who wouldn't talk to me three years ago now call up and want to kiss my ass. I tell my secretary, 'Rhona, call them back and say, "Mr. Trump told me to tell you, 'Fuck you!' " then hang up.' " □

MENENDEZ

(Continued from page 119) novel" that Kitty had been reading, and a pornographic video in Kitty's closet, both of which she confiscated. Why Vandermolen felt obliged to reveal these intimate things, or why she had allowed herself to be talked into revealing them, was a mystery. There is very little love lost between the Menendezes and Kitty's family, the Andersens. A Menendez relative said to me, "I was very shocked by what she said. I got a lot of things out of that house. I didn't find dirty movies."

In the end, Vandermolen's testimony added up to nothing more than that the deeply unhappy Kitty watched and read a little porn and loved her faithless husband a little too much. If she still had a weak spot for Jose's genitalia after years of an unhappy marriage, was it really necessary to bring up such an extremely private letter from such an extremely private woman? The story had no relevance to the trial other than to discredit the victim.

A crime of rage is 1 shot, 2 shots maybe, but somewhere between 1 shot and 16 shots you look at your brother and say, "You know, Lyle, I'm not as pissed off as I was 7 shots ago."

—George Schlatter, Hollywood producer, director, and writer.

For five months people in the courtroom watched the unlovely spectacle of three female defense attorneys trying to make the slain mother of their clients killable to the juries. The dead woman was attacked in a rampage of verbal violence that equaled and occasionally surpassed in gore the contact wound made when Lyle Menendez fired into her cheek after Erik had helped him reload his spent weapon, the shot that turned Kitty Menendez's face into near nothingness. Kitty's body was found on the floor of the family room, next to her dead husband's feet. Her face lay in her own coagulating blood. One of her eyes was shot out and her nose was gone. Her teeth had been knocked out of her mouth by the impact of the contact blast, except for one that

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hung loose from the top gum, like a hag's. Her hair stood straight up, like Don King's, from the impact of the final blast. Her left breast, which had presumably once suckled her sons, was a mass of ugly pellet wounds. The fingers of one of her hands, with their freshly manicured pink nails, were intertwined with her own guts and matter.

Jill Lansing suggested that Kitty had made sexual overtures to Lyle.

"Sometimes when she asked you how she looked, would she be inappropriately attired?" Lansing asked.

"She would be topless. Usually just topless or, like, an open robe," replied Lyle. He was 11 at the time.

"When you say she would wash you with a sponge, would she just wash your back?"

"No. She would wash me everywhere."

"She would wash your genitals?"

"Yes."

"You slept in bed with your mom a lot, didn't you, even when you were little?"

"Yes."

"Did you continue to sleep in her bed around this time when you were 11 and 12?"

"Sometimes."

"Sometimes did you touch your mom?"

"Yes."

"Would your dad be in bed?"

"Sometimes."

"Where would you touch her?"

"Everywhere."

In her closing argument, Abramson, using her she-deserved-to-die voice, matched her verbal portrait of Jose as she spat out a long list of words witnesses had used to describe the dead mother. Image-conscious. Status-conscious. Alcoholic. Dominant. Strong-willed. Pathetic. Helpless. Tough. Ineffectual. Disorganized. Reckless. Intimidating. Frustrated. Unhappy. Critical. Intelligent. Capable. Scary. Aggressive. Stubborn. Spaced-out. Tense. Late. Incoherent. Nervous. Depressed. Suicidal. Violent. Screaming. Fearless. Self-confident. Powerful. Hostile. Cold. Overbearing. Defensive. Possessive.

The single words gave way to statements: She cheated all over the place. She lied about her age. She helped Erik get a false driver's license. She did their schoolwork for them. She cheated at games. I ask you: Would you ever leave your child with this woman? Is this a mommy? She smoked abusively. She was not affectionate. She was not demonstrative. She was not praising, comforting, supportive, tender, or kind.

Now here is an amazing statistic about Russia. You won't hear this anywhere else but here on The Tonight Show. *Even though they were fighting for over a week, the Russian army still had not fired as many shots as the Menendez brothers. Is that unbelievable?* —Jay Leno

One of the questions asked most often was why so many relatives of the victims came to help their killers. The most common explanation was that Kitty and Jose were gone, and their sons, however imperfect, were all that was left of the family. Not all of the relatives answered the defense call, however. Milton Andersen, one of Kitty's two brothers, who lives in Oak Lawn, a suburb of Chicago, gave a front-page interview in the *Daily Southtown,* an Illinois newspaper, in which he called the defense strategy "bull" and said he agreed with the prosecution that his nephews had killed their parents out of greed. He said that at first he had not believed that they had committed the killings, and had visited them in jail. Then Leslie Abramson and Jill Lansing went to see him in Oak Lawn. "They tried to convince me what bad people my sister and brother-in-law were, but I didn't buy it," he was quoted as saying. "My sister didn't abuse her children." Later, when I encountered Andersen in the corridor of the courthouse in Van Nuys, he expressed dismay at the testimony of Joan Vandermolen. "If my sister should call me up to wish me a Happy Thanksgiving," he said, "I'd hang up the phone on her. That goes for my nieces and nephews who testified, too."

At times, one overheard snippets of conversation among the legal teams about their lives outside the courtroom. One day in the corridor, Jill Lansing spoke to Paul Mones, the author of When a Child Kills, *who was serving the defense as an adviser: "Are you going to the dinner Saturday night?"*

"What dinner?" Mones asked.

"The kindergarten parents' dinner."

The chief topic of conversation at every dinner table in Beverly Hills for the six months I was there covering the trial was the trial itself. Billy Wilder, the great film director, resisted the trial in the beginning but slowly got sucked into its vortex, like everyone else. What fascinated him was how the defense strategy may have come about. He imagined the process as being like a story conference at a film studio, a group of people sitting around a table trying to figure out a plotline. "How about this?" one might say. Or "This might work."

Kitty Menendez had to be incorporated into the brothers' version of the days preceding the killings. Indeed, she became the linchpin that provided the motivation for the catastrophe that was to follow, as well as the instigator of the dénouement, when, Erik claimed, she told him that she had always known about the molestation. On the Tuesday before the Sunday of the killings, Kitty, we were told way back in the opening statements in July, pulled off Lyle Menendez's hairpiece in a fit of rage during a family argument. That aggressive act and the shock that followed set in motion the events that ended with a fusillade of fire that killed the two parents.

Lyle Menendez's state-of-the-art hairpiece, or toupee, or wig, or hair replacement, as his very expensive rug was variously called, became a constant prop in the trial, almost as important as the two missing Mossberg 12-gauge shotguns the brothers used to blow away their parents. In a previous article, I called Lyle's virtually undetectable false hair a masterpiece of wigmaking. First-time visitors to the courtroom would invariably ask, "Which is the one with the wig?" It would have surprised no one in the six-month soap opera that the trial became if the defense had talked Lyle into removing his deep secret on the stand, but good taste prevailed.

The defense claimed that until the moment Kitty pulled the hairpiece off Lyle, Erik did not know that his brother wore a toupee. The defense further claimed that the sight of his older brother's baldness and the sudden awareness of his brother's vulnerability and embarrassment freed Erik to confess to Lyle his own deep secret, that their father had been sexually molesting him for 12 years.

That one brother did not know the other brother wore a hairpiece was hard to swallow. A man's toupee is not like a woman's wig, which can be slipped onto the head easily. The wearing of a toupee involves elaborate preparations before a bathroom mirror, and the various means of attachment, such as glue, hooks, and lure locks, tried by Lyle before he settled on the method he liked best could not


THE GATES TO OUR PARADISE ARE ALWAYS OPEN.
I'VE OFTEN IMAGINED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS. WARM BREEZES LIGHTLY SCENTED WITH THE SEA. PALM TREES DANCING WITH A RELAXING RHYTHM. TIRELESS SUN. A PLACE WHERE PROBLEMS (WHAT PROBLEMS?) RECEDE LIKE THE TIDE. AND YOU CAN FALL IN LOVE WITH THE PERSON YOU'VE ALREADY LOVED FOR YEARS. EITHER THIS IS HEAVEN OR THE ACAPULCO PRINCESS.• CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 800-223-1818
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have gone unnoticed. This is not a fool-your-brother kind of thing. Marzie Eisenberg told me that Jose had often discussed Lyle's hair problem with her, and had told her that Lyle worried about his hair all the time. A person formerly connected to the firm where Lyle ordered his hair replacements told me Lyle was "consumed with his hair." A friend of Lyle's who was in constant touch with him during the trial told me rather flippantly that he seemed to worry more about his toupee than about the outcome of the trial, and that he was deeply upset when he was informed that it was off center one day in the courtroom. It is highly unlikely that a balding brother who suddenly appeared with a full head of hair would have gone unnoticed or unremarked upon by his only sibling.

When Lyle first went to the Hair Replacement Center on Wilshire Boulevard in west Los Angeles on February 4, 1988, he was already in possession of a toupee, with which he was dissatisfied, claiming it shed. The new model he ordered cost $1,450. He got a trade-in of $400 for his used toupee. For that first piece, Model 124 EX, and the three that followed from the Hair Replacement Center over the next year and a half, he always insisted on 100 percent human hair. The piece had three inches of hair in front, four inches on the sides, and five inches in back. It required four to six weeks for delivery. A person who formerly worked at the center told me that Lyle always knew exactly what he wanted and exactly how high the piece should be placed on his forehead. On one, he ordered a permanent wave. On another, he requested sun-streaking and highlights.

The former employee told me of a conversation he once had with Lyle. Lyle said, "I wish I could stop wearing this thing. It's hot and perspiry."

He replied, "You don't have to wear it. No one's forcing you to wear it."

Lyle said, "I have an image to keep up. My father told me I had an image."

He ordered his fourth hairpiece on July 28, 1989. It is noted on that order form that the piece must be ready by September 3, 1989. The shotgun deaths of his parents occurred on August 20, 1989. Lyle returned again to the center on August 25, 1989, five days after the slayings, for an adjustment. That was also the day of the first memorial service for his dead parents. He was given a baseball cap to cover his baldness in the waiting room while the work was being done. One inch of hair was removed from the front and back of the piece and replaced with new hair. Excessive perspiration, or poor hygiene, had caused the perimeter of the hair to take on a different texture.

Marzie Eisenberg said that the memorial service at the Directors Guild in Hollywood was scheduled for noon. By 11:45 the auditorium was packed to capacity with Industry people. Lyle and Erik arrived late, between 12:30 and 12:45. "They strolled in. Lyle had one hand in the pocket of his suit. I wanted to smack him. I wanted to plaster him against the wall," said Eisenberg. "Erik seemed very upset. He was scheduled to give the eulogy. I said to Lyle, 'Are you sure Erik can do this?' Lyle answered, 'Marzie, don't worry. My brother's a very good actor.' I was not allowed to tell that story on the stand. The defense objected. I was getting very uncomfortable with Lyle. I was thinking, Something's wrong with this picture—this is not how you behave when your parents are killed. Little things like that kept happening. He was very disinterested, uncaring, unfeeling."

Who says I can't fill my father's shoes? These are *my father's shoes.*

—Lyle to Marzie Eisenberg in the limousine after his parents' memorial service.

On March 6, 1991, while in the Los Angeles County Jail, Lyle ordered still another hairpiece, Model 124 EX again, with no part. A note on the order form said that the customer would not be able to come in for a fitting, and the piece was made on a previously ordered mold. Although the new piece could be delivered to Lyle in the jail, no outside professional was allowed to touch Lyle's hair or hairpiece. All the previous means of affixing his false hair to his head—fusion, tracking, etc.—were disallowed in jail. He now uses a product called Topstick Strips by Vapon, which are two-sided precut double-A clear tapes. He is permitted to have only two sticks of the tape a day, to hold the hairpiece on for courtroom appearances. He cannot wear the piece in jail.

If nothing else, the killing of the mother is totally, completely unjustified, and I don't understand why the jury was out longer than 15 minutes.

—Jonathan Alter, *Newsweek* media critic, on *Charlie Rose*, January 12, 1994.

To return to the story-conference simile that Billy Wilder used about the defense case: the problem remained Kitty. Was she bad enough yet? What else can we say about her? What about poison?

During the trial, Erik mentioned that he had feared his mother was trying to poison the family. A former girlfriend of Lyle's, Traci Baker, took the stand and told a strange tale of a family dinner she had had in the Menendez home. While Baker never used the word "poison" on the stand, the bottom line of her testimony was to suggest that Jose also thought his wife was trying to poison the family. She said that Jose had gotten up from the table and taken her and his sons to Hamburger Hamlet, leaving Kitty behind. The story always seemed incredible to me: a woman who tries to poison her family is a woman who gets put away in an asylum. I have no doubt that Kitty served a rotten meal on occasion, especially when she was mad, but that is quite a different thing from poisoning her husband and sons. Never was it even hinted that Jose and his sons were not right back at Kitty's table for breakfast the next morning or dinner the next evening.

There is a disconcerting subtext to the poison story. A few people, myself included, have seen a photocopy of a letter of several handwritten pages addressed to Traci Baker by Lyle Menendez from jail. It is not known whether Baker received it, and it did not surface in time to be introduced into the trial. In it, Lyle gives Baker full instructions on what to say on the stand. He tells her to read the letter, make notes from it, and then get rid of it. He tells her how to describe the incident. "We will decide later around what date this incident occurred," he writes. In the letter, he refers to his parents as Mr. and Mrs. Menendez, as if to indicate how Baker is to speak of them. With great attention to detail, he tells her who was sitting next to whom at the dining-room table. He says that Mrs. Menendez was not seated; she was bringing "this and that" in from the kitchen. He describes how his father asked his wife "in a stern voice" if she had done something to the food. Then he pushed his plate away, knocking over some "stuff." He describes how his father told Baker, Erik, and him to leave the table and wait outside. He tells how Mr. Menendez took them to dinner at Hamburger Hamlet. He says he or Erik asked his father if he thought his mother had "tried" something. He says that his father said about his mother, "I don't trust her today." He says it was obvious Mr.

Menendez thought his wife "did something" to the food. Lyle tells Baker not to remember the unimportant bits of conversation. He tells her that if she is unsure of anything she is asked on the stand the best answer is always "I don't remember."

During a withering cross-examination by Pamela Bozanich, Lyle admitted that he had lied when he called 911 on the night of the killings, that he had lied frequently to the police, that he had lied to his tennis coach, to newspaper reporters, and to members of his family. But he insisted that he was not lying now.

The Menendez brothers are documented liars. Their 911 call to the Beverly Hills police to report the "discovery" of the dead bodies of the parents they had killed more than an hour before will always remain a classic in the deception genre. Perhaps Lyle's crying was real in that call. Perhaps even grief was involved in that genius moment. In all fairness, one must assume that the initial sight of the carnage they had created when they returned from getting rid of their bloody clothes and the shotguns must have been brutalizing to their senses. However, whether in grief or fakery, they were still lying. Every word spoken through the tears and the agonized cries was a lie. Later that night, and for the next seven months, until they were arrested, they continued to lie convincingly to the police. It was difficult to believe that either Lyle or Erik had discovered the beauty of truth while incarcerated in the Los Angeles County Jail and facing the gas chamber. If Lyle Menendez had embraced truth, as he claimed he had, why did he ask, according to court documents, his then girlfriend, Jamie Pisarcik, during a jailhouse visit, to lie on the stand and say that Jose had come on to her? Why did he write the letter of instructions to Traci Baker?

One bewildering aspect of the justice system is that the rights of victims do not equate with the rights of criminals. Many facts of both brothers' lives that seemed extremely pertinent to the case were declared inadmissible. "Objection, Your Honor. More prejudicial than probative" was heard over and over. No ruling on the inadmissibility of evidence seemed more puzzling to me than that concerning the screenplay entitled *Friends*, which Erik Menendez wrote with his onetime best friend Craig Cignarelli 20 months before the Menendez brothers killed their parents. The screenplay was amateurish, but the thinking behind it was not. It concerned a young man who shotguns his parents to death for their money. Its inadmissibility was a serious blow to the prosecution, for it certainly suggested a genesis for the terrible crime that would transpire. The inadmissibility became even more puzzling when I discovered midway through the trial, owing to a chance encounter with Craig Cignarelli, that the screenplay had been revised by Erik. Later, this was confirmed for me by Detective Les Zoeller of the Beverly Hills police, who had been given the revised script by Cignarelli. The revisions, which I subsequently saw, are in Erik's handwriting, and many bear striking parallels to the Menendez household. At times the hero, Hamilton Cromwell, has an uncanny resemblance to Erik. His eulogy at his parents' funeral reads:

My father was not a man to show his emotions. I know that he loved his family and his close friends very much. I can only hope that he loved me as much as he loved all of you. Sometimes he would tell me that I was not worthy to be his son. When he did that, it would make me strive harder to go further, to prove to him that I was worthy just so I could hear the words, "I love you, son." [*Tears well up in Hamilton's eyes.*] Nothing I have ever done was good enough for this man and I never heard those words. But I know he thought them.

He's not the wellest duck in the world.

—Leslie Abramson discussing Erik Menendez in the court transcript.

A perplexing note throughout the trial was the health of Erik Menendez. In the nearly four years of his incarceration, he had fared far worse physically than his brother. It was not only that the swagger and rich-boy cockiness of his arraignment period were gone; he had somehow diminished in a noticeable way by the start of the trial. When he first took the stand, Abramson called attention to his pallor. He explained that his color was due to lack of sunlight. It was subsequently reported that his extreme weight loss was the result of his inability to eat the jailhouse food.

On Saturday, November 6, the word spread that Erik was in the Los Angeles County U.S.C. Medical Center trying to pass a kidney stone. The following Monday, we learned that it was not a kidney stone but a blood clot in the kidney. One reporter asked Leslie Abramson in the corridor, "Isn't Erik very young to have that sort of kidney problem?"

Abramson, whose answers are rarely limp, gave a limp answer: "He fell. He hit himself against a doorknob."

In Florida, a relative told a reporter that Erik had been beaten up by a jail guard, but that theory was instantly dismissed. If it had been true, the defense would certainly have turned it to their advantage, claiming that their client was not being properly guarded in jail. Then the story was advanced that Erik had been kicked in the kidney by another prisoner. He was out for five days. His medical records for that period disappeared. Other stories started to circulate, of a more bizarre nature. But the mystery remained unsolved.

What was the trial's best "Perry Mason" moment?

(a) Defense expert Ann Burgess backing up her theory that fear had "rewired" Erik's brain by citing research on snails.

(b) Skip E. Lowe's account of attending a banquet with Mamie van Doren and seeing Jose pinch Erik.

(c) Prosecutor Lester Kuriyama to Erik: "Did you know that Big 5 stopped carrying handguns in March of 1986?"

(d) Jerome Oziel on tape crooning an Elvis tune.

Answer: (c).

—Paul Slansky, *Newsweek*, December 27, 1993.

Although in films and television shows about trials, dramatically charged moments are a dime a dozen, in real trials there are rarely surprise elements or revelations. Everything is hashed out between prosecution and defense before a witness takes the stand, and either side can object to something the other side plans to ask a witness—a process that virtually eliminates the possibility of surprise. But one jolting moment occurred in the Menendez trial, and it belonged to the gentlemanly and scholarly Lester Kuriyama, a man not much given to the courtroom histrionics of his adversary, Leslie Abramson. The prosecution contended that the several-hour drive the brothers took to San Diego to buy the shotguns two days before the killings conclusively established that premeditation was a factor. In order to disprove this prosecution stand on premeditation, both brothers claimed that they had first gone to a Big 5 store in Santa Monica, only a few miles from the house on North Elm Drive, to buy handguns, but after discovering that there was a 15-day waiting period for handguns, they had abandoned the idea. They said they got on the freeway and more or less ended up in San Diego—as if that had not been a destination

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they had in mind—where they bought the two Mossberg 12-gauge shotguns, paying for them in cash.

Lester Kuriyama did not let go of their earlier visit to the Big 5 in Santa Monica, where, Erik had said, the guns rested on the top shelf of a glass case. His questioning about the brothers' visit there became more and more specific.

"There were guns on the top, that's what I remember seeing," said Erik.

"These were handguns that you were seeing?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the difference between an automatic and a revolver handgun? Like, the revolver would be the kind you see in Western movies?"

"Yes."

"Did you see those as well as the other kind that you see in the more recent movies—what they call an automatic?"

"I don't remember seeing if . . . I don't remember. I specifically remember seeing the ones that did not have a revolver."

"At some point you picked out a handgun that you thought was appropriate, is that right?"

"Yes."

"Did your brother also pick one out?"

"I suppose. I don't remember." . . .

"Do you recall the caliber you decided on?"

The questioning went on and on, each question more specific. Erik had an answer for everything. Then Kuriyama dropped his bombshell: "Mr. Menendez, did you know that Big 5 stopped selling handguns in March of 1986?"

Television, which is not allowed to show the juries, and which rarely shows the spectators or the media, did not convey the full effect of that moment in the courtroom—the gasps, the openmouthed expression on the faces of some of the jurors, the grim bowed heads of certain family members. The word "electrifying" hardly conveys the shock of that moment.

Erik, caught, remained surprisingly calm. His eyes widened. You could almost see him think. He did not break down or become hysterical. He answered, "No, I don't know that. And, Mr. Kuriyama, there were guns there, and we did look at them."

But he had lied, and Kuriyama had caught him.

Leave Erik alone or you'll be blown away.
—Death threat called in to Lester Kuriyama during his cross-examination of Erik Menendez, taken by a secretary in the office of Gil Garcetti, the district attorney of the county of Los Angeles. For several days Kuriyama wore a bulletproof vest and briefly received police protection.

What is it like for rich boys in the Los Angeles County Jail? During the trial, Court TV made a short documentary about the Menendez brothers' jailhouse existence, pointing out that Erik said his fear of rape was so great that he did not use the showers. Instead, he sponged himself, birdbath-style, in the sink in his cell. He is also reported as saying that the food in the jail was so terrible that he had only the milk for breakfast, saving what he didn't drink in the toilet to keep it cool.

Sandra Sharp, who once taught both brothers Spanish at the exclusive Princeton Day School, was a witness for the defense. She was particularly fond of Lyle, with whom she had had a longer association. During her time in Los Angeles, she visited both brothers in jail. It was far easier to see Erik, who could have unlimited visitors for an hour four days a week, than to see Lyle, who was allowed visitors only two days a week. Lyle is held in tighter security than Erik. When Lyle came in, Sharp said, he was wearing handcuffs.

"Was that embarrassing for him in front of you?" I asked her.

"He made a joke of it. He said, 'How do you like my jewelry?' I told him to get his act together. I said, 'You must show a little remorse.' He said, 'I know, but I'm just so scared.' We were told by the lawyers not to talk about the trial, and we didn't. Erik is doing a lot of reading in jail. Leslie brings him books on philosophy and art history. He said he was happy to talk to a teacher. He cried during the visit."

A recently released prisoner, who had been in the same cellblock as Lyle for two and a half years, went to the Van Nuys courthouse of his own accord the day after his release. He wanted to tell prosecutors Pamela Bozanich and Lester Kuriyama that Lyle had read every book he could find on the sexual molestation of children while he was in jail, and that they should not believe the defense. Later the former prisoner talked to certain reporters. He described Lyle as the most disliked prisoner in the jail. While other prisoners had only half an hour a day during which to make phone calls, Lyle had virtually unlimited use of the telephone. "He hogged it," said the former prisoner.

The Menendez brothers are inveterate telephone callers. From the phones in their cellblocks, they keep in touch with a wide variety of people, including relatives, friends, some actors up for roles in upcoming mini-series about their case, some court watchers who have corresponded with them, a few reporters, and people who have become their friends in the years of their incarceration. There is a great cachet in getting a message on your machine saying, "Lyle Menendez called," or "Erik Menendez called." And people tend to talk.

At first Lyle was in tighter security than his brother because guards had discovered a shank in his cell. Shanks are bladelike weapons that prisoners make from found pieces of metal or plastic. "Anyone else would have got charged with it," the former prisoner continued. "It's an automatic two years added onto your sentence." Subsequently, after the trial started, Lyle asked for protection from other prisoners.

During part of the trial, Lyle formed a cellblock friendship with Damian Williams, one of the defendants in the Reginald Denny case. They were celebrities together, both stars of Court TV in concurrent gavel-to-gavel cases. As the Menendez brothers' fame increased, Lyle liked to have the call-ins from Court TV's *Prime Time Justice* taped for him so that he could listen to what was being said about Erik and him. The brothers received more fan mail than any other prisoners in the jail. For a while, they answered every letter, but as the letters began to number in the thousands, they were unable to keep up. In jail, Lyle read Ayn Rand as well as the John Grisham novel *A Time to Kill*.

We were told that the brothers did not see each other during the nearly four years of their incarceration, except when they were taken to and from the courthouse. And they did not. They are in different cellblocks on different floors of the jail. However, what is virtually unknown is that through an elaborate and expensive telephone system, paid for by their grandmother, the Menendez brothers have been able to talk to each other almost every night, sometimes for as long as an hour, as well as to friends and relatives, at least one of

whom subsequently took the stand as a witness in their defense.

The system worked like this: Each night Lyle and Erik placed collect calls at the same time from their cellblocks to two individuals in the 818 area code. The numbers they called were not the listed numbers of the individuals. A different instrument with a different number had been installed at each house, and the number was unlisted. Lyle, from his prison phone, was patched through to Erik, on his phone, and the brothers chatted away, presumably planning their strategy, in total privacy. No one was the wiser. There were no records of anything more than the local collect calls placed from the jail to the houses in the San Fernando Valley. Long-distance calls were placed the same way, from jail to the 818 numbers and then to, say, Florida, for instance, with no records anywhere. The bills for this elaborate ruse, undiscovered during the course of the trial, were sent to the grandmother of the Menendez brothers.

They kept Granny from the trial so she wouldn't stand up and object to what was being said about Jose.

—A family friend, speaking of Maria Menendez, the grandmother of Lyle and Erik.

Maria Menendez continues to live in the unfinished, unsold Menendez dream house in Calabasas. Even before the prosecution rested back in August, she had stopped coming to the courthouse, whether of her own volition or through the persuasion of others. That does not mean that she was unaware of the proceedings involving her slain son and her killer grandsons, all of whom she loved. She had her little coterie of friends who attended the trial and reported all the courtroom gossip to her. Visitors to her home told me she still pulled out all the old photograph albums of her successful son, of whom she was so proud. The pictures of years of family life of Jose and Kitty and Lyle and Erik that she fondly shows to friends are in stark contrast to the saga of misery and fear that the defense depicted the existence of the Menendez brothers to have been. It is known that Maria Menendez, who is 76, has been severely disappointed with certain members of her family who took the stand and said bad things about Jose and Kitty.

I have always looked upon Maria Menendez as a gallant, almost operatic figure, the indomitable matriarch of a once proud family that has been decimated by violence, death, and betrayal. During the terrible Los Angeles fires in early November, the flames came right to the edge of her property, but she, the lone occupant, refused to leave. Maria Menendez had always believed that the Mafia was involved in the slaying of her son and his wife. Even when it became apparent that her grandsons were the killers, she maintained that they had somehow been duped into the crime by the Mafia. One of the lingering mysteries of the case is that the weapons, the two Mossberg 12-gauge shotguns, have never been recovered, even though the brothers claimed that they had thrown the guns down a hillside off Mulholland Drive. Their grandmother contended that the Mafia did away with the guns. The Mafia has been a recurring theme throughout the Menendez crime story. On the murder night, during the brothers' questioning by the Beverly Hills police, in which they lied so brilliantly that the police did not suspect them, they hinted that the Mafia might have been responsible. During the investigative period, Marta Cano, Jose Menendez's sister, who later turned against her brother on the stand, suggested to Detective Les Zoeller that a video-packaging company with Mob ties which Jose had ceased doing business with might possibly have been involved in the rubout. An interesting sidelight is that Erik Menendez, who had a penchant for establishing his credentials by talking about his rich family, told several of his friends in the year before the killings that his father had $75 million in a Swiss bank account.

Is it an earthquake
Or simply a shock?
Is it the good turtle soup
Or merely the mock?

—Cole Porter, "At Long Last Love."

Then came the earthquake, and it was indeed the real turtle soup, 6.6 on the Richter scale. It jolted an entire city and its environs from sleep at 4:31 A.M. on Monday, January 17. At least 56 people died, thousands were injured, tens of thousands became homeless. Freeways collapsed. The city became incapacitated. Governor Pete Wilson said the disaster could be one of the costliest in United States history. A curfew was called by Mayor Richard Riordan. President Clinton arrived to survey the damage.

The Lyle Menendez jury, with 22 days of deliberation behind them, had still not

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: Photographs, top to bottom, by J. Albert Diaz/*Los Angeles Times*; from Photoreporters; Deutsch, by Donald R. Winslow/Reuters/Bettmann.

Page 8: Photographs, bottom, dress from the OMO Norma Kamali boutique, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; earrings from Barneys New York; sweater from Best of Scotland, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; trousers from Brioni, N.Y.C.; christening gown from Wicker Garden's Baby, N.Y.C.; gown dyed at Colibri Textile Dyeing Studio, Inc., N.Y.C.

Page 60: Photographs, clockwise from top, from the Michael Ochs Archives, from Photoreporters, by Tony Korody/Sygma.

Page 80: Hairstylist for the MCM Salon; makeup artist for the Gil Gamlieli Salon.

Page 94: Grooming by Tracy Moyer for Célestine.

Page 98: Photographs, clockwise from far left, by Sigrid Estrada, Dorothy Alexander, Steven Arnold, Kenji Ishigaki; illustration, bottom, by Mich.

Page 102: Photographs, top, outfit by Gianni Versace, styled by Lulu Anderson, hair and makeup by Rickey Lee Babineaux for Oz; bottom left, by M. Chandoha Valentino/Photoreporters; bottom center, by George Lange.

Page 104: "What If . . . ?" is excerpted from *Municipal Bondage*, by Henry Alford; © 1994 by the author; printed by permission of Random House.

Pages 108–9: Photographs from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Page 111: Photograph from Photoreporters.

Pages 114–15: Photographs, left to right, by David Butow, Ken Levine/U.P.I., J. Albert Diaz/*Los Angeles Times*, Dan Groshong/Photoreporters.

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Pages 120–21: Dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; tuxedo from Napoleon, N.Y.C., Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco, and selected Neiman Marcus stores; sweater from Best of Scotland, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; for glasses, call 800-597-4233.

Pages 124–25: Robe from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., and Bill Loya, Salt Lake City.

Page 138: Photograph from NYT Pictures.

Page 140: Photograph from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Pages 142–43: Large photographs, from U.P.I./Bettmann; inset, from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Pages 148–49: Photograph from Sygma.

Page 167: Photograph from the Center for Cuban Studies.

Page 178: Photographs, clockwise from top, from Culver Pictures, from Shooting Star, from Photofest, from the Kobal Collection.

Editor's note: On page 104 of the February issue, the inset photograph was taken by Marina Cicogna.

MENENDEZ

reached a verdict, although they must have known that 4 days earlier Erik's jury had deadlocked, resulting in a mistrial. The earthquake damaged the homes of many of Lyle's jurors. The Van Nuys courthouse, four miles from the epicenter, was also damaged, and there were threats of asbestos in the air. The jury reconvened in a trailer on January 24.

No sooner was the telephone system working than Lyle was back on the phone. He said the quake had thrown him from the top bunk in his cell to the floor, where he took refuge under a metal table. He received minor cuts and bruises. He claimed that jailhouse deputies had abandoned the building, leaving the prisoners behind.

It's nonsense, all this talk that there's a good brother and a bad brother. Lyle is wonderful. They're both adorable.

—Leslie Abramson, quoted in *Vanity Fair*, October 1990.

I don't want Erik to be taking the rap for Lyle. The evidence in this case does not prove that Erik killed anybody.

—Leslie Abramson in her closing argument to Erik's jury, December 14, 1993.

We were appalled at what she said about Lyle in the closing argument.

—Menendez relative.

It began in a blaze of gunfire in a mansion in Beverly Hills and it ended four and a half years later with an impotent dénouement in a trailer courtroom in Van Nuys, when Lyle's jury, just like Erik's, informed Judge Weisberg that after weeks of deliberation it was unable to arrive at a verdict. Juror No. 4, the one we had called Willie throughout the trial, piped up to the judge, "The gap is too wide."

It's the old story. Things are different for the rich in a criminal situation. Had the exact same killings been committed, the same shotguns used, the same number of shots fired, the same everything, by young defendants from a less swell part of town, South-Central Los Angeles, say, the trial would probably have lasted eight or nine days, and the would probably have been a differe ending.

No matter how you slice it, the tw hung juries have to be considered a sc of triumph for Leslie Abramson and h co-counsel. She took what was virtual an open-and-shut case of premeditat murder in the first degree and for s months shifted the focus to a dran about child abuse. She had a genius f creating distraction from the main even diverting the minds of both juries awa from the ghastly sight of blood, gut and two dead bodies. The victims b came incidental figures. The shabb love affair of Dr. Oziel and Judal Smyth took up weeks. Weeks mo were given over to the ponderous pr nouncements of expert witnesses, th hired guns of the legal system, wh found reasons why the blown-off fa of Kitty and the blown-out brains Jose could be direct consequences their treatment of Erik and Lyle.

As of now, we wait for the announc ment of the date of the retrial of the M nendez brothers. And as we wait, v wonder if a new precedent has not be set for parricide. □

CASTRO

(Continued from page 135) homosexuals. There were a number of cadres, I can tell you, who were very male-chauvinistic. I shall concede that." He continues on about well-known Cuban homosexuals, "whom we have appreciated greatly," and alludes to the artist René Portocarrero. When I mention the name of his old mentor, Alfredo Guevara, Castro blanches and says in the steeliest of voices, "None of Alfredo's *compañeros* regard him as a homosexual. Alfredo Guevara has never been considered a homosexual in our country." "No?" I ask incredulously. "No," he answers, poker-faced. "In my country he is," I say, quite reflexively.

Earlier in the day, I had visited Alfredo Guevara, the head of Cuba's prestigious Film Institute for almost 25 years. Guevara is one of Castro's closest friends and confidants. In their early days, years before Castro's conversion, Guevara, a prominent student leader, was already an avowed Marxist. Respected and feared, Guevara is as well-known for his brilliance as for his tempestuous, prickly temperament. He is also the only known homosexual in Castro's inner circle.

Baby-faced and balding with smart tortoiseshell glasses, Guevara looked decades younger than his 73 years as he coddled his six-year-old hyperactive Yorkshire terrier, Bacchus, on his lap.

These days, he told me, Cuba "is playing with every card it has to survive. If we had followed Che's methods, perhaps we would have avoided some of these problems," an allusion to Che Guevara's admonition to stay clear of the Soviet-style bureaucracy. "Che was always very worried about the bureaucrats," Guevara said, "and I agreed with him." Guevara said he sees less of his old friend Fidel these days, although he remains one of the few people with personal access to him. "Fidel used to sleep here in my office," he said. "He would come here all the time. Unannounced at strange times. We spent our youth together."

It is the close bond between the two, many say, that spared Guevara any hardship during Cuba's purge years in the mid-60s, when thousands of homosexuals were marched off to work camps. Over the gates of one such camp in Camagüey was the admonition WORK MAKES YOU MEN, a curious variant on the words emblazoned on the gates at Dachau, WORK MAKES YO FREE. Blame for the purges has bee dished out by some to Raúl Castro, wh was said to be impressed with how Bulgar ia had dealt with its "undesirables."

When I query Castro about his broth er's alleged involvement, he become livid. "It's absolutely false from begin ning to end," he says with growing in tensity. "I have never in my life hear Raúl speak about that! It's not somethin I can take seriously." I asked Guevar whether it is true that the purges ende after he marched into Castro's office, ex claiming, "Do you know that peopl who fought in the revolution are bein carted off to jail!" Guevara took a mo ment to assemble his thoughts. "Yes, played a role, but I hope you will b careful with what I say because I do no want to be a hero." Placing Bacchus o the floor, he leaned across his desk to ward me. "There were many of us, in cluding Vilma [Espín] and Celia [Sán chez], who opposed it, but perhaps I di the most radically. I talked to Fidel."

Noting the presence of numerous gay among Cuba's political elite, I ask Rey naldo Gonzales, director of Cuba's Cine mateque, to explain how people wh were singled out for persecution a decad

earlier rejoined the ranks. "Gays felt so strongly about the revolution," Gonzales says, "and the aggression of the United States. It made everyone come together. Like the proverb says, 'To be so far from God but so close to the U.S.' We made a beautiful revolution and then we got trapped in the Cold War.

"In a country where one talks about heroes all the time, homosexuality presents many difficult complexities," he continues. Many Cuban gay men don't even believe that they are homosexual unless they take what they call "the passive role." Chino, a Cuban gay now living in the States, expresses incredulity that any gay man would want to be with another gay man. "It's like girls going out with girls," he says. All his lovers, he claims, are heterosexual. Moreover, Cuban machismo is such that it is inconceivable to many that lesbians actually exist.

Perhaps the trickiest issue for Cuban gays today is the government's policy of quarantining anyone who tests positive for H.I.V. Simply put, the government does not see AIDS as a civil-rights issue but rather as a health crisis. Yet however Draconian the means, Cuba has stemmed an epidemic that rages only 50 miles away in Haiti.

Castro artfully steers the conversation away from gays toward women's rights, an area in which Cuba, in fact, has an impressive record. He tells me about starting the first all-female fighting troop during the revolution. "It wasn't an easy task," he says, "and I personally trained the first female combat unit in the war of liberation. Some people asked me why I was giving arms to women when there were men who didn't have any. I told them, 'I'll tell you why: they're better soldiers than you.' "

I am reminded of my visit with Vilma Espín, founder and chief of the Federation of Women. Known as the First Lady of Cuba, she is the wife of Raúl Castro, and formidable in her own right. She is such an asset for Castro that gossip has it that he nearly came to blows with his brother 10 years ago when Raúl took up with another woman. "Fidel was so enraged," one source says, "that he ordered his brother back to Vilma." But a government spokesperson denies this story. An attractive woman in her 60s, Espín comes from great wealth, like most members of the inner circle. "We had an easy life," she said, "but we had principles." She did postgraduate work at M.I.T. in 1955 before hooking up with Raúl and Fidel Castro in Mexico. Later she joined the Castro brothers in the Sierra Maestra. "At the time," she told me, "I was the head of the underground for all the province of Oriente. The role of women was very important. They lost their lives. Women were tortured, women were assassinated."

She told me that after the revolution Castro urged her to start the Women's Federation. "I thought I was going to a factory. I was a chemical engineer," she said. "That was a big surprise." She reported that women today make up 50 percent of university students and 60 percent of all doctors. They have access to contraception and abortion, she said, if needed. "Women work," she said. "They do not want five or six children like before." How many kids do they have, I wondered. Three? Two? "No, one and a half," she answered like the scientist she is. "In some places maybe more."



ALFREDO GUEVARA
"Fidel used to sleep here in my office," says the head of Cuba's Film Institute. "He would come here all the time. Unannounced at strange times."

The big challenge, currently, is the swelling ranks of *putas* (prostitutes), some of whom are college grads desperate for dollars. "It is terrible, but with this fast development of tourism, it's a price we have to pay. Some of them we can save, others we cannot."

As I was leaving the Women's Federation, I saw that the legendary dancer Alicia Alonso, who had defended her "boys" at the Cuban National Ballet during the gay purges, had hobbled into the grand mansion. With her legs turned completely outward in a wrenching first position, Alonso, 72 now, looked as if she was in terrible pain. She can barely walk, but like her country, she insists that she can dance.

The headline news in mid-October that never made a headline in Cuba was the arrest of the acclaimed Hemingway biographer Norberto Fuentes, one of Cuba's most famous writers. Reports told of a bungled escape attempt on an inflatable boat carrying Fuentes, his young wife, two others, and an Italian photographer. In January, when a representative of the writers' union was asked about Fuentes, he failed to mention that the writer has been under house arrest since October.

What amazed everyone was how Fuentes had managed to make the attempt. Fuentes had been one of those denounced by the brilliant poet Heberto Padilla, who was arrested in 1971 for his anti-government sentiments. Compelled to confess his sins at a meeting of the writers' union, Padilla also denounced many friends, including Fuentes, as counterrevolutionaries.

"Norberto was like Padilla," said José Rodríguez Feo, the great Cuban essayist and critic, who died late last year. "They were both very clever and ambitious. They were famous as writers, but they wanted to be powerful." Two of Fuentes's closest friends were Tony de la Guardia, a dapper swashbuckler, and his twin brother, Patricio, who held powerful jobs in the Ministry of the Interior. Both were convicted in connection with cocaine trafficking in the highly publicized drug trials staged in 1989. For a society which prides itself on being drug-free, it was a humiliating scandal. Four top officials, including Tony de la Guardia and a division commander of the Revolutionary Armed Forces, war hero General Arnaldo Ochoa, were executed. Ten others were jailed.

I ask Fidel Castro about the execution of Ochoa, one of the heroes of the revolution, and de la Guardia, long regarded as a favorite of Castro's. There is plenty of scuttlebutt that Castro simply used the drug charges to eliminate potential opposition. Why weren't they granted clemency? After all, neither murder nor espionage

was involved. "Because the country felt truly betrayed," he says. "There is a great difference between Ochoa and Tony de la Guardia. There is no comparison between their crimes. . . . I mean, in personality, in historical merits, there is no comparison. Tony de la Guardia, because he was the organizer, was an irresponsible individual who risked his country's security, and Ochoa knew everything going on and let himself be carried away by crazy ideas about converting drug money into a resource for the country. He sent an aide to meet with Escobar! Can you imagine what it meant for a captain in the Cuban army to be making that contact in Colombia?" Later he continues: "The case of Ochoa was very moving, you know. It was hard for all of us, but it was an unavoidable decision. 'Unavoidable.' That is the right word."

Did he *personally* feel betrayed, I ask. "Personally, no," he snaps. "The country felt betrayed. I don't concern myself with whether someone has betrayed me, but whether they have betrayed the country or the revolution." Having heard that Castro has developed an interest in Santería, the Afro-Cuban religion of the island, I ask him whether he was concerned by the admonition from the *babalaos* (the bishops of Santería) never to separate twins, much less kill one. "Justice cannot be guided by the *babalaos*," he says.

Castro maintains that he and his country are particularly sensitive about the Ochoa case, because it marred Cuba's stellar record on drugs. In fact, drug use, other than homegrown marijuana, is unheard-of on the island. "There is no room for doubt. Just look what is happening in the rest of the world," he says. "If every country had acted with the same courage and energy as Cuba, there wouldn't be drugs in the world."

Cuba is thoroughly egalitarian in its shabbiness. Unlike many bankrupt countries, the government spends the bare minimum on keeping up appearances. I try to conceal my shock when I arrive at the National Assembly to interview its president, Ricardo Alarcón. Housed in a 1950s boxy shell furnished along the lines of an Elks lodge during the Eisenhower years, the Assembly is an elected body, but, of course, has no veto power over its leader. While I wait, I watch a two-inch water bug make its way across the room.

Alarcón, for many years Cuba's high-profile foreign minister, fuels our four-hour talk with continual infusions of high-octane Cuban coffee and several Havana cigars. Light-skinned and blue-eyed, he is, like Fidel, from solid Spanish stock, in contrast to the overwhelming majority of Cubans. While Cuba has achieved what appears to be a truly color-blind, multiracial society, there is one notable exception: Castro's inner circle.

I ask Alarcón if the billboard on the Malecón, proclaiming ¡ESTA TIERRA ES 100% CUBANA! (This Land Is 100 Percent Cuban), is, in fact, true anymore, in light of Cuba's aggressive pursuit of foreign investment. He surprises me with his candor, admitting, "It's not true. Because of the economy, it's definitely not true." It's a concession he's willing to make. Although he hastens to add that Cuba is leasing, *not* selling, its land, at least not yet, in joint ventures primarily involving hotels and tourism with the Canadians, Spanish, Mexicans, and Panamanians. It's a paradox, he says, but there are few alternatives except to move to a more mixed economy. In fact, dollar-based tourism is the great white hope for Cuba. Last year, revenues from tourism totaled nearly $400 million. Varadero, two hours east of Havana and regarded as one of the most beautiful beaches in the Caribbean, thrives on a booming, dollar-driven tourist economy, resulting in the highest standard of living anywhere in Cuba. Its very success is a stinging indictment of Communism.

"Cuba is not a U.S. foreign-policy issue," says Castro. "It's domestic policy."

Biotechnology also looks promising. Sam Dryden, who has started up numerous American biotechnology companies, reports that the Cuban program is "world-class. Most Third World countries are desperate for biotechnology," says Dryden, who has inspected the Cuban facilities, "but they can't compete, because biotech needs an educated populace, which Cuba has. Already they are very successfully manufacturing interferon. This could conceivably be a very lucrative cash crop in the future."

For now, Cuba has basically three things to sell: sugar, nickel, and tobacco. Everything else needs to be imported. With fuel at subsistence levels, Alarcón says, there has been a newly intensified drive to scour for homegrown oil. He claims that, last year, Cuba produced one million tons of oil from the central part of the island, adding that they are very hopeful about offshore drilling. Countering my skepticism, he says, "Why not? Both Mexico and Venezuela have a lot of oil and Cuba lies between the two." How much worse will things get, I ask Alarcón. "We have hit the bottom," he claims, saying Cuba's current woes are the result not only of the loss of $7 to $8 billion worth of trade with the Soviets but also of the increased strangulation of the U.S. embargo due to the Torricelli bill (the Cuban Democracy Act, implemented last year, prohibits American foreign subsidiaries from doing business with Cuba, and the docking of ships in U.S. harbors for six months after leaving Cuba). Next year, he predicts, "there will be modest improvements. At this moment, hunger is not a problem," he says, treading on thin ice.

Last October, a few weeks before our interview, I chatted with Castro at a reception for 175 Americans who were challenging U.S. restrictions on travel to Cuba. I asked him his thoughts on China. He rambled on about the skill and integrity of the Chinese, concluding cheerfully, "We like the Chinese." What about the Tibetans, I asked him. "Do you like them?" Castro argued that each country has its own domestic problems. "But Tibet was a sovereign country at the time of the Chinese invasion," I reminded him. He hemmed and hawed, then, lightning-quick, made an unusual surrender. "Well, perhaps I don't know so much about China," he said with a shrug.

While talking with Castro at that time, I

noticed a slight red rash on his face—notably around his eyebrows, nose, and mouth. Later I was told that he suffers from periodic bouts of dermatitis. There were other rumors afloat, though the Cuban government says that Castro is active and in good health. A friend of Castro's tells me, however, that El Comandante travels these days with a doctor and a defibrillator (which regulates the heartbeat). In late summer, gossip had it, Fidel had suffered a slight stroke while working. "They kept him in the basement clinic [of the Palacio de la Revolución] for two weeks," one source, a well-connected Cuban, told me. "No one but his doctors and three *babalaos* were there."

Castro's relationship with Santería is a curious and complicated one. Initially, he tried to undercut its influence, despite the fact that Celia Sánchez was a Santera herself. Eventually, realizing the futility of his efforts (Santería far exceeds the Catholic Church in its influence), he declared a truce and is now said to dabble in the religion himself.

Natalia Bolívar, a descendant of the great liberator of Latin America, Simón Bolívar, has written books that illuminate and dignify Afro-Cuban religions. Though she says that animal sacrifice is central to the rite, she is irritated by references to white magic and black magic. "All Santería is done for the good," she says impatiently. "Anybody who says they do it for the bad doesn't know what they're talking about."

I ask her whether she is a dissident. She smiles coyly, saying, "I am only a student of the dissidents." She reminds me that she fought for the revolution when she was a student at the university ("I was in the same resistance group as Alarcón") before being captured by Batista's secret police, who tortured her. When I tell her that I have just seen Fidel and that I accepted a hug, she scowls and warns, "You better wash yourself with white flour and honey." When I press her, she waffles, then says, "People say bad things happen to people after they're with Fidel. They go kaput." Who says so? "I don't know," she says. "The *babalaos* say so."

In the last few years, things have loosened up considerably not only for Santería but for religion in general, which appears to be having a renaissance. In the late 80s, Castro seemed to reconcile himself with the Catholic Church, although skirmishes continue. Last September, the bishops published a letter chastising the regime, and the government responded in kind. Still, Communist Party members can now openly practice a religion, and a surprising number of crosses and Stars of David are to be seen dangling from the necks of passersby.

"There is no opposition in Cuba," says Saul Landau, a fellow at the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., who says he has spent more time with Fidel Castro than any other American. "They're all in jail or in Florida. Fidel demands unity and loyalty. It's a war. . . . They say that they will democratize, but only after they get it together economically. The Cubans think Gorbachev's big mistake was glasnost before perestroika."

Elizardo Sánchez, a prominent dissident, spent 8 of the last 12 years behind bars for his efforts as the head of the Democratic Socialist party and a human-rights group. Sánchez argues that the U.S. embargo punishes only the Cuban people, not the government, and worse yet provides the government with a credible excuse as to why the economy is floundering.

Many Cubans know their country's problems run much deeper. "Our economy is collapsing for the same reasons it collapsed in Russia," says another dissident. "Fidel says, 'Cuba is different,' but we're not. We have the very same problems they have: a bankrupt economy, corruption, and a bureaucracy worse than theirs. We call it a 'burrocracy.' " Nevertheless, this dissident wants the embargo ended. He claims that it causes misery with no political payoff.

Juan Ruiz, a pseudonymous 42-year-old dissident, would leave tomorrow if he could get a U.S. visa for himself and his family. Ruiz has no nostalgia for the good old days. His mother and many other relatives already live in Miami. "Our family fought against the corruption of Batista, but we were never Communists," he tells me over a small cup of coffee that his wife has cooked over a flame created by lighting a wad of cotton drenched in alcohol, in lieu of cooking gas. "Almost immediately, they knew they were cheated."

Because of his anti-Castro passion, I assume that Ruiz would be a supporter of Jorge Mas Canosa, the right-wing millionaire zealot based in Miami. "Let me tell you something," Ruiz says, his voice smoldering. "Even those of us who hate this government, we don't want Mas Canosa. He is like a freak. He is like Batista. Each day, more and more people give up on Fidel, but everyone hates Mas Canosa." Ruiz muses over his country's dilemma. "Fidel is a leader with great charisma. Thirty, forty thousand people listen to him, transfixed. Someone like him comes along once every thousand years. He can convince you of anything—but he's wrong."

"The only chance for someone like Mas Canosa to come to power in Cuba," says Wayne Smith, former head of the U.S. Interests Section in Havana, "is a complete and total collapse of the country, probably civil war. Mas is hoping that the embargo will lead to this."

Between my two visits to Cuba, I phoned New Jersey congressman Robert Torricelli, perhaps Mas Canosa's most prized disciple and a recipient of Cuban PAC money. Since the passage of Torricelli's eponymous bill, now called the Cuban Democracy Act, his profile has blossomed as a relentless anti-Castro pit bull and as the boyfriend of Bianca Jagger. Never mind that the U.N. has *twice* condemned the act. In mid-October at a gathering on Cuba at Georgetown University, a participant says, Torricelli howled, "I want to wreak havoc on that island." This day, however, Torricelli was more interested in my trip. "What's it like down there?" he asked, fishing for bad news. "Things are tense, aren't they, very tense?" I informed him of the acute shortages and hardships but also of the continuing support for Castro. "That's not true," Torricelli interrupted. "Those people wouldn't dare tell you the truth." When I reported that even Castro's opponents had called for the end of the embargo and the repeal of his legislation, he yelled, "I meet Cubans in my office all the time and every one of them wants the embargo. Look, I can tell this conversation is not going to be profitable."

Across the sitting room at the Palacio de la Revolución, Alarcón, Robaina, and Lage are still chatting, evidently waiting for Castro to finish his interview with me so they can resume working. It is almost three in the morning. I report to him that Ted Turner's biographer, Porter Bibb, describes Castro as "one of the two major influences on Turner." Castro seems genuinely touched and says he's "honored," admitting "from the time we met, I became friends with him very fast. He's a sportsman, a sailor, a lover of nature . . . who loves life and beauty, including the beauty of women."

"I admire him for marrying Jane Fonda," Castro says. "We have a lot of fondness for her, so now we have two friends. I would really like to see him become president of the United States, but I shouldn't say that or he'll never be elected." Later he revises his thinking

CASTRO

and advises Turner "to keep doing what he's doing and stay away from politics. It's better to be someone who elects presidents than to be president."

What would happen, I ask him, if an accident or illness should befall him? Who would lead Cuba? "You can ask the C.I.A. that question, since it was a part of all their plans to eliminate me," he quips. "Candidly, I don't really think anything would happen. The government would very quickly adapt to that situation. We have all the political and legal mechanisms in place. . . . The life of the country wouldn't be halted for even a minute.

"Well, perhaps during the funeral, which might be an unpleasant time for some people. It certainly won't bother me, since I won't be able to participate—except as a body. That is, if anything is left. If I don't get eaten by a shark or disappear in a plane that blows up. What happens to my remains is a matter of complete indifference to me. It will be a problem that everyone else will have to solve without my help." The thought makes Castro laugh, a deep infectious rumble. "No man is indispensable in this world. I have the right to enjoy a well-earned rest."

Our interview concluded, I ask Castro if he's heard a certain joke popular in Cuba. He asks me to tell him. "What are the triumphs of the revolution? Education, health care, and athletics. And what are the failures of the revolution? Breakfast, lunch, and dinner." To my surprise, Castro is laughing. "See, when you have too much breakfast, lunch, and dinner, it's bad for your health.

"It has been my fate to lead a life full of fascinating events and experiences. I was 19 when I began my political struggle," he says, beginning to sum up his life. "I was 26 during Moncada [the first battle of the revolution in 1953], 32 when the revolution was won. I was over 60 when the socialist camp disappeared," he adds. "I faced my greatest challenge after I turned 60," he concludes, speaking in the past tense as if the current crisis were already over, and he had already triumphed. □

DUKE

(Continued from page 144) California. She said, 'There was nothing to do on that train.' She wasn't sure if she wanted to have a baby, but she said by the third month an incredible mother instinct took over. I think she said when she came home from the hospital she began swimming out into the ocean, just swimming and swimming, not caring whether she lived or died. Duke Kahanamoku went in after her and saved her. She was so distressed about losing the baby."

She had already been planning to divorce Cromwell, but he apparently demanded a $7 million settlement. She had received another $10 million of her inheritance in 1937, and would receive at least as much in 1942. Despite the negative publicity, she fought her husband in the courts for five years, until he gave in. "Cromwell was quite nice," says Nelson Seabra, a rich Brazilian friend of Duke's. "But she thought everybody was after her money. I used to tell her, 'You know, Doris, some people *do* like you for yourself.' "

In 1947 she married again, but handed the groom a prenuptial agreement at the altar. He was the legendary Latin lover Porfirio Rubirosa, the former son-in-law of the Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo. "He was marvelous," says Claus von Bülow, who later became Duke's neighbor in Newport. "One hears all sorts of stories about how Rubi started in life, that he was Trujillo's sort of 'Press the doorbell, you answer the doorbell, and he went bang-bang.' "

Duke gave him a house in Paris for a wedding gift, and a plane before their divorce one year later. "She forgave Rubi everything," says Reinaldo Herrera, even his subsequent marriage to Barbara Hutton. She continued to give him money, and friends say that their sexual relationship never really ended. When he died in a car crash in 1965, she took to her bed for two days. "It was ironic that the man Doris loved the most was the greatest gigolo of all time," says Marina Cicogna. "Sometimes people are attracted to the thing they fear the most."

She never married again, and from then on the men in her life, whether they were lovers or not, were considerably younger and came from the creative world. Her longest relationship was with Joey Castro, the Mexican-born jazz pianist at the Mocambo nightclub in Los Angeles, whom she met in 1950, when he was 23 and she was 38. Two years later she bought Falcon's Lair, the Beverly Hills house where Rudolph Valentino once lived. By 1963 she was having Castro trailed by a private investigator. On New Year's Day 1964, she ordered him out, and he retaliated by suing her, claiming that they had been secretly married.

"He wanted a settlement," says Nancy Cooke de Herrera, "but you could not get a nickel out of Doris if you came at her the wrong way." In 1966, a few days after Duke suddenly shut down the record company she had started for Castro, he broke her jaw, according to Mansfield, and she fled to Newport with Eduardo Tirella, a handsome young set designer.

Denise Hale recalls meeting Eduardo Tirella on the set of *The Sandpiper,* which was directed by her then husband, Vincente Minnelli, and having several dinners at Falcon's Lair. "Both of them greeted us at the door. The rest of the house was dark, which was odd. We would go into the kitchen, just the four of us. They had done the whole kitchen together—the carpentry, everything. He was cooking and she was serving. The only times I saw Doris really relaxed were these few times in Beverly Hills."

Duke may have been infatuated, but friends of Tirella's told me that he was unabashedly gay. In any case, their friendship ended in tragedy that October, when Duke ran him over as he was opening the gate of Rough Point. Newport police declared it an accident, and her friends still swear that it was. "She used to come and see me and just cry," says singer Peggy Lee, who was friendly with Tirella—and who would later employ Bernard Lafferty as a butler.

In 1969, socialite C. Z. Guest introduced Duke to Leon Amar, a 30-year-old Moroccan decorator. It was perhaps her last romantic affair, and in some respects foreshadowed her relationship with Chandi Heffner. Like Heffner, Amar quickly became involved in the running of Duke's houses, business affairs, and charities. And, like Heffner, after following Duke from Duke Farms to Rough Point to Falcon's Lair to Shangri La for more than six years he was suddenly given a few hours to pack his bags and leave. To this day he maintains, "A lot of injustice was done to me."

"When one of Doris's love affairs ended, there was always great drama," says her friend Consuelo Crespi. "Most of them didn't want to leave. Of course, they had a very attractive life."

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"Doris wanted the things money couldn't buy. Talent. Love. Youth," ays Phyllis Saretta, an instructor with he Ibrahim Farrah Near East Dance Group, which Duke funded and danced vith in the early 1970s. "It was unbe- ievable how hard she worked. She really onsidered herself a dancer. I remember ier referring to 'we dancers.' "

Duke had a passion for the performing rts all her life. She started taking piano essons before she went to school, had ianos in every one of her houses as well s in the black lacquered living room of ier Park Avenue penthouse, and played very afternoon. For many years she ang in a black gospel choir at the First Baptist Church of Nutley, New Jersey, nd left its minister, the Reverend Law- ence G. Roberts, $1 million in her will. She took daily tap lessons from Bill "Bojangles" Robinson at the Cotton Club, and for years studied ballet under Cyd Charisse's ex-husband, Nico. She was even a buddy of Elvis Presley's. "Elvis made whites interested in black music," she once told me, "which was ery important, because race is the big- est problem we have in America."

After Tirella's death, she seemed con- umed with the idea of actually becom- ng a performer. According to Robert Farrah, the director of the Ibrahim Farrah ompany, for several months in the late 0s she took private belly-dancing class- s with him every morning for two hours n New York and then flew from La- Guardia to Detroit, where she had rented motel room near the airport and in- talled a piano for her afternoon singing essons with Aretha Franklin's father. Each evening she would return to Duke Farms or her Manhattan apartment in me for dinner alone on a tray.

Phyllis Saretta told me that Duke per- ormed with the Farrah company four or ive times, wearing a long black wig. Her stage name was Sahda. "She got us ur first booking, in that black church in New Jersey. One time we were perform- ng at an Arab party at this catering hall n Brooklyn called the Venetian Manor, nd Doris and I were partners. We came ut from opposite sides of the stage, and got to the middle and she wasn't there. turned and saw her on the floor. She got ght up like a trouper and fell right down gain. But she got up again, and we did ur steps. Another time, at a college in upstate New York, Bobby [Farrah] didn't have her dance—he had her com- pletely veiled, and she sat on the stage and played finger cymbals. She was very happy doing that."

During this period, Duke also plunged into three large-scale public projects. The first one, in Hawaii, didn't work out: she wanted to make a museum out of a Thai temple that she had saved from de- struction on one of her many trips to Southeast Asia. After testy negotiations with local authorities, she finally shipped the pieces to New Jersey and installed them in her indoor tennis court. Also at Duke Farms, she constructed a series of 11 greenhouses containing elaborate re- creations of English, French, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Persian, and other gardens, which she opened to the public.

In 1968, she established the Newport Restoration Foundation, with Jacqueline Onassis as vice president. Over the next few years, she bought almost an entire neighborhood of dilapidated 17th- and 18th-century houses, restored them, and rented them to town residents. "She de- signed those houses and she saw to every color," says Newport artist Richard Banks. "She wasn't just one of those rich women who said, 'Restore me 60 houses.' "

Though she still would occasionally joke, "I haven't had any greens lately," which Nancy Cooke de Herrera says was Duke's code for sex, she seemed to be settling down. The press decided she had become an eccentric recluse. "People al- ways think that if you can have 200 peo- ple to dine at home without moving the chairs around and you *don't,* you must be very sad," says Claus von Bülow. "Not at all. In Doris's case, she had *done* that. In Newport, she loved going to the jazz festival, and then one would sometimes have dinner in that huge house with the ferocious dogs snarling behind the gates. We would be four, six, eight—Oatsie Charles, Nuala Pell, Minnie Cushing, Lita McBean and her husband, and Sun- ny and me. There was lack of ostenta- tion. We wouldn't sit in the main dining room. There was a little alcove under the stairs, and the food would be nice but ordinary. And then the wine was $1,000 a bottle; it came from her father's cellars. And when I smacked my lips in ecstasy, I found that three or four bottles would be left off at my house the next day as a gesture. And let me tell you that she gave a really nice dinner party for me at the nadir of my fortunes. *That* was a going- out-of-your-way gesture." (Von Bülow is referring to a 1982 dinner party Duke gave at '21' in New York for his friends shortly after he had been convicted of at- tempting to murder his wife, Sunny. He was later retried and acquitted.)

By then the center of her social life was Franco Rossellini, the extremely amusing and gay Italian movie producer, whom she had met about 1975. He spent many week- ends at a guesthouse at Duke Farms and was her escort when she went into the city for lunches and dinners with friends such as Diana Vreeland, Nan Kempner, and Kenneth Jay Lane. "Whenever she walked into your room, she *made* the room," recalls Mercedes Bass. "There was such a myth about Doris being a sol- itary person and not going out, so when she showed up somewhere, it was an event. She was very intelligent and very together. She was a cool lady."

Robert Farrah agrees: "Doris Duke was not this elusive reclusive. Nor was she a crazy eccentric. She was ahead of her time. Years ago, she was talking about the things we all talk about now— the environment, battered women and children, animal rights. In later years she did have problems with her hearing and with her legs, but nothing major. I thought she'd live to 90 or 100. But she had a dramatic change in her life—and it was weird."

"What struck me about Chandi was her hair—it came all the way down below her waist," says Phyllis Sa- retta of her first meeting with Chandi Heffner. It was 1982, and Heffner was taking a class at Farrah's studio near Times Square. "She moved very well for that kind of dancing—we called it Mid- dle Eastern, or *danse orientale,* but es- sentially it's belly dancing. She told me she was supposed to start hula dancing professionally at a hotel in Hawaii. She was very into the ritualistic part of Ha- waiian dance."

Heffner was with Gary McElroy, with whom she was then living on a commu- nal farm on the Big Island of Hawaii. They were disciples of A. C. Bhaktive- danta Swami Prabhupada, the spiritual master of the Hare Krishna movement, and they had been unofficially married in a ceremony in India in the 70s. (Duke had a similar fascination with spiritual- ism: she gave $100,000 to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in the 60s; fell under the spell of Norbu Chen, a pseudo-Tibetan lama, in the 70s; and left $500,000 to the Self-Realization Fellowship.)

Heffner was in New York for a week, visiting her sister Claudia, who had mar- ried Nelson Peltz in 1980. Peltz, a Mi- chael Milken protégé, was beginning his

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rise to the top of the junk-bond heap; he would soon take over Triangle Industries, then National Can and American Can, and be worth $400 million by 1989.

Chandi, which means "female energy personified" in Sanskrit, was born Charlene Heffner in Baltimore on August 26, 1953, the eldest of three daughters of William Heffner, a lawyer, and his wife, "Bunny," a nurse. She grew up near Towson, an upper-middle-class suburb of Baltimore, and graduated from Notre Dame Prep, a private Catholic girls' school, in 1971. Heffner told me that "even back in high school I began kind of a quest to see if there was more to life," and that after a trip around the world, she ended up in Hawaii, meditating, surfing, and exercising polo ponies.

Phyllis Saretta says, "Chandi told me that her sister had a butler and a chauffeur and the whole thing. She thought it was very amusing. . . . She told me that her parents did not approve of *her* lifestyle, and that they'd cut her off from everything. She was like a flower child, even though the era was over. I thought she was really nice, genuine."

After Heffner returned to Hawaii, she kept in touch with Farrah and Saretta, and in February 1983 helped them organize a Middle Eastern dance seminar in Honolulu. The following February, Farrah repeated the seminar, and it was apparently then that Chandi Heffner entered Doris Duke's life.

Heffner told me she had left "the farm community" and was living with Gordon Damon, a real-estate agent whose house was near Duke's Diamond Head estate. She had had several leg operations, after a riding accident, but she participated in the seminar. "I couldn't quite keep up, so I was in the back of the class. And then eventually somebody else dropped back. We were joking around, because we both had bad knees. That was Doris. She told me during a break that she had studied *reiki*, a Japanese healing rite, and she said, 'Maybe I could help you with your knee.' . . . And that's how the relationship evolved."

According to Farrah, Heffner never actually took part in a dance class, because her leg was in a cast. "They did *not* meet in dance class," he insists. On the last day of the seminar, he spent the afternoon with Duke at Shangri La. Heffner had asked him to have dinner with her and Gordon Damon, and he had told her to pick him up at Duke's front gate. "You know, fate is strange. The gate had obviously been left open. Because just as Doris was taking me to the door, there was Chandi with the caretaker. I fumbled through an introduction. Doris said, 'Do you have time for a drink?' "

They went into Duke's fabled Islamic Room—"you'd think you were in the salon of Süleyman the Magnificent"—and over tea and sherry they discussed the pet boar that Heffner had nursed with a baby bottle after it had been abandoned by its mother, as well as Heffner's leg problems. "Doris was seeing a Japanese therapist for her knee problems . . . and as we were leaving they exchanged telephone numbers. In the car, Chandi was saying, 'Oh, she's such a nice lady, and the house is gorgeous!' And then Chandi said something that took me aback: 'Bobby, I can't understand why you have a friend like that and yet you're struggling to have a dance publication. Why doesn't she help you?' "

By the time Duke returned to Shangri La that fall, she and Heffner were getting together on an almost daily basis, and when it was time to move back to Duke Farms in the spring of 1985, she invited Heffner to go with her. I asked Phyllis Saretta what she thought the attraction was. "Chandi loved animals. Doris loved animals. Chandi was into environmental concerns. Doris was into it, too. Chandi was into Eastern cultures and all that stuff, and so was Doris."

Oatsie Charles had a one-word explanation: "Loneliness."

When I asked Chandi Heffner about the widespread rumors that she and Duke were lovers, she laughed and said, "Oh, right, I've heard that. It's not true. It was a really loving daughter-mother relationship. We would hear it, and we would just joke about it."

Almost every friend of Duke's I talked to, including her many homosexual friends, told me that she had always been an avid heterosexual. One repeated her response to a straight man who was reluctant to have dinner with Rock Hudson for fear that he would be molested. Duke scoffed, "Oh, come on. I know a lot of bull dykes. I'll go to dinner with them. It doesn't mean I'll go to bed with them."

In June 1985, Duke and Heffner traveled to Russia together. According to Heffner, Duke suffered heart palpitations in Moscow and was afraid to be alone, so for the rest of the trip they shared hotel rooms. After a two-week rejuvenation cure in Romania with the controversial Dr Anna Aslan, they stopped in London. On night at dinner, Heffner told me, "Dori said to me, 'You're my daughter reincarnated. You're Arden.' " Heffner also sai that Duke confided that she thought *he* mother had wanted to abort her.

Toward the end of the summer, i Newport, Heffner told Duke that she ha to return to Hawaii, because she wa concerned about her horses and dogs and had planned a trip to Bali with Gor don Damon. It was at that juncture Heffner claims that Duke made the ora promise that is the basis of her breach-of contract suit. "We were sitting on th rocks, and she said, 'I will take care o you and all of your animals for the rest o your life. We'll travel together. We'l have a great life together. You don' have to go back. You can live in th manner that I live and have this lifestyle It will be wonderful.' "

Moreover, Heffner's legal complain against Duke states:

> Doris . . . also assured Chandi that she would be the heir to Doris's estate in return for Chandi devoting herself to Doris and to the running of her affairs. Doris's statements to Chandi to this effect were confirmed . . . by [her lawyer Donald] Robinson as well, who told Chandi he had prepared the necessary documents to make provision for the disposition of Doris's estate, and that Chandi would be "totally in control."

Donald Robinson, a New Jersey lawyer who had worked closely with Duke since the early 70s, will not comment about the lawsuit, but he speaks glowingly of Heffner's abilities. "She's an unusually intelligent person: perceptive, articulate, well-read, culturally alive. Like Doris, actually." One of Heffner's lawyers says that he has 18,000 documents concerning Duke's business and legal affairs, many of which Chandi had "attended to."

Heffner takes credit for everything from improving the dairy herd at Duke Farms to arranging the sale of Duke's gold deposits in Switzerland. One of the first things she did was to caution Duke, on the advice of Nelson Peltz, against an investment proposed by her then business manager, Patrick Mahn. Mahn soon left, and in 1987 co-authored *Daddy's Duchess: The Unauthorized Biography of Doris Duke*. Heffner was also responsible for hiring a new accountant, Irwin Bloom, and a security consultant, Steven Levy, both of whom had worked for Nelson Peltz.

A Peltz-family friend told me that, contrary to reports in the press, "there was never any rivalry of any kind at any

time between Claudia and Chandi. They talked constantly, and Nelson and Claudia used to go to lunches quite often with Chandi and Doris. They would helicopter over to Somerville from their estate in Bedford, New York."

In 1987, Heffner handled the negotiations for Duke's most talked-about acquisition: two Bactrian camels, which were thrown in as a sweetener on the deal to purchase a 19-passenger Boeing 737-300 for $25 million. "Doris and I had been in the Gobi Desert together, and we found out they were becoming a threatened species." Heffner said that she had asked for them almost as a joke, and that Duke was laughing when the agent for the owner—rumored to be Adnan Khashoggi or a Kuwaiti sheikh—called back and agreed. They named them Princess and Baby.

Duke, who had managed to avoid almost all publicity since the Tirella scandal, stunned the world in November 1988 by putting up the $5 million bail for Imelda Marcos, whom the U.S. government had charged with racketeering. She also lent another $5 million to Marcos to cover her legal expenses (and asked for it back in her will). Marcos has said that she and Duke were friends of almost 20 years, but others say that they met in the late 1970s through Franco Rossellini. Farrah says that Duke had returned from her first visit to Manila, with Rossellini, about a week before meeting Heffner. "She told me she was bored silly, and the palace was so froufrou."

Donald Robinson, who represented Duke in the Marcos matter, recalls going out to Duke Farms after Imelda Marcos posted bail in New York: "The group was Imelda and her lawyer, one of her daughters, Franco Rossellini, his friend Enzo Natale, Chandi, and Doris. We had a nice dinner with appropriate toasts, and Franco entertained us with anecdotes and imitations. Doris loved it. She clapped her hands in glee. So did Imelda. Imelda stayed for a week, I think."

Heffner denies that she had had any previous association with Imelda Marcos. She also told me that Duke was much more taken with Ferdinand Marcos, who was gravely ill in Honolulu, than she was with his wife. "Doris did this more for the president. She really had a feeling for him, and expressed annoyance with Imelda. Doris and I used to go fairly regularly to see the president in the hospital; she would give him *reiki* treatments."

One week later, Doris Duke stunned the world again by adopting Chandi Heffner at the Somerset County Court House in Somerville, to which the two women were accompanied by Donald Robinson. In the proceedings, Heffner formally renounced her natural parents, certified that she was not consenting to be adopted out of financial considerations, and legally changed her name from Charlene Gail Heffner to Chandi Duke Heffner. Surrogate Court Judge Wilfred P. Diana asked Duke if she understood that the adoption "creates a relationship between you and Miss Heffner as if she were born to you in wedlock," and Duke said yes.

"Including the right of inheritance."

"Yes, I do."



Heffner and Duke at the 1988 Broadway production of David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*.

Most of Duke's friends hadn't had an inkling. Mercedes Bass remembered Duke's coming for tea at the Carlyle Hotel a year or so earlier and introducing Heffner as "my niece." Franco Rossellini assured everyone that he was all for it. "It's very important that Doris has done this," he told me at the time. "Chandi works very hard for Doris. She's a very nice girl, really first-rate, and she will keep Doris's foundation going in the future—you know, not a law firm but a human being."

Another of Duke's intimates said that the real reason her closest friends were in favor of the adoption was that "Doris had contemplated suicide, and we thought we could have some peace of mind that she wouldn't kill herself as long as Chandi was around."

The day after the adoption, the economist Woody Brock went to lunch at Duke Farms with Duke's New Jersey neighbor Jane Engelhard. "That was quite an event. The two camels were right outside the dining room on a blue tarpaulin. Doris seemed very, very happy. I remember that most: that she seemed very happy with her life at that period. *Seemed*. And the servants were absolutely bizarre—ponytailed, rings, sandals . . ."

One of those servants was the future executor of Doris Duke's estate. According to a half-page biography released by Howard J. Rubenstein Associates, Bernard Lafferty was born in Ireland in 1945 and immigrated to the United States more than 20 years ago. On an employment application Lafferty filled out for the Pavillion Agency in New York in September 1986, he said he had worked at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia from 1972 to 1983 and at the Sands Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City from 1983 to 1985. The Sands says that Lafferty managed the theater, which headlined such stars as Bill Cosby, Joel Grey, and Rita Moreno.

He also said he had worked on and off for Peggy Lee for 10 years. Lee told me, "Ten or 15 years ago, I went to sing in the Versailles Room at the old Bellevue, and Bernard was the manager of the room, and we became friends. I hired him to come out [to Los Angeles] and work for me, to kind of be my majordomo here. Sometimes he acted as the butler, others as a general assistant. And he had quite a history. His family all died, and he had one remaining relative, in Philadelphia. He came over here, and she died. I remember when I read his résumé, I thought, This man has really been through it. Everything good I could say about Bernard, I do."

"I'm crazy about Bernard," says Oatsie Charles. Duke's Los Angeles decorator Tony Duquette adds, "He was just marvelous to Doris, and not at all sinister."

Thomas Rybak, who had been working as Doris Duke's chef for several months when Lafferty was hired in May 1987, at a salary of about $500 a week, paints a different picture. Lafferty had been working for Nelson and Claudia Peltz for the previous seven months, and Rybak says, "The Peltzes put him in a 28-day program. Ferencz Soltesz [the Peltzes' majordomo] told me he's an excellent butler so long as you keep him off the bottle."

Glenn Scott Greenhouse, the president of the Pavillion Agency, confirmed that Lafferty's drinking became an issue at

the Peltzes'. "I was *not* aware of his drinking problem when I placed him there, but I did inform Chandi [before sending him to Doris Duke's]. They hired him on Ferencz Soltesz's recommendation."

Rybak says that Lafferty got off to a good start at Duke Farms. "He was doing a lot of embroidery work for Doris. He was very good at repairing old costumes and fabric. . . . Then one day in June, Miss Duke called me and said, 'Thomas, have you seen Bernard? His breath almost knocked me off my feet.' They were putting up a curtain rod together. This was at 11 in the morning. That evening, I sent up dinner and Chandi came downstairs and said, 'Tom, Bernard just dropped the entire tray.' So I fixed another tray and brought it upstairs. . . . In the morning, Bernard didn't come down until 11:30, and he was a mess. Chandi called Steve Levy—he did security for Doris—to find out what to do. Meanwhile, Bernard said he wasn't feeling well and went back up to his room. Steve comes about four, and he and I go up to Bernard's room. We knock, we bang, we yell. We don't hear anything. So we went into the room, and Bernard was buck naked, bent over a chair, passed out. And all around him were all these liquor bottles—Grand Marnier and sherry. This Grand Marnier was so old the labels had been written by hand. This stuff was from Miss Duke's father. Chandi got a couple of the housemen, and they brought him to the Somerville hospital." (The hospital said that Bernard Lafferty was a patient from July 1 to July 14, 1987.)

While Lafferty was hospitalized, Rybak says, "Doris said to me, 'Tom, we are going to leave this up to you. If you want, we will give Bernard another chance, or we will get another butler.' And so I decided—the biggest mistake of my 41 years—to give this son of a bitch a second chance. . . .

"Bernard got out of the hospital. We took him to Newport. And all of a sudden I started hearing, 'The food is cold.' It would come back. I would have to reheat it. And he would tell me, 'Miss Heffner's complaining.' This went on almost every meal. I suspected that it was Bernard doing this—keeping the food cold. He wanted me out of there. . . . One evening Steve Levy said that Miss Duke wanted him to administer a urine test on me. Steve said, 'Your food has changed so suddenly Miss Duke thinks you must be on drugs.' I came back clean as a whistle. Things escalated. I was constantly arguing with Bernard . . . and I finally quit just before Labor Day."

Nonetheless, Duke seemed increasingly pleased with Lafferty. "I looked upon Bernard as a member of the small Doris Duke family," says Donald Robinson. "There were clear indications of a growing trust, affection, and devotion between them. And I didn't sense any antagonism between Chandi and Bernard." Enzo Natale concurs: "Chandi and Bernard were twins."

Then someone new entered the small Doris Duke family: James Burns, a 25-year-old former Marine and martial-arts enthusiast with a notably "buff" physique. (Burns dismisses reports that he was once a Chippendales dancer: "Not that I haven't been asked . . . ") He had been recommended by Ron Oldenburg, a Honolulu lawyer who handled immigration matters for the employees of both Doris Duke and Imelda Marcos, and hired as a bodyguard for Heffner when she was hospitalized for severe sinusitis in February 1989. Heffner spent almost six months on and off in two Honolulu hospitals, because she also developed a heart problem.

It wasn't until the following winter, however, Burns told me, that he became romantically involved with Heffner. "We kept it to ourselves for months, until around July 1990. . . . One of Chandi's doctors thought that pregnancy might help her conditions, and Chandi was discussing this with Doris one evening in Newport while I was sitting there. Chandi said, 'But where do I find a man?' And Doris said, 'How about the one next to you?' Later on we would sleep together and Doris would come in most mornings and sit there on the bed with us and talk. Usually something came in the mail that she wanted to discuss, because Chandi was taking care of her financial affairs. Doris told Chandi that she was happy about her having a man in her life."

Burns began working out with Duke on a regular basis. "We concentrated on her leg-muscle group," he said. "Her legs were almost starting to atrophy from lack of exercise." Heffner told me, "Doris used to call James 'Teach.' He used to take her to Gold's Gym." Burns said that he was also training Lafferty, to help him lose his paunch. "He seemed depressed, and Doris thought it would give him more self-esteem. He was going to A.A. once a week wherever we were."

Others insist that Heffner's growing involvement with Burns created new tensions and was the root cause of Duke's disenchantment with her adopted daughter. Enzo Natale says, "Chandi had accused me of trying to rape her in Honolulu. I think she did it to make James jealous. . . . Then [Franco and I] didn't see Doris anymore. Even Imelda didn't see her."

Heffner told me that Duke was annoyed with Rossellini for falling behind on the rent on the New Jersey guesthouse. The gossip at Mortimer's was that Duke was furious with him for talking to Stephanie Mansfield.

According to a frequent guest at Duke's various houses, Duke became more and more upset with Burns: "Doris told me that James started to strut around the place as if he was Mr. Duke." At a 1990 lunch at Duke Farms for Lord Carrington, then chairman of Christie's, according to Oatsie Charles, "Chandi's attitude toward Doris was awfully offhand. Jane Engelhard sat next to the bodyguard, and you should have seen her face."

Heffner blamed Duke's altered feelings on the steroids she claims Duke was taking then. "I don't think you're supposed to use alcohol with steroids, and she was drinking sherry in the evenings." It was at this time, she said, that Duke told her that she thought her food was being poisoned. Around Christmas, Duke rented a house in Honolulu for Martha Graham and Ron Protas. "It was really sad," Heffner said, "because Martha arrived and Doris wouldn't go see her. . . . I think this was the steroid thing happening."

In February, a few weeks after Protas returned to New York with Graham, he received a phone call from Duke at three in the morning. "I said, 'What's wrong?' She said, 'I'm very frightened. I feel unsure of myself physically. I almost feel . . . I *do* feel like I'm being drugged. I feel in danger.' I said, 'Doris, get out of that house. Call your pilot tonight and leave immediately and go to Los Angeles and get checked up.' Now, please understand that I'm not accusing anyone of anything."

The next morning, the day after Valentine's Day, James Burns remembers, Duke told Heffner she had a dentist's appointment and left the house with Bernard Lafferty. A few hours later, when Heffner returned from a show-jumping lesson, she was informed that Doris had flown to Los Angeles. Donald Robin-

son then called and informed Heffner that Duke wanted Burns out of the house. Heffner pleaded on his behalf and asked to speak to Duke, but Robinson told her that Duke was tired. The next day Duke's lawyer called Heffner again and informed her that Duke wanted her out, too.

"Darling, the girl is out the door without a cent," Franco Rossellini trilled to a friend. "*Io sono molto contento*. I knew from the beginning she was a son of a bitch." In published accounts of Duke's break with Heffner, Bernard Lafferty, who was worried about Duke's health, had called Rossellini in Europe a few weeks earlier and told him, "Something is really wrong here. . . . [Chandi] is a monster. How do we get rid of her?"

Thomas Rybak maintains, "I personally believe that Chandi was pushed out by Bernard."

Dr. Harry Demopoulos, an early promoter of antioxidants and megavitamins, whose patients include Clint Eastwood and Sylvester Stallone, had been Doris Duke's personal physician since 1981. He had also treated Chandi Heffner, and counted both women as friends. Contrary to Heffner's version of events, he told me that he had prescribed anabolic steroids for Duke for her knee problems in late 1989 or early 1990. "She got baby doses for a few weeks and that was it. The reason it didn't last long was she didn't want them. She didn't like medicine in general. Doris wouldn't take a pill unless she really needed it."

In late 1990, he said, "I detected a growing unhappiness on Doris's part. She was *not* on steroids in the *latter* half of 1990, and this was *not* a mood swing. There was a gradual onset of a depressed relationship between Doris and Chandi, starting about the middle of 1990 and going progressively downhill. . . . Quite suddenly, early in 1991, Doris called me in distress from Hawaii and said that she was leaving in an urgent way for California and she had become fearful of Chandi. . . . It was clear that something adverse was going on in the latter part of 1990 in Hawaii. And when she left, that adverse thing ceased. Keep in mind, people are entitled to a change of heart. People get annoyed with their kids. Kids get annoyed with their parents."

Demopoulos said that Duke had mentioned her suspicions that she was being poisoned. He also said that she had lent $600,000 for his company, Health Maintenance Programs, Inc., in 1989; the loan is to be converted into stock, according to the will. And he confirmed that he had been named an executor when Duke revised her 1987 will in March 1991. The 1987 will had designated Heffner executor. In November 1991, Duke had a new will written, naming Irwin Bloom and Chemical Bank as executors. In an April 1992 codicil, she replaced them with her nephew, Walker Inman Jr., and Bernard Lafferty, and in a March 1993 codicil she made Bernard Lafferty her sole executor.

"At the beginning of 1991, she placed an increasing reliance on me and Bernard," Demopoulos told me. "And later on, for a while, on Irwin Bloom, the financial manager. There's no question that Bernard was more than just a butler. He always seemed to be there whenever she needed him. I was not aware of what management roles he might or might not have had. He's a sweet human being, and he seemed to be honest and fiercely defensive of Doris. He felt deeply grateful to Doris, as I did."

Demopoulos wasn't the only one to notice a change in Duke's attitude after Heffner was out of her life. Her Newport artist pal Richard Banks said that that summer "Doris decided to do the whole social thing and she loved it. I took her to six or seven dinner parties. She was having a real whirl." That fall, she attended a tribute to Sophia Loren at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and a fancy party afterward at Tatou, with Imelda Marcos, Rossellini, Natale, and Lafferty, who wore a ski sweater. It would be the last time the paparazzi caught her, and, true to form, she slapped Rossellini for not telling her the photographers would be there.

But by the following summer she was noticeably declining again. One night in August, Banks dined alone with Duke at Rough Point. Lafferty served. "He was so attentive," Banks says. "He had done her hair in a pageboy, and she looked so pretty, though she was painfully thin." Woody Brock, who visited her with Oatsie Charles that summer, says, "It must have been 85 degrees outside, and she had on a white sweater and a roaring fire in every room. She was alarmingly fragile." Charles became so concerned about Duke's condition that she called her and asked if Heffner had been "giving her something, I don't know what"—even though Heffner had been out of the picture for a year and a half.

Duke turned up at the Ritz in Paris that October walking with a cane. It would be her last trip to Europe, and she also visited Poland with Brazilian grande dame Aimee de Heeren. After she returned to Newport later that month, Banks invited her to a concert, but she forgot the date. When he went to pick her up, Lafferty told him, "Always keep me informed, so that I can be sure everything works." Banks never saw her again.

Shortly after Duke's 80th birthday in November, Nelson Seabra saw her at C. Z. Guest's in Old Westbury: "She came by helicopter. I remember that the captain of the helicopter was very worried and wanted her to leave early. And she was so frail. You felt that she was going to break."

After Thanksgiving, as she had for five decades, Duke left for Hawaii. One afternoon in February, the architect John Warnecke went to Shangri La for tea. Apparently, the warm weather had had a good effect. "She looked great," Warnecke says. "No cane. She was so alive."

Dr. Demopoulos told me, "I spoke to her in early January. She was contemplating having knee replacements. I said, 'Doris, do it, I think it's a good thing.' Because it was her major incapacity; there really wasn't anything else wrong with Doris."

What happened next?

"I was not involved. For reasons I don't understand, a curtain seemed to come down. I tried repeatedly to get in contact with her. I called the California home and the other sites many times. I usually got one of the help. On rare occasions I got Bernard. I really don't know what the hell was going on, frankly. And along about March, I sent flowers and candy to her California home. The next day I got a phone call from Doris to thank me. The last words were 'Stay in touch, Harry.' I tried to see her the following week when I was in California, and there were about a dozen times since then that I called when I made trips to California, where I would simply get a response on the other end of the line that was: 'Miss Duke is doing well. She's getting better.' "

In either March or April, Demopoulos said, he received a call from Irwin Bloom, who told him that he had been fired by Duke. "He was obviously unhappy. And I was surprised. He made a comment that Doris had a fair number of complications as a result of the surgery. She had episodes of pneumonia, she had clots in her veins, and some of those clots may have traveled to her lungs. But I have no real medical knowledge of what transpired in California dur-

DUKE

ing the spring and summer of last year.''

About the time Bloom was fired, Duke also abruptly left Chemical Bank and replaced her estate lawyer, William Zabel, of Schulte Roth & Zabel, with William Doyle, of the Chicago firm of Katten Muchin & Zavis.

Ron Protas told me that in February or March of last year Duke agreed to guarantee a loan of $1 million for the Martha Graham Dance School. Irwin Bloom had made the arrangements and then Duke called Protas from Los Angeles and joked, ''For God's sake, try to pay it back,'' Protas recalled. After Bloom was fired, Protas was told the loan was being reviewed. ''It was strange. I never heard from Doris again and I could never reach her again. Finally, one of her new lawyers, Mr. Doyle, got it back on track.''

Like many of her friends, Protas is unclear about when Duke went into the hospital for the operations on her knees, or when she came out. *New York* magazine reported after her death that she had a knee operation at U.C.L.A. Medical Center last summer. John Warnecke was told by Johnny Gomez, Duke's elderly caretaker in Honolulu, that ''she was so full of beans, she decided to have both knees done at one time, and one knee got infected and she had to have another operation. That led to pneumonia and she couldn't eat and it was on and off, on and off, for months.''

Lafferty has released few details about Duke's final illness. Her last will is dated April 5, 1993, was drawn up by Katten Muchin, and was signed at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. There were four witnesses, including Dr. Charles Kivowitz, a fashionable Beverly Hills internist. Peggy Lee told me that she had spoken to Duke on the phone several times in her last months, and that Duke had made a donation to an AIDS charity that Lee is involved with. On October 6, it was announced that Duke had made a donation of $1 million to the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation.

On Thursday, October 28, 1993, Duke died at Falcon's Lair. According to her *New York Times* obituary, the cause of death was ''pulmonary edema resulting in cardiac arrest.'' Bernard Lafferty, a cook named Colin Shanley, and her longtime Tongan maid, Nuku Makasiale, were at her bedside. Richard Banks called Lafferty the next day. ''He was devastated. He could barely speak.''

In her will, Duke requested that no funeral or memorial service be held for her. She also asked to be buried at sea. Instead, she was cremated during the weekend following her death, and her ashes were scattered over the Pacific Ocean off Shangri La on November 17, 1993, by Bernard Lafferty and Johnny Gomez, along with the hibiscus leis she loved.

''It was shocking,'' Heffner told me. ''We discussed cremation, and she said, 'Never, never, ever let anyone cremate me.' She had this terrible fear of fire.'' Heffner also said that as next of kin she would have requested an autopsy, but she was never officially notified of Duke's death, and by the time she learned of the cremation, it was too late. Ron Protas also told me that Duke had a fear of fire, and that when he told her about ''the terrible experience'' of scattering Martha Graham's ashes, Duke said, ''It's never going to happen to me. When I go I'll be eaten by the sharks.''

This month, Chandi Heffner's lawyers, Ben Michel of Riker, Danzig and David Keyko of Winthrop, Stimson, will file her objections to Duke's will in New York State Surrogate Court, accusing Bernard Lafferty of ''undue influence and sequestering.'' Heffner is also claiming her right to inherit two trusts which Buck Duke created in 1917 and 1924, on the ground that she is his lineal descendant and grandchild. Both Heffner and her lawyers emphatically deny that Nelson Peltz is financing Heffner's legal efforts.

Meanwhile, Heffner is holed up on her Hawaiian ranch. She has completely wired the small house on her own, and she boards horses and cows for neighbors for $15 a head per month. Once a day, she meditates in her ''deity room,'' which is filled with golden statues from India.

James Burns, now an aspiring actor in Los Angeles, says that he and Chandi ''are giving each other space for a while.''

Bernard Lafferty recently lunched in Manhattan with William Luers, president of the Metropolitan Museum, which was left $10 million by Duke.

And the whispers about Duke's last years continue. Nelson Seabra told me, ''A very close friend of Doris's said that she committed suicide. She was taking so many pills at the end and, knowingly or not, killed herself.''

Sometimes, Robert Farrah recalls, ''Doris would throw up her hands and say, 'No wills! No wills! Let them kill each other over it.' '' □

GEORGE

(Continued from page 151) tight-knit communities as his father moved from parish to parish: from Fall River, Massachusetts, where George was born, to Purchase, New York, to the Cleveland suburb where he went through high school.

Another person very familiar with Stephanopoulos's background says, ''The discipline, the need to always do the right thing, to be correct, has to be related to being the priest's son. . . . It's a mind-set: I can't imagine you would ever shut that off completely.''

Since 1982, George's father has been dean of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity on Manhattan's Upper East Side, the church of the archdiocese that oversees all of North and South America; this makes Father Stephanopoulos, in essence, the senior priest in the Americas below the rank of bishop. (While married men are permitted to become Greek Orthodox priests, only a man who practices celibacy is eligible to become a bishop.) To see Father Robert George Stephanopoulos in his heavily brocaded robes, leading in Greek the highly ritualized Sunday-morning liturgy that is the central ceremony of the faith, is to begin to understand the strength of the legacy George inherited.

Until George was about 14, the priesthood appealed to him as a career. Even once he realized that his interests lay elsewhere, the *idea* of the priesthood remained an important presence in his life. George, explains Alterman, ''was always answerable to the idea that he should have been a priest.'' Echoes Edward Feighan, a former congressman with whom he worked for four years, ''There was clearly an understanding that if George did not become a Greek Orthodox priest, continuing the generational experience, he must at least aspire to a life that made as consequential a contribution.''

In describing the expectations conferred by George's background, however, many people blur the concepts of measuring up morally to the priesthood

and measuring up to Greek-Americans' communal notion of secular success.

Charles Moskos explains that Greek-Americans are among the most achievement-oriented ethnic groups in the country. "You have to be validated by the American society in order to be a true success in the Greek community," he says. Parents place major emphasis on sending their children to the right schools and into the best white-collar professions.

In George's case, the push toward achievement came also from a whole community: as the son of the priest he was, in an important way, the child of the whole parish, and great things were expected of him.

Within the family, however, that push was probably conveyed less by "Father Bob," as he is called by parishioners, than by George's mother, who, after the liturgy ends at noon, presides over a coffee hour in the church basement. Nikki Stephanopoulos is a short, deep-voiced, briskly friendly lady who entertains her husband's well-to-do flock with a managerial charm. It is instantly apparent that she gave her elder son both his nose and his drive.

Despite her son's request that his parents not give me an interview, she has matter-of-factly accepted a reporter's presence at church. "Everyone's welcome at church," she said in advance, over the phone. Now it is she who steers the conversation from a general discussion of the service to the subject of her elder son—"the apple of her eye," according to a family friend. "If you saw the altar boys," Mrs. Stephanopoulos tells me, "then you know what George did from the time he was four."

That early?

"Well, five," she concedes. "Most don't start until eight or nine."

A few minutes later, she explains how successful George's entire "class" of altar boys turned out to be: in addition to George, she notes proudly, that crop yielded two orthopedic surgeons.

Today, George's older sister is a Greek Orthodox nun. His younger sister is an office manager for a medical practice, and his younger brother manages alternative-rock bands, including Mercury Rev and Gumball. Of the four Stephanopoulos children, only George threw himself into the task of honoring both sides of the family legacy: the ethic of service represented by his father, and the drive toward success so important to his mother.

Even in a business full of obsessive workers, Stephanopoulos stands out for his single-mindedness. "He has a side to him which is almost machine-like when he's sharply focused on something," says *Los Angeles Times* correspondent David Lauter, who covered the 1992 presidential race. "It got to the point, in the last couple of months of the campaign, where you could walk up behind him and say, 'Did you hear that George Bush just announced he was releasing some papers that prove Bill Clinton is a Martian alien?' and he would turn around and immediately give you the spin: 'Oh, well, being a Martian alien isn't a disqualification for office.'

> George is the star at forcing Clinton to deal with "stuff he doesn't like to face," says an aide.

"You'd say, 'George, it's a joke!' But he had completely lost that side of himself, because he couldn't waste time on anything that didn't have to do with getting his job done. It was very effective, obviously, but it was also a little frightening." By November '92, Lauter remembers, Stephanopoulos showed only one sign of stress: there were angry red sores around all his cuticles from his nervous habit of picking at his fingers.

Stephanopoulos's will to perform showed itself as far back as high school, when he was a top student in the Cleveland suburb of Orange Village. While academics came naturally to him, the more revealing arena was sports, where he was not a natural, but a grimly determined competitor.

After wrestling in the 98-pound class as a high-school junior, George tried to starve himself down to the same weight senior year, wearing his wrestling sweats through the school day. He made it as far as 99 pounds. "George looked like he was one step out of a concentration camp," recalls Brian Kretch, who was on the wrestling team with him. "He was killing himself to do this. It was kind of like he wanted to see how far he could stretch himself."

Friends agree that as a teenager "he had a hard time not being right," as his childhood neighbor Tom Radis recalls it. Kretch remembers that Stephanopoulos could spend an entire evening kicking himself over a poker hand he had played badly. "And when he's wrong, it's like '*I'm human!*' Like it's a flaw or something."

Radis tells an extraordinary story, first reported in an article in *The Cleveland Free Times*. One evening, in an effort to challenge their friend George's infallibility, Radis and others played a prank: after George phoned in the group's pizza order, Radis called and changed the order. Sure enough, when they picked up the pizza, it had the wrong toppings—and George's friends began ribbing him about his uncharacteristic "mistake." As Radis remembers it, Stephanopoulos was so upset by this that he hyperventilated, and actually passed out in the car.

"George is not fond of that story," notes Radis—quite accurately. When asked about it, Stephanopoulos throws himself into an impassioned dissection of precisely how the incident bothered him, insisting that he knew at the time he'd been right. "It would have been one thing to have been wrong, but it was another to pretty much know you're right and just be cheated. . . . If I would have gotten that upset over just being wrong, that's a different story from knowing I'm right and having been cheated and getting angry about that!"

Is it important to him to be right?

"Yeah. Sure. Or not to be wronged. Both. . . . But I get really upset, probably overly upset, when I think that something is not fair." He catches himself, and adds, "Even though I know nothing's fair."

This, friends say, was what irked him most about the common belief that he had been demoted last May, when Gergen was hired. "What was painful was the public *(Continued on page 182)*

Flashback

Myrna Loy

Playing a wan Asian succubus in *The Mask of Fu Manchu,* Myrna Loy makes a sport of raping the unsuspecting explorers who fall prey to her malefic father, Dr. Fu Manchu. It's a bravura turn, but a far cry from her lasting screen persona: the witty, refined perfect spouse to a number of equally smooth leading men—most notably William Powell, who clicked sublimely as Nick to her Nora Charles in six *Thin Man* films. But equally distant from all of the on-screen suavity were the origins of Myrna Williams, a girl reared under Montana's big sky and named for a railroad depot. Her Hollywood debut came in the chorus line at Grauman's faux-Chinese movie palace. And when she landed her first film parts, they were almost invariably—one must presume, coincidentally—roles as faux-Chinese movie temptresses. In 1934, Metro took a chance and cast her against type in *The Thin Man,* and womankind gained a new role model overnight.

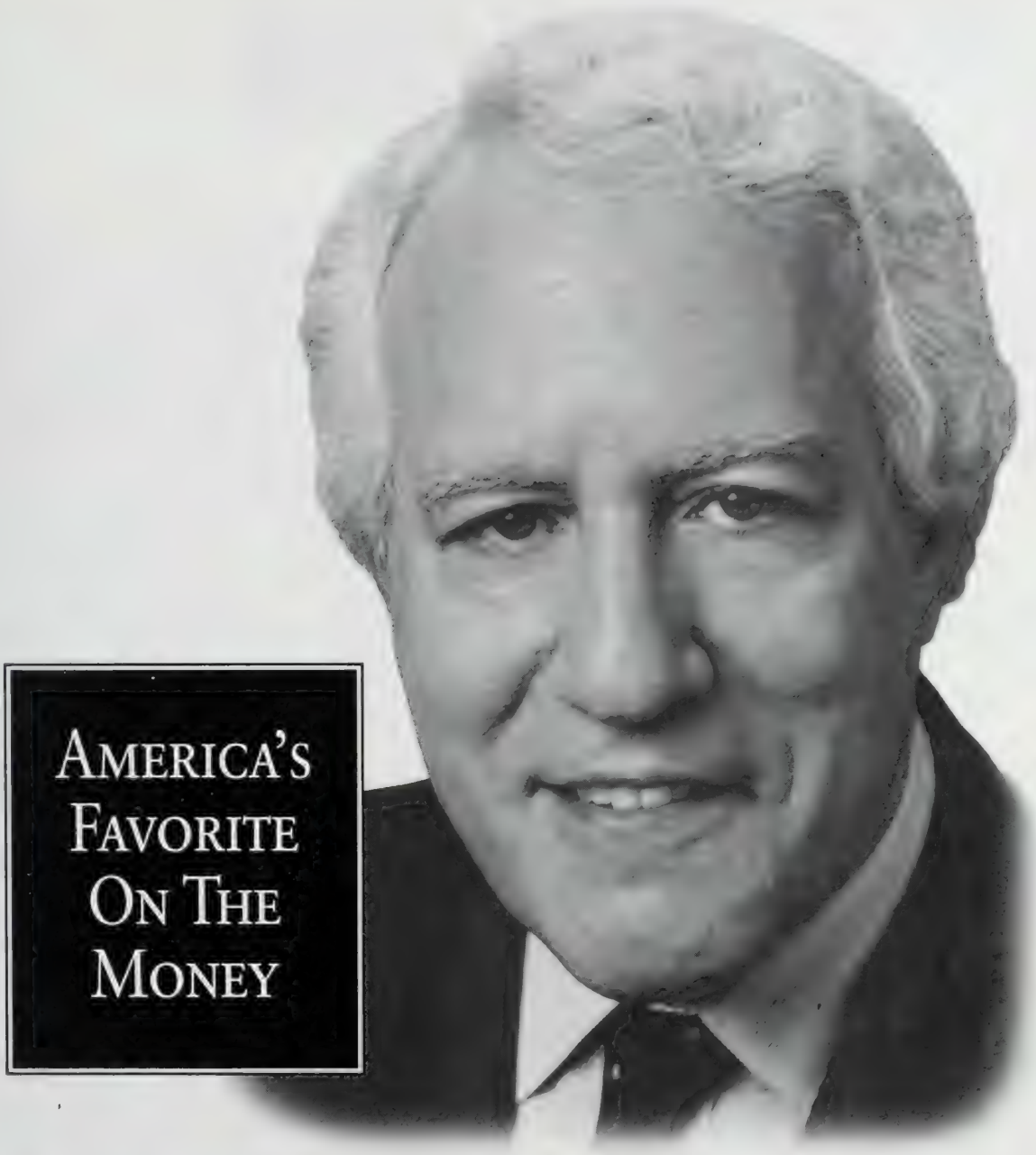
Two years later Loy was elected Queen of the Movies in a fans' plebiscite—a coronation that says almost as much about the good taste of moviegoers in 1936 as it does about the great Myrna Loy, who died last December at 88. —MATTHEW TYRNAUER







Clockwise from top: **Myrna Loy in a late-30s publicity shot; "the perfect wife" on the cover of *Screen Book* in 1937; with William Powell and Asta in *After the Thin Man* (1936); as Fah Lo See in *The Mask of Fu Manchu* (1932), one of the many movies in which she was cast as an Asian.**



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By MICHAEL LUTIN

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

As Saturn begins its creepy transit through your sign, you'll need to get your act together, sew up all the raggedy edges, and play the part of the sober, responsible citizen. The transit of Mars through your 12th house till early March, however, may bring about some serious deviation. That could be the work of demons, of course, but more likely it's just your old jump-out-the-window-and-hope-to-land-on-a-mattress trick. Through it all, you're so sweet and understanding that you could probably pave the entire road to hell with *your* good intentions alone.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

Thanks to Mars in Aquarius in your 11th house, you've been able to pretend that you're the same vivacious, flirtatious gay blade you always have been, as free as a bird and tougher than a high-school hood. Deep down, though, it's a very different story. You need intimacy, and you need it bad. However, you have good reason to be scared of getting trapped in a close but dangerous situation. So you act out and run away, only to come back contrite and ready to accept penance, promising your master you will do better and amend your life, amen. Tell us another one.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Planets at your midheaven in mid-February give you enough of the old performing buzz that you can get out there, look fabulous, and act as solid as an oak tree and as in control as a head of state. When March begins, if your audience fails to show up or if someone drops out just when you need him most, be gracious. For the moment, the zip and bang seem to have gone out of your urge for greatness. The reason: Saturn in the 11th house has erased your grandiose fantasies and replaced them with the simple desire to play with the kids. If you don't have any, get some.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Cold as it may seem to others, you'd rather think problems through than feel them too intensely. With the new moon and Mars in your 9th house in mid-February, that's perfectly normal. An icy, rational mind is the only place you're comfortable skating on. None of this hair-pulling Greek-tragedy stuff for you. It's not that you're unfeeling or narcissistic. You can be very emotional and empathetic. Why, just recently at a funeral, a Gemini was so moved that she was forced to reapply her mascara three times before the end of the service.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

With planets transiting both your 8th and 9th houses this February and March, the following is the typical sort of situation you will encounter: after a very out-of-control turn on a slippery road, when you're sure your number is up, there will suddenly appear a dry patch of highway and you'll pull out of the spin and enjoy the view. The worst hack writer of the trashiest *Movie of the Week* couldn't grind out a better, more tritely inspiring metaphor for you than that. In fact, this month should prove once and for all what a complete cliché life can be.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

It's nice to be able to sit down across the table from somebody and not feel icy daggers projecting at you out of a pair of hostile eyes. And with personal planets crossing your 7th house, you can look forward to hanging around with someone you consider an equal. Find that sparring partner who groks your situation and actually supports you even while challenging you so that the two of you can have more fun than a couple of lawyer pals talking shop during a sweaty game of racquetball. O.K., so there's not a lot of sex right now. We can't have everything, can we?

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

No one can be expected to live on bread alone, and without a drop-dead gorgeous person to warm your tootsies at night, what good is living? With 6th-house planets in operation, just remember—before you give away your soul, lose your sense of self, and are dragged off into the mist by Swamp Thing—that you have been put on earth to serve humanity, not to search for glamour. Your work demands the stamina of a field hand at harvesttime and the detachment of a head nurse during hospital rounds. Realistically, how much time does that leave for the pursuit of glitz?

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

If the nice flow of economic prosperity you've been experiencing should come to a screaming halt, don't get hysterical. It's just the retrograde motion of Jupiter and Pluto in your 2nd house. Focus instead on resolving the infernal 5th-and-6th-house split between your needs to be a fun-loving youth and a responsible working adult. "Fun" relates to activities promoting enjoyment and free expression of talents and emotions, while "work" implies doing things you don't necessarily feel like doing. You may just have to sit that inner child down and give it a good talking-to.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

If you are not in the most charitable, creative, and giving mood these days, don't fret. As Jupiter and Pluto go retrograde at the beginning of March, you may very well be feeling bugged, irritated, and drained, the way Santa Claus must feel up there at the North Pole when he starts getting requests for *next* year just as he's crashing from this year's binge of generosity. And if you think you're stuck forever in that boring little pond you've been flailing around in, you're wrong. You're about to be moved into a sea where you can have fun with some *real* predators.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Have you begun to notice that all around you hundreds of little teary-eyed families are holding hands, praying together, and staying together? Are you starting to examine what's wrong with you? You would probably call it restlessness, but shrinks refer to it as resistance to closeness. With the new moon, Venus, and Mars in your 3rd house in mid-February, the ants in your pants will be doing the cha-cha-cha. It is not inappropriate if you act as rootless and trashy as you wish. So go ahead and think mobile home. Name a child Tiffany. Get a Chia Pet.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Now that Saturn, your ruling planet, is firmly entrenched in Pisces (think of Saturn as the nun who whacks your knuckles for impure thoughts), you should be beginning to think and act truly spiritually at last—forgiving those who trespassed against you, getting past-life readings, and hugging Third Worlders all over the place. Of course, given the passage in February of the sun, moon, Venus, Mercury, and Mars in your 2nd house, which governs money, be sure to steal a moment to go sniffing out the best price on lipstick and aftershave.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Your personal growth over the past two years has been phenomenal. All that beating yourself up with birch twigs has paid off. Be proud of the fact that you really did hang in there, and even though you were shivering under a dark cloud, few people knew it. So if you're acting a little uppity and hyper these days, it's a normal reaction to all the rage and passion you've been storing up. With better self-esteem and general health, you can resume your efforts to control every damned thing in the universe and to be the one person God has to come to for a loan.


New
capri
ultra lights
The super slim
that's surprisingly rich.
With just 6 mg. of tar,
it's the lightest Capri ever.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

(Continued from page 177) perception that he had done something wrong that he was being punished for in some way," says media adviser Mandy Grunwald. "Because he's obviously a perfectionist."

Perhaps this is why Stephanopoulos is always looking ahead to disaster. During the campaign, he was famous as the staff member who took the most dismal view possible of any setback. "George is dark today," other advisers would caution one another. "If I had a dollar for every time George Stephanopoulos said, 'That's it; it's over,' I would be a wealthy man," says Paul Begala. While everyone describes this as "Georgie's" shtick, it comes up so often that one senses it is more than a political outlook.

Stephanopoulos resists the idea that he is by character a pessimist, but even in trying to shoot it down, he can't quite spit out a full sentence of unalloyed sunniness. The best he can do is "I think that I'm a probably deeply fairly optimistic person."

The flip side of Stephanopoulos's great focus is a certain fogginess about details that don't contribute to the mission. "George needs a secretary to just be a human being," says Alterman. "He's just not good at life."

On the morning of the inauguration he had worked so hard to bring about, Stephanopoulos, according to an old friend, had to flag down a police car near his apartment at the last minute to get to the ceremony on time: it just hadn't occurred to him that traffic would be at a standstill in downtown Washington. And after a recent dinner at a trendy restaurant, the valet-parking attendant had to jump-start his battered red Honda in order to get it to the curb.

He has long had expensive tastes in a few areas—clothes, for example, and fine liquor. (He has been known to return a glass of scotch in a restaurant, denouncing it as something other than the exact brand of single-malt he ordered.) But the truth of Stephanopoulos's personal life is that it hasn't quite caught up to his famous image.

In the typical Washington career, success is accompanied by a move out to suburban Maryland or Virginia, or, if you are a liberal, to the leafier reaches of the city's northwest quadrant. Stephanopoulos lives in an apartment not far from Dupont Circle in downtown Washington—a relatively transient neighborhood that is home to a large part of the city's gay population and to twenty- and thirtysomething singles and couples who are only one or two jobs into their careers.

His apartment is messy, according to friends, and strewn with books. Stephanopoulos mostly eats out at one of a number of neighborhood restaurants—including, often, Alekos, a Greek place a few blocks down Connecticut Avenue, where he is greeted as a demigod. Says Dave Pomerantz, an old friend from Cleveland, "I don't remember George ever having anything in his refrigerator except for a bottle of seltzer water."

Not that he spends much time at home: between his schedule at the White House, which starts around 6:30 in the morning and ends at close to 8 P.M., and the hour-long workout he schedules every day, Stephanopoulos doesn't have much time to *have* a life. At night, he says, "I go to dinner and then go to bed."

"He misses having another life," says Richard Mintz. But then he adds, "A bunch of us made the decision, after the campaign was over, to regain the balance in our lives. I don't think George did."

Friends hint that he has an active dating life—but the same friends are fiercely protective of his privacy. Stephanopoulos's appeal to women is a source of wonder among friends; even the president teases him about it, telling him, "Hey, George, I was out in Seattle. And they didn't want to hear about my plans; they wanted to hear about you."

It is hard to put a finger on when Stephanopoulos became aware of his effect on the opposite sex. It wasn't in high school: according to Pomerantz, "The six or eight of us guys who hung together, we had about five dates in four years between us all." But by his mid-20s, when he was Feighan's top staffer, he was turning heads. "I don't think there was any female in the office who didn't have a crush on him," says Jeff Hagan, who did temporary work for Feighan's office. "And maybe a few of the guys, too."

But Paul Begala says he doesn't believe Stephanopoulos is much interested in settling down, even if he did have time for a personal life. "He handles my baby like he's radioactive," says Begala. "I think he likes it the way it is. He's a real bachelor." Recently Stephanopoulos observed to an acquaintance that he can't date Greek-American women, "because when you ask them out, you have to marry them." This probably doesn't stop every Greek mama in the country from dreaming of George as the perfect son-in-law, and anytime he receives an award from or gives a speech to a Greek-American organization, young women turn out in force, in low-cut dresses, to see the land's most eligible Greek bachelor.

"I found out when I got out of college that *this* is what I could do," he says simply, gesturing again at the symbolically laden desk. "I mean, I'd been good in school and everything, but this is what I really just knew how to do."

When Stephanopoulos came to Washington in 1982, a summa cum laude graduate of Columbia, he was only beginning to sort out his political leanings. In 1980, he had briefly flirted with becoming a Bush delegate, but found his politics moving leftward in reaction to the Reagan administration. Though he evolved into a partisan liberal, Stephanopoulos would always strike some critics as a politically amorphous being. When he went looking for a campaign to join in '92, says one colleague from the Clinton effort, he "didn't choose a candidate on the basis of what he stood for. He was looking for a winner."

But while it is true that Stephanopoulos has adapted easily to somewhat dissimilar politicians—the very liberal Feighan, the more moderate, business-oriented Gephardt, and the protean Clinton, who sometimes seems to incorporate *all* his party's positions—this complaint about Stephanopoulos misses the point. The more interesting question about him concerns not whom he works for but how he functions, how the onetime altar boy finds himself in a job that calls for a lethal set of political skills.

That question hints at the useful tension that has propelled him through his professional life: between the altruistic and the worldly drives that were his father's and his mother's legacies.

Two years out of college, he faced the first of the interesting crossroads that would present him with a choice between his family's two definitions of success. He was loving life as a young foreign-policy staffer for Feighan, but he also knew that the itinerant, low-paying life of a Hill Rat could not, ultimately, fulfill the grand expectations that surrounded him. He applied, reluctantly, to Harvard Law, and promised his parents he would go. He won a reprieve by succeeding in his second application for a Rhodes scholarship—a break that gave him the chance to

study Christian political thought and ethics instead of torts and tax litigation.

Again and again, he would avoid choosing the wholly careerist path. On the other hand, he would also ultimately reject—despite feints in this direction—choices that were primarily altruistic. After Oxford, for example, he thought about joining the Peace Corps, but instead returned to Feighan's staff, with a promotion. After serving in the 1988 Dukakis campaign, he left Washington entirely to work as assistant to Father Timothy Healy, the new president of the New York Public Library, but returned after only three months when an irresistible job opened up in the office of Majority Leader Gephardt. When Gephardt decided not to run for president in 1992, dashing Stephanopoulos's hopes of serving in the top circle of his campaign, George toyed with the idea of leaving politics to work in famine relief. In the end, of course, he joined Bill Clinton's campaign.

Stephanopoulos's divided impulses were also evident in his personal life, where he has a history of forming important relationships with men and women involved in direct services to the helpless or indigent. "George has a bedrock appreciation for where real stuff happens—in homeless shelters, in classrooms, in private conversations between people and their priests and nuns," says Dan Porterfield, a fellow Rhodes scholar who was running an education program for immigrant children when he and Stephanopoulos first met. While at Oxford, he had a serious girlfriend who worked in famine relief. Today, one of the people he admires most is a friend Alterman terms "a saint" for his work in soup kitchens, homeless shelters, and the like. It is as if he surrounds himself with examples of the career he imagines he might have pursued were there not another stern demand on his future. His idol in public life, interestingly, is Bill Moyers, a former seminarian who also felt the lure of the White House, and who has made something of a career of sporting his ambivalence on his sleeve.

One reason for Stephanopoulos's repeated embrace of politics, clearly, is that it is a realm in which the motives of altruism and personal ambition are mutually reinforcing. Of course, it is also a realm in which altruism and personal ambition are easily confused, and one can camouflage the other.

Only Stephanopoulos knows precisely what balance of motives he brings to the job. But it is striking that while he is at least to some degree engaged by the moral content of government, he has been drawn to jobs that place him at one remove from that content: his role is to give advice that is *first* political, and secondarily a matter of good policy.

That Stephanopoulos's gifts steer him so insistently toward the worldly and pragmatic is a fact of life with which he has made uneasy armistice, a peace that seems constantly up for review.

As one of the first recruits to Clinton's campaign, in the amorphous role of deputy to a campaign manager who had not yet been hired, Stephanopoulos logged a lot of time with his new candidate.

"He handles my baby like he's radioactive," says Begala. "He's a real bachelor."

"They spent hours talking; he bonded with Clinton early on, and fairly intensely," says Mark Miller, a *Newsweek* correspondent who, in the course of researching a book on the election, was allowed constant access to the campaign.

The Rhodes scholarship may have been one key to fixing Stephanopoulos in Clinton's esteem. For many of those chosen—perhaps especially for those, like Bill Clinton, from modest backgrounds—the Rhodes is an important totem of identity, the ultimate credentialist shorthand in a meritocratic universe. It is no accident that the first Rhodes president employs a record number of Rhodes scholars.

In any case, the bond between Clinton and Stephanopoulos was clinched in the early primaries of '92, the darkest passages of the campaign, when first Gennifer Flowers and then Clinton's draft record threatened to bury his candidacy.

"At a certain level they have a simple trust," says Bob Boorstin, special assistant to the president for policy coordination. "And I think it's the kind of trust you get when people are lobbing hand grenades at you, and you're down there in the trench smelling each other's breath for six months."

"I think Clinton sees him as the ideal younger brother," says one person who worked closely with both men during the campaign. "As everything the real brother is not."

Stephanopoulos refuses any suggestion that he and the president have some "special, strange, familial bond, or whatever. . . . I just hope he thinks I'm a very good, loyal staffer." Yet in all really important staff relationships, between a principal and the one or two aides who work most intimately with him, there is at least some quality of a marriage, some deep fit between psyches that answers needs on both sides.

Over time, Stephanopoulos became what Richard Mintz calls "Clinton's political mirror." Clinton would sometimes call Stephanopoulos after midnight—even as late as two o'clock in the morning. Dutifully, Mintz would assure Clinton that Stephanopoulos wasn't asleep, and then go pound on his door to wake him up, so that Stephanopoulos could provide an ear for as long as Clinton needed to talk.

Recalls *Newsweek*'s Miller, "In the spring, during the primaries, Clinton was really difficult to be around—really bitter, really awful. A lot of times George would just listen, let him talk." Then and now, Stephanopoulos has been the man on whom Clinton can unleash what everyone agrees is a terrible temper. During the campaign, "the president would call and yell at him 10 times a day," according to one colleague. "He's always a target for Clinton when he's angry," says another.

His fine understanding of Clinton's moods made him the person through whom all Clinton's political advisers approached the candidate. Says Miller, "George has a unique ability—he's the only one other than Hillary—not to 'manipulate' him, but to press the right buttons to get the end result he wanted."

Stephanopoulos found an important ally in Hillary Rodham Clinton, who is said to appreciate his religious background—and who surely appreciates his effectiveness. He is one of the few aides who are close enough to address her as "Hillary." But he has also handled his relationship with her carefully, knowing,

GEORGE

in the words of one campaign observer, that "if she didn't believe in George he wouldn't be there."

A simple reason for both Clintons' attachment to Stephanopoulos is the younger man's loyalty. Most political aides are constantly playing to two audiences: the boss and the larger political world—especially reporters—with whom they will still be doing business long after that boss has returned to Houston or Plains or Bel-Air. This audience they appeal to by describing, off the record, all their boss's flaws, and all his mistakes, and all the mistakes he would have made without the aid of wise counselors like themselves. Stephanopoulos doesn't play this game. In the rough first spring of Clinton's presidency, when other staffers were calling around to friends in the permanent power structure to agonize about whether their careers would ever recover from service in Clinton's White House, Stephanopoulos was defending his boss to the last ditch.

"The president trusts him," says one White House aide. "He trusts him implicitly. He knows that even though George may disagree on certain things, George is never going to do anything to fuck him."

Stephanopoulos's loyalty has been especially remarkable considering how poorly Clinton has sometimes reciprocated. As spokesman during the campaign, and damage-control artist today, Stephanopoulos has often had to defend Clinton without the benefit of knowing the full truth. A friend says that Stephanopoulos was "really exasperated," for example, at the way Clinton's explanations of his draft record kept shifting. The effort to "piece together what happened in the Clintons' complicated past . . . just exhausted him." Adds a Clinton campaign aide, "We never had all the facts, in all those episodes. We were always scrambling."

The explosion of political turmoil over the Clintons' investment in the Whitewater Development Company has posed eerily similar problems for the White House staffers—including Stephanopoulos—who were assigned to try to smother the brushfire. Only the Clintons knew the full story of their Arkansas finances, and the contents of records that their staffs pleaded with them to disclose. Even as they tried to stave off the appointment of a special counsel in early January, Clinton aides didn't know exactly what sins their blanket denials might apply to. Thus there was a certain irony in hearing a weary Stephanopoulos try to bat away the story as a familiar reprise of old charges—"déjà vu all over again." For him, Whitewater must have a depressing familiarity indeed.

Friends say, though, that Stephanopoulos has made a clear-eyed peace with his boss's shortcomings. "He has no illusions about Bill Clinton's faults," says one. "I think he thinks of Clinton as enormously flawed. But that was something he kept pretty much to his closest friends in the campaign." One of the few times he showed anger in the inner circles of the campaign was during the early spring of '92, when the candidate was hurting his chances through his own flagging discipline. Watching Clinton eat too much, stay up too late, stress his weakened vocal cords, and step on his own message, Stephanopoulos—the boy who nearly starved himself down to 98 pounds as a senior in high school—was outraged.

But this contrast is, of course, what makes the two men such perfect complements: Stephanopoulos's steely discipline counters Clinton's compulsive lack of it, just as Clinton's boundless optimism balances the younger man's bleak pessimism. "Clinton wears his heart on his sleeve," says a White House staffer. "George wears his heart hidden under several layers of armor, really."

In the White House, Stephanopoulos has continued to be the person most effective at containing Clinton's undisciplined style. Clinton has established a structure in which the entire executive branch essentially reports to him. And when Stephanopoulos was trying to simultaneously advise the president, run the communications department, and serve as press secretary, no one was really assigned the role of backing Clinton up throughout his day. This was one reason for the government-by-crisis that seemed to dominate the first half of Clinton's first year.

In addition, Clinton tends to stay up late into the night, according to pollster Stan Greenberg, "either rethinking decisions that were made during the course of the day or second-guessing things, getting upset about things. So in the morning, George, I think, faces all that rethinking from dawn on." In other words, gentling the president toward resolution is an important part of Stephanopoulos's job.

Stephanopoulos acknowledges that Clinton's first year in office has been a steady series of peaks and valleys: acclaimed success at one moment, desperate trouble the next. "You get up a head of steam and then—oops! What's coming around the corner? I guess one of the things you learn, though, is that it's just another turn. And when you sort of *deeply* understand that, then you can get on and do your job."

Even factoring out the flattery that creeps into Washingtonians' descriptions of powerful colleagues, Stephanopoulos appears to be well liked inside the White House—in part because he has made so many other people's jobs run more smoothly. But perhaps the best measure of his power is the fact that both Chief of Staff Thomas "Mack" McLarty and counselor David Gergen, amid their many praises of him, deliver subtle put-downs designed to minimize his personal relationship with the president.

"It's a professional relationship," emphasizes McLarty. "They did not know each other before the president announced—unlike in my case, who's known the president since kindergarten." And Gergen volunteers to discuss the way Clinton unleashes his temper on Stephanopoulos. "I think because it's probably more difficult for the president to vent at an older man—an old man like me," he adds jocularly.

Yet Stephanopoulos's advice often outweighs that of the other two on matters of substance. Advisers on both the domestic and the foreign-policy sides agree that the president rarely makes a major decision without soliciting Stephanopoulos's advice.

Colleagues agree that Stephanopoulos has pushed the more traditionally liberal side of this president's agenda: the earned-income tax credit, the plan for universal child immunizations, full funding for Head Start. He has constantly argued that deficit reduction should not take precedence over other Clinton goals—an argument that pits him against "deficit hawks" such as budget director Leon Panetta, his deputy, Alice Rivlin, and Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen.

But his chief job is to give political advice: This will fly; that will not. This is what will happen to your polls if you take that step. Do you or don't you have the votes in the House to pass this plan?

"George doesn't allow any false choices," says Greenberg. "George has a role of forcing a recognition of which

goals are in conflict, and where there have to be trade-offs, and where priorities need to be made. I've seen him do it with brutal honesty."

Despite Stephanopoulos's liberalism, his advice tends to be—in a practical sense—conservative and risk-averse. For all his youth and hip new look, Stephanopoulos is deeply a product of his congressional background, above all a student of the impacted interest-group politics that drive the Hill. On the basis of his congressional sensitivities, for example, he advised from the start that an alcohol tax must not even be considered as a way to fund health care. He also advised Clinton against spending his political capital on the passage of NAFTA—which was considered a loser on the Hill until the final week before the vote.

"George's version of political reality is a skeptical, congressional, pessimistic one," says a White House colleague who faults Stephanopoulos's caution. "On the Hill, every dream you've ever had has been tried and failed, at one point or another. Some look at that and accept it as an insurmountable obstacle, and others believe that political realities can be changed. That that's the president's job. . . . [George's] political advice is shaped more by where Congress is than by where the American people are."

Perhaps the best example of Stephanopoulos's pragmatism is his role in brokering a compromise on Clinton's campaign promise to end the ban on gays in the military. Moving between gay groups, the Defense Department, congressional conservatives, and more sympathetic congressmen such as Representative Barney Frank, he sold Clinton on the "Don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" policy that was finally adopted. Stephanopoulos's solution bowed to the fact that the government opponents of the change could inflict more political pain on the president than the gay groups he would disappoint.

Clinton aides disagree about whether this was a good solution in any but a political sense. There is no dispute, however, that Stephanopoulos is the man best able to make Clinton accept political reality. "Clinton has a wonderful, ineffable sense that he can accomplish all kinds of things, and accomplish them all at once," says a White House aide. "Everybody knows that Clinton doesn't like to say no. It's his great failing. It's what makes him a great politician, but it's his great flaw."

George, this aide continues, is the star at forcing Clinton to deal with "stuff Clinton knows but that he doesn't like to face."

This is the most important way in which Stephanopoulos is Clinton's perfect mirror. For it is here that Stephanopoulos's ace in the hole is his spiritual side—that hint of a finer nature somehow finding its way through a shark tank. On the one hand, Clinton is reflexively a man who acts as if compromise is a virtue in its own right. On the other hand, he always seems eager to believe that he has arrived not only at the doable deal but at the *right* solution. On the issue of gays in the military, several administration sources say, one of the things that sold Clinton on the compromise was the fact that Stephanopoulos—whom everyone knew to be at heart a supporter of overturning the ban altogether—described it as an honorable alternative.

Stephanopoulos is not the only person in Clinton's circle who serves to assure him that purity and pragmatism can be achieved simultaneously. It might be said that Hillary Clinton—the corporate lawyer with the do-gooder's drive, the shrewd tactician who also touts "the politics of meaning"—provides a similar assurance.

But in George Stephanopoulos, Clinton hired a package that is hard to find. The combination is brilliantly captured in *The War Room*. In one scene, late in the movie, Stephanopoulos is seen on the telephone with a caller who is threatening to publicize some new allegation of womanizing on Clinton's part. We see him kissing off the caller in a blizzard of arguments that mix contempt, blandishment, and thinly veiled threat. "People will think you're scummy," he tells his caller coldly. It is a moment of breathtaking political swagger. Only minutes later, he is seen on Election Day, talking to Paul Begala on the telephone, telling him, "Paulie . . . as I was driving to work, I started to cry." And when the victorious Clinton calls him that night, to go over his acceptance speech, Stephanopoulos says the words that would be music to any politician's ears—but perhaps especially to Bill Clinton's. Thanking him for the opportunity to serve, Stephanopoulos says to the man he has just helped elect, "This was the best thing I ever did."

If that is what binds Clinton to Stephanopoulos, it's not hard to see what Stephanopoulos gets from the relationship: he gets to sit just a few yards from the most powerful office in the world. And while he would clearly have been happy to occupy a similar spot in the administration of Richard Gephardt or Bob Kerrey, it is possible that he gets something in the service of Bill Clinton that he would not have gotten from those others.

For if those contrasting segments of the movie represent two genuine parts of George Stephanopoulos, then he is, by definition, a man who lives with—who manages—a constant internal conflict. It is impossible to know at what depth of his being he wrestles with this tension: he's quite willing to talk about it—in fact, he insists on talking about it—but he does so in his most deeply guarded mode, spinning, spinning.

"The only way to resolve the problem of politics—which is that sometimes you have to do bad things for a good end, or that you have to get dirty hands—is that you have to know when to leave," explains George Stephanopoulos, who has only just arrived. "And that there have to be certain things that you're going to leave over; that you'll know that it's almost nonsustainable over the long haul.

"Now the question is, what is the long haul and how do you know when you're not doing what you thought you were supposed to be doing? I don't know, but you just have to keep asking the question."

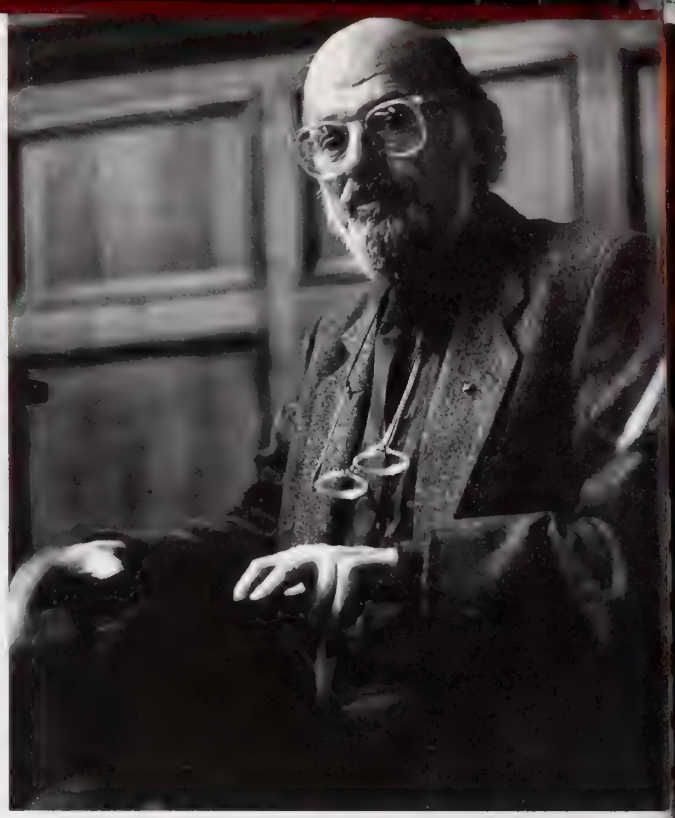
It's a neat summary, entirely devoid of the messy human ambivalence that his family history, his friendships, his aspirations all point to. In the end, one can only guess at the satisfaction George Stephanopoulos may draw from his complicated usefulness to President Clinton: as he plies his great, God-given political skill every day on the president's behalf, he gets to know that, while he may be most valuable as his mother's child, he is also visible as his father's. □

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Vanity Fair (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by The Conde Nast Publications Inc., Conde Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Pamela M. Van Zanet, Executive Vice President, Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President, Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Sales Agreement Number 33332. Subscriptions: In the United States and its possessions, $15 for one year, $28 for two years. In Canada, $27 for one year, including G.S.T. Registration No. 123242885. In the Caribbean and the Americas, $31. Elsewhere, $62, payable in advance. Single copies, $3 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322. The first copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Address all editorial, production, and business correspondence to *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Manuscripts, photographs, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, *Vanity Fair* is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited material.
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Social Study

Allen Ginsberg



The godfather of Beat, Allen Ginsberg is an icon of social and artistic revolution. As he publishes a new book, *Cosmopolitan Greetings*, and reflects upon his poetic journey in a film bio, *The Life and Times of Allen Ginsberg*, NELL SCOVELL compels him to answer *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Excellent health, no flu, no leprosy.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Incriminating eloquence.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Poetry office with fax, Xerox, and photography archive.

What is your favorite occupation?
Writing poems in a bedside notebook.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Insanity, drug-induced or natural.

What is your greatest regret?
I didn't accept a friend's invitation to get in bed naked in 1944.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Continuous cowardice.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Renew my body, set at 17.

Which living person do you most despise?
New York City's Cardinal O'Connor, for his gay hypocrisy, considering that his powerful predecessor Cardinal Spellman was notoriously gay.

On what occasion do you lie?
To protect friends from my public life in poetry. Candor for oneself doesn't require snitching on others.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Virginity and/or cynicism and/or machismo.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Co-dependency with madman or -woman.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Intelligent beauty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Sympathetic self-reliability.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Prince Myshkin in Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*.

Who are your heroes in real life?
William Seward Burroughs, Tibetan lama Nawang Gelek Rinpoche, sensei Philip Whalen, Bob Dylan.

What is your favorite journey?
To Benares, the "oldest continuously inhabited city in the world."

Where would you like to live?
Sometimes Paris, sometimes London, sometimes Benares, sometimes San Francisco, sometimes New York.

How would you like to die?
In Buddhist community peacefully, aged 100, in presence of a helpful lama.

What is your motto?
"First thought, best thought."

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
The Eiffel Tower.

What is it that you most dislike?
Theopolitical nationalist "family values" TV hypocrites and their corresponding heads of state.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Situation," "sitting practice of meditation," and "Beat Generation."

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Draft of screenplay
Microsoft Word
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Photos of Beep-Beep, Lily & Nike
Adobe Photoshop
Historical research files
Possible character names for future novels
First draft of novel (700 pages)
Second draft of novel (500 pages)
Final draft of novel (300 pages)
Exercise routine from High Voltage
Notes on Salvation Army stores all over the country
List of boxes of stuff in storage
Research on camels
Articles about hairless dogs
Letter to Jeffrey T. Leeds, my financial advisor



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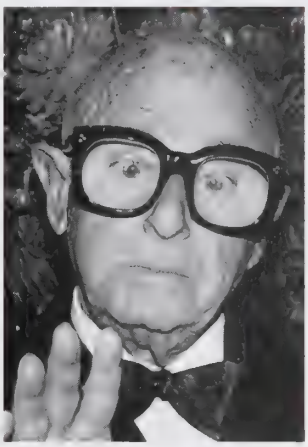
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Editor's Letter

The Book on Hollywood



For more than a decade before he died, Irving Lazar was a superagent trying to close a very personal deal. It probably took "Swifty" about five minutes to negotiate the contract for his memoirs with Simon & Schuster's Michael Korda, but his search for a collaborator was long and difficult. He ran through an impressive list of candidates, including *New York Times* book critic Michiko Kakutani, former *Times* reporter Chris Chase, old family friend George Plimpton, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Michael Shnayerson, and *W* writer James Reginato. Some of the associations were relatively fleeting; others led to draft chapters and clashes with Lazar's wife, Mary, ultimately foundering in the chasm between the way others saw Swifty Lazar and the way the world's most famous agent saw himself.

Annette Tapert, who had collaborated on Slim Keith's autobiography, turned down an approach from Lazar in 1992. But last year, after Swifty gave up on his autobiography and decided to tell his story to *Vanity Fair,* Tapert left for California and spent a month interviewing him. The result, on page 152, is the rich tale of one of Hollywood's true legends. "The *Vanity Fair* piece was really going to serve as his memoir," Tapert recalls. "Irving didn't think he'd be able to get the book done." But then she got a call from Simon & Schuster: Lazar had decided Tapert should be his Boswell. She believes "it was timing. Mary had loved the Slim Keith book and Mary had wanted me to do his book."

Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate Mary's influence. *V.F.*'s Michael Shnayerson, who spent the summer of 1990 working on Lazar's memoir, says that "it was really Mary who read my pages. She didn't feel I'd captured his voice." Shnayerson did get a sense of the man, however, which is reflected in his poignant account, on page 161, of Mary's premature death and the bizarre final year of Lazar's A-list life. As for the autobiography, Shnayerson adds, "Mary and Irving thought they wanted the book to appear, but they really didn't. It was Irving's last work, and if it was done, then his life was over, and he was really spooked by his mortality. Now that he's dead, maybe that book can be written." In the meantime, Tapert and Shnayerson provide a stunning portrait of a legendary player.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Cry Wolf

ON THE COVER
Jack Nicholson wears a vest by Giorgio Armani and a shirt from Western Costume. Theatrical hair by Joy Zapata and Alan Danjerio. Theatrical makeup by Steve Abrams and Rick Baker. Set design by Luca DeCarlo. Prop styling by Pascale Vaquette. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.



MARINA SCHIANO

MARINA SCHIANO

Jack Nicholson goes Lon Chaney Jr. one better in the werewolf makeup he wears in *Wolf,* from Columbia. With supermodels Claudia Schiffer, *far left,* and Vendela, *above* with Herb Ritts, he tries to control the monster within. (Hair for Schiffer and Vendela by Peter Savic for Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare. Makeup by Francesca Tolot for Cloutier.)


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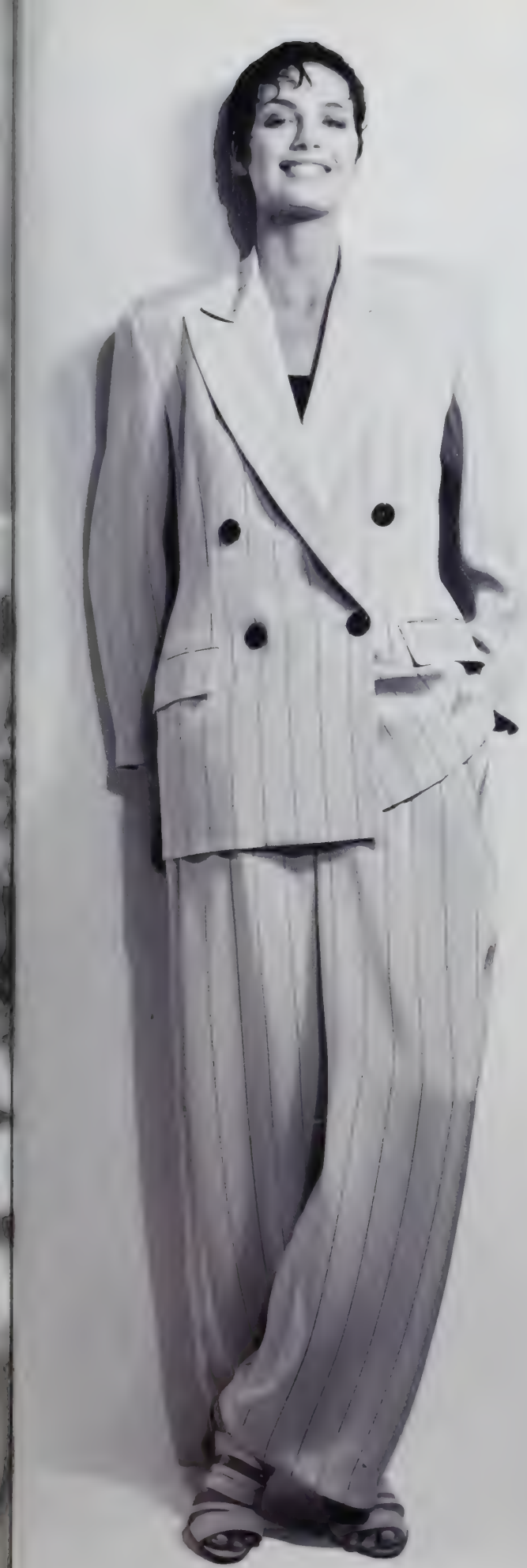
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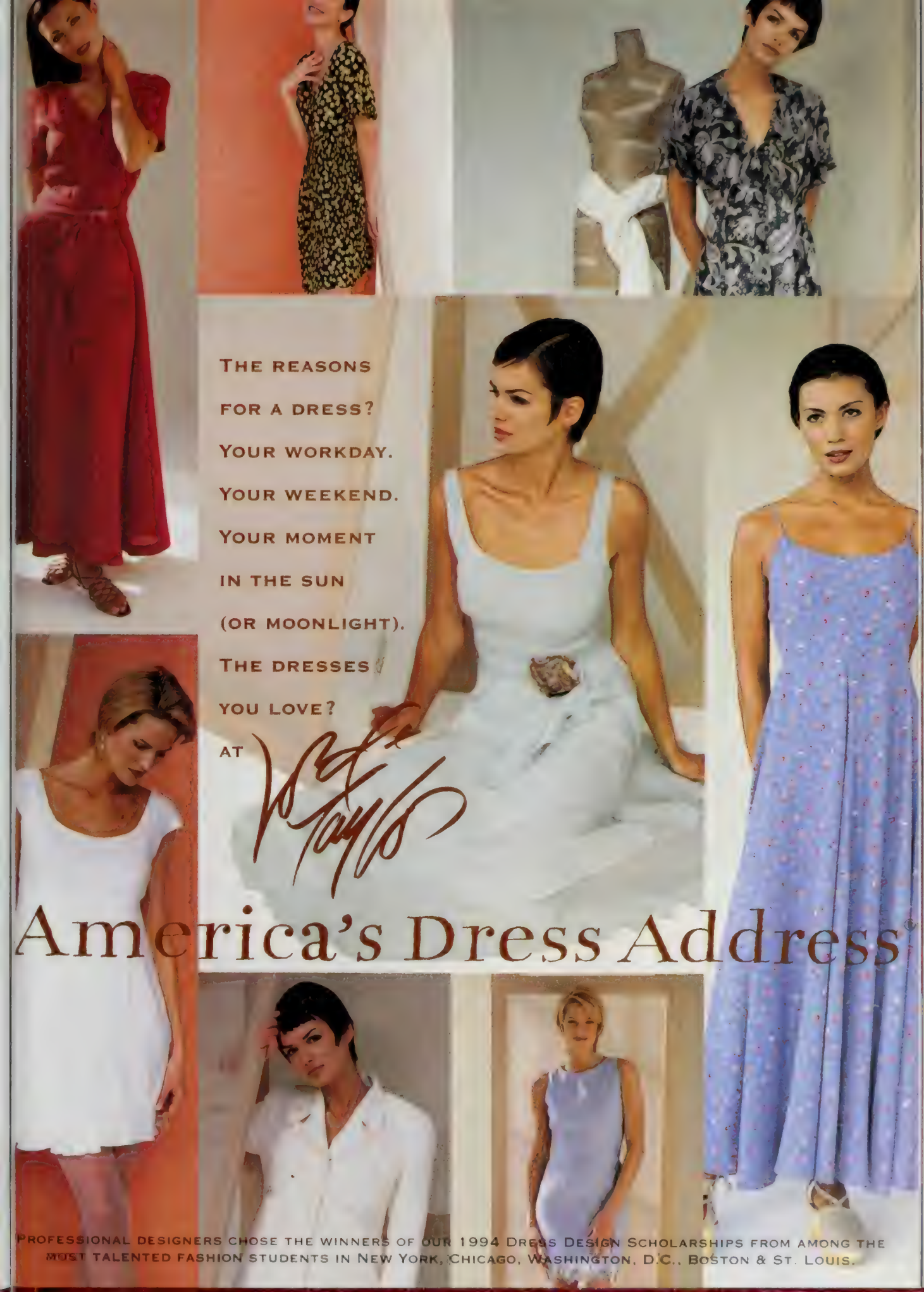


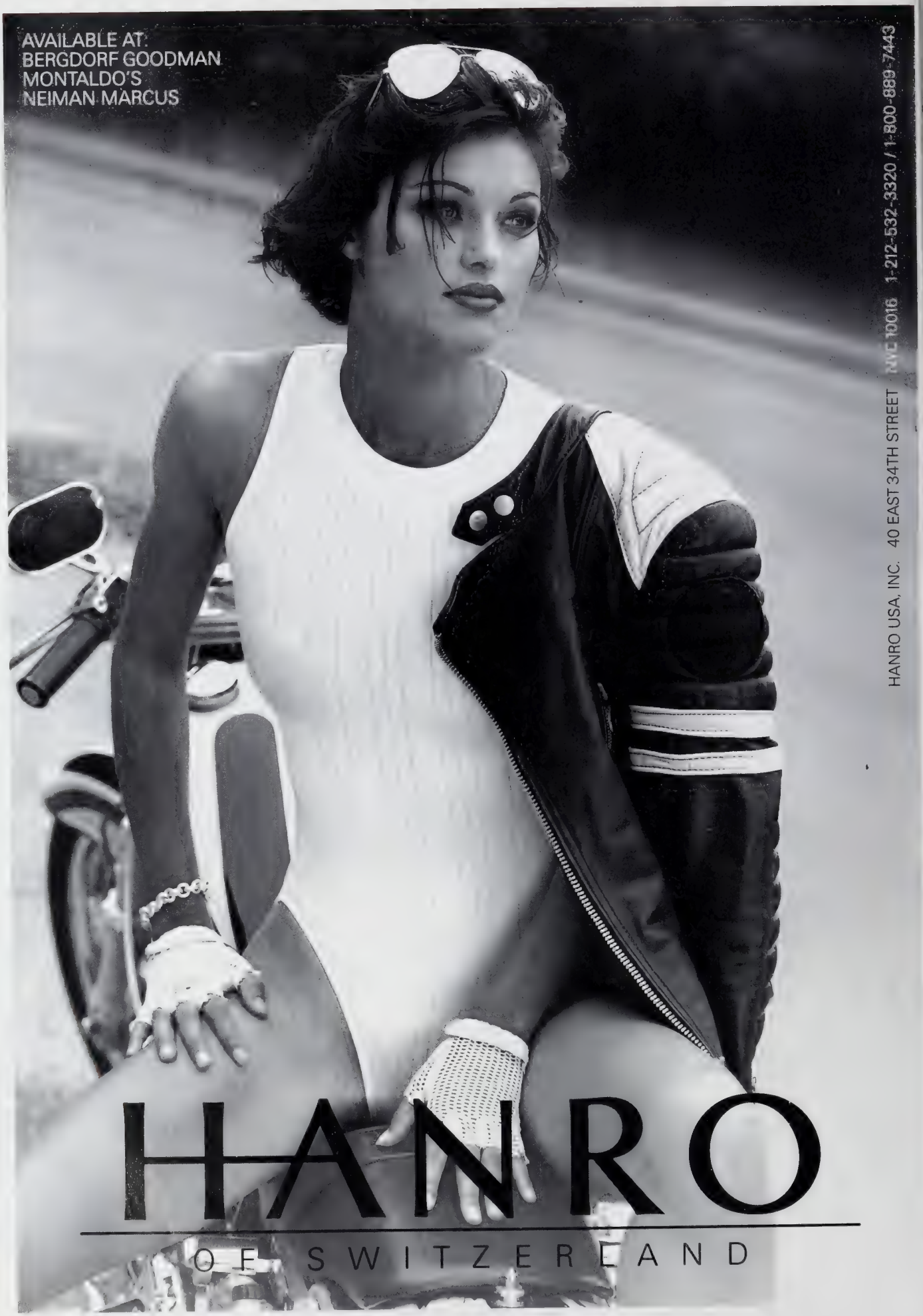
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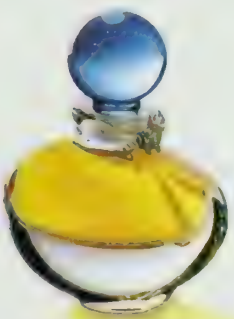
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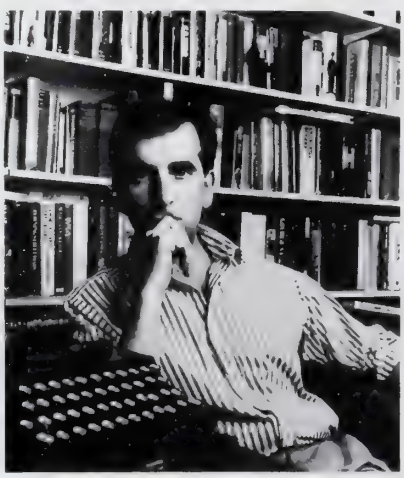


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NICOLA DILL

Nancy Collins is a special correspondent on ABC's PrimeTime Live. *This month, on page 118, she and Jack Nicholson talk about aging, loving, and running with wolves.*



CHARLES HOPKINSON

Robert Harris is the author of the best-selling Fatherland *(Random House). He was political editor of* The Observer *of London and a columnist for the London* Sunday Times. *This month, on page 134, he writes about the scandals that have racked the British political establishment.*

Lynn Barber, a columnist for London's *Sunday Times,* is writing a book about the British royal family for Viking. Of her story in this issue, she says, "I'm a besotted *AbFab* fan and can recite whole chunks of it by heart."

Bryan Burrough, co-author of *Barbarians at the Gate* (HarperCollins), traveled to Istanbul, Zurich, Toronto, and Los Angeles for this month's look at the hidden world of rare-coin magnate Bruce McNall.

Dominick Dunne spent seven months in Los Angeles reporting on the Menendez trial. "When the earthquake hit," he says, "I was so obsessed with this story that the only thing I thought to grab was my article. And then I went back in the darkness and grabbed my computer."

(Continued on page 26)

BARNEYS
NEW YORK

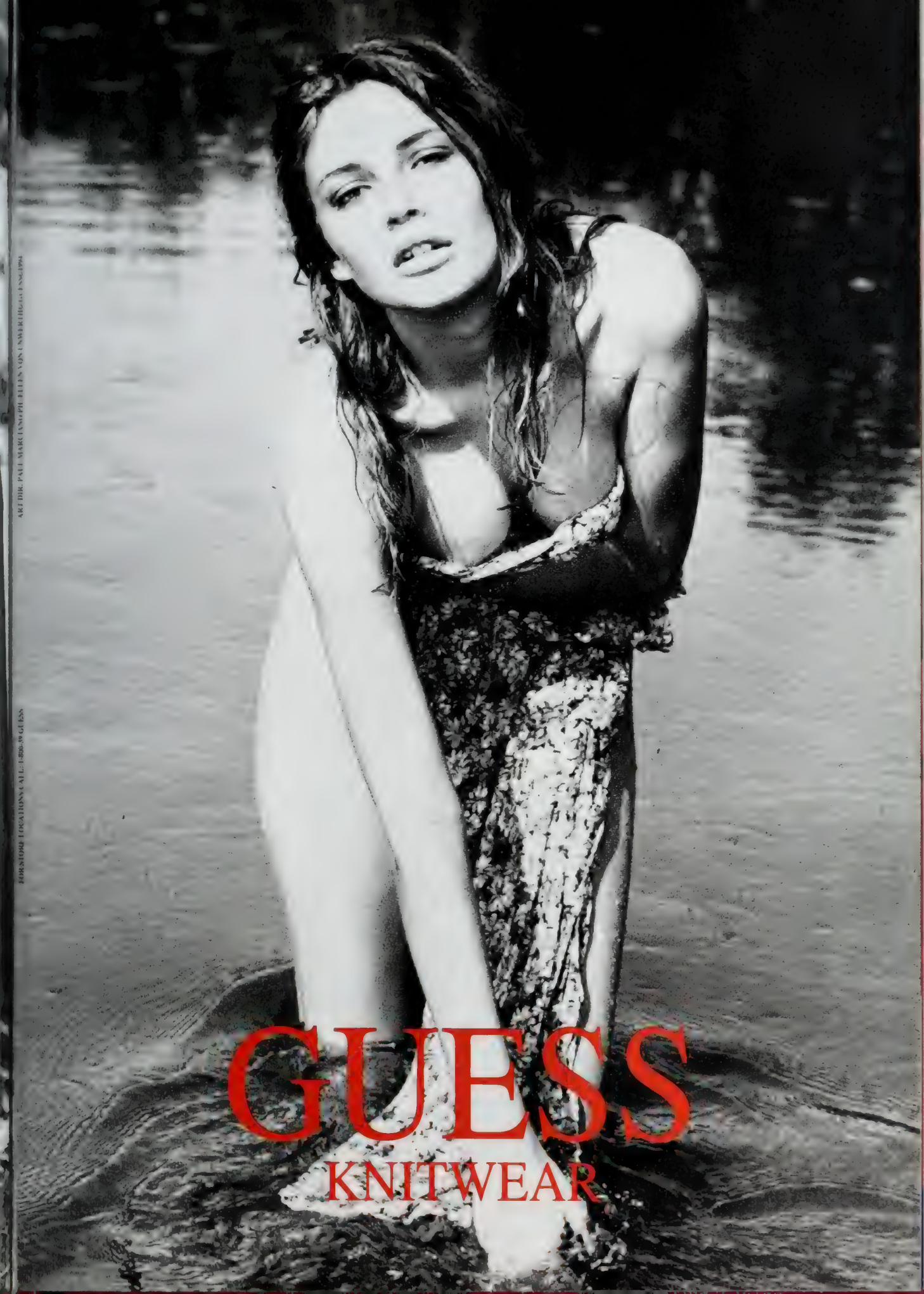
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(Continued from page 22)



MARK McKENNA

Annette Tapert has done a number of autobiographical collaborations, including Slim: Memories of a Rich and Imperfect Life *(Warner) with Slim Keith. Her coming memoir of Irving Lazar (Simon & Schuster) started with her* V.F. *profile on page 152, which she was writing at the time of his death.* The Power of Style: The Women Who Define the Art of Living Well, *for which she wrote the text, will be out this fall from Crown.*

Bret Easton Ellis is the author of three novels: *Less than Zero, The Rules of Attraction* (both from Penguin), and *American Psycho* (Vintage). A new book, *The Informers,* will be published this fall by Knopf.



SARA BARRETT

Kim Masters, who covers politics for the Washington Post *"Style" section, is co-writing a book for Simon & Schuster about Sony's experience in Hollywood, the subject of her article on page 126.*

Christopher Hitchens, a Washington-based contributing editor, is the author of *For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports* (Verso).

Dafydd Jones, the photographer, has been back and forth across the Atlantic working for *Tatler, Connoisseur,* and *The New York Observer,* and is now in New York at *Vanity Fair,* where he is a contributing photographer.

Wayne Maser is a New York–based photographer. His work has appeared in *Vogue, Allure,* and *Interview.*



Michael Shnayerson is one of several people who at one time were co-writing Swifty Lazar's autobiography. "Swifty could be a nasty, snobbish little man," he says of his subject on page 161. "But he also had a sharp sense of humor, a gangsterlike loyalty until crossed, and the courage to go it alone his whole life. He was, finally, an icon of Hollywood history, half real, half invented, definitely the last of a breed."

Herb Ritts traveled to Tanzania to scout his latest book, *Africa* (Bulfinch). Some proceeds from the book, which will be out this fall, will go to environmental charities. An accompanying exhibition is set to tour New York, Los Angeles, Tokyo, and Europe.

Jeffrey Rosen is legal-affairs editor of *The New Republic,* where he writes about the Supreme Court and constitutional politics.

Ned Zeman is a staff writer at *Sports Illustrated.*

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Letters

OH, THAT COVER!



No Holds Barred

Vanity Fair's *February cover interview with Roseanne Arnold ("Really Roseanne," by Kevin Sessums) generated enormous publicity across the country. The story was broadcast to hundreds of millions of viewers worldwide and was mentioned in more than 1,100 articles. The cover photo, by Annie Leibovitz, also had its share of controversy. Did the pose, which was inspired by the artist Fernando Botero, go too far, or did it capture the challenging candor of Roseanne's interview with Sessums? Either way, hundreds of readers felt strongly about both the cover and the interview. Here is just a sample of this month's huge mailbag:*

Vanity Fair is classy, exotic, interesting, outstanding, charming, stylish—everything Roseanne Barr Arnold is NOT. She has lost her appeal as a voice for the ordinary woman struggling, living, and enjoying life with all its ups and downs. She has "sold out" to the false society of bright lights, in which people are so vain that every little flaw must be blamed on others or corrected by a surgeon's scalpel.

Keep the new and improved Roseanne, please. I prefer the raunchy, down-to-earth, real woman—flab, flaws, and all.

VIRGINIA COLUNGA
Colton, California

Kevin Sessums' doting interview with Roseanne Arnold was tragic. The tragedy lay with his willingness to provide Ms. Arnold with an uncritical forum to relate her undocumented and unverified story of child molestation at the hands of her Salt Lake City parents. Here is a "lady" who clearly seeks scapegoats for her own choices and inadequacies, and has hit on the best scapegoats of all—two defenseless parents. Her uncorroborated allegations of child molestation 20 years later are im-

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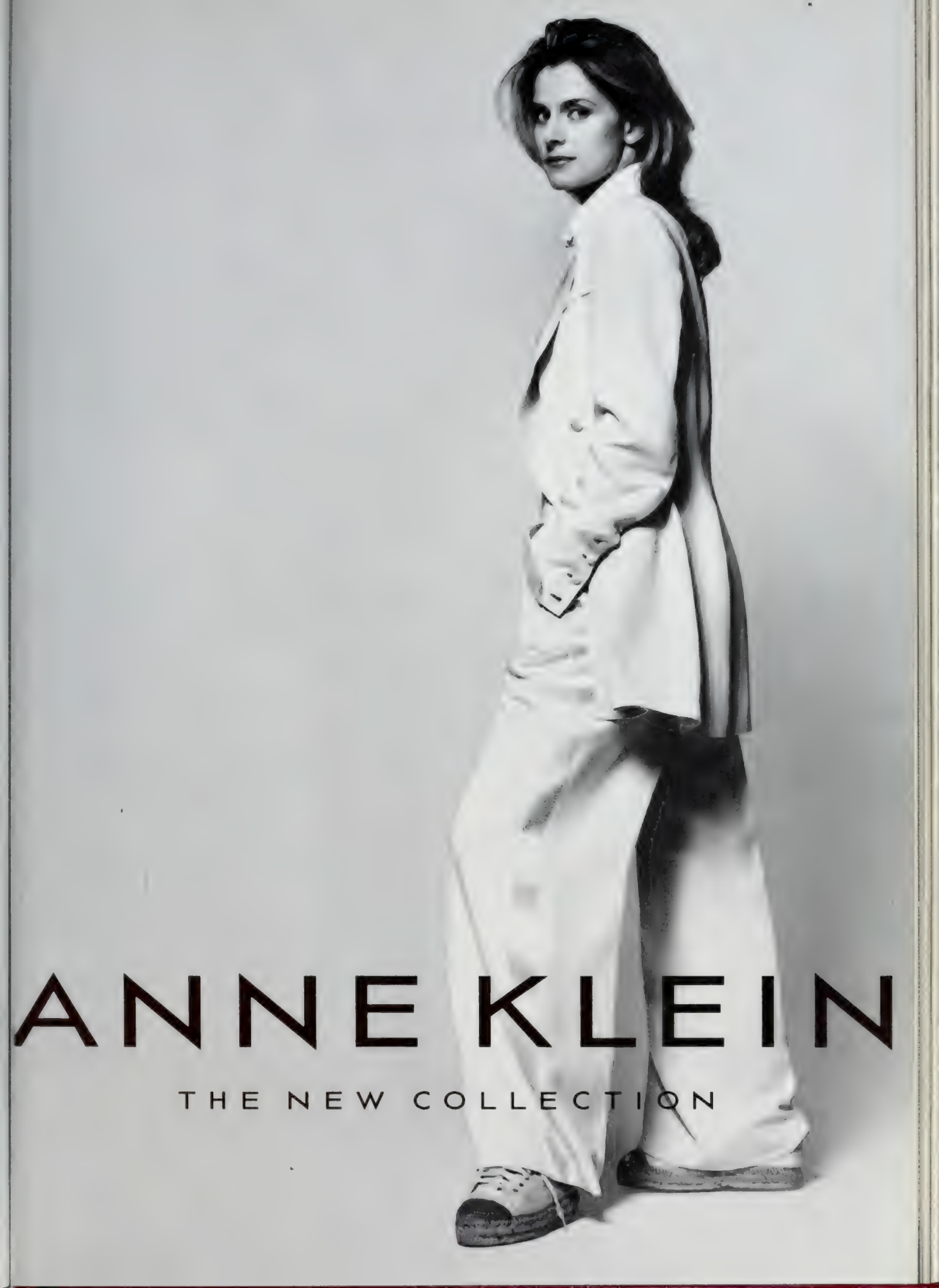
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ANNE KLEIN
THE NEW COLLECTION

she has aren't reason enough to live, another one won't be, either.

MICHELE M. CARDELLA
New York, New York

Ms. Arnold is a role model to many, and after this article, I hope that more people will confront their pain, and begin to heal. We are fortunate to have such a strong person to let us know that there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

Congratulations, Mr. Sessums, and a warm thank-you to Ms. Arnold.

M. TRACEY CHESLER
Los Angeles, California

Roseanne's self-description should read, "The richest, most powerful and vulgar woman in Hollywood." Lucille Ball and Mary Tyler Moore were very funny ladies, and Roseanne would be better compared to Lenny Bruce.

MARJORIE WEGLEIN
Huntington, New York

I was fascinated by the (intentional?) juxtaposition of articles about Greta Garbo ["Garbo's Lost Years," by Barry Paris] and Roseanne Arnold in your February issue, two ladies whom I greatly admire for their accomplishments. From all of Garbo's life, one must scrape to find any personal statements from the actress about herself or her work. On the other hand, Arnold's career has been characterized by the never-ending coverage of what she has to say on *any* subject. Arnold is certainly entitled to her opinions, but when she talks about Michael Jackson or the Menendez brothers, it makes one realize how the print medium has changed since Garbo's time.

LARRY BILLMAN
Brea, California

I enjoy your magazine and I usually find your covers to be provoking and artistic, but this issue with Roseanne on "exhibit" I find to be gratuitous vulgarity. Incidentally, I have never written to any publication, but I do so now because this is, in my eyes, the extreme of ugliness.

GLORIA ROSEN
Rancho Mirage, California

At least I'll give you credit for one thing. The cover picture of Roseanne should make every man in America swear off pornography forever. For that, I thank you.

SUSAN L. CHERNIN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Best of the Rest

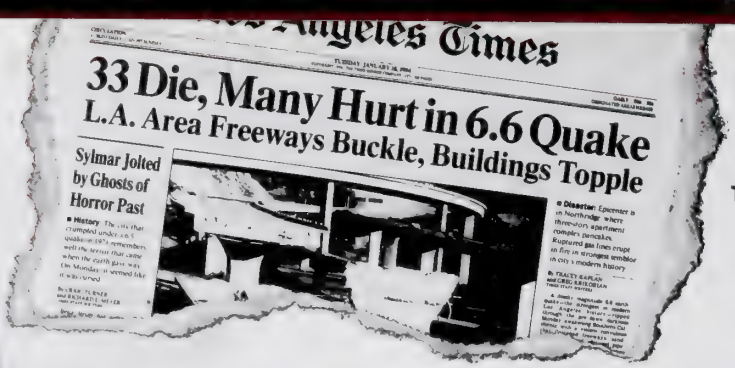
Concerning "Garbo's Lost Years," by Barry Paris (February), Kay Alford of Noblesville, Indiana, gets right to the heart of the Garbo Question—indeed, to the very heart of the whole matter of fame versus privacy—when she observes, with some impatience, "If she wanted to be alone, go for it." Go for it, Miss Garbo! And G. D. Bryars of Toronto writes, "I am immensely relieved never to have met Miss Garbo, never to have talked to her on the phone, nor to have spent even a half-hour in her presence." Sadly, Garbo's feelings about not having met G. D. Bryars, talked on the phone with him, or spent even a half-hour together will never be known. We can but speculate.

Robert M. Rosencrans, president of Columbia International, Inc., an owner and operator of U.S. cable systems, writing from Greenwich, Connecticut, says, "I feel compelled to provide a view of John Malone different from the one advanced by Martin Davis [in "The Siege of Paramount," by Bryan Burrough, February]. My relationship with John ranges from the early 70s up to the present . . . in the past eight years as a partner with TCI and Liberty in the operation of cable systems. I can testify to his outstanding integrity and to the fact that his commitments can be relied upon totally. . . . The accusations by Davis sound like he is ascribing his own most unattractive qualities to a competitor whose activities have become disruptive and inconvenient for him."

Two opposing but representative opinions on another February piece: "A careful reading of Christopher Hitchens's 'Radical Pique,' regarding Eugene and Elizabeth Genovese's critique of 'political correctness' on American university campuses, reveals that both Hitchens and the 'old Reds' are more attuned to defending Marxist ideology in the face of the current academic trend of postmodernism/poststructuralism than in defending true academic freedom and scholastic rigor," says William G. Ratliff of Haskell, Texas. Using somewhat shorter words, Ronald Radosh, professor emeritus of history of the City University of New York, asserts that the Genoveses "deserve all the plaudits that Hitchens gives them," but adds that Hitchens should have mentioned that "they allow reality to interfere with their once most cherished beliefs, and admit when they were wrong." Postmodernists, poststructuralists, and Genoveses alike —go for it. —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.


WHITE
DIAMONDS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
The fragrance
dreams are made of
A&S • JORDAN MARSH • BLOOMINGDALE'S • BURDINE'S
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Los Angeles Times

33 Die, Many Hurt in 6.6 Quake

L.A. Area Freeways Buckle, Buildings Topple

Sylmar Jolted by Ghosts of Horror Past

Paper palace: The *Los Angeles Times* and the building where language does battle with truth and logic.



SENSITIVE TO A FAULT

The *Los Angeles Times*, media mirror of the most multicultural city on earth, wants to be the bearer of good news. But its linguistic cleansing threatens to muffle reality

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In 1983, the big gun muzzles of the United States Navy erupted in bellicose flame for the first time since Vietnam, and sent high-explosive shells crashing into the Druze villages of the Lebanese Shuf Mountains. Since some of the shells weighed as much as a Volkswagen, the "collateral damage" was considerable. In far-off Los Angeles, an editorial discussion took place, only one of many around the United States, about the wisdom of this "peacekeeping" action. In the end, the *Los Angeles Times* decided to run an op-ed comment which broadly endorsed the Reagan administration's folly. "And the next morning," recalls Tim Rutten, then editor of the "Sunday Opinion" section, "I came to work and found the Times Mirror building surrounded by furious local Druze. Until that instant, I hadn't known that the largest Druze community outside Lebanon was right here."

In one way, this goes to show that you can't be too careful. Especially, perhaps, in Los Angeles—the most multicultural city on earth, and possibly in history. How right it is that any reputable paper should cultivate an awareness of its constituents. How wrong it was of the Druze to have neglected the advertising business. And how hard it might now be for me, if I were a columnist at the L.A. *Times,* to make a joke about how, say, some of my best friends are Druze. A joke isn't a joke if it has to be explained, let alone *justified,* and the same goes for many sorts of allusion, nuance, and affect—the invisible bits of writing and conversation which actually make it possible.

In recent months, the L.A. *Times* has become the object of extensive mirth, inside and outside journalism, by codifying a new set of amendments to the newspaper's stylebook which guide and shape the use of language concerning "ethnic and racial identification," to say nothing of gender and sexual orientation, to say nothing, indeed, of offensiveness, sensitivity, and correctitude in general. The target presented was a fat one, and satirists had an easy time of it. "Dutch treat" was rated a no-no for those who worry about the feelings of the Low Countries. "Deaf and deaf-mute," as well as "deaf-and-dumb," were to be avoided as unkind or pejorative. "French letter"—try not to think about it. You know the sort of thing. A columnist for the Valley edition of the paper, Scott Harris, contacted the Netherlands' consul, who told him that "Dutch treat" was fine and gave no offense to the Dutch. He also contacted the Greater Los Angeles Council on Deafness, which informed him (whether by phone or not I was too dumb to ask) that deaf is "the preferred term." Mr. Harris's column was . . . I hardly dare say "killed," but at any event went un-run.

The list grew longer, as it had to if it was to be "inclusive." Red flags went up over "gyp" (beware Romany touchiness), over "babe" (natch), and over the seldom used but problematic "bi"—"an offensive reference to bisexual people." I realized that this had been coming for a while. David Shaw, the paper's esteemed media critic, once told me that he'd described a political mood as "entering its manic-depressive phase," only to be taken aside by an editor and cautioned because "there are some manic-depressives on the L.A. *Times.*" I should jolly well hope so: it would hardly be a newspaper if the case were otherwise. But can depression, or more

MARK LIPSON

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skincare for the woman
who defies her age.

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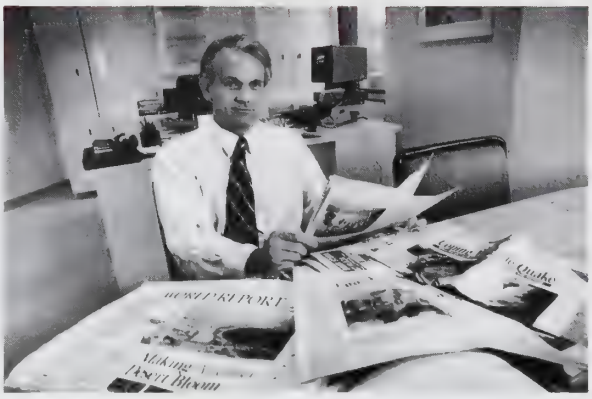


seriously can *oppression,* be alleviated by insistent, upbeat cheeriness and euphemism?

There is a thing in philosophical discourse called a "category-mistake." You make a category-mistake, for example, if you look at a thermometer and, seeing the temperature is dangerously high, break the thermometer in an effort to bring the temperature down. Los Angeles is a city of high temperatures. Wasn't its main daily thermometer making a crass error by trying to soften and appease all "categories"? Almost the entire staff of the paper's Washington bureau, as well as many of the staff in Los Angeles, sent in memos which talked darkly of "the journey from shunning offensive words to shying away from painful facts." Words such as "Orwellian" got used a lot.

Arriving in L.A., I went to lunch with Andrea Ford, a criminal-court reporter for the paper, who is a newsroom founder of the "Unity Caucus" and an activist in the National Association of Black Journalists. She is a member of the stylebook committee. She's also brave, tough, funny, smart, and (not that it counts, since this column is being written by a chap) attractive. She'd be a good editor on any paper. She thinks the proposed changes are *way* overdue. For her, the crux came in the 1992 riots. "A lot of us were used as foot soldiers in dangerous spots, and the coverage was very white. We started to look at the paper itself."

The *Los Angeles Times* occupies an exceptional place in both local and national journalism. It is the second-largest metropolitan daily in the nation. Its dispatches, from its many overseas bureaus and from its immense Washington office, are often reprinted in rival papers. It has won a host of prizes and awards. From a sleepy, Waspy, family-firm newspaper with a dislike for unions and immigrants, it has made the transition to a big-city, mainstream-liberal, investigative and reportorial colossus. Times Mirror Square straddles downtown L.A., occupying the entire block between First and Second and Broadway and Spring, rivaling the mass of city hall and the L.A.P.D. headquarters. A network of "zoned" editions, extending across the city and deep into Orange County and the San Fernando Valley, have their own separate offices, and from the Olympic printing plant and other presses flow more than a million copies a day (1.5 million on Sundays). Though it has suffered some recent reverses—the San Diego edition was a failure and was recently shut down, and the paper is in a tough circulation battle with *The Orange County Register,* its chief competitor since the demise of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*—the paper is profitable, and its owner, Times Mirror, still posts $3.7 billion in revenues. Times Mirror owns *Newsday* and the Baltimore *Sun,* among other newspapers, *Field & Stream* and *Golf Magazine,* among other magazines, and is the 10th-largest cable operator in the country.



It came as a rude shock to the management that when a "buyout" was offered the more talented names accepted.

Shelby Coffey III, editor of the L.A. *Times,* who is renowned for the acuity of his antennae.

In the life of the city, the *Times* acts, or should act, as a kind of daily seismograph. Its editorial and opinion sections—livelier by far than those of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*—register the tremors in black-Korean relations; the tension between Beverly Hills and the proposed mass-transit system; the rapid growth of the Catholic immigrant vote. Under the editorship of Shelby Coffey III, a man justly renowned for the acuity of his antennae, the paper has striven to be as protean and adaptable as the city itself, in the face of riots, fires, quakes, recessions, and intercommunal jealousies.

Close readers and many past and present staffers, however, complain of palpable tension between the *Times*'s cultural role and its institutional one. The obligation to cover everything and to give everybody the semblance of a hearing can too easily become a matter of marketing, and of being all things to all men (or all people).

There have been signs in the recent past of unmistakable bottom-linery. In 1989, Coffey inaugurated the new "faster format" edition, advertised as a more nuggetlike read. Stories shrank and pictures grew, and there was more color photography and more show biz. In 1992 the management offered a "buyout" to all staff members, the aim of which was to tempt the—ahem—less gifted and more elderly team members to take a bundle and depart. It came as a rude shock when, instead, some of the more talented and recognizable bylines decided to accept the offer that had not been meant for them. Though Coffey made efforts to keep people, he nonetheless found himself losing the primary allegiance of writers such as Robert Scheer, Charles Powers, and Bella Stumbo—stars, respectively, in the firmaments of politics, foreign reportage, and feature writing—and of the world-class cartoonist Paul Conrad.

This corporate background is necessary to understanding the latest war over "P.C.," or, if you prefer, over the house style. Might one guess at a connection between a paper more concerned with evolving a "something for everyone" prose and a paper that sought above all to be inoffensive? From this perspective, the proclaimed formal liberal aim of the editorial side makes a surprisingly good "fit" with the bland but definite imperatives of the corporate management, which is composed of men such as the ex–Nixon hand Lawrence Higby. "Giving in to the various caucuses," said one staffer gloomily, "is just another way of buying labor peace." "The paper these days is right down the middle," said cartoonist Paul Conrad, who has ruffled some "sensitivities" in his day. Thus, political correctness becomes a matter of deliberate bean counting, the race and gender calculus as a management tool.

The first tool used in the stylebook tussle, according to Andrea Ford, was the Lexis/Nexis computer search. An intensive scan disclosed that the word "nigger" appeared in the *Los Angeles*

AL SEIB

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You married a big kid. You had kids. When is it your turn? It's not fair. So make it fair. Jump on your bed. Play with your food. Hide in the backyard somewhere where only the dog can find you. Let someone else be the grownup for a while.



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Times, on average, every other day. "'Bitch' was No. 2 and then there was a long drop down to 'wetback,'" Andrea Ford told me. "Words like 'honky' and 'cracker' didn't feature in the same gratuitous way, but there were a few 'kikes.'" I listened enthralled to this enumeration. "The key thing was that when we asked the managing editor to guess how often the paper said 'nigger,' he thought it was about four or five times a *year.*" But it's not the words that matter so much, I gathered in the course of lunch. It's the spaces around and between them. "Take 'inner-city.' We call Watts 'inner-city' though it's barely inside the city limits of L.A. And take Baldwin Hills. It's one of the richest neighborhoods in the city, where the black achievers live, and we've called it 'South-Central,' which is even *geographically* inaccurate."

I gave the standard thrusts, but didn't get the standard parries. Isn't this Balkanizing the newsroom? "We're *already* Balkanized. We just don't acknowledge it. Count the number of blacks on the foreign staff. There are no blacks on the foreign staff. *Or* on the downtown city desk." O.K., but do you get over that by banning words? "There are no banned words. The guidelines never use the word 'ban.' Where does it say ban? You want to say 'nigger,' you can say it. But you need to clear it with one editor." Identity politics are a drag, aren't they, forcing people to think with their genitalia or their epidermis? "I'll drop the ID anytime just as soon as I don't need it anymore. Don't make me circle my wagons and I won't be so identity-conscious."

Ms. Ford gave me some examples of where she personally thought the guidelines were "silly." "Dutch treat" was one. The appellation of "bi" as offensive to bisexuals was another. "Deaf-mute" seemed to her to be an all-right usage. And the paper's laborious and embarrassed advice on when, or whether, to say "ghetto" struck her as "stupid." She asked me to note that the proposed manual doesn't even have an entry for the word "nigger," which it doesn't. (Though it does frown on the use of the word "Jew" as a verb. Who needs to be told that?)

"In other words," she wound up, "I think this is good for journalism reasons, not 'diversity' reasons. We should force ourselves to be precise and not to make lazy assumptions when we use words." I got the same line from Shelby Coffey and from those close to him. It's a matter of clarity and care, they said. We have a responsibility to be exact.

I must say that Andrea Ford nearly convinced me. But then, with the help of a disinterested friend, I managed to tap into the computer "basket" in which the L.A. *Times* has stored all the submissions from its various caucuses and minorities. The experience of reading this stuff at a sitting can be compared to that of standing in a wind tunnel of self-pity, bureaucratese, and mediocrity. (The entry password for hackers, by the by, is "Sensitive.")

Language is used as a chopping block to split the difference between the moistly compassionate and the hotly resentful.

The Native American stuff, with which I started, was amazing. "Be aware that since Native Americans are of different nations, all tribes may not share a common viewpoint." Too pompous and boring to be worth saying, you might think, except that in other contexts the word "tribe" is a stylebook no-no. The photographing or tape recording of tribe members, anyway, should be done only with the consent of "appropriate event officers," since Indians "may have strongly negative feelings about being photographed." (I thought that was a stereotype.) In any case, so do mobsters and the House of Windsor—not that it's the job of a newspaper to consider their "feelings." Terms such as "bow and arrow," "warpath," "low man on the totem pole," and even "costume" were disapproved.

Household and everyday family usage fell under a host of proposed constraints. Since "there is no such thing as a mother who doesn't work," there are no unemployed mothers—a "fact" more likely to gratify the Bureau of Labor Statistics than the single mother who can't find a job. The prefix "step-" and the expression "common-law marriage" are proposed for the chop. "Divorcée and spinster have acquired pejorative meanings and should not be used." "Poet" should be used for poetess and "aviator" for aviatrix, but there is "an exception for actress." Why?

Worst of all was the general tone of leaden, lugubrious sanctimony. "We generally endorse the terminology outlined in Shelby's June, 1991, memo, with proposed amendments and modifications contained in the Style and Usage Appendix 4 of the final Diversity Subcommittee Report on News Coverage."

For all the talk about clearing up ambiguities, and for all of Andrea Ford's good points about the hidden assumptions of such terms as "inner-city," the style manual in its current form is an *hommage* to political correctness. See the category-mistake at work in the entry "handicap," which defines it as an aspect not of person but of society: "A handicap is an environmental barrier preventing or making it difficult for full participation. For example, a person in a wheelchair is handicapped by stairs." Sweet. Stupid, though. And the inclusion of "WASP" and "welshing" is so obviously a spurious attempt at evenhandedness and damage control that it makes one weep and giggle by turns. *Nobody without clout in the office is catered to.* There is no entry at all for "Druze."

So I went back to Tim Rutten, who is still sorry for offending the Druze and most of all sorry for offending them by accident. "It's a problem of means and ends," he told me. "The paper should be much better in its coverage of minorities and immigrants. But this—this is the voice of the commissar. It's indifferent to the necessity of nuance. It means there's no foundation for coalition or solidarity, except on the basis of individuals of ethnic identification. It's *just* like the fragmentation of the city itself."

The *Los Angeles Times* is one of the great newspapers, and has been a home to many brave writers, reporters, and cartoonists. It stands athwart one of the great "faults" in society's crust—the fault of tectonic racial tension—just as the city itself stands between the mountains and the sea in point of space, and between the next earthquake and the next millennium in point of time. What such a paper needs, every day, is the pen of a Mencken or a Lincoln Steffens. What it has settled for is a grand consultative committee, made up of the well-meaning and the ill-tempered, using the language as a chopping block to split the difference between the moistly compassionate and the hotly resentful.□

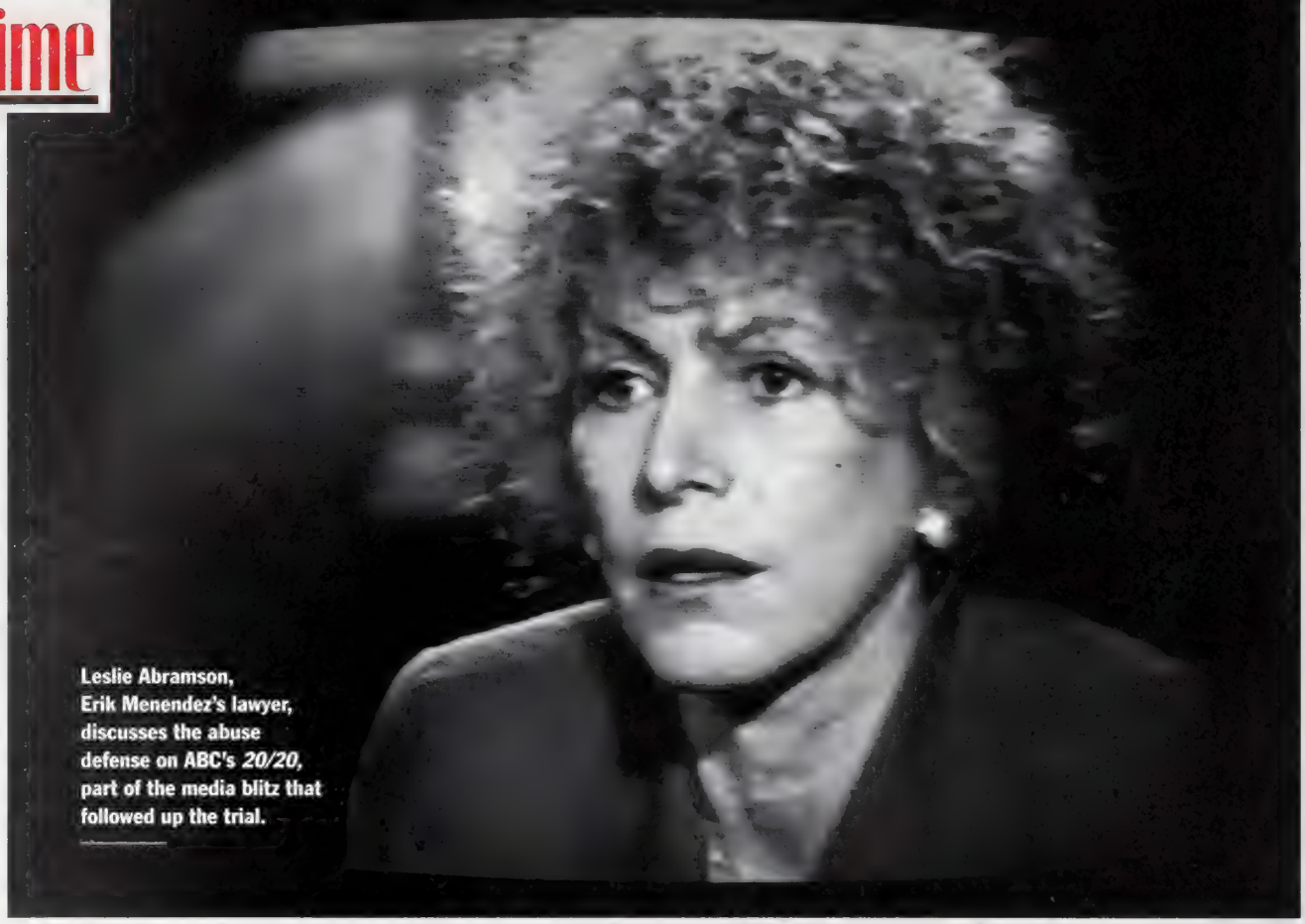
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THE BROADWAY
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Leslie Abramson, Erik Menendez's lawyer, discusses the abuse defense on ABC's *20/20*, part of the media blitz that followed up the trial.

MENENDEZ WITHDRAWAL

As Erik and Lyle Menendez await Round Two, their lawyers, jurors, relatives, and adversaries can't stop slugging it out over the original trial

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

What if Oedipus went on trial in Los Angeles for murdering his father? . . . [He] would claim years of abuse, invoke self-defense, and move to acquit. Welcome to American justice, '90s-style.

—Charles Krauthammer, *The Washington Post*, January 14, 1994.

America's bizarre fascination with the Menendez brothers' killing of their parents did not end when Lyle Menendez's hung jury resulted in a mistrial 15 days after Erik's hung jury had resulted in one. The airwaves and print media became saturated with opinion-makers, offering both admiration and outrage over the audacity of the defense tactic of abuse/excuse. *Dateline, Now, PrimeTime Live, 20/20, Nightline, Larry King Live,* and Court TV devoted segments or entire shows to the trial's astonishing dénouement, as did the less prestigious but highly popular tabloid and chat shows.

No one was more visible or more vocal than the old scene-stealer Leslie Abramson, the head of the defense team, who, continuing her march toward glory and national recognition, was thought by many to control the media for the week following the trial in the way she had controlled the courtroom for the six months of the trial itself. True to form, she charmed as many people as she angered. Outside the courthouse in Van Nuys, she claimed that her client, Erik Menendez, once an heir to the $14 million fortune of the parents he and his brother had shotgunned to death, was now indigent. She asked on television for donations to the Erik Menendez Legal Defense Fund for the next trial, and said that checks should be mailed to her office on Wilshire Boulevard. The request was looked upon as tasteless by many of those court watchers in the Van Nuys area who had lost their homes and belongings a few days earlier in the earthquake and were *(Continued on page 65)*



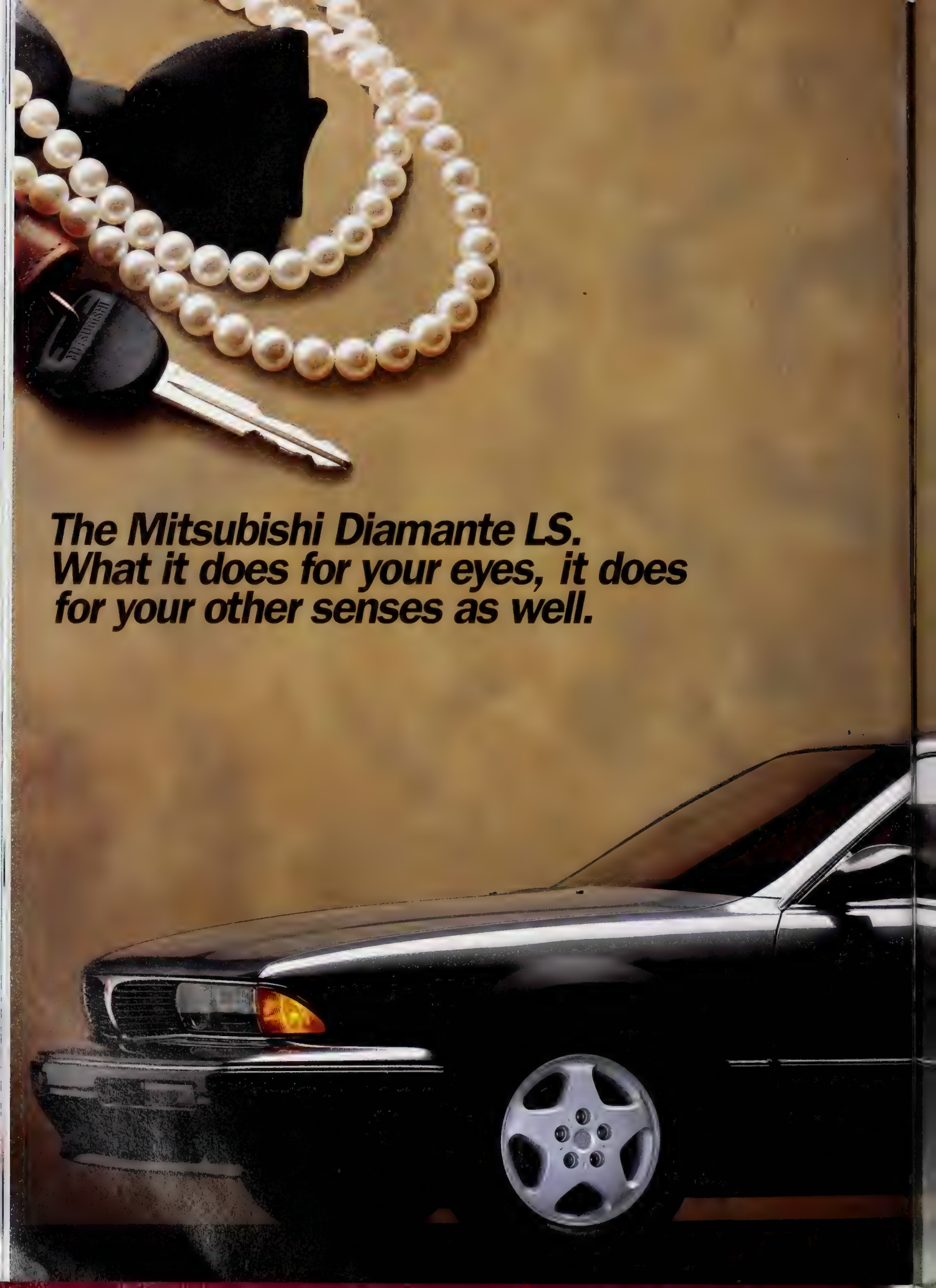
Erik Menendez appears with Abramson and praises her on NBC's *Now*.

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You can take it to the Ritz.
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Or you can take it up to 159 mph.*



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What it does for your eyes, it does
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The interplay of lines and shapes communicates what might be called "elegant aggression"— a fitting expression of the driving experience that awaits you. There is nothing bland or reticent about the



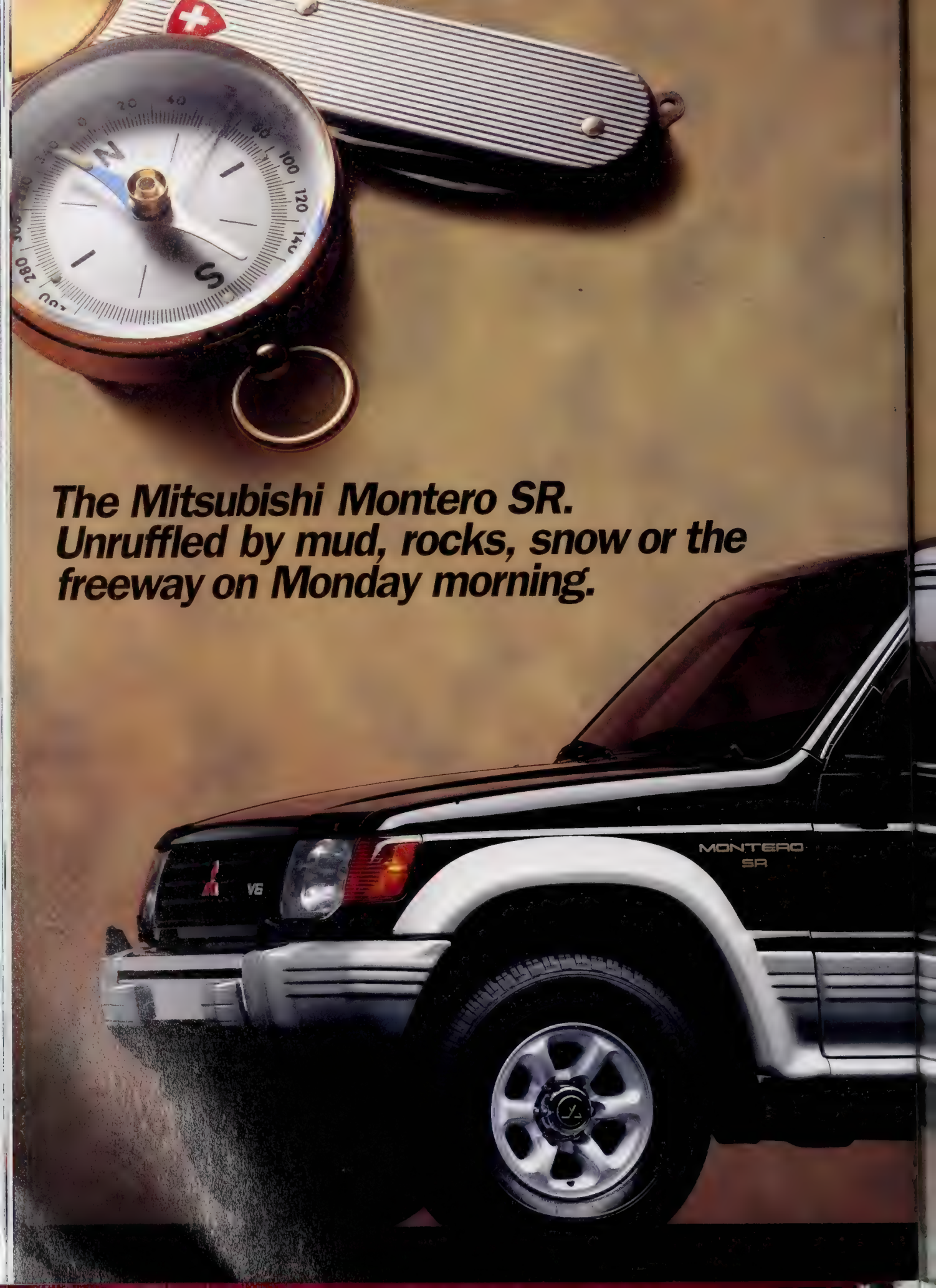
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From behind the wheel it feels taut, yet supple, giving a vivid tactile impression of the road, minus the sharp edges. The 7-way adjustable driver's seat comes with power assist and is easily contoured to your frame. Once adjusted, it soothes you as you drive. Precise orthopedics, with the opulence of leather.

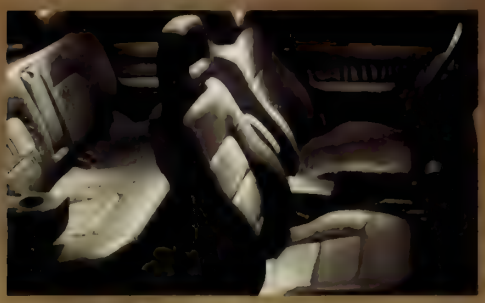
The 24 valve V6 engine moves you along with exhilarating swiftness and gratifying quietness. Allowing you to fully appreciate the extraordinary stereo system, designed in cooperation with Infinity®, renowned makers of fine audio equipment. Meanwhile, Mitsubishi's patented ETACS-IV™ encompasses ten separate convenience features to enhance your comfort and safety, from speed-sensitive windshield wipers to a comprehensive security system.

Dual air bags, ABS anti-lock brakes, side-impact protection, optional traction control, and an enormously strong passenger cage all contribute to your sense of security and well-being. Which, in turn, serve to intensify the boundless other pleasures to be enjoyed in the Diamante LS.




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Unruffled by mud, rocks, snow or the
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MONTERO
SR
V6

A fine luxury car is expected to display poise, unflappability, masterful control. But only on reasonably passable roads.



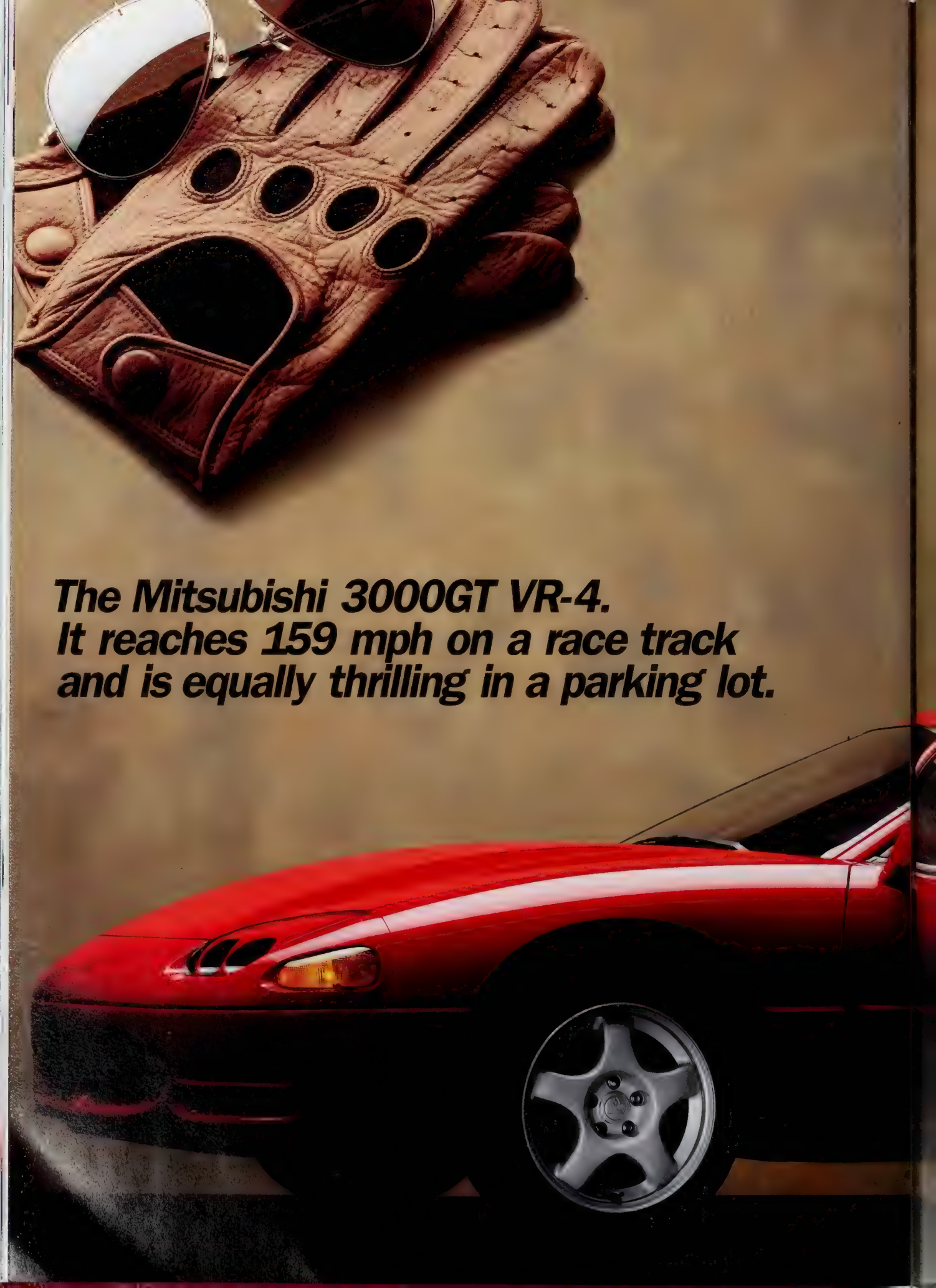
The Montero SR displays those traits on roads that would not be passable for any conventional luxury vehicle. As well as surfaces that don't remotely qualify as roads, and in forbidding weather.

With Active-Trac™ 4WD, Montero even adapts to the severity of the conditions at hand. From a lightly rain-slicked road all the way to deep mud and snow. And with Multi-Mode™ ABS, anti-lock braking is preserved in every drive mode. It's a highly versatile, ruggedly proficient luxury sport-utility. In essence, a "go-anywhere" luxury vehicle.

To go with its smooth, unruffled handling of almost any condition, there's a smooth 24-valve V6 engine capable of generating 215 horsepower. There's also a host of amenities, including a premium stereo system, power windows and door locks, cruise control, three-row seating for seven, and available leather and wood interior trim.

All this, with an off-road racing heritage that, in 1993 alone, produced five major victories for Montero,™ including the Paris-Dakar Rally. Such versatility isn't what you expect from a luxury vehicle. But then, it's exactly what Mitsubishi's "new thinking" demands.




The Mitsubishi 3000GT VR-4.
It reaches 159 mph on a race track
and is equally thrilling in a parking lot.

There are roads on which it's perfectly legal to extract maximum performance from the 3000GT VR-4. Such roads are



usually oval tracks, closed to normal traffic. But who knows? You may decide to seek one out someday.

On the other hand, you may well be content with the challenges offered by public roads—the slow-moving truck or the snaking back road, for example. Under such circumstances, terms like "all-wheel drive," "four-wheel steering," "twin turbochargers," "320 horsepower" and "six-speed gearbox" take on special meaning. You'd never believe an automobile could do such things. And with such gratifying smoothness and finesse.

The truth is, the 3000GT VR-4 represents new thinking in high-performance driving. It looks and performs like an exotic sports car, but isn't priced like one. Moreover, it's equally gratifying as a grand-touring sports car, equipped with such luxury features as a power-adjustable driver's seat, leather trim, a superb Mitsubishi/Infinity® stereo system and comprehensive safety equipment.

All of which make it enormously enjoyable to spend time in. Whether you're negotiating a race track, taking an all-day trip or just sitting still in a parking lot. And that says nothing about the fun you'll have watching heads turn.





If Mitsubishi's ideas about luxury seem new, fresh, unexpected...that's only to be expected.



For Mitsubishi, new thinking is corporate policy. The latest example, a convertible 3000GT that is coming soon, called the 3000GT Spyder. It will be as different from other convertibles as the 3000GT itself is from other high-performance sports cars. The top is not canvas, nor do you have to remove it and store it away when sunny weather comes. It's a hardtop that folds away into the trunk with the touch of a button. All automatically. No leaks, no banged knuckles, no cursing the intractability of hooks and eyes. It's the world's only production convertible with a retractable hardtop.†

Extreme? Perhaps. But the 3000GT is designed for extremes. Extremes of performance and driving pleasure. Why should the 3000GT Spyder be any different?

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Continued from page 56) badly in need of aid themselves. With great fanfare Abramson took under her wing four women on Erik's jury who had voted for manslaughter, rather than first-degree murder, and two sympathetic alternates. Publicly calling them "my jurors," she entertained them at an elaborate seven-hour dinner party in her new home in the fashionable Hancock Park area of Los Angeles. After the roast-beef dinner, her juror guests were allowed to speak with Erik Menendez himself, who telephoned from the Los Angeles County Jail. One guest later recalled for a Los Angeles newspaper her impressions of Erik from her telephone conversation with him: "He's bright. He's funny. He's a nice guy." For Jose and Kitty Menendez, the dead parents, there seemed to be not a moment's thought.

Thereafter, Abramson became the personal booking agent for her jurors, advising them which TV shows to appear on and which ones not to appear on. She told her six not to attend a press conference set up in the courthouse at which all the media representatives who had attended the trial would have been able to question them. Instead, she arranged a private press conference in which certain members of the media, handpicked by her, were invited to participate. Although Barbara Walters was unavailable to interview them, Abramson booked her jurors on *20/20*. Also appearing on that program, but for only the briefest moment, was the comely Jill Lansing, Lyle Menendez's attorney, who had gone greatly underpraised for her herculean defense efforts on behalf of Lyle, who had been expected to be the hard sell of the two brothers. Indeed, after scrupulously avoiding the media throughout the trial, Lansing made a single foray in front of the microphones and cameras, on the afternoon of Lyle's mistrial; Abramson stood guard like a mother hen, and even answered one of the questions addressed to Lansing. After Lansing gave her an irritated glance at her interference, Abramson withdrew from her co-counsel's moment of recognition.

On February 1, Abramson was quoted in the Los Angeles *Daily Journal* by Mary Jane Stevenson, who had been invited to the private press conference of Abramson's jurors, as saying after declining to appear on the Phil Donahue show, "I'm not going on anything where there's opposition. I'm calling the shots now." Stevenson also reported that Abramson had claimed that if she had been able to conduct the jury selection, known as voir dire, she could have purged the jury of the men who voted for murder. But since the passage of Proposition 115 in California in 1990, potential jurors fill out a questionnaire, and the questioning of the jury is in the hands of the judge. Abramson, according to Stevenson, has signed up her jurors for a crusade to tell television audiences "that the brothers' story was compelling enough to convince six of Erik's jurors and six of Lyle's to vote for manslaughter."



Three of Lyle's jurors who voted for manslaughter, *from left,* Sharon Inman, Michelle Machado, and Sharyn E. Bishop, appear on an NBC–Court TV *Dateline.*

Meanwhile, Menendez withdrawal has set in. People who lived and breathed the case for six months could not bear to let go, and many of them have kept up telephone contact. Shortly after the trial came to an end, a small group of pro-defense court watchers began meeting for lunch in the restaurants the brothers had mentioned during the trial: the Cheesecake Factory in Beverly Hills, where Lyle had asked a friend to meet him and his brother on the night of the killings, as part of their alibi; the Bagel Nosh, where Erik had gone with Dr. Oziel before his confession; and Hamburger Hamlet, where Jose had taken his sons and Lyle's then girlfriend, Traci Baker, on the night the brothers claimed their father suspected their mother of trying to poison her family.

Other, less publicized jurors have also spoken up. No one had more to say than Jude Nelson, a member of Lyle Menendez's jury, who had voted for murder in the first degree. Like many jurors, he maintained that the jury instructions had been too complicated, an assertion agreed with by the renowned defense attorney Alan Dershowitz when he and I appeared as part of a panel on Ted Koppel's *Nightline* to discuss the abuse/excuse defense. Nelson also believed that the foreman of the Lyle jury would have leaned toward outright acquittal if that option had been available to them. He said that other jurors "absolutely bought into [the foreman's] every word." Ruth Slike, another juror on the panel, confirmed this. Nelson, a gregarious and colorful figure who plays Santa Claus every Christmas at orphanages and hospitals, told me over lunch at a restaurant near his home in Sylmar that he had donned his Santa Claus outfit during Christmas-week jury deliberations and handed out candy canes to his fellow jurors. He also told me that five times during the trial he had had to go before Judge Weisberg after other jury members had sent notes to the judge trying to get him thrown off the jury.

Craig Cignarelli, who had once been Erik Menendez's best friend as well as his co-author on the screenplay *Friends,* in which a young man murders his parents with a shotgun for his inheritance, took the stand during the trial as a witness for the prosecution. He claimed that Erik had confessed to him shortly after the memorial service for Jose and Kitty Menendez that he and Lyle had killed their parents. Following the mistrials, Cignarelli said to me, "If they get out of jail, I plan to get out of town."

Consternation in the Menendez defense team and family circle was caused by the revelation in this magazine of the existence of a photocopy of a letter written by Lyle from jail to the witness Traci Baker telling her what to say on the stand. Abramson claimed in a Los Angeles paper that I had been fed the "pseudo-evidence" by the prosecution, which is totally untrue. If the prosecution had been in possession of the letter, they would presumably have used it in the trial, not handed it over to a reporter. Abramson then qualified her statement: "I don't know for a fact that they [the prosecution] are the source of this nonsense that Mr. Dunne is talking about, but I suspect they may be." When

Abramson was asked by Terry Moran of Court TV to appear on a show with me, she declined, calling me "that hack-romance-novelist prick." Later, there was an allegation by the defense that the handwriting in the letter I described in my last article was not Lyle's, an allegation repeated by the writer Robert Rand when he and I took part in a pilot for a CBS–Court TV radio show conducted by Greg Jarrett. Marti Shelton, a young woman from Virginia, who had been in constant telephone contact with Lyle Menendez throughout the trial, later told me that there had been conversation, which she had overheard, about putting the blame for the entire letter incident on a woman who had fallen out of favor with Lyle. The idea was to say that this woman was Lyle's jilted lover, that she had learned to copy his handwriting perfectly, and that she wanted to use whatever money could be raised from the letter to invest in a business venture.

Marti Shelton contacted me after seeing me appear on Court TV in conjunction with my last article on the Menendez case. She told me that she was an abuse victim. Lyle's calls to her, she said, were routed through a friend of Lyle's who lives in Beverly Hills. Shelton had been a staunch advocate of Lyle Menendez's, and had believed totally that he, too, had been abused. During their telephone friendship, she had revealed things to him about the abuse she said she had suffered which she had never told anyone else. She found him to be a sympathetic, understanding listener. Shelton, 29, a working single mother with a two-year-old son, had begun to raise money for Lyle. However, on the night that his mistrial was declared, she claims, a very different aspect of Lyle's personality emerged, an aspect that she did not care for. It was not the fact that he was joyous over the outcome; that she understood. It was that a cockiness and an arrogance that she had not noticed before began to surface. She told me that she felt shock, disbelief, and betrayal when she heard Lyle laugh and say to the other person on the three-way hookup, "We've snowed half the country. Now we have to snow the other half." Shelton said, "I felt as if I had been duped." She did not reveal her altered feelings at the time, and continued to talk to Lyle for a while after that, until she felt she was sure. When a Menendez relative called to try to convince her that Lyle often said things he didn't mean, she decided to go public.

A Los Angeles radio station asked me to debate Henry Llanio, a distant cousin of Jose Menendez's on his mother's side. Llanio had been almost unknown to the Menendez family until the killings took place, at which time he moved into their inner circle and became something of a family spokesperson, although his presence and frequent appearances on television shows were known to irritate some family members.

Shelton heard Lyle laugh and say, "We've snowed half the country. Now we have to snow the other half."

Llanio, a sometimes pleasant and sometimes highly excitable person, has a propensity to go into rages when people do not agree with his views on the case. I declined the offer of the debate, but I told a third person, who was in contact with Llanio, that I would be happy to talk to him on the telephone. In our unpleasant conversation, he berated me for the article I wrote for this magazine last month, which he said he had not read and never intended to read. He claimed that I had spread lies about Lyle and Erik, specifically about their telephone privileges in jail. He accused me of making money off his family's tragedy by writing about it. "You're in this for the money!" he screamed.

Shortly thereafter, the five-hours-a-day telephone privileges accorded the Menendez brothers in jail were revoked. They were able to use the telephone for only 20 minutes a day, just like any other prisoners. Their cells were searched. Their letters were read. Even before they lost their telephone privileges, the Menendez brothers had apparently become estranged from each other. Two people in telephone contact with Lyle told me that he felt he had been betrayed by his brother because Erik had not stopped Leslie Abramson, in her closing argument, from seeming to heap all the blame for the vicious killing of their parents on Lyle.

Soon a date for a retrial will be set. The speculation is that it will begin in July or August—some say as early as May—and take place in downtown Los Angeles, not Van Nuys. There is further speculation that there will be a new judge and a new prosecution team. The probability is that Leslie Abramson, after her spectacular performance in Van Nuys, will continue as Erik's lawyer. In the event that the brothers are as indigent as Abramson has portrayed them to be and their relatives are unwilling to put up any more money for their defense, the state of California would have to appoint lawyers to the case. The state will never pay Abramson the kind of money she was paid for the original trial. Should she decline the state's offer, they will then appoint public defenders to represent the brothers in Round Two.

In the meantime, Abramson is on to another case. She is slated to defend Herbert Foss, a lawyer charged with several counts of molesting a boy in his early teens—a crime not unlike that which she accused the dead Jose Menendez of perpetrating on his children.

Although there are many advocates out there of the abuse/excuse way of thinking, which absolves a person who says he or she was abused of any responsibility for even the most heinous of crimes, I sense that there are as many or more people throughout the country who are violently opposed to and deeply upset by this new legal turn of events.

From his jail cell, Lyle Menendez continues to answer his voluminous fan mail with a typed form letter on stationery bearing the monogram J.L.M., as in Joseph Lyle Menendez. On some he writes a personal note at the bottom. The following is an excerpt from the standard letter, sent to Don Kovakovich, who tends to Lyle's toupee needs while he is incarcerated:

As I'm sure you're aware, through your encouraging words, this has been a very difficult and overwhelming time for Erik and myself. The support and concern from our family, friends, and people such as yourself, have really made a significant difference in our lives. It has given us hope and has helped us keep our spirits up during this painful time.

It is my hope that in your writing to me, you're also voicing your support for so many people that have been abused. My heart goes out to those who have shared their own personal pain with me and it's reassuring for me, that in sharing my own experiences, I may have helped others. We are Survivors and not alone! Many of you have offered your assistance and if there is any way you can help, I promise, I'll let you know. □

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FABULOUS? ABSOLUTELY

England's hottest TV comedy is a riot of boozy, sexy fun that may be just a bit too nasty for America—and the two stars are loving every minute of it

BY LYNN BARBER

Why can't America see *Absolutely Fabulous*? *AbFab*, as it is known to its eight million fans, has won every British television award, and is worshiped like *Fawlty Towers* or *Monty Python*. Bootleg videos trade like gold among the New York and L.A. mediarati. So why don't networks in the States get with the program? Well, where to start? The two heroines, Patsy and Edina, drink like fish, chain-smoke, and snort illicit substances as they whirl through the world of London fashion. Patsy has sex with men she picks up at traffic lights—and utters acid rejoinders. When Edina notes that an Arab multimillionairess pictured in a magazine has money *and* a mustache, Patsy turns the page to seize on the pair's next victim. "One more face-lift on that one," she chips in, "and she'll have a beard." There isn't, in fact, a single episode that couldn't be construed as offensive to the pious and the politically correct.

For instance. Edina is expecting a visit from an old rival but is worried because the rival will see she's overweight. When she finally arrives, Patsy rushes in to tell Edina.

"Great news!"

"She's fat?" Edina asks.

"Better than that."

"She's dead?"

"She's blind!"

We are talking serious bad taste here. When Jennifer Saunders, who plays Edina and who created the show, first approached the BBC, she was told by an executive, "I'm not sure that two women being drunk is funny." He was putting it mildly. But the series became so popular that it had to be moved from BBC2 to BBC1, home of more mainstream programming. And an amazing number of celebs—Helena Bonham Carter, Miranda Richardson, Germaine Greer, Britt Ekland, Zandra Rhodes—have appeared as guests.

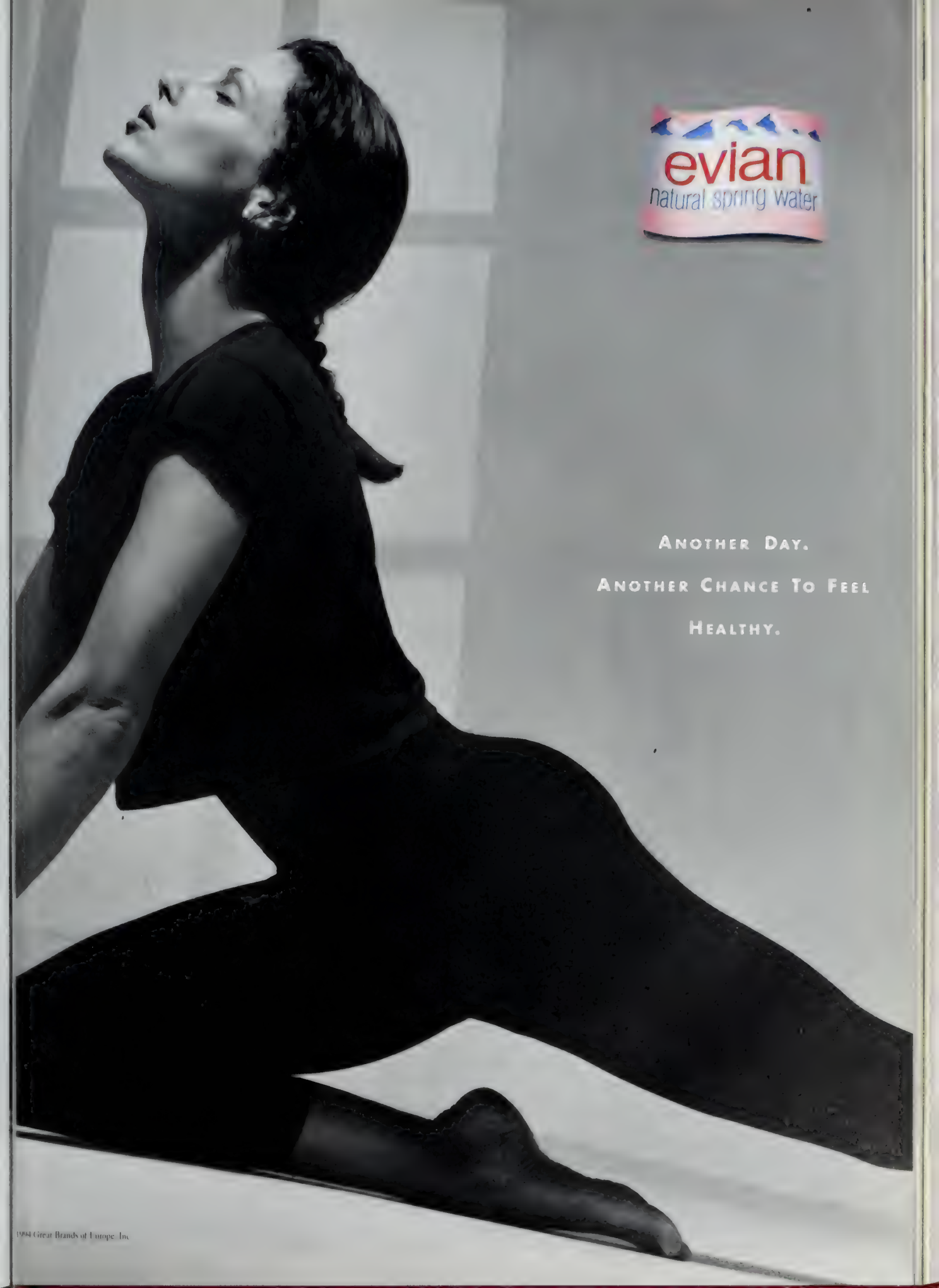
The series has almost no male characters. Saunders' Edina is a fashion publicist, twice divorced, who lives with her 16-year-old daughter, Saffron (Julia Sawalha), in London. Much of the comedy comes from the mother-daughter role reversal: Edina is out every night, clubbing and drugging, while her goody-goody daughter waits quietly at home. Edina rages at her, backed up, of course, by Patsy. ("You may dress like a Christian," Patsy intones to the girl, "but the similarity ends there!")

Edina, a perpetual style



Beyond rehab: Joanna Lumley (*far left*) and Jennifer Saunders.

MARK BOURDILLON



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victim, dresses in a hilarious succession of Pucci, Lacroix, Gaultier, Westwood, and grunge parodies. She is a sucker for any new fad—Buddhist chanting, isolation tanks, colonic irrigation ("not to be sniffed at"), adopting Romanian babies ("Just send up a selection"), and buying lip plates from dead Amazonian Indians to convert into ashtrays.

Patsy, the best friend from hell, played by Joanna Lumley, is never seen without a cigarette in one hand and a glass of "champers" in the other, and she constantly offers drugs from her handbag pharmacopoeia. Theoretically, Patsy does have a job—fashion director on a magazine—but her one attempt to do a makeover ends in tears when she tells her victim the only thing she'd look good in is a body bag. Yet she has no fear of being fired, because she sleeps with the publisher and awes the editors by owning a Chanel couture suit: "Let them kiss my buttons," she snorts.

Lumley manages to remain drop-dead gorgeous while playing a fortysomething drunken nymphomaniac—quite a feat. Saunders is the first to agree: "She *made* the character." Lumley is in consequence the most adored actress in Britain—you can't open a newspaper or switch on a television without seeing her tiger smile. The other day the students of New College at Oxford voted to change the name of their common room from Nelson Mandela Hall to Joanna Lumley Hall. One television ad features a Lumley look-alike competition; John Cleese appears in beehive hairdo as a star contender.

The role is a delicious send-up of Lumley's own long-established image. Hardly a new arrival, she has been around British show biz forever. Now 47, she first made her mark as a model and "Bond girl" in the 60s, before starring as Purdey in *The New Avengers* in 1976. Her characters have always been supercool, elegant, upper-class, intelligent, polite, and immaculately well behaved, and the role of Patsy was an incredible risk, comparable, say, to Liz Taylor's doing *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* But Lumley was nothing if not game. In fact, she suggested one of the best moments in the whole series—a scene in which she and Edina stagger home from a party, drunk as usual, Patsy unaware that the tail of her bodysuit is dangling down outside her trousers. In another inspired improv, she and Saunders decided to celebrate No Smoking Day by doing an unscripted scene smoking pot in the loo and discussing their deep hatred of Jane Fonda and Morgan Fairchild—"I hope all their old skin comes back to haunt them."

In real life, everything about Lumley shrieks of class, and one is not surprised to learn that her father was a major in the British army in India, or that she was head girl of her convent school. One *is* surprised to learn that she became an unmarried mother at 22 and remained an unmarried mother (apart from one very brief marriage to scriptwriter Jeremy Lloyd) throughout her 20s and 30s. Her escorts ranged from Lords Snowdon and Lichfield to Rod Stewart, and she finally tied the knot at 40, when she married the eight-years-younger conductor Stephen Barlow. A conservative and a vegetarian, she describes herself as "profoundly spiritual," works hard for animal charities, and is always picking up street litter.

"You may dress like a Christian," Patsy rages at Saffron, "but the similarity ends there!"



As Patsy on *AbFab*, Joanna Lumley has become a cult phenomenon.

She says she has no qualms about losing her glamorous image, because "in real life I'm not that glamorous person, so it didn't trouble me even a jot. It was rather nice to wriggle out of that kind of chrysalis. . . . Doing Patsy is just lovely. I think what's made me happiest is that I've always fooled around and it's really nice to be paid for fooling around."

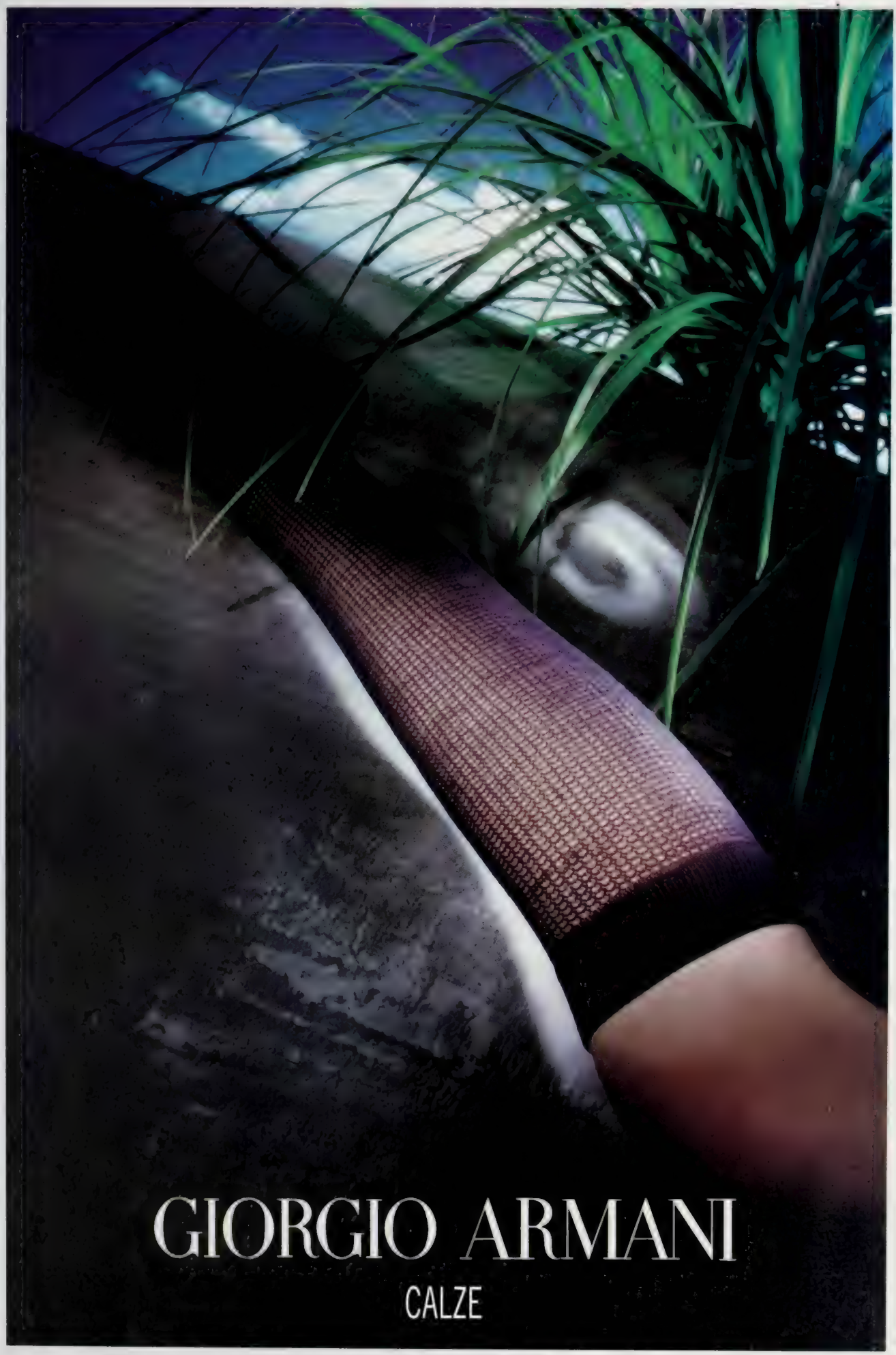
Jennifer Saunders, who normally works with comedian Dawn French, wrote *AbFab* after she and French agreed to take a break from each other. Saunders sat around for a while, "waiting to be offered the Michelle Pfeiffer roles," but when they failed to materialize, her agent suggested she get into writing. She may be the only actress-writer who has ever written herself a part seven years older than her real age. She decided to make her heroine a fashion publicist because she had several friends in that world. (In fact, many gossips believe that Edina is a portrait of the real-life London publicist Lynne Franks, but Saunders strongly denies it.)

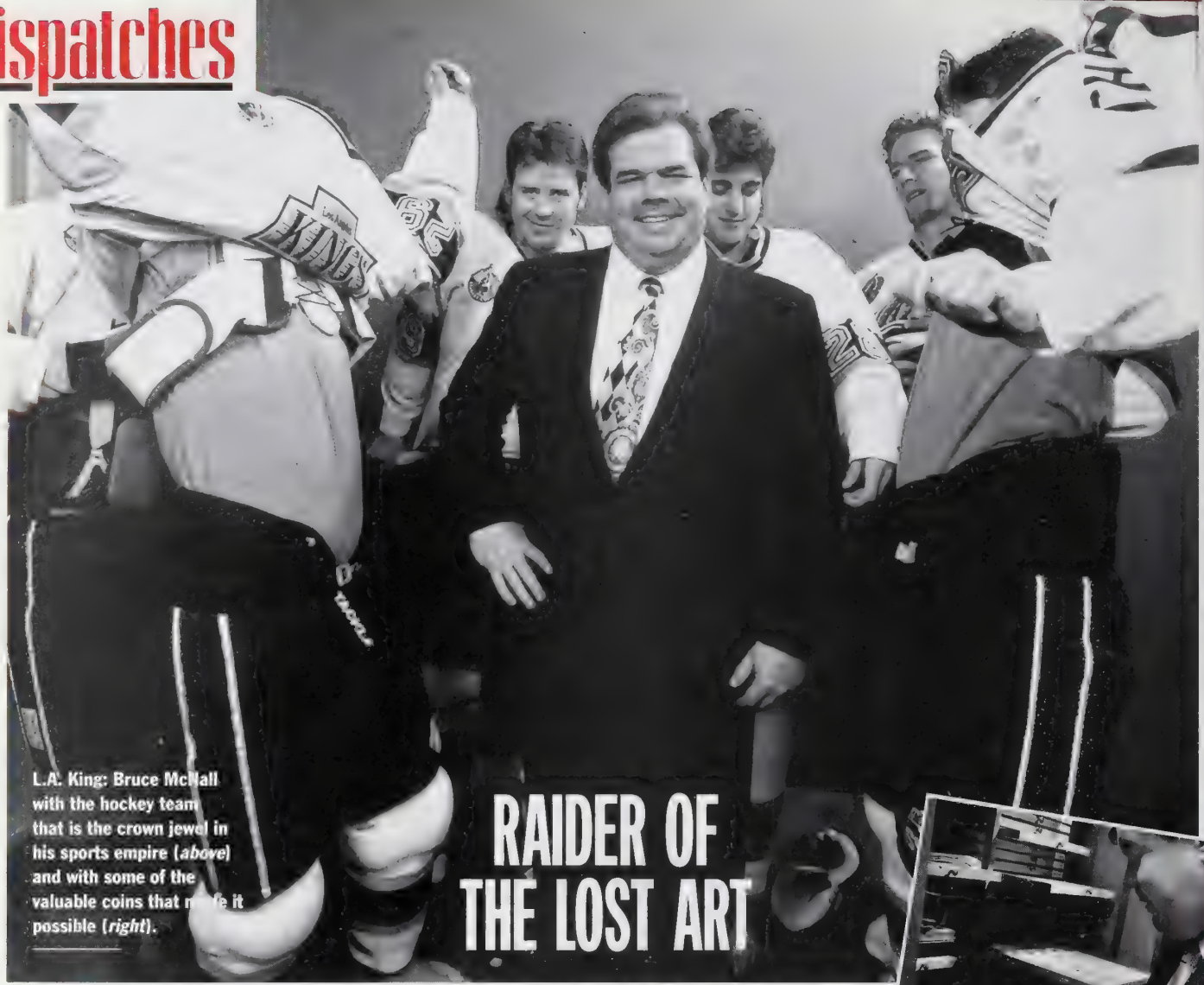
Saunders claims she knows plenty of Edinas—"people who grew up in the 60s and have all these mad, 60s ideas, and now they're running companies or doing quite high-profile jobs but somehow they've never grown up and their children are much straighter than them." Saunders herself comes from a younger, soberer generation. Happily married to comedian Adrian Edmondson, and with three children, she is no partygoer or nightclubber. But she admires Edina because "she lives *exactly* the life she wants to live; she never looks in a mirror, never sees other people looking at her, never imagines what other people think of her—and she's right. I love that. I'm more self-conscious and more worried about what people think."

Saunders is now writing the third season of *AbFab*, which she insists will be the last; then she plans to write and direct it as a movie. Directing movies, preferably in a warm climate, she says, is her ultimate dream. "But I also like to write and to perform. The whole field is open—I mean, I'd like to do everything. Why not?" Why not indeed. □

MARK BOURDILLON

HIRO





L.A. King: Bruce McNall with the hockey team that is the crown jewel in his sports empire (*above*) and with some of the valuable coins that made it possible (*right*).

RAIDER OF THE LOST ART



Though Bruce McNall owns the L.A. Kings, produces movies, and hobnobs with stars, his greatest passion is the rare-coin empire he built over years of Indiana Jones–style exploits. But will he survive his latest adventure?

BY BRYAN BURROUGH

An icy wind is blowing hard off the dark stillness of the lake, whistling through the shadows of downtown Zurich's famed boulevard of silent Swiss banks, the Bahnhofstrasse. At the waterfront, dozens of pink-faced men hustle into the warm marble lobby of the Hotel Baur au Lac, where they shake hands, peck cheeks, and whisper excitedly in French and German. All are players in the clubby world of Roman and Greek coins, and they have traveled from New York, Los Angeles, and the capitals of Europe for the opening round of what promises to be one of the largest, richest fire sales of ancient coins in history. They have come to pick Bruce McNall's bones.

McNall is the popular Los Angeles multimillionaire who first made headlines five years ago by luring hockey legend Wayne Gretzky from snowbound Alberta to play for his struggling Southern California franchise, the Kings. The easygoing 44-year-old McNall, who made his fortune as a Rodeo Drive gallery owner and occasional film producer (*War Games, Mr. Mom, Blame It on Rio,* and *The Fabulous Baker Boys*), has since emerged as one of L.A.'s top power brokers, chairman of the board of the National Hockey League, and the popular host of game-night banquets packed with friends such as Goldie Hawn, John Candy, Michael J. Fox, James Woods, Peter Guber, Michelle Pfeiffer, and the Reagans. "Bruce is one of the kindest people I know," says Hawn. "He is loyal and compassionate, and as far as I'm concerned, those are the best things you can say about a person."

Here in Zurich it's possible to get a keyhole view of *(Continued on page 78)*

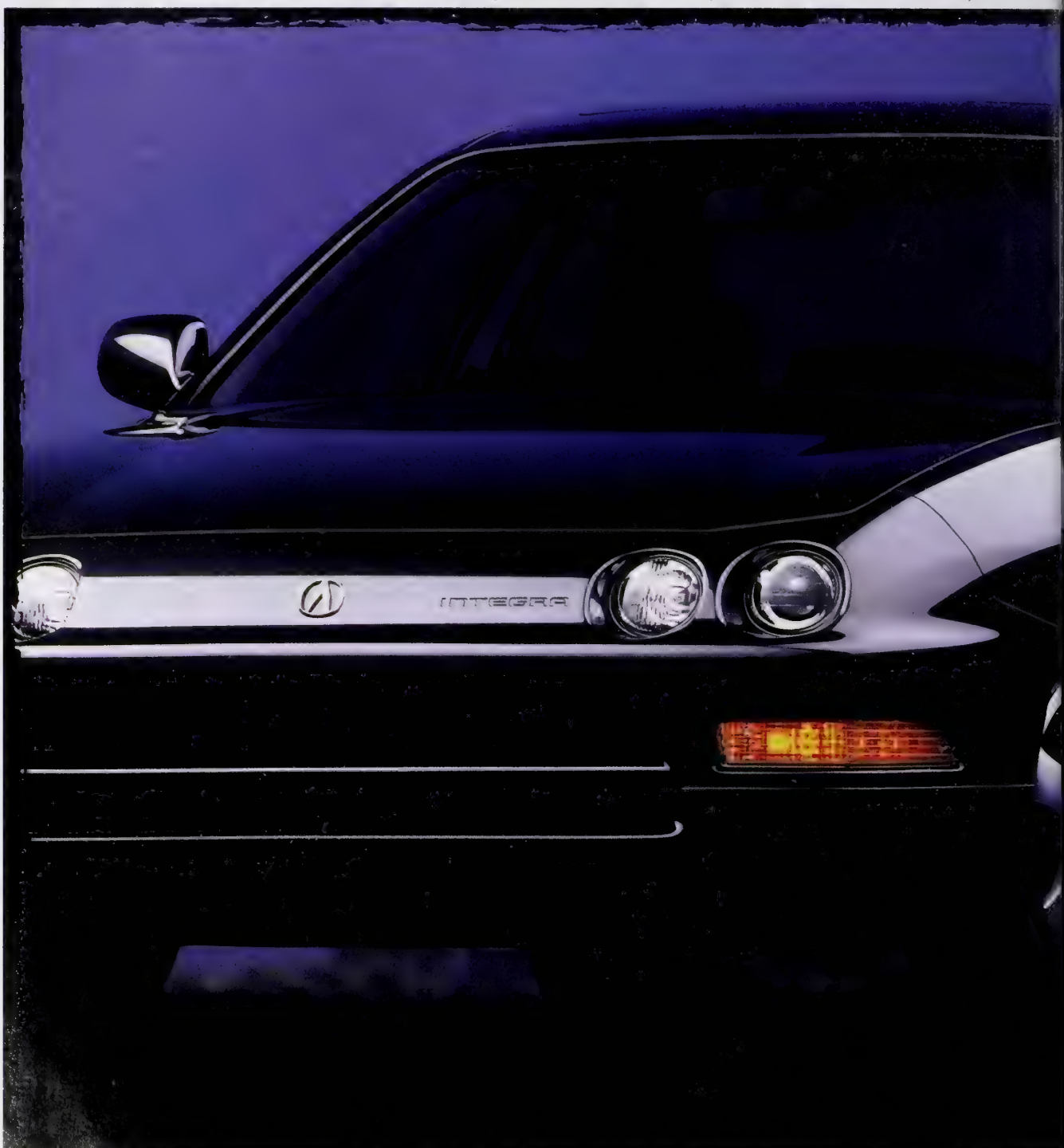
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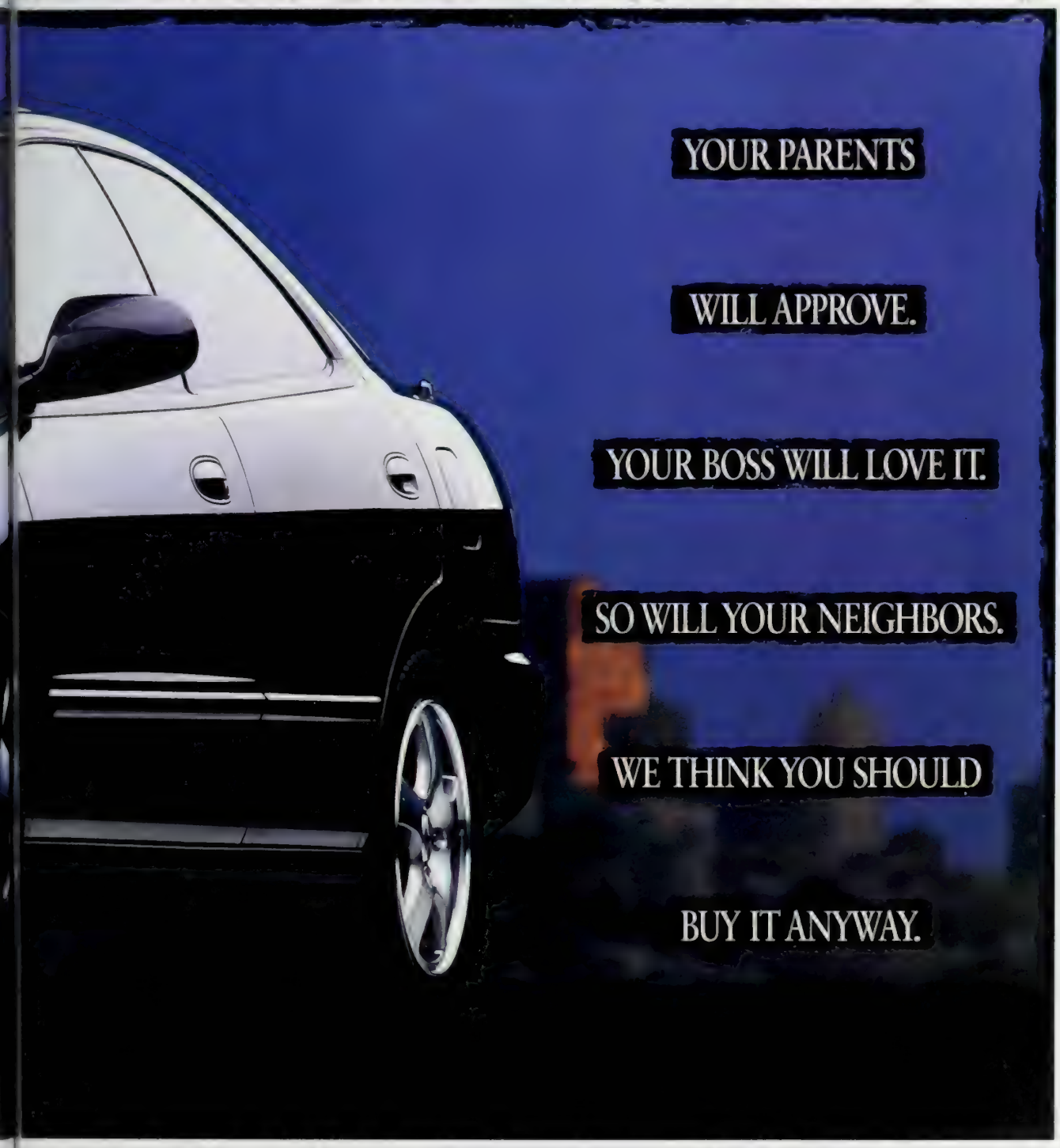
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(Continued from page 72) McNall's empire that he would just as soon keep hidden from the Goldies and Gubers and Gretzkys back in L.A. When his background is mentioned at all, McNall is invariably portrayed as a whiz-kid coin collector, a chubby nerd-millionaire wheeling and dealing alongside pimply 13-year-olds and cardigan-sweatered academics. In fact, as one of the West's largest and most aggressive dealers in ancient coins and artifacts, McNall has for years wielded an enormous influence in the murky world of antiquities trafficking. It's a business spearheaded by European and Middle Eastern smugglers, many rumored to be connected to organized crime, who spirit illicit hoards of ancient coins, vases, and statuary out of the Turkish, Italian, and Greek countrysides to satisfy the desires of Western galleries. Often, the shadowy sellers meet their discreet buyers in Switzerland, a country McNall knows well.

Tonight, McNall would rather be anywhere else. The ancient-coin market that made him a wealthy man has collapsed in recent years, taking with it the centerpiece of McNall's empire, two giant coin-trading partnerships called the Athena Funds, which he ran using money from investors rounded up by Merrill Lynch. The partnerships have been forced into liquidation, and McNall is in Zurich to oversee the first stage of his mammoth sell-off, more than 45,000 coins in all—including some of the most famous in existence, such as the Ides of March gold aureus, minted by Brutus to commemorate the assassination of Julius Caesar. The final selection of coins and antiquities goes up for bids at Sotheby's in New York in June.

When McNall, a squat 250-pounder draped in a double-breasted navy-blue Fred Hayman suit, ambles into the lobby a few minutes before the opening gavel, he is in a foul mood. Even in these circumstances, this is startling. Part of McNall's lure is his almost child-like good humor; he may be the friendliest, most accessible and down-to-earth mogul I've ever met. During hours of interviews he has been endlessly agreeable, even when reminded of allegations that, until recently, he had garnished his résumé with bogus graduate work at Oxford and fictitious past partnerships with Howard Hughes and J. Paul Getty. "No question, I do embellish, no question," McNall admitted, bobbing his head and flashing a sheepish grin. The effect was as charming as it was disarming. "It's not an act," Gretzky told me. "He's never different, he's the same all the time. It's almost frightening. He never seems to be down. He never loses his temper. He's great to everyone he works with, the secretaries, the players—everyone."

But tonight, as he stands among the buzzing coin experts in the lobby, McNall is actually scowling. "These people," he hisses, "they're like leeches. I'll tell you why I'm a little pissed. A lot of these people are dealers, some of whom I've made wealthy individuals. And deep, deep down, I know that a lot of 'em are hoping this goes poorly. A lot of these dealers—I see Bank Leu over there—you know how much I've done for them? I've made them millions. I just have the gut feeling that the jealousies in this business . . . " His eyes flare. "One of the things I didn't want to do," he goes on, "is hide. We're right out here on Front Street, for all the world to see our problems."

"I'm fucked," McNall mutters over lunch at the Hotel Savoy. "I will lose millions in this thing. I'm talking a big hit."

Inside the packed auction room, McNall shoulders past the dealers brandishing blue bidding paddles, and slides into a seat at the back just as a Sotheby's auctioneer atop a forest-green dais places the first coins up for bids. Clasping a cellular phone to one cheek, McNall sits like a stony Buddha before a small computer screen, alternately coaxing clients to buy and staring into space. But no amount of salesmanship will bring the kind of bids he wants. The Ides of March coin fetches only $360,000; in the early 80s, it would have brought at least half a million. At the final gavel, McNall leaps from his seat and charges upstairs to his suite, leaving the glad-handing to aides.

"I'm fucked," McNall mutters over lunch the next day at the Hotel Savoy. "I will lose millions in this thing. I'm talking a big hit." He scoops up some dripping veal. "This business is finished," he says sadly, mourning the hobby that has obsessed him since childhood. "There may come the point when I go under. I can't go on financing negative cash flow. With the coin business and the Kings both negative—it's not going to happen today, or tomorrow, but I will go under. If something doesn't change, I'm finished."

Though McNall's black mood is prompting unusual candor, I'm still surprised a few moments later when he finally acknowledges the open secret behind the heralded Athena partnerships. It's a fact never disclosed in his public prospectuses but one that's common knowledge among dealers: many if not most of McNall's coins are "fresh"—that is, fresh out of the ground—stolen or illegally excavated and smuggled out of Mediterranean countries such as Turkey and Italy. "We bought wholesale" is how McNall coyly puts it. "When you're buying for the funds, you buy directly from the sources, the people that [the authorities] don't like a lot." In fact, a few of the leading "sources," urbane Turks and a shadowy Croat or two, were in the audience last night, scouting side deals. "Parasites," McNall calls them, devouring another forkful of veal.

But McNall's own secret is that his dealings with these "parasites" helped make the fortune that pays Wayne Gretzky, that bought the racehorses that won the Arc de Triomphe and the Japan Cup, that bought a sprawling $10 million Holmby Hills mansion down the street from Hugh Hefner's as well as homes in Malibu, Palm Springs, and Utah, and that bankrolled *Mr. Mom, Weekend at Bernie's,* and about 20 other films. It's no surprise that few in L.A. ever understood exactly where all that money came from. The reason is that for the past 20 years Bruce McNall has been one of the friendliest, most accessible, most down-to-earth art smugglers in the world.

By all rights, these should be triumphant times for McNall. Last spring the lowly Kings stunned the hockey world by vaulting into the Stanley Cup finals, after which Gretzky, hockey's answer to Babe Ruth, announced he would play another three years. Three years ago, McNall and Gretzky, along with John Candy, bought the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League, stole Notre Dame star "Rocket" Ismail from the N.F.L., and promptly won the league championship. Canadians are still talking about McNall's opening-day festivities, when he flew in Jim Belushi and Mariel Hemingway on his private 727 to watch Dan

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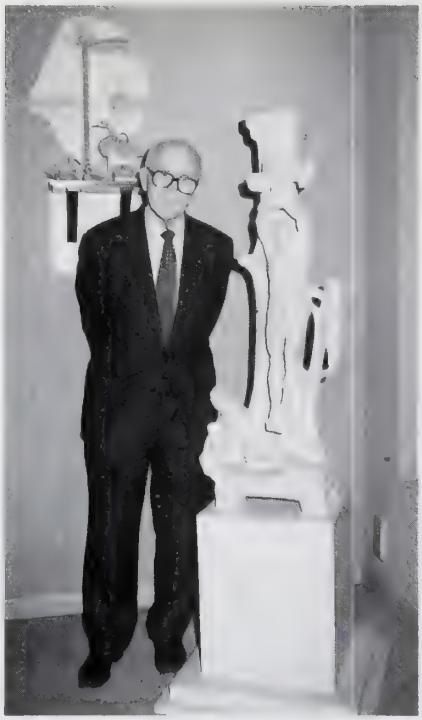


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Aykroyd lead a halftime performance of the Blues Brothers band.

But McNall's greatest success was recruiting Disney chairman Michael Eisner and Blockbuster Entertainment's Wayne Huizenga to buy hockey franchises, a move that instantly transformed the smash-mouth, blue-collar National Hockey League into something approximating family entertainment. Eisner, for one, is impressed. "Bruce is a great salesman," he tells me. "Over the entire six or eight months we talked, he never told me something that wasn't true, he never once exaggerated, he never dealt in anything but the most ethical and straightforward way. It was refreshing, in fact. Everything happened the way he said it would happen." The slender, blue-eyed Gretzky, who is rarely given to overstatement, says McNall's feat "may be the greatest thing that's ever happened to hockey."



Few know McNall better than Gretzky, who is far sharper than his white-bread image suggests. He and his wife, actress Janet Jones, are practically members of McNall's family. Their famous reverse negotiation, in which an overeager McNall sought to pay Gretzky more than he requested, has gone down as one of the strangest in history: McNall, treating Gretzky as his partner, wanted to pay him about $3 million a year, while The Great One, worried as much by the franchise's faltering finances as by the envy of his new teammates, insisted on less; Gretzky won out, taking $2.25 million a year in salary plus McNall's pledge to help him make money on the side. The two men, who invest together in everything from baseball cards to thoroughbreds, enjoy one of sport's most enduring honeymoons. "A while back I gave Bruce one of my all-star game sweaters, and he called me a week later still thanking me, because he's just that kind of a person," Gretzky recalls. "He was just so excited. You can't give him money, you can't give him a plane—he's got all that. I gave him a sweater and he was like a little kid at Christmas."

"See those guys on Wall Street?" McNall asks. "They make a ton of money, and everybody hates 'em. I want people to like me."



The art of the dealer: McNall learned antiquities secrets from the notorious Robert Hecht (*top*) and then romanced clients such as Nelson Bunker Hunt, pictured with his wife, Caroline (*above*).

In person McNall comes across as a kinder, gentler Eddie Haskell, a shameless flatterer who laces every four or five words with a girlish chuckle. Whether in the boardroom or the locker room, he answers reporters' every last question with patience and humor, employing an I'm-not-in-it-for-the-money patter that should set the standard for C.E.O.'s in the 90s. Asked if anything in his glowing clip file bothers him, McNall says, "I guess I'm sometimes portrayed as much bigger than life, like everything I touch turns to gold. But I'm human. I make mistakes—make a lot of 'em. But I try hard to have the golden touch. I'm just not that money-oriented. I'm just not fixated on it." What's important, he stresses, is to be liked. "See those guys on Wall Street?" he asks. "They make a ton of money, and everybody hates 'em. I want people to look back and like me. That's so important. I'm down-to-earth. I'm really a regular guy."

Most mornings this "regular guy" leaves his wife and two small children behind in Holmby Hills, hops into his new Bentley—he tired of the Aston Martin and the Rolls—and tools down to his headquarters in a Century City high-rise, where several rooms overflow with transparent plastic buckets full of ancient coins and rack upon rack of baseball cards, jerseys, and other sports collectibles, part of a joint venture McNall has started with the card-maker Upper Deck. A long counter in his corner office is lined with pictures of McNall clasping arms with the likes of Bo Jackson, Neil Diamond, and Andre Agassi. On one wall sprawls a heavily lacquered montage of tributes and press clips that's dedicated by an aide "To God."

It was during a series of interviews here and in a sunny Argonaut office at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium that McNall agreed to speak candidly about art smuggling. Presented with evidence that he and his main company, Numismatic Fine Arts (N.F.A.), one of the dominant firms in the rarefied realm of ancient coins, have sold smuggled artifacts for years, McNall acknowledged the practice, said he has tried to curtail it, and for the first time openly discussed his secret career plying the darker corners of the art world. He admitted that N.F.A. has routinely broken the export laws of Turkey, Italy, Greece, and other artifact-strewn Mediterranean countries for years. Since 1983, when the U.S. implemented a set of less than strenuous UNESCO anti-smuggling accords, N.F.A. has also routinely violated American law. McNall even volunteered that Turkey and Italy have threatened to declare him *persona non grata.*

"It was illegal in those countries, yes, but until '83 there were no laws in this country, not really," McNall says. When an ancient treasure for sale in his catalogue is identified as stolen or smuggled, McNall often adopts the standard industry posture of wounded innocent, claiming he has no clue to the object's provenance. In fact, as one of the first major

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP, BY ÖZGEN ACAR


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dealers to offer artifacts to the public via limited partnerships regulated by the S.E.C., McNall has long sought the "freshest" items from smugglers across Europe. When challenged, McNall usually returns items to countries such as Turkey rather than risk a nasty civil suit.

"Because I have other interests, I just give them back," McNall says. "I can't afford the problem. What I don't need to have happen is my academic friends saying, 'You know, deep down morally these things are stolen from Turkey.' And I do know that. For me to be sued by the government of Turkey, can you imagine the problems, the press? Maybe Donald Trump can handle that, but not me. I can't handle the publicity or the litigation. I tell all my people, 'If there's a whisper [from Turkey], give it back.' "

Once a legal and ethical gray area, the smuggling of ancient artifacts has grown progressively blacker over the last 30 years as more and more countries have condemned the vast international traffic in illicit antiquities. The fact that McNall's companies have apparently never been cited or sued by any government can be attributed not only to McNall's willingness to return questionable artifacts but also to the toothlessness of American laws. To reclaim items from McNall, countries such as Turkey must prove their origin, an often impossible task given that so many artifacts are excavated in midnight digs, quickly smuggled to Switzerland, and thus never registered. "Turkey has no claim [on N.F.A. pieces], and they never do," McNall says. "They have to have pictures of pieces in situ, and you can't do that, so it's not going to happen."

In our talks, McNall acknowledged personally smuggling his first gold coins at the age of 18, when as a U.C.L.A. coin nut he began prowling the antiquities shops and bazaars of Turkey, Italy, Egypt, and Algeria. Those first coins were his favorite kind, Roman, and after buying them he crammed them into his pockets and sneaked them back to L.A. In the following years, he remembers, he sipped cappuccino with shady Italian tomb robbers at out-of-the-way cafés in Rome, negotiating to buy the illicit coins and artifacts that clients at his first Rodeo Drive boutique were thirsting for. Soon he was closing deals with high-level smugglers in Switzerland, dangerous men he suspected of dealing in guns and drugs as well as antiquities. A veteran trafficker by 24, he capped his amazing rise in the coin world by walking into a hushed conference room in Zurich in 1974 and outbidding dealers representing Aristotle Onassis and future French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to buy the world's rarest coin, the fifth-century B.C. Athena decadrachm, for a then record price of $420,000. Six years later, he sold the first $1 million coin, a silver Greek decadrachm he now admits he bought freshly smuggled out of Sicily.

McNall has guarded N.F.A.'s position in the coin world by maintaining contacts with men reputed to be among the largest antiquities smugglers in Europe. For years, McNall confirmed, the key figure in his procurement network was one of the most notorious dealers of the postwar era: Robert E. Hecht Jr., an expatriate American department-store heir who, despite an arrest record in Turkey and Italy, served as McNall's quiet partner for most of the last 20 years and whom, McNall acknowledges, he long regarded as a mentor and guide.

In 1980, McNall sold the first $1 million coin, a silver Greek decadrachm he now admits he bought freshly smuggled out of Sicily.

Riding the crest of a raging bull market in antiquities during the late 1970s and early 1980s, McNall used an army of European contacts led by Hecht to snap up the most valuable objects, which he sold by the truckload to a gilded clientele: Greek and Roman antiquities for Michael Milken, Greek and Roman coins for David Geffen, more than $50 million in items for the eccentric Texas oilmen Bunker and Herbert Hunt.

"What is so amazing [about this business] is that something that starts out so illegal, so sleazy, so dirty, ends up so clean, so cultured," marvels Ricardo Elia, director of the Office of Public Archaeology at Boston University. "It ends up in a Park Avenue showroom, with some Wall Street guy in a three-piece suit oohing and aahing at them. But it starts off with someone smashing into a tomb, looting a cemetery, and damaging a country's cultural heritage. It gets smuggled out by the same people that smuggle guns and drugs. It's a fundamentally corrupt market. Worse, there's a code of silence, like the code of silence of the Mafia. The whole system is guaranteed to favor the illicit side of it."

"The boom in the antiquities market has been devastating to archaeological sites in Europe," says Al B. Wesolowsky, managing editor of *The Journal of Field Archaeology*. "Entire ancient cities and cemeteries have been methodically looted in Turkey and in Greece and Italy to supply the international antiquities trade. Coin hoards are discovered and then broken up and distributed to the highest bidder through the auction houses. In places like northern Cyprus, archaeological sites, museums, and even churches have been stripped of archaeological material to be sold in open auction."

Few have done more to shine light on the shadowy world of antiquities smuggling than Özgen Acar, a tweedy Turkish newspaper editor whose crusading articles have appeared throughout Asia Minor as well as in the now defunct *Connoisseur* magazine. In a mezzanine office overlooking a leafy courtyard in downtown Istanbul, Acar bends over metal file drawers and lifts out folder after folder of tips concerning McNall and some of his largest suppliers, including Bob Hecht, a Munich gallery owner named Fuat Üzülmez (whom the Turkish government believes to be one of the largest antiquities smugglers in Europe and whom Acar accuses of running a branch of the Turkish Mafia), and Anton "Tony" Tkalec of Zurich, a Yugoslav-born dealer known to authorities as an original seller of the famed Sevso Treasure, a stunning hoard of Roman silver that mysteriously surfaced in Europe in the early 1980s.

"Hecht is the middleman between the local guys and the collectors," says Acar, who maintains a wary friendship with the canny old dealer. "He calls me '*casus*,' the spy. I call him '*buyuk kaçakçi*,' the big smuggler. We are joking each other. McNall is the guy with a reputable company who buys everything once it's cleaned, in Switzerland or wherever. I believe he is the largest receiver of coins in the world."

Acar pulls out one of McNall's N.F.A. catalogues, leafing through page after page of ancient coins, many with little or no information on their origins. "There's no background on these, none," Acar says with a sweep of his hand. "These are the new coins, the


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fresh coins that have just been dug up. They are all smuggled. All of them. Hundreds, thousands. I suspect, but, of course, I cannot prove."

Barely a week goes by, Acar and others say, when fresh coins aren't unearthed in Turkey or Italy and smuggled out to Zurich or Munich, where there's a good chance a McNall contact or a buyer from his longtime rival, Bank Leu of Zurich, will be the first to view them. "The Mediterranean is just one big sandbox full of coins," says one East Coast coin dealer, who has done business with McNall, as he spills Baggies bulging with gleaming silver coins onto his desktop. "One hundred Alexander the Great silver 'drachms, probably 323 B.C.—I don't know where they came from, and I don't care. They all go through Turkish guest workers and other smugglers to Switzerland and Germany and from there to New York and London, where we buy them. Now, everyone in the world will deny it, but 80 percent of coins sold throughout the world are 'fresh.' It's a tremendous percentage. And it's a percentage the public doesn't need to see. Because it'll scare the crap out of them. Who would buy this stuff if they knew the truth?"

"What is so amazing is that something that starts out so illegal, so sleazy, ends up so clean, so cultured."

Bruce Patrick McNall was born the son of a U.S.C. biochemistry professor in the Los Angeles suburb of Mar Vista. Wary of television, Shirley McNall, a lab technician, stocked the family's middle-class home with games and collectibles for Bruce and his younger sister. By the age of six, Bruce was assembling a stamp collection, and by nine, when he was given a blue Whitman coin album for Christmas, he was absorbed in coins, spending hours alone in his room fitting pennies into the album's little slots. At 10 he was haunting the lobbies of neighborhood banks, begging tellers to let him inspect their penny rolls in search of rarities, a 1931-S series maybe, or a 1914-D from the Denver mint. Soon he had so many coins he started selling his duplicates to local coin shops; he and four or five pals rode their bicycles in packs from store to store, sometimes taking the long bus ride into the city to visit the bigger shops on Spring Street.

When McNall was 13 his family moved to the San Gabriel Valley suburb of Arcadia. There, in a strip mall on Baldwin Avenue, he experienced an epiphany. In the front window of a coin shop he spied two Roman coins bearing a likeness of the emperor Trajan. They were a dollar each. McNall just stared; he couldn't believe something so old could be so cheap. He bought both coins, plus a book called *Roman Coins and Their Values,* by David Sear—an expert he would hire years later. In the ensuing months he devoured every book he could find about the ancient world and its coins: Gibbon, Suetonius, Herodotus—everything. To this day, McNall can name every Roman emperor from Augustus to Romulus Augustulus. He loved the later years best of all: wise old Hadrian, the murderous Commodus, troubles in the second century, crisis in the third, barbarians at the gate in the fourth.

He plunged into a group of young collectors in the Arcadia area, buying and trading like mad, eventually typing up price lists and advertising his wares in two-line classifieds in *Coin World* and the *Los Angeles Times.* Soon he was trading by mail all across the country. At 15, while working after school stocking shelves in a liquor store, he persuaded the owner to let him display coins at a spare counter. People wandered in to buy six-packs of Bud and in a flash the stock boy with the big grin had them poring over Trajan denarii. "I *knew* people would be fascinated," McNall recalls. "I was so in love with it, I just talked their ears off."

When he moved his display to Coins of the World, the shop where he'd first seen the Trajans, business mushroomed. At 16 he was corresponding with European dealers and ordering from the coin catalogues of the big Swiss banks. He was doing thousands of dollars of business a week, enough to buy a Jaguar XK-E—and then suddenly it was over. Burned out at 17, he sold his entire collection for $60,000, rented an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and enrolled at U.C.L.A., determined to study Roman history and become an academic like his father.

His professors had other ideas. McNall's encyclopedic knowledge of ancient Rome made him an instant prodigy. Several faculty members, including Speros Vryonis, a Byzantine expert, were avid coin collectors, and soon McNall was back selling, to Vryonis and eventually his friends—especially the wealthy, tanned producer of several Tarzan movies, Sy Weintraub. "His professors all thought he was a genius," recalls Joel Malter, an Encino dealer who has known McNall since he was 13.

Reinvigorated at 18, McNall embarked on an excursion to Europe, where he first experienced the secret thrill of smuggling. After buying rare bronze and gold coins he couldn't find in the U.S., "I just put 'em in my pocket and left," McNall recalls. "I committed a crime. But I wasn't thinking then. I was a kid. I was scared at the time." He did the same on subsequent trips to Turkey and other countries where customs inspectors kept a sharp eye out for smugglers. "I just hid the stuff and left," McNall says. "I knew it was wrong. But it was the norm in the industry. I thought, This stuff should be in the Getty. They're so beautiful. Why should they be in some local mayor's bedroom?"

McNall finished U.C.L.A. in three years and acquired a prestigious Regent's Fellowship to begin graduate work in Roman history. But commerce beckoned. He was grossing $500,000 a year, he says, and had never been good in the ancient languages necessary to pursue serious studies. Forgoing the scholarship, he started a mail-order coin business with an eye toward attracting more moguls like Weintraub. "A lot of people, especially in Hollywood, had made a lot of money, but they wanted to be accepted culturally," McNall says. "They wanted a taste of something unique culturally, [and coins gave them that]. I talked my field till I was blue in the face."

An early McNall customer was a young record producer named David Geffen. In later years word got around L.A. that Geffen lost big money investing in McNall's coins, a rumor at which McNall scoffs. "I think he spent $100,000 and got $140,000 back and thought it wasn't enough," McNall recalls, rolling his eyes. "Geffen, *he* was high-maintenance."

"That's a total lie," retorts Geffen. "I gave him $100,000 and the coins were sold for considerably less at a time of roaring inflation. I was going to sue if he didn't make up the difference. I got my money back, but I always considered my Bruce McNall thing a great lesson. It's never happened again."



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Soon McNall merged his business with Joel Malter's, adopting the trade name Numismatic Fine Arts, which Malter had acquired from a famed Jewish dealer who had fled Nazi Germany with coins sewn into his clothes. Initially based in Malter's Encino gallery, McNall opened his first Rodeo Drive shop, a second-story walk-up, at the urging of the influential Sy Weintraub.

"I didn't have a good enough inventory for Sy," McNall recalls. "He wanted the best in the world, and I didn't have it." So McNall flew to Zurich, where he summoned the nerve to walk into Bank Leu's office on the Bahnhofstrasse and introduce himself to the renowned Leo Mildenberg, who had founded Europe's top numismatic department after World War II. Mildenberg was stunned to discover that his eager new customer-by-mail in far-off California was just starting to shave. "Oh my God, if I'd known you were that age," he said, "I never would've given you credit."

Twenty years later Mildenberg, a gnarled gnome of 80, leans forward in his chair at Zurich's Hotel Savoy and lifts a bony finger. "He came for the first time to see me," the old numismatist remembers slowly, "and I see right away he has an eye for great coins. It's rare to see someone with that talent, very rare. I gave him a great deal of coins. Because I liked the way he selected his coins. It is his eye."

McNall gazed in awe at the trays Mildenberg laid before him. Among the glittering coins, he spied a rare gold aureus minted by Pescennius Niger, a governor of Syria defeated in the civil war of 194 A.D. "These were coins you just dream about," McNall recalls. Mildenberg "gave me $1 million in coins on consignment. I said, 'Where do I sign?' He said, 'Why bother? What's your signature worth?' "

The gamble paid off. Sy Weintraub bought nearly all the coins, earning McNall $100,000 in commissions and, more important, hard-won credibility with the Swiss banks that dominated the ancient-coin world. McNall began spending more time in Switzerland attending coin auctions, where word of his aggressive buying for Weintraub spread quickly. It was there, in December 1972, at an auction in Basel, that he met Robert Hecht.

"He is a legend, one of the great characters in our business," McNall says of Hecht. "Is he the biggest dealer? He may be. In all the years I've worked with him, I never knew. He's a very mysterious man. Very mysterious."

Coin of the realm: By the time he was 16, McNall was dealing with Swiss banks and European collectors.



"I just put 'em in my pocket and left," McNall recalls. "I committed a crime. But I wasn't thinking then. I was a kid."

For more than 40 years Bob Hecht has haunted the international antiquities scene, quietly floating in and out of Turkey, Italy, and other Mediterranean countries, sometimes just ahead of police. Born in 1919, an heir to the family who founded the Hecht department-store chain in Baltimore and Washington, Hecht was a hot-tempered Latin major at Haverford. Graduating in 1941, he spent the war on destroyers in the Atlantic before embarking on a year of study in Zurich and later a fellowship to study archaeology at the American Academy in Rome. Soon, he began buying and selling antiquities instead of teaching about them.

As early as 1950, Italian police expressed interest in Hecht's activities. Finally, in 1961, he was charged with receiving looted antiquities. Hecht, who once dismissed the allegations as either "a mistake or a frame-up," was acquitted of one set of charges after six years; another set was dismissed on appeal in the 1970s. While the charges were pending, Hecht's notoriety was such that the Italian Ministry of the Interior asked him to leave the country in May 1963, but without a formal expulsion order he soon returned, settling in Rome's fashionable Aventine Hill section with his wife and three daughters. From 1967 to 1971 he remained on Italy's "frontier list," meaning his bags were to be searched every time he left the country.

Hecht also encountered legal trouble in Turkey. In the 1960s he was detained at the Istanbul airport; though the Roman coins he was carrying were confiscated and he was declared *persona non grata,* the charges were dismissed within days. Hecht later claimed he had intended to donate the coins to a Turkish museum.

But Hecht didn't gain true international notoriety until 1973. That February, barely two months after McNall and Hecht met in Basel, *The New York Times* rocked the art world with a front-page exclusive alleging that a rare Greek vase decorated by the painter Euphronios circa 515 B.C. and acquired in a hail of publicity by the Metropolitan Museum of Art had been secretly unearthed in Italy by tomb robbers. The story asserted that the vase had been smuggled to Zurich, where Hecht had shopped it to the Met for the stunning price of $1 million.

A storm of controversy ensued. Met officials launched furious denials. Overnight, Hecht vanished from Rome and, as the *Times* tracked his travels on its front page for the next week, raced from Beirut to New York to Zurich. When he finally came to a stop in Switzerland, he claimed he had bought the vase not from Italian grave robbers but from a dealer in Beirut—a story he clung to even when *Times* reporters located the angry "*tombaroli*" who claimed to have dug up the vase and sold it to Hecht. In taunting interviews with the *Times,* Hecht alternated between indignation and bemusement. Asked whether he would return to Rome, he replied, "That depends on the Italian police. I want to see if they plan to give me free room and board."

Though never formally charged by Italian authorities—nor in a separate U.S. inquiry—Hecht was obliged to stay out of Italy for more than a decade, and eventually moved his family to Paris.

Twenty years after the scandal, I found Hecht in Zurich, where he is attending Bank Leu's annual auction of ancient coins. Almost 75, his body hunched and his bald head mottled by

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age, he invites me into his modest hotel room and pulls up a lonely chair. I know Hecht is no longer a rich man. "It is possible to open a museum bigger than the Getty with all the coins and antiquities he dealt during the last 35 years," Özgen Acar had said. "I am sure he made a lot of money in this business, but he has no money today. Gambling. When he comes to Turkey, he plays in underground gambling halls."

In recent years the Turkish government has kept tabs on Hecht, occasionally gaining the return of a valuable piece, though the day we meet he is smiling over a victory involving a $1.8 million Roman statue on loan to the San Antonio Museum of Art. Customs had seized the piece at the Turks' behest, but the museum had successfully presented affidavits asserting it had come from Germany. I ask Hecht how it feels to be described as an infamous smuggler. "I think that's rather defamatory," he replies with a cool smile. "If you're going to call someone a smuggler, you have to pin them down and prove there's been an incident. I defy anybody to find an incident of that with me."

He vividly remembers inviting McNall up to his hotel room that day in 1972 and showing him some Greek vases. "He was just a kid," Hecht says. "But he was a bright kid. He's a great listener, and he remembers what you tell him. The great thing about him is his ability to persuade. What a salesman! If I were as good a salesman as McNall, I'd be retired in a villa on the Italian Riviera. He could sell pictures to the blind and snow to the Eskimos. And he's a flatterer. He'll say things I could never bring myself to say."

For the 22-year-old McNall, Bob Hecht represented his ticket to a new, exciting, and more profitable milieu, and he allowed neither the Euphronios scandal nor Hecht's flight from Italian authorities to get in the way of their budding friendship. Of the European coin market, McNall says, "It was like a whole other world to me. That was the world that excited me."

Hecht, suddenly a pariah to many top museums, eagerly seized on the young Californian, whose Hollywood clientele would soon discover that statues of Caesar in their foyers made far better conversation pieces than rows of grubby coins stowed in a darkened vault. McNall invited Hecht to Los Angeles, where the older man nodded approvingly at the Rodeo Drive boutique, took in hockey games at the Forum, and swatted balls on Sy Weintraub's tennis court. Within months McNall was Hecht's most important customer.

Hecht, in turn, chaperoned McNall on his first excursions into the world of antiquities trafficking. "I was very fortunate," McNall volunteers. "He took me under his wing. Ninety percent of what I learned about antiquities I learned from Hecht."

From 1973, when he began his tutelage under Hecht, until he curtailed his European travels in the mid-1980s, McNall spent much of his time on the Continent buying "fresh" coins and antiquities. "It's a dangerous business in some ways," McNall tells me. "Bob Hecht and these people are dealing with reputable suppliers and some not-so-reputable suppliers. The penalties for exporting art from these countries, remember, are very severe—10, 20 years or worse. . . . [But] it was an excitement, a thrill, a knowledge of how the real world works."

"When we landed," McNall remembers, "I saw all these cops out on the runway. I thought it was *Midnight Express* for sure!"

I ask McNall whether he dealt with the kind of tomb robbers who had purportedly sold Hecht the Euphronios. "I did it," McNall says. "It was scary. It was definitely Indiana Jones stuff. I would end up in a dark restaurant with these guys, negotiating, sometimes with Hecht, sometimes not. I needed Bob. I needed his expertise. I had no language skills. Bob did 90 percent of it."

Traveling and working closely with Hecht, McNall was soon sealing deals with higher-level smugglers in Swiss hotels and restaurants. "Sometimes they're very rough," he says. "Many of these guys are very sophisticated guys, but some are kind of scary. Some get in gun battles with police and are killed. Some of those people in Turkey I knew—that was really scary. They were killed by the police in drug busts and things."

The bright side of dealing with the more dangerous smugglers, McNall goes on, was their trustworthiness. "Some of these guys, their word was really good," McNall says earnestly. "Better than guys on Wall Street. Because their lives depended on it."

Bob Hecht proves far more circumspect about the pair's buying expeditions. "No comment," he says when I ask about tomb robbers. Had he and McNall, I wonder, shared adventures worthy of Indiana Jones? "I wish it were that romantic," Hecht says, then pauses for a long moment and smiles. "We did meet interesting people."

I ask McNall if he was ever detained for smuggling. "I came close a couple of times to being caught," he admits. "I was with Hecht once, on a flight out of Izmir, to Istanbul, I think. We both had coins. On the flight, Bob takes out all these gold Roman coins, lays them all out. Bob took 'em out on a plane! I said, 'Bob, put 'em away! That's crazy!' Then a stewardess knocks his elbow and all the coins go flying, all over the airplane. I'm crawling around on my hands and knees, trying to pick up all these coins. The pilot called the police. When we landed, I saw all these cops out on the runway. I thought it was *Midnight Express* for sure!" As McNall tells it, the two men were released after questioning.

McNall is apparently describing the exact details leading up to Hecht's Turkish arrest. But when I ask Hecht if McNall was with him that day, the old man is flabbergasted. "Horseshit! He said that?" Hecht exclaims, a look of amazement crossing his features. "Oh, leave it that way. Why spoil a good story? Why pick on Bruce? Bruce is a guy with a great imagination." But when pressed, Hecht says that the incident did occur several years before he met McNall.

"No, that *did* happen; I was really scared to death," McNall insists later. "This was another one. It must have been someplace else. There were just so many times I was nervous out of my mind with Bob. A lot of times flying into Switzerland, we always talked about how we would [hide items]. Bob is just so open about it. He loved the gamble. Pockets, luggage, you hide things in your clothes. Shoes. We did it all. Most of the more important things, of course, are done in a more sophisticated manner." Certain dealers he knows well, McNall confides, have paid Lufthansa pilots to smuggle coins and artifacts into Munich on flights from Istanbul.

I ascribe the discrepancy to the pas-


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sage of time or to McNall's admitted penchant for embellishing his favorite tales. In 1991, *Forbes* slapped him on the wrist for puffing up his résumé in promotional literature. "You have to be careful with Bruce because he'll just make things up," says a former aide. "We were always amazed how much he lies, and sometimes about the simplest things, like the date of a coin, just for no reason."

His former partner Joel Malter found a number of things troubling about McNall. "There was stuff Bruce did as a kid that I could've canned him for," Malter tells me. Like smuggling? "Let him say it," Malter replies. "But yeah, he took my son to Tunisia and it was kind of exciting—sure, he did it." Though he denies making payoffs himself, McNall mentioned how easily foreign customs agents could be bribed to ignore smuggled items. "I'm sure he did all sorts of things. I told him not to do certain things," Malter says. "I shouldn't say any more. It could get him into trouble."

Eventually, Malter's concerns led to a split. Their partnership dissolved in 1975 after a disagreement over a $70,000 coin McNall said he'd lost. McNall agreed to pay for the coin and in return kept the lucrative Numismatic Fine Arts name. Malter, who today runs a small coin business in Encino and occasionally manages to get McNall on the phone, is bitter about losing the N.F.A. name. "When you flip ahead of someone, there's always tension," McNall says dismissively. "Joel had a different concept. He was a guy who worked out of his garage. He had a family. I wanted it all."

The coup that thrust McNall to the forefront of the ancient-art world was his record-setting 1974 purchase of the Athena decadrachm. By far the finest of three or four specimens known to exist, the coin had captivated McNall from the moment Leo Mildenberg showed it to him at Bank Leu in late 1973. "It was *the* coin, it was phenomenal quality," McNall recalls. "And the only one *ever* for sale. None had been on the market. Zero. I said to Weintraub, 'This is probably the greatest single coin in the world. We have to get it.'" The previous record for a coin was around $100,000, and McNall warned Weintraub the bidding could go higher.

Seventy-five of the world's top buyers eased into seats around a U-shaped table in a Zurich conference room for the bidding. McNall saw dealers representing all the major Swiss banks as well as competitors from London and New York, not to mention buyers who he knew were fronting for future French president Giscard d'Estaing and the Onassis syndicate. He glanced at Weintraub and Bob Hecht in the audience. Within minutes bids topped 600,000 Swiss francs, roughly $300,000, tripling the world record.

McNall, sweating through his shirt, didn't open his mouth until the bidding hit 700,000. Minutes later the Onassis man dropped out; when d'Estaing's dealer bid 800,000 francs, McNall swallowed hard. "I looked at Sy. I thought, Oh, man, we're in uncharted waters now," he recalls. "I'd kept asking him for a limit, but he wouldn't give me one." McNall bid once more: 820,000 francs, almost $420,000. There were several agonizing moments of silence, and then the French passed, McNall had the coin, and the room erupted in applause.

McNall, sweating through his shirt, didn't open his mouth until the bidding hit 700,000 Swiss francs.

"That took me into a different league," McNall says. "All of a sudden I became the biggest buyer in the world. All of the dealers in Turkey and Greece, and all their middlemen, started giving me first glances at the new hoards. I started seeing all these marvelous pieces. Bob Hecht was so helpful. He had the best feel on the pulse of that world. We started getting passes at everything, from the Üzülmezes of the world."

"Üzülmezes" is a reference to Fuat Üzülmez, the suave Munich gallery owner who remains very big in that world. To this day, Fuat, as he's universally known, is believed to be one of N.F.A.'s largest suppliers of coins and antiquities; McNall describes Fuat as "a guy we've been dealing with for years. He's a dealer, a perfectly reputable dealer. He's O.K., I mean, as they go." In fact, the Turkish government regards Üzülmez, whose father was the dean of antiquities dealers at Istanbul's Grand Bazaar, as perhaps the largest antiquities trafficker in Europe and leader of a ring of Munich-based dealers who buy artifacts from Turkish villagers—thousands of whom spend their weekends combing the countryside with metal detectors.

"Fuat is like the spider at the center of the web," says an American coin dealer. "I remember one time at dinner Fuat likened himself to the big oil companies, sinking money into the metal-detector people to find the product and selling it upstream to the American dealers."

In the late 1970s, as McNall scrambled to snap up the freshest coin hoards and antiquities, he began doing more and more business with the Fuat Üzülmezes of the world. Before long, he says, he began to hear unpleasant rumblings from lawyers representing several Mediterranean countries. "There were always threats—I was always being threatened as being *persona non grata,* especially in Italy and Turkey," McNall acknowledges. For the most part, he says, he ignored the warnings.

In 1974, McNall and Hecht had struck a formal partnership, and two years later McNall opened a second Rodeo Drive gallery, this one devoted exclusively to selling Hecht's antiquities. They named it the Summa Gallery.

In no time the Hecht-McNall partnership drew the Turkish government's attention. One early incident involved an ancient Roman sarcophagus that had been stripped by thieves of a series of carved scenes depicting the labors of Hercules. An investigation by the Turkish police led to the arrest of three alleged smugglers, but several key panels remained missing. They turned up in McNall's gallery; he returned them after a visit from a U.S. Customs agent.

All manner of antiquities poured into McNall's Summa Gallery. Some were hotter than others. One night in February 1976, for instance, thieves broke into a depot near the excavations at the famed Roman city of Aphrodisias and stole eight exquisite marble pieces. The theft caused a sensation in Turkey and set off an international hunt for the missing marbles. Not until November 1977 were four of the stolen pieces discovered—for sale in McNall's Summa Gallery. The 27-year-old McNall returned the pieces.

But for every piece the Turks recovered, many more found their way into fashionable homes in the Hollywood Hills. As a collector, McNall never adored statuary and vases the way he had his first love, Roman coins. What he liked about antiquities were the profit

margins. A dirt-encrusted Syracusan dagger bought from a Sicilian peasant for $1,500 might sell on Rodeo Drive for $100,000 or more. McNall says he charged close to a million for a Euphronios cup he acknowledges was probably bought from the same tomb robbers who allegedly supplied Hecht's Euphronios vase. "We made a lot of dough," McNall says, flashing his trademark grin. "A *lot* of dough."

The surge in antiquities profits was vital, because Sy Weintraub's coin buying had tapered off and, as Joel Malter recalls, McNall "didn't have a second Weintraub, [just] smaller buyers like Geffen." In 1978 one of McNall's clients persuaded him to sink some profits into a racehorse. The horse turned out to be a stiff, but a few months later, while McNall was sitting in his box at Santa Anita, its former owner dropped by to say hello. His name was Nelson Bunker Hunt, and if he'd had an anchor tattooed on his forehead it couldn't have been any clearer that McNall's ship had just come in.

"The name was familiar to me," McNall remembers. "I was thinking, Hunt's ketchup? Hunt's Foods? I wasn't clueing in on it." The two men chatted for five minutes before Hunt left. Two weeks later he returned to McNall's box.

"You're in ancient coins, right?" Hunt asked.

"Right."

"I have a question. What was the relationship between gold and silver in the ancient world?"

"Well, 24 to 1, about."

Hunt sat down and the two men settled into deep conversation. They were still talking when the races ended that day, still talking even as Santa Anita emptied and the shadows grew long outside. "We spent hours talking there in the dark, just talking late into the night," McNall recalls. "I was definitely selling him on coins. [Finally] he said, 'What would it take to form the biggest coin collection in the world?' "

Bingo. In Bunker Hunt and his brother Herbert, McNall snared as clients the First Family of Texas oil—and arguably the goofiest. By the late 1970s the Hunt brothers adamantly believed that the West was poised on the verge of economic collapse, that Communism would rule the world. "They were convinced the Russians were coming over the Rockies any day now" is how McNall puts it. The only safe investment, the Hunts believed, was precious metals. The Hunts' unsuccessful scheme to cor-

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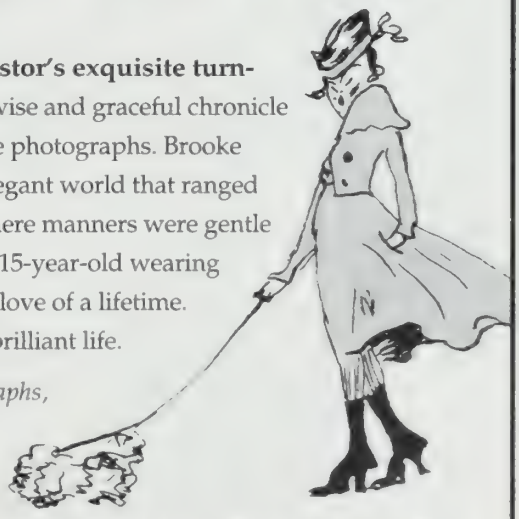
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ner the world silver market in 1979 and 1980 would earn them a place in history—and ultimately in bankruptcy court.

"They were dream clients, an untold fortune, purported to be the richest men in the world," McNall recalls fondly. "Nobody's ever understood the Hunts. Bunker is not the anti-Semitic idiot everyone thinks he is. He is well-known as being more right-wing than Hitler. What Bunker is is a sheltered guy. He grew up rich."

McNall took the brothers to Bank Leu in Zurich, and again had Leo Mildenberg bring out his best coins. Herbert Hunt bought several entire trays of Byzantine coins, while Bunker's roving eye fell on a pair of bronze statues, an Etruscan man and an Alexander the Great. "He said, 'How much for those?'" McNall recalls. "It was something like $800,000 for both. He said, 'O.K., I'll take those.' Just like that, like five pairs of shoes off a rack. I about fell over."

The Hunts' next step was to buy what McNall considered the finest coin collection already in existence, Sy Weintraub's, a $16 million sale brokered by McNall. Sensing both Hunts were driven less by aesthetics than by economics, McNall began tutoring sessions to instill in them a passion for antiquities. "I spent untold days and hours educating them," he recalls. "One time I chartered a boat for the Hunts, two months cruising through the Greek islands. I took them island by island, going through the history of each place along the way. When we stopped in Turkey, I had all my sources, but I had to be pretty careful. Because sometimes I'd get off the boat and some of my sources were coming up to me with things fresh out of the ground! It was crazy. I would have had no problem hiding them on the boat. But we all could have been arrested. Can you imagine, the Greek coast guard arresting me with the Hunts?"

For four years McNall gave the Hunts first crack at coins and artifacts he and Hecht brought in, and in time the brothers had indeed amassed one of the world's finest collections. Some of the most thrilling moments came on the merry ride McNall took Herbert Hunt on through the world of Byzantine coins. Convinced the coins were undervalued, McNall and Hunt concocted an outlandish scheme to corner the Byzantine market. Crisscrossing Europe between 1979 and 1982, McNall estimates, he and his top aide Steve Rubinger bought 25,000 Byzantine coins, often snapping up whole collections. "We just made sweeps through entire areas, buying everything," Rubinger recalls. "I remember going through London. I saw all three major dealers in one afternoon and I bought everything they had. I had to go fast before anyone heard what we were doing and jacked up the prices."

Byzantine coins, however, are notoriously common, and when word spread of the Hunt-McNall gambit, thousands of illicit coins began pouring out of Asia Minor. "There was a shitload of Byzantine coins," McNall says. "The new stuff found in Turkey always came out and found its way to Switzerland, and we bought it all there. Hoards of coins kept coming up, and we bought it all." But, of course, they could never buy it all. As a result, prices never rose as McNall had hoped, and Herbert Hunt lost a bundle. "Herbert wasn't an avaricious guy," says McNall. "He just thought they were incredibly cheap. And he was right. We just couldn't pull it off. It should've worked."

Finally, Bunker Hunt asked McNall, "What would it take to form the biggest coin collection in the world?"

Membership in the globe-trotting Hunt entourage broadened McNall's horizons. When the family turned down an invitation to invest in a pro-basketball franchise for Dallas, the Mavericks, McNall signed on instead, taking a minority position in 1979 that he sold three years later. In 1980, after Kirk Kerkorian couldn't interest the Hunts in a joint acquisition of Columbia Pictures, the brothers encouraged McNall to start a production company of his own, a Hunt-financed vehicle called Sherwood Productions, later renamed Gladden Entertainment.

"Our first project was a little film with Sting called *Brimstone and Treacle*," McNall recalls. "Terrible little film, just terrible. We had no clue, no clue, just stupid, had no idea. But I had the sound track by the Police, and I made a lot of money on that."

After another flop or two McNall gambled and joined with David Begelman, the former Columbia Pictures head, who was rebuilding his career after pleading no contest to a theft charge stemming from forging checks, including one in the name of actor Cliff Robertson, an episode immortalized in the best-selling book *Indecent Exposure*. With backing from McNall and the Hunts, Begelman went on to produce a string of hit pictures, including the $100-million-grossing *Mr. Mom*.

McNall's biggest Hunt-related windfall, however, may have been his involvement in their scheme to corner the silver market. As he described it to me, he invested $1 million in silver futures at Bunker's request, watched it skyrocket before falling back, then sold out when Bunker warned that the market was poised to crash; eventually, he says, he broke even on the investment. But Jonathan Rosen, a New York investor who bought antiquities with McNall and Hecht for years, tells me another story. "It was the silver that took McNall to the next level" of wealth, Rosen says. "Bruce is so impulsive, he'll do anything. The man took every dollar he had in the world and tied it up in silver contracts. He was smart. The Hunts told him to hold it. But he dumped it at 35 or more, having bought it at 15 on margin. He made a fortune."

"I wish I had," responds McNall, sticking to his story. "People thought I was making billions—forget millions, *billions*—by dealing with the Hunts. Unfortunately, I didn't. Of course, I didn't correct people when they said it. If I'd been in it as big as people say, I'd have been investigated along with everyone else, and I wasn't."

Whatever the case, McNall's wild times with the Hunts were drawing to a close by 1983 as the brothers' empire melted away. McNall took his new millions and sank them into horses—his Summa Stable now houses 100 thoroughbreds—and a minority stake in the Los Angeles Kings. In 1988 he bought the team outright and bet its future on the sensational $15 million signing of Gretzky. The Hunts, meanwhile, filed for bankruptcy. Their $50 million collection of Roman, Greek, and Byzantine coins and artifacts, which McNall had assured them would increase in value, was sold at Sotheby's in 1990 and 1991—for $34 million.

For the most part, McNall's good times continued through the end of the 1980s. Thanks to the Merrill Lynch investors who poured more than $30 million into his Athena Funds, he remained the largest coin investor in the world. In



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1988, after a record-setting hoard of ultra-rare Greek decadrachms was unearthed illegally in Turkey, McNall snared some of the best coins for N.F.A. and the Athena investors; though three Turks were sent to prison, McNall says he managed to unload most of the coins before the Turkish government's American lawyers appeared at an N.F.A. auction and demanded their return. "They never figured out who bought what and where all the coins were," McNall beams, clearly relishing having outsmarted the Turks. "They were going crazy."

But McNall's fortunes have dimmed with the long decline in the coin market. When he's not overseeing the Athena liquidations, McNall spends much of his time trying to solve the problems of the Kings' aging home, the Great Western Forum. Replacing the Forum, McNall believes, may be the best way to ease his current financial bind, which owes much to a Forum lease that gives McNall no share of concession or parking revenues. The current stadium doesn't even have skyboxes, which could bring McNall millions. For months he has tried to buy the Forum from its owner, L.A. Lakers owner Jerry Buss, but Buss, to McNall's exasperation, keeps upping the price on him.

"It's a precarious position to be in," McNall says. "I had built up enough cash to be O.K. But coins are negative [cash flow]. Horses are weak. The Kings are flat." The Argonauts, having lost "Rocket" Ismail to the N.F.L., suffered their second-straight losing season, though the departure of Ismail's $18 million contract has lightened McNall's burden. Meanwhile, he's talking about selling his Malibu and Palm Springs homes and is attempting a badly needed diversification into sports memorabilia, launching a line of jerseys and athletic equipment autographed by such stars as Gretzky, Joe Montana, and Mickey Mantle. Though the venture seems promising, McNall admits his heart is still in the slumping coin market.

"I don't sense the new collectors coming in," he says with frustration. "I don't sense kids with the passion I had. They're into baseball cards and collectibles. Where are the young kids? Where are the next Bruce McNalls? People just aren't interested in collecting ancient coins anymore. As much as I pound my head on the goddamn table, I can't force them to collect. I can't force them to share my passion." McNall can't even persuade his two children. "They have no interest at all," he says glumly. "The only thing I've managed to get them interested in is hockey cards."

The messy Athena liquidations, which carry the ever present threat of investor lawsuits, weigh heavily on his mind. "The whole thing's been a nightmare," he says. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the coin world's grapevine thrums these days with vicious rumors about McNall. It's accepted as fact in some venues, for instance, that one of his top executives is taking kickbacks from one of N.F.A.'s largest Swiss suppliers. "I've heard it innumerable times," McNall says, forcing a smile. "I've looked into it, and the things they say are physically impossible. I've set up more serious investigations from time to time, and a couple of times we found one or two instances. But it's too small a world [for a larger fraud]. I'd know about it." He has also heard the rumors that N.F.A. has inflated its own profits by using false invoices from certain Central European dealers. "Why in the name of God," he asks, "would anyone with half a brain—and I think I have half a brain—risk my whole empire for something so piddly? This is one of the reasons I'm getting tired of the business, all the rumors and petty jealousies."

"We all could have been arrested. Can you imagine, the Greek coast guard arresting me with the Hunts?"



Midas touch: McNall rubs up against Goldie Hawn at an early supper he hosted before a Kings game.

Conflicts over how to manage the funds led to a final split from Bob Hecht. Though Hecht's role, not to mention his arrest record, was never mentioned in Athena Fund prospectuses, the old dealer had quietly handled a number of antiquities purchases for the Athena Funds until another blowup with McNall in late 1990. "We've been partners and split, partners and split," says McNall. "It's happened two or three times over our career." According to one source, the two men frequently disagreed over which antiquities to buy, Hecht tending to select pieces of greater academic importance, McNall the more salable.

McNall's current troubles may well pass. In December he agreed to sell an undisclosed percentage of the Kings to I.D.B. Communications in return for a stake in a new 20,000-seat arena the two contemplate building. "It's a first step towards solving our problems," McNall says. He has handled adversity before. In 1986, the Cannon Group suddenly canceled his largest distribution deal at a time McNall had $45 million on the line in three films, including his biggest bomb, *The Sicilian*. "The banks freaked," he says. "I very easily could have been wiped out." Though David Begelman managed to replace the contract, McNall has since cut his stake in Gladden Entertainment to 10 percent, but still remembers the panic surrounding Cannon's cancellation.

"In my coins-and-antiquities business, you'd be killed for that," he says suddenly. I realize he is serious. "You'd be dead. If Bob Hecht contracted to buy an antiquity from one of these guys in Turkey and backed out, I wouldn't want to be in his shoes. But in Hollywood it's all lawyers."

At times like this, one can't help feeling that McNall would rather be on a plane over Izmir or Zurich, his socks full of fresh, mud-caked Trajan denarii, trading anxious glances with Hecht, sweating out the slow walk through customs. I venture the thought and he nods. "I'd give it all . . . ," he starts to say, then stops. "You know, that was part of the fun with Bob," he says. "Every day we found a new treasure. It was so much fun." □

HARRY BENSON





(Dopo: Gianna came back. Alberto left. Vincenzo and Gianna shared a Frangelico. She never got her shoes back on.)

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Vanities



Lightning Stoltz

He may live in New Mexico, far from any major fault lines (but arm's length from paramour Bridget Fonda), yet still **ERIC STOLTZ** assesses his career in Richter-scale terms: "A straight line for long periods of time. Then powerful seismic shifts totally out of my control." He's not straight-lining now, starring in *Naked in New York*, a romantic comedy set in the theater world, and also in *Killing Zoe* and *Sleep with Me*. Stoltz is a vocal advocate of the independent film: "They're like stray dogs. They need much more attention and care, but ultimately reward you with fierce loyalty and a fascinating, off-kilter personality. And sometimes fleas." —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by STEPHEN DANELIAN

Hype & Glory

By NED ZEMAN

Beer and loathing in Arkansas: Whitewater comes to a head at the Capital Hotel bar

"*The New York Times* is not a supermarket tabloid." The voice belonged to R. W. "Johnny" Apple Jr., the seasoned *New York Times* Washington-bureau chief, and he was responding to a query as to whether the paper of record would be reporting on two Arkansas state troopers' lurid charges about Bill Clinton's gubernatorial years—a story that swiftly became known, in journalistic circles, as Fornigate. A few days later, in step with countless "Eyewitness News" teams and the British tabloids, the *Times* dispatched first-string reporters Michael Wines and Sara Rimer to Little Rock.

But, really, who could blame them? Every other paper and network had hightailed it down South, and then along came all that Whitewater unpleasantness and soon reporters were all over Little Rock—skulking after bureaucrats and scoundrels, trolling for purported "Bill Babes." But at night they all returned to their hub, the sumptuous Capital Hotel, a 114-year-old landmark with vaulted ceilings, huge rooms, and a staff that memorizes every guest's name—all for just over $100 a night. It's what the Caravelle was to war-torn Saigon, what the Al Rashid was to Baghdad—a journalist's sanctuary. "Also," notes Rex Nelson, the seasoned political editor of the Arkansas *Democrat-Gazette,* "I think they like the bar." Ah, yes: the hotel houses the legendary Capital Bar, which is the prime watering hole for local and visiting muck-a-mucks. "Used to be a whorehouse, you know," Nelson adds, as if the media needed another reason to be there.



Still life with martini and pilsner glasses: The Capital Hotel bar, Little Rock, Arkansas.

MATT BRADLEY

Anyway, it's the place to be. In just a few days at the hotel, one might spot representatives from *Time,* ABC, CNN, *Newsweek,* NBC, the *Los Angeles Times,* and the BBC. Not to mention all the tabloid reporters. But these are journalists. Which is to say that no matter how nice their setting may be they always find the underbelly. *Time* writer Richard Behar, an engaging sort who, like most of his colleagues, has nevertheless been known to launch into tirades when the hotel fax machine screws up, thinks there's a ventilation problem at the hotel. "There's no air here. I took a tool and started chipping away at the window, but we're *trapped.*" Behar is *Time*'s point man on Whitewater, so everyone at the Capital knows him, including the competition. He was recently awakened late at night by loud pounding on his door. Then a voice demanded, "Go home! There's no story here, you bastard." Dazed, Behar figured it was a source coming for a little payback. But no. It was Alan Frank, an ABC producer with a flair for the dramatic.

This frat-house gamesmanship is typical. For example, all faxes can be found in one area at the front desk, which means they're available on a first-come, first-swipe basis. There's plenty of superficial professional courtesy, but when one alleged Clinton mistress dined in the hotel restaurant, "everyone was suddenly running down the hallways," recalls a CNN staffer, "jockeying for position." Meanwhile, it's become routine for reporters to greet new arrivals with the message "Welcome aboard. Your phone is tapped." (Even better is the fact that hotel staffers will cheerfully read you that message, adding, "Have a nice day.") The bugged-phones theory has been propagated because reporters always seem to know who called whom and because the Capital is owned by Stephens Inc., a financial holding company with close ties to the Clintons. (Needless to say, the hotel denies employing any Big Brother tactics.)

Spend some time in the Capital Bar and a complicated journalistic ecosystem becomes evident. Most reporters are happy to chitchat with one another, particularly after hours

(however, *Los Angeles Times* reporters are widely considered "aloof" and "very 'Spy vs. Spy' "). But as a general rule, daily reporters steer wide of other daily reporters. *Time*'s Behar may sit a few tables apart from *Newsweek*'s current man on the scene, Mark Hosenball; ABC and NBC don't exactly share finger food. Still, there's "a lot of winking and nodding," says *Newsweek*'s Ginny Carroll. Behar adds, "If all of us spread out our reports here, we'd have Whitewater solved in 15 minutes."

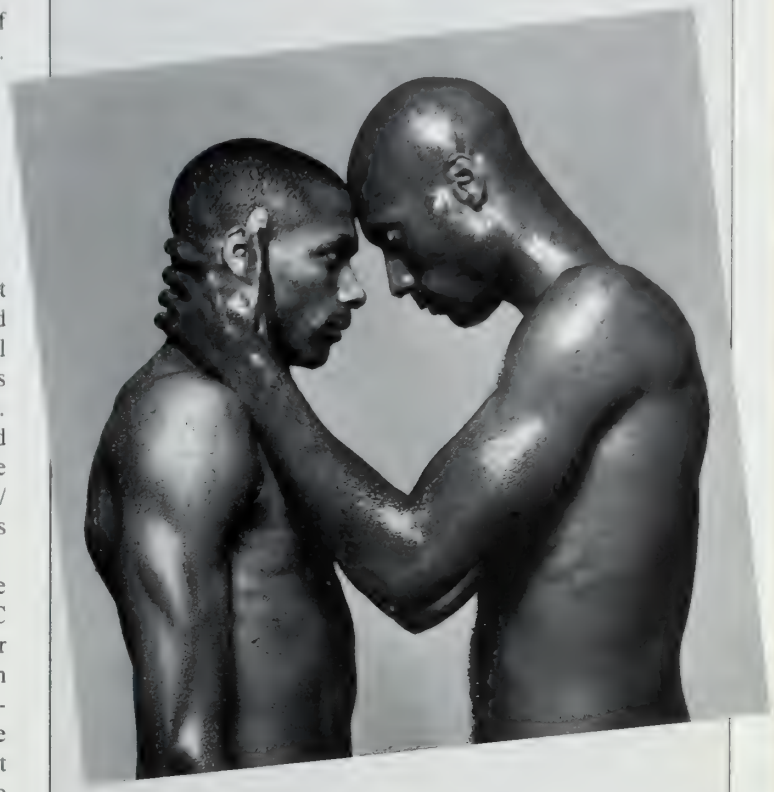
Lately, journalists have been tiptoeing out to a quiet little hamlet called Yellville, in Marion County, only about 20 minutes from Whitewater. It's a good three-hour drive from Little Rock, but it's worth it because that's where many Whitewater-related documents are stored. "I hear reporters have been tripping over each other out there," says Chris Vlasto, an ABC producer, who arrived at the Capital with a two-day supply of clothes (he was still there four weeks later). Yellville is also where journalists truly learn to appreciate all that Little Rock has to offer. There is a Ramada Inn and a Super 8 motel nearby, and many reporters frequent the Front Porch restaurant because it has a salad bar. Aside from a combination coffee shop/secondhand store, that's about it. Yellville, says *Time*'s Suneel Ratan, "is very conducive to work."

Particularly amusing is how the confluence of Fornigate and Whitewater have addled the pack—although, as BBC reporter Peter Marshall notes, "one suspects Whitewater only became a big story because everyone was already down for the sex story." Reporters for several top-caliber publications complain that their editors had them chase down the names of Clinton's alleged mistresses—not for stories but just because they were curious. And on a given night at the Capital Bar, one could witness a bizarre *McLaughlin Group*–style quorum of staffers from *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, ABC, and numerous British tabloids. The Brits have cultivated a singular image around town. "All the reporters have been nice customers, especially CNN," says Capital bartender Nathan Griffin. "The British ones drink more."

Back in the 1992 campaign, Clinton aide Betsy Wright routinely held anti-bimbo press sessions in the Capital lobby, and reporters were "three-deep at the bar," says Carroll. Then there was a lull until Little Rock attorney Cliff Jackson, who represents the tattling troopers, began holding his own impromptu P.R. sessions in the bar. Now it's hopping again, with dozens of media types checked in during meaty weeks, sometimes under pseudonyms. The Schadenfreude has grown so intense that when *Time* columnist Walter Shapiro walked into the bar with Clinton chief of staff Mack MacLarty every reporter there stayed through the meal. "Just in case Walter got up and left the guy exposed," said one reporter, adding sadly, "He didn't."

This is not to say that hard-digging and nerve-jangling competitiveness has precluded the absorption of local culture. Reporters from *The New York Times*, ABC, and the BBC recently convened at Doe's, the pay-by-the-ounce steak house frequented by the president. Everyone loved it—except for the Brits, who, despite pleas of warning, ordered fish. And late one night a reporters' pack made a jaunt to a raucous Little Rock nightspot featuring the band "7th Street Peep Show." But, of course, journalism is a 24-hour job. The nightspot's name: the Whitewater Tavern.

Briefly, the O'Bannon Brothers



JERRY AVENAIM

Names: Charles, 19 (left), and Ed, 21.

Other Times They Show Their Muscles: When wearing basketball uniforms for U.C.L.A., where Charles is a freshman and Ed a junior.

Why They Didn't Choose Notre Dame with a Name Like O'Bannon: "We grew up in Southern California," says Charles, "and we wanted to be able to play in front of our parents and to go home at any opportunity."

Combined O'Bannon Height: 13 feet, two and a half inches.

Combined O'Bannon Weight: 425 pounds.

Charles's Theory on Why African-American Ballplayers Shave Their Heads: "It's what represents us, though the reason Michael Jordan does it is because he's going bald."

So Why Is Charles the One with Hair in Our Photo? "I've shaved it now. You just caught me during a time of growth, in between haircuts."

Any Hobbies Besides Basketball? Charles: "Yeah, sleeping and eating." Ed: "My favorite thing is just to turn the phone off and sit behind the remote control. Every night from midnight to one o'clock I watch *The Twilight Zone*."

Any Zone-like Moments on the Pauley Pavilion Court? "Yeah, one game, you can be on top and everyone is patting you on the back," says Ed. "The next game you come out and only win by five and you get booed. You walk off the court with that *Twilight Zone* theme music playing in your head."

—KEVIN SESSUMS

Vanities

Esprit Décor



Decorators Stephen Miller Siegel, Darren Henault, Chris Walsh, Emily Todhunter, Parkin Saunders, and Jamie Drake.

The Generation X equivalents of Mario Buatta, Peter Marino, Mark Hampton, and Jacques Grange possess twice the energy and half the ego of their role models. Standouts among the rising stars of thirtysomething interior designers include Jamie Drake, Stephen Miller Siegel, Emily Todhunter, and Parkin Saunders and Chris Walsh, of Saunders & Walsh. Also up-and-coming is 28-year-old Darren Henault.

"Young designers, besides having a fresh eye, are more willing to listen to what we the clients want and are more likely to devote themselves to the projects," says Cynthia Ford. She and her husband, Edsel B. Ford II, employed Saunders & Walsh to design their Grosse Pointe, Michigan, lakeside manse. S&W also furnished oil-services heir David Koch's 15,000-square-foot Southampton home in just four months. Jamie Drake's flexible approach has endeared him to clients such as media magnate Michael Bloomberg, literary agent Amanda Urban, and publishing executive Phyllis Grann. "There's a constant conversation that determines the how, what, when, and why," Drake explains. Peter Marino's protégé Stephen Miller Siegel is similarly sensitive to clients' needs. "The starting point for all good design is architecture, which should reflect the client's taste," he says. The London-based decorator Emily Todhunter counts among her commissions Sissinghurst Castle, the home of Nigel Nicolson, and the Bel-Air villa of English industrialist Lord White of Hull. She neatly sums up the key to early success. "The first rule in decorating is to get the client as involved as possible. It guarantees that the final result is indeed a manifestation of the client's style." —KHOI NGUYEN

Savall Miracles

Roll over, John Williams, and tell Danny Elfman the news: the most ravishing film score of the past decade was delivered from 17th-century France, courtesy of a viola da gamba virtuoso named Jordi Savall.

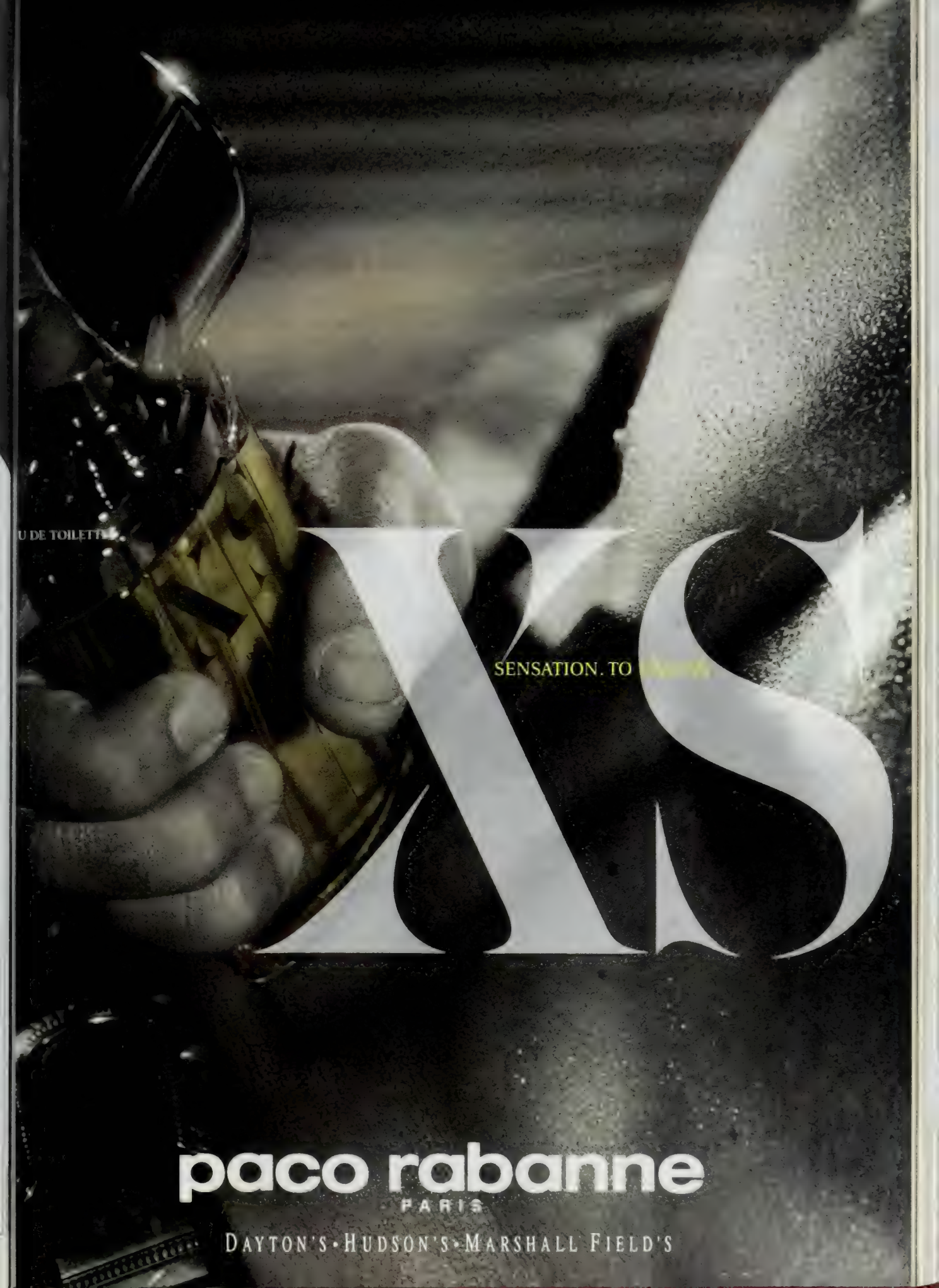
Tous les Matins du Monde introduced audiences to a lost world of noble grace and contemplative yearning when it became an international hit two years ago, further fueling the recent revival of interest in the French Baroque and selling over half a million sound-track copies. But Savall, a 52-year-old Catalan, has collaborated for more than two decades in the rediscovery of an enormous repertory of neglected masterworks. There is already a lifetime's listening in his 100-plus recordings, from the Spanish Renaissance *recercadas* of Diego Ortiz to the heart-rending Elizabethan elegies of John Dowland. This month, his wife, soprano Montserrat Figueras, and their Hespèrion XX Trio are embarked upon a rare tour of the U.S., performing Frescobaldi and Caccini as well as Savall's beloved Marin Marais. The maestro returns in June as a guest conductor of the Berkeley Early Music Festival.



Tous les Matins du Monde *maestro Jordi Savall.*

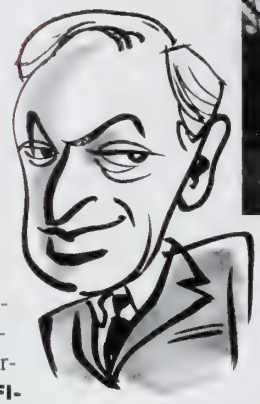
—ROBERT WALSH

MICHELE CUDE


U DE TOILETT
SENSATION. TO
XS
paco rabanne
PARIS
DAYTON'S • HUDSON'S • MARSHALL FIELD'S

Vanities

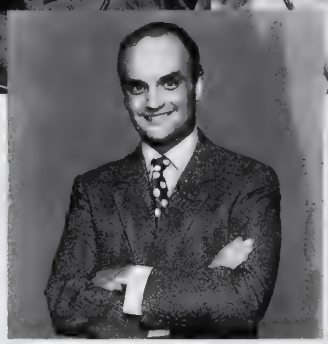
Hot Type





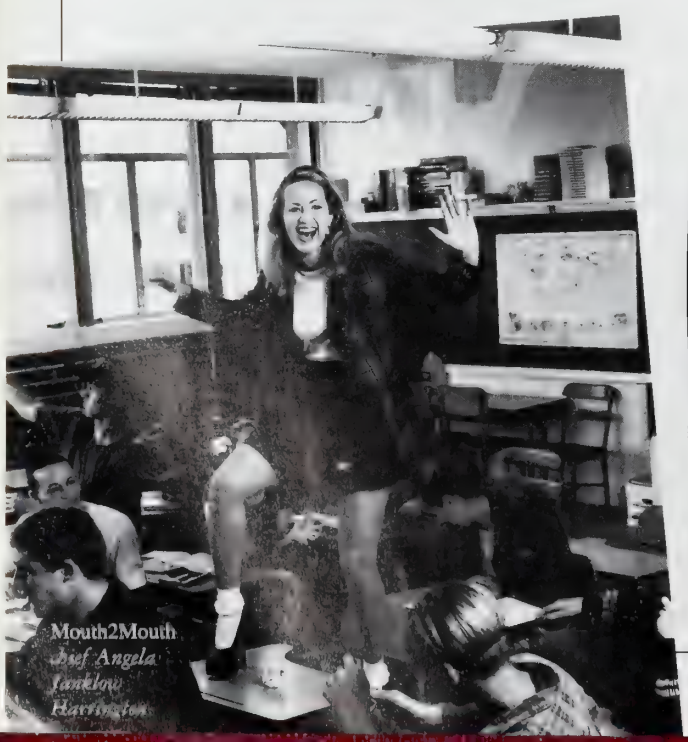
Clockwise from far left: *Saul Bellow; best-seller Zlata Filipovic; a bridge party, one of the endangered activities documented in* Going, Going, Gone; *Nicholas Coleridge.*





When *Zlata's Diary*—the haunting, real-life diary of an 11-year-old girl, **ZLATA FILIPOVIC,** who has survived the war in Sarajevo—hit the top of France's best-seller list last December, the publishing industry seemed to teeter on the brink of global Zlata-mania. Rights were snapped up in 20 other countries, including the United States. In a heated auction, Viking paid more than half a million dollars to publish the book here this month, and the Book-of-the-Month Club beat out the Literary Guild for book-club rights. Meanwhile, the French government has helped the young author and her family escape to Paris; from there, she will crusade in behalf of less fortunate Sarajevo children (and, one suspects, answer phone calls from ICM re her film deal with Universal).

Also this month: **CONNIE BRUCK'S** *Master of the Game* (Simon & Schuster) is a biography of Steve Ross, the flamboyant Time Warner mogul. **HAROLD BRODKEY** charts the vicissitudes of love in his new novel, *Profane Friendship* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). *It All Adds Up* (Viking) is a collection of **SAUL BELLOW'S** nonfiction. **NICHOLAS COLERIDGE,** managing director of Condé Nast U.K., looks at newspaper tycoons of the last two decades in *Paper Tigers* (Birch Lane). *Diplomacy* (Simon & Schuster) is **HENRY KISSINGER'S** personal and historical account of the art of negotiating. A waitress at a clam bar embarks on a journey of self-discovery in **ERIC KRAFT'S** comic novel *What a Piece of Work I Am* (Crown). **SUSAN JONAS** and **MARILYN NISSENSON** look at vanishing Americana in *Going, Going, Gone* (Chronicle). **CAROLYN JONES** documents the optimistic side of living with H.I.V. in *Living Proof* (Abbeville). *Still Alive* (Yale) is Polish émigré **JAN KOTT'S** autobiography. **MARY BLUME** offers a social history of the Riviera in *Côte d'Azur* (Thames and Hudson). *Inside the Art World* (Rizzoli) is a collection of **BARBARALEE DIAMONSTEIN'S** chats with art-world denizens. In *My Idea of Fun* (Atlantic Monthly Press), **WILL SELF** tells the story of a London marketing executive with a grisly past. And a teenage girl tangles with narcotics and oblivion in **HEATHER LEWIS'S** first novel, *House Rules* (Doubleday). —HENRY ALFORD



Mouth2Mouth chief Angela Janklow Harrington

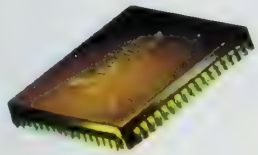
ART STREIBER

Mouthing Off

Open wide. That's what Angela Janklow Harrington is hoping 15- to 20-year-olds will do with *Mouth2Mouth,* her teen 'zine, debuting this month. It's a celebrity-driven glossy that targets *both* sexes. "If you're a girl, you have boring beauty magazines that tell you how to twist your bun and make him love you," says the 29-year-old daughter of literary agent Morton Janklow and Lincoln Center Theater chair Linda LeRoy Janklow. "Boys can read *Sports Illustrated, Guitar Player,* or surf magazines." But "it's a nongender generation," Harrington says of the 27 million post–Gen Xers, who don't need to be told "the difference between Beavis and Butt-head." Articles in the premiere issue range from a tale of fjord rafting with the Red Hot Chili Peppers to a report on teens in mental institutions. TimeInc. Ventures is the backer, and it'll soon decide whether to keep putting its money where its *Mouth2Mouth* is. —JAN BRESLAUER

Parlez-Vous Binary Code? The Engine And Transmission Do.

Let's engage in a little tête-à-tête, shall we? The subject: your driving habits – as discussed between the all-aluminum-alloy V6 engine of the Lexus ES and its Electronically Controlled Transmission with intelligence.



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Victorian Vice

Bret Easton Ellis reviews Caleb Carr's *The Alienist*



Author Caleb Carr: Dressed for the 90s—the 1890s.

Manhattan, 1896. A serial killer haunts the city, mutilating boy prostitutes. In order to solve the case, Theodore Roosevelt, as New York City's police commissioner, brings together John Moore, a police reporter for *The New York Times,* Sara Howard, a police secretary, and Dr. Laszlo Kreizler, an old school chum who is now a brilliant "alienist" (in the 19th century, the mentally ill were called "alienated," and psychologists were thus labeled "alienists"), whose theories on child-parent relations pre-date Freud and provide insight into the mind of *The Alienist*'s warped monster-cannibal.

What makes this novel so potentially fascinating is that these three are not detectives, and in the face of a skeptical pre-forensics society, they solve this mystery not by matching fibers and semen samples but by amassing a psychological profile of the killer. *The Alienist* is a large, commercial mixture of solid, impersonal craftsmanship and gothic horror; it's also a historical novel of New York manners dressed up in a garishly lurid thriller plot. It's prissy *and* ghoulish.

The writer, Caleb Carr, a contributing editor to *Military History Quarterly* and the author of a biography of soldier of fortune Frederick Townsend Ward, uses his formidable skills as a historian to good effect, but attached to a pulpy, middlebrow thriller, they ultimately (at least for the first three-quarters of the book) help sink it. The case under investigation is as gruesome as anything out of James Ellroy, but it feels as if it had been rewritten by James Michener. Paramount Pictures has already staked $500,000 on Carr's story for producer Scott Rudin, but whether the studio is going to be willing to spend the additional $60 million it will take to re-create turn-of-the-century Manhattan for *Cruising*–Meets–Edith Wharton is another, altogether more immediate mystery.

The book's narrator is John Moore, the *Times* reporter, who is, unfortunately, the least interesting character. Since he's a journalist and *not* a novelist, we get long, impressively detailed descriptions of Delmonico's, the Metropolitan Opera, what 10th and Broadway might have looked like on a foggy spring morning 100 years ago. This is all *un*leavened by dialogue that is almost completely expository—huge blocks of info bereft of drama. For all its elegance, *The Alienist* lacks the nasty, prankish fun—the dirty kick—we expect from a thriller. It's a stodgy, plodding *Masterpiece Theatre*–style thriller, so genteel that one can almost hear the ghost of Alastair Cooke narrating in the background, until you realize the ghost of Alastair Cooke *is* narrating in the background. It's a "literary" humanist-liberal story with an anachronistic smattering of P.C. elements that seems pandering: the wildly independent career woman, the noble black bodyguard, a fairly contemporary concern with gay prostitution and psychology.

As a historian, Carr knows more about 1896 New York than any writer under 40, but as a novelist he's smart in all the wrong ways. His fusion of a murder mystery with the politics of the historical moment provides enticement, but *The Alienist* is only sporadically suspenseful and often stylistically moribund. There's no point of view here, no attitude, nothing suggestive or elliptical or ambiguous. Our narrator is a straightforward, spotless good guy. For all its historical data and abundance of arcane exotica, as a novel it's a chore to read because it veers toward the mechanical and the clichéd. Its only real concern (and attribute) is to be an entertainment.

And as far as entertainments go, it is a big and busy one, and protracted as it is (500 pages), it's technically accomplished. Talent and taste (sometimes too much) are evident. Almost every chapter ends with a cliff-hanger, and at its core is a killer with some genuinely creepy tics. The action picks up in the last 100 pages as a showdown nears in the bowels of the Croton Reservoir, and these elements help make Carr's book a cinematic tome—but imagine Merchant-Ivory remaking a 1950s Hammer horror flick and you'll get the idea.

McDERMOTT & McGOUGH



Young Lennonists: Stephen Dorff and Sheryl Lee star in Backbeat, *about the Beatles' early days.*

Beatle Juice

You could count any number of Fifth Beatles over the years: Pete Best, Murray the K, manager Brian Epstein, producer George Martin—even Fluxus diva Yoko Ono. But Stu Sutcliffe may have been the *greatest* Fifth Beatle of them all. This month Stu's saga is the subject of a film called *Backbeat*, which focuses on the Beatles' early days in Hamburg, specifically John Lennon's art-school friendship with Sutcliffe (played by Stephen Dorff) and a svelte *bohème* photographer called Astrid Kirchherr (Sheryl Lee), who was the ragtag Liverpudlians' early style muse. "The Beatles, remember, were 18 or 19 years old at the time, high on beer and amphetamines and just trying to play through the night. We were basically a punk band 20 years before the time," Ringo Starr told the film's sound-track producer, Don Was, who was faced with the task of re-creating the Fab Four's early sound. His inspired solution is making big news: a band of punks that's the closest thing to an underground-rock all-star team ever assembled. Afghan Whigs *auteur* Greg Dulli sings Lennon's parts, Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner sings McCartney's, Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore is Harrison, R.E.M.'s Mike Mills plays bass, and Nirvana's Dave Grohl gets to be Ringo. "I think they captured the sound so well that it feels more real than any letter-perfect Beatlemania," says Was. "It makes you question any notion of the golden age of rock 'n' roll."

—JONATHAN GOLD

Night-table Reading



Jon Stewart *(MTV talk-show host):* The Power and the Glory, *by Graham Greene (Penguin). "He's British, well traveled, literate, and educated. He's my exact opposite. That's why I read him, to learn about the other sides of life."*



Beverly Peele *(model):* Babyhood, *by Penelope Leach (Knopf). "I just had a child, and this is a mother's bible. I wouldn't know as much about what to do or expect if I hadn't read it."*



John Loring *(design director, Tiffany & Co.):* Jane & Michael Stern's Encyclopedia of Pop Culture *(HarperCollins). "Interesting and often quaint observations on everything from Nintendo to eat brain, spandex to* Star Trek."



Panel No 5 The Phillips Collection Washington DC



Panel No 23 The Phillips Collection Washington DC



Panel No 58 The Museum of Modern Art New York

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JACOB LAWRENCE:

THE MIGRATION SERIES



All aboard for the journey of a lifetime. 60 panels, painted sequentially with accompanying text, weaving their way through history. Seen only twice in its entirety since 1942, this series paints the picture and tells the story of the African American migration experience from the South to the North. Jacob Lawrence conducts this emotional venture by exploring the subjects of segregation, empowerment, justice, freedom, education, voting and the triumph of hope over adversity. Considered his most ambitious and important work, "The Migration Series" is a non-stop trip transcending time and place that forever moves its passengers.

The Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C., September 23, 1993–January 9, 1994

Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee, WI, January 28–March 20, 1994

Portland Art Museum, Portland, OR, April 19–June 12, 1994

Birmingham Museum of Art, Birmingham, AL, July 10–September 4, 1994

The St. Louis Art Museum, St. Louis, MO, September 30–November 27, 1994

The Museum of Modern Art, New York, January 12–April 11, 1995

High Museum of Art, Atlanta, GA, April 25–June 27, 1995

The Denver Art Museum, Denver, CO, Summer 1995

Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, IL, Fall 1995



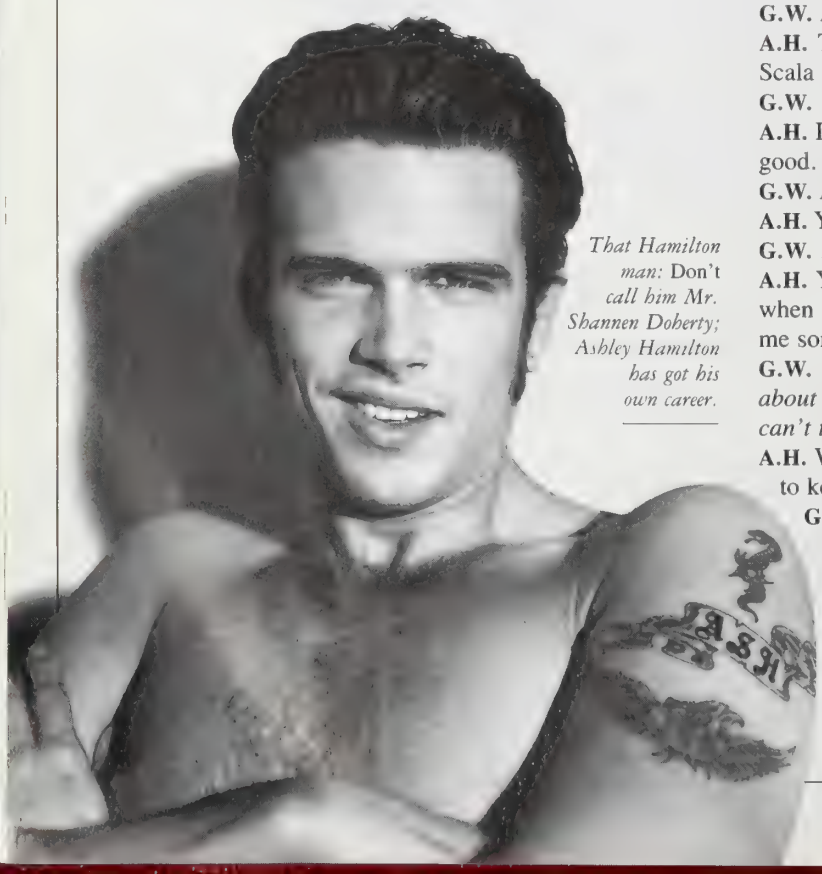
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Splendor in the Ash

Talking Doherty with Ashley Hamilton

Ever since he traded the role of George Hamilton's son for a more controversial part as Shannen Doherty's husband, Ashley Hamilton has been a principal player in a real-life Hollywood drama. GEORGE WAYNE phoned up the dark Adonis to check on his acting career, *and* to make sure that Shannen isn't being too big a pain in the Ash.

George Wayne: *Ashley, tell me how old you are now.*
Ashley Hamilton: I'm 20, and I'm a Libra.
G.W. *Who are you closer to, your father, George Hamilton, or your mother, Alana?*
A.H. It's hard to say. I've lived with my mother more. As a guy gets older I think he gets closer to his mother.
G.W. *Your mom seems to be quite a trip, and your father seems kinda loony, too. . . .*
A.H. Yeah, I got some crazy parents. . . .
G.W. *Is that why you are so crazy? You've had your little escapades, almost killing yourself on a motorcycle, for example. You had to get 300 stitches! . . .*
A.H. *And* brain surgery. That was pretty tough.
G.W. *Brain surgery! And you still look gorgeous! Have you ever been in therapy?*
A.H. For my back and stuff?
G.W. *No, like mental therapy.*
A.H. No, no. No mental therapy for me.



That Hamilton man: Don't *call him Mr. Shannen Doherty; Ashley Hamilton has got his own career.*

G.W. *Is that your other phone ringing? Who is it? Shannen?*
A.H. No.
G.W. *I read somewhere once where you were going to perform with your band, Soul Garden, at the Gate in L.A., and you got onstage and threw up.*
A.H. Yeah, I'm a mess when I get butterflies in my stomach.
G.W. *You shouldn't drink before you go onstage!*
A.H. I *don't* drink. I drink water, Crystal Geyser. It's because of my spastic colon. I have a bad colon, which my mom also has.
G.W. *There goes that phone again—it's Shannen calling you every five minutes!*
A.H. Actually, I had all my friends call me, so you'd think that I was important.
G.W. *Tell me about Rod Stewart—he was your stepfather.*
A.H. He was very strict, very British. I saw him about a month ago. We're not as close anymore, but he basically raised me.
G.W. *What's your favorite guy thing to do?*
A.H. I dunno. What's your favorite guy thing to do?
G.W. *Masturbate.*
A.H. Masturbate?! I like to sit around and play guitar . . . and masturbate, but only on Tuesdays.
G.W. *When are you and your dad going to make a movie?*
A.H. That's so funny—we were just talking about that the other day. I'd enjoy working with him.
G.W. *Do you two meet for lunch every week at the Ivy?*
A.H. The Ivy? Are you kidding me? We had lunch at La Scala last week.
G.W. *Where do you like to eat, hang out?*
A.H. I like Babylon. It's like a trendy place, but the food's good. I love Dan Tana's, the Palm, and Mortons is great.
G.W. *Did you ever finish high school?*
A.H. Yeah, I went to a school for dyslexia called Landmark.
G.W. *You're dyslexic? Like Tom Cruise!*
A.H. Yeah, like Tom Cruise. My dad found I was dyslexic when I was like around seven years old. It's still hard for me sometimes when I read scripts to comprehend things.
G.W. *Your publicist doesn't want me to ask you questions about your marriage to Shannen Doherty. But, Ashley, we can't talk about you and not talk about your marriage.*
A.H. Well, that's like my real personal, personal life. I like to keep it separate.
G.W. *I don't need you to tell me that the sex between you and Shannen must be combustible.*
A.H. [*Laughs.*] Yeah, it is.
G.W. *But just assure me you're still married, because we hear every day about an impending divorce.*
A.H. We are still married. You can't believe everything you read, can you?

MARK MCKENNA



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Year one.

You buy a new Honda Civic, and wonder how long you'll own it.

You drive it to the family picnic. Your brother turns green.

You change the oil.

You make your twelfth monthly payment, and notice there are no door dings.

Your parents visit. They see your Civic, and ask how much you're pulling in these days.

Year two.

You see your boss driving a new Civic.

You drive your boss to the golf course. He seems impressed.

You valet park at a restaurant. They park it out front.

A stranger at the market asks you how you like your new Civic. You tell him it's two years old.

You bring in your Civic for scheduled maintenance. (Although it didn't seem to need it. It's running great.)

Year three.

You accidentally bump into the garage door. No damage to the car.

You replace the garage door.

You buy a new answering machine. You wish Honda made one.

You get new wipers.

You drive to the Grand Canyon. Poor planning means you sleep in the Civic one night. It's quieter than the previous night's hotel.

Year four.

You buy a new VCR. You wish Honda made one.

You move to the other coast. Your family flies. You drive.

You s... your n... boss i... Civi...

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Year five.

Year six.

Year seven.

Year eight.

o more
ments,
nd the
nk will
nd you
e title.

The bank sends you the title.

You think about a new car. For about two seconds.

You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.

You go visit your brother. He shows you his new Civic.

You glance down and look at the odometer. You rub your eyes in disbelief.

You wash your Civic. You are smug.

You let your daughter borrow the car. Her friends stop looking at you funny.

You go fishing. Even on a bumpy road, you hear no rattles.

You vacuum out the car. You are $2.37 and one golf ball richer.

You buy a new birdbath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.

For Father's Day, your son gives you a cassette of your favorite band. You sit in the Civic for two hours.

You fill up with gas. (Hey, it's been a couple of weeks.)

You drive to a ski resort and pass eleven stuck cars. And one stuck truck.

You decide to sell your Civic and buy a new one.

You spend all day washing and waxing it.

The first person who looks at it buys it. You realize you asked too little.

The Civic
A Car Ahead

VANITY FAIR
APRIL 1994



WOLF, MAN,



BEASTY BOY Jack Nicholson—temporarily declawed by model Vendela. "He's not suited to being supercivilized," says Mike Nichols.

JACK

At 56, Jack Nicholson may be the most popular, enduring star of his generation. And with his latest film, *Wolf*, he remains the king of the howl, a man whose rascal heart and private pain fuel his passion as an actor. In a candid interview, the old romantic tells NANCY COLLINS about his relationship with Anjelica Huston; his breakup with Rebecca Broussard, the mother of his two youngest children; and the family secret that was kept from him for 37 years

Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

Jack Nicholson is edgy.

It's not just that the big quake has jostled the Picassos at his house on Mulholland, the one he bought for a song 25 years ago—when he was working cheap. That's the small stuff. It's the woman thing that's got him down. Dames. *Again.*

It's been a killer year, the final act in a seven-year stretch of too much work and too much love. The work he could handle. It's the love that did him in.

A year ago last September, Rebecca Broussard, the 31-year-old blonde knockout who mothered Nicholson's two youngest children, up and quit him after six years. He'd finished *The Two Jakes, Man Trouble, A Few Good Men,* and the eight-month grind of *Hoffa.* The news hit him like a right hook to the heart. The rumor went that the young actress had left Nicholson for a younger guy. But Jack doesn't know and, frankly, doesn't care.

"I don't know about him and I never asked," says Jack, now 56 and newly skinny, having dropped 50 pounds in the last four years. "You shouldn't ask me. If I'm weak in any area, it's 'I don't want to know.'"

What concerns him most is losing her. Forget his rogue reputation; that's entry-level perception. This is a guy who never really leaves the women he's loved. Circumstances may separate them. New loves may join the dance. It can get *really* complicated up there on Mulholland. But Jack is loyal to his women. In his fashion. He can't help but play with the rules, but the guy's a romantic. His smooth, seductive charm wafts over a tense, modern gal like a cool breeze from the Jazz Age. And with a broken heart he's sexy in spades. Still, the question is, after all these crazy years, can the old rascal love again?

"It's the hardest lesson," he says, returning to Rebecca. "You're left. You're abandoned. And you're not going to be over it for another year—whatever the fuck you do . . . they do . . . *she* do. If it takes that long, I'm willing. I don't think I got the time, but I'm willing to do the time. I'm going to give my need the time."

Is he still in love with Rebecca, whose pregnancy caused Anjelica Huston, who shared Nicholson's life for 17 years, to finally throw in the towel? "Of course," he wails. "I'm still in love with all the women I ever loved." And, no, he's not sorry he trusted Rebecca. "I trusted her too much. I'd trust again too much tomorrow night because I like her. She's great."

Rebecca Broussard hesitates when I ask her about Jack. This is the first and last time she's going to discuss what happened. But she's got a few things to clear up. "After I had my kids, I changed," Rebecca tells me. There is another man now, a 31-year-old actor. "He is a very important person in my life." But she says he wasn't the catalyst for the breakup. "He has nothing to do with Jack and my reality."

I remember her words as I watch Jack grab another Marlboro from the silver cigarette box on his sleek, low-slung coffee table. "The tough things come to me in such tremendous proportions that they are always cosmically humorous. I went seven years where I didn't have a minute off from work. And the first minute I did, I got abandoned. As a literary person, I have to see the humor in it. But if this don't fill you with a sense of disqualification, then, *Jack,* you are overly self-confident."

"It takes a long time for Jack to allow a female into his life," explains Helena Kallianiotas, a Nicholson pal. "You can actually see it click when it happens. And then he's completely open. So when there's a breakup, the roots are so deep in him—like a tree, really—that it takes years to pull them out."

Though he and Broussard are no longer an item, they're not strangers. "We have a relationship," he says, "because of the children, but we have no other relationship." The children are Lorraine, almost four, and two-year-old Ray ("My man Ray," says a beaming Nicholson, who is cuckoo about the kid). They travel easily between Jack's house and Rebecca's place—the one Jack bought for her after Lorraine was born—10 minutes away.

They had always kept separate houses, a necessity for Nicholson, a man who has made no secret of his war on fidelity, a man who after a quarter-century of trying "every form of living together" realized he just wasn't good at cohabitation of the traditional variety. "Yeah," he now says dryly. "I was going to try and improve on the form." He stops, still sorting out his confusion. "One of the sentiments I have about my current, ah, *breach* . . . so to speak," he begins, staring out the huge sliding glass doors that form an entire wall in his living room, "is that, whether true or false, I really felt happy there for a while. I don't know how I got there, didn't know anything about it, really, but there it was. I also didn't have—which I always have—this superstitious 'If I feel happy, it'll go away' thing hanging over my head. I wasn't thinking that way."

Lorraine Smith, who helped raise Jack, remembers when he showed up on her doorstep in Neptune City, New Jersey, with Rebecca on his arm. "They'd been in Europe," Lorraine recalls. "She was three months pregnant with Ray and I'd never seen Jack happier. She couldn't take her eyes off him and he seemed to be younger, more carefree, loving."

Nicholson says he has never had a problem reconciling his yearning for family with his itch for independence. He fervently believes that a man can have it all without anyone getting hurt. Call it the dream of a guy who can't say no. Call it Irish idealism in its finest form. Call it an invitation to heartbreak, this time his own.

Mike Nichols is sitting in his tasteful, antique-appointed New York office, trying to resist the urge to sneak a Marlboro. Unlike Nicholson, he succeeds. He has agreed to show me a rough cut of *Wolf,* his new movie, with Michelle Pfeiffer and Nicholson. The director

"I don't know why a guy goes to a hooker. I'm

begins to tell me all the things that are wrong with the print: the color isn't corrected; scenes and music are missing; he has yet to put the full moon over Jack's face here, the shadow over Michelle's eyes there. But it doesn't matter. *Wolf* is a dazzle. Stunningly directed, it is winsome, witty, and scary—the classic love story of a girl and her wolf.

Nicholson's performance is crafty and subtle, the latest tour de force in a career that was recently celebrated by the American Film Institute when the actor became the youngest recipient of the Life Achievement Award. In *Wolf,* he plays a genteel, erudite editor at a prestigious publishing house who, bitten by a wolf, finds himself turning into one. He does so just in time to save his company from a conglomerate takeover and the ravages of a hotshot sellout played by James Spader. ("It's heat! It's gossip! It's what I think publishing is all about," the Spader character gushes in one of his most extraordinarily offensive moments.) The reward for all this inconvenience is that Michelle Pfeiffer—splendid as a thoroughly modern rehab grad—falls in love with him.

"It was not happy-go-lucky Jack hanging out on the set," says Nichols, who has previously directed the actor in *Carnal Knowledge, The Fortune,* and *Heartburn.* "He spent a lot of time alone in his trailer." So the performance is an example of the positive effect of pain on creativity?

"Jack would never say this," says Nichols, "but he works off some kind of reactor, and the little pellets of plutonium which are pain have to keep going into the reactor. So he allows pain, real pain, into his life because it goes into the reactor and keeps it cooking.

"And he doesn't try to make his pain go away," he continues. "I remember when Mama Cass died. After lunch I found him in the makeup chair weeping. I said, 'Nick, do you want to go home? Would you feel better?' And he said, 'I don't want to feel better.' And that's the key to part of him. He knows he has to go through it. He's not trying to feel better when he feels bad."

To its director, *Wolf* is about "men getting older and their sexuality the uncontrollable part, the id, whatever the hell that is. It's about loss of power, edge, and combativeness," muses Nichols. "If you don't lose your combativeness with age, then you're a shit. But if you get all peaceful and mellow, people stampede right over you. You've got footmarks on your neck. *Wolf* is pertinent to Jack's life now because, though he's getting on, his passion is unstilled. He's not suited to being supercivilized.

"When I worked with Jack on *Carnal Knowledge,*" Nichols recalls, "we were both very young. But it became clear to me right away why Jack was so successful with women. All the rest of us were two guys: one, as it were, by day, and another when we were thinking about or near women. Jack is *always* the second one."

This may explain Nicholson's long commitment to the project, which began when his friend Jim Harrison, the novelist who wrote *Wolf*'s screenplay with Wesley Strick, told him of his own lycanthropic experience. Harrison, a naturalist given to prowling alone through Michigan forests during full moons, happened one night upon a female wolf whose back was broken. Harrison tried to pick her up and "she went into my mouth," as he retells it over the phone from his winter home in Arizona. "Later that night, I suddenly awoke and leapt up to touch a chandelier that I'd never been able to reach. Then I tore down the cabin door and ran out to howl at the moon."

No stranger to midnight howling himself, Nicholson encouraged Harrison to write about it, and committed to the film three hours after Harrison dropped the third draft of the script on his lap five years later.

Nicholson, of course, envisioned a sexy wolf. "What this film says about male sexuality is that no matter how much men may want to suppress their sexuality, they will not be able to do it. See, a wolf don't have no psychology. We're always looking at things psychologically that are glandular, and glands are a body system meant to overpower. That's how we got ourselves twisted around," he says, sounding more like Iron John than Wolfman Jack.

Nicholson flashes a seductive grin as he stealthily circles his smoky, cave-like living room, greeting the night by switching on the Art Deco floor lamps with coiled-snake bases and shades of Gallé glass. Behind Nicholson's brawny shoulders, a Soutine woman stares down at me from a painting, looking astonished at her owner's audacity.

The sensitive-guy pose, according to Nicholson, is kaput. Wolves are having a comeback. Women are running with them, and men are turning into them—again. The wolf archetype strong, shrewd, and certainly sexual has long crawled through myth and popular culture. But feminists declawed the beast, turning hot-blooded he-men into sniveling pups. The re-emergence of the wolf, confirmed by Nicholson's performance, may well signal a re-endowment of American manhood—a crusade right up Nicholson's alley.

In the battle between the sexes, Jack Nicholson has always been on the front a scout, a warrior, a casualty. And the last two decades have been hell. "Men always want to please women," he says, "but these last 15 years, women have been hard to please. If you want to resist the feminist movement, the simple way to do it is to give them what they want and they'll defeat themselves. Today you've got endless women in their 20s and 30s who don't know if they want to be a mother, have lunch, or be secretary of state."

Nicholson is rolling now, recumbent in an elegant chair covered in blue velvet. The fabric seems to suit him perfectly; you can't imagine him allowing anything less than sensual to touch any part of his body. Even at his most intellectual, Nicholson is incurably hedonistic.

"I'm no better off than any other guy," he continues. "What have I done to try and adjust? Everything from 'Who's going to cook dinner? No one, I'm buying it' to 'I want to be a movie star. I'm sorry I had a baby.'

"Listen, I'm out there right now. I'm looking around with a very dispassionate eye, since I'm not looking to hook up with nothing. And, in a month's time, you hear the same sentence 5,206 times in a row: 'Women have it tough; you men are only interested in teenagers.' That is not

oo Calvinist. And besides, I'm Big Jack."


"Don't think you're going to have a free 'Oh

h, he's all mine,' because I cannot provide it."



JACKATTACK! Nicholson, shown again with Vendela, admits he's no easy ride as a mate. But he insists that "men don't leave. Women leave."

true. The women who raised me—Mud, Lorraine, and June—never went around saying, 'Women got it tough.' They said, 'Look what this prick did to me in business.'"

"My mother, my sister, and I had a pact," says Lorraine Smith, who along with her mother, Mud (short for "Mudder") Nicholson, and her sister, June, formed the spunky triumvirate who raised Jack Nicholson. "We never knew who Jack was going to become, so for his sake it was a sacred pact. And I'm here to defend my mother and sister to the death."

Lorraine, 72, is an older version of what she merrily concedes she and June were in their heyday: pretty girls with "big bazooms and curves." Her fine white hair is carefully coiffed, her lips a slash of pink, her black stretch pants tucked into mid-calf black boots. She is stylish, smart, and curious, a widow who takes country-and-western-dance classes "because you don't need a partner."

The story Lorraine nervously tells me is the story of three strong women who married weak men but pooled their resources to produce one strong one. It is a tale that she has never told publicly before, and it's tough for her to get through. She is the sole survivor of the three women, the one Jack called when he discovered that Mud, the woman whom he believed to be his mother, was actually his grandmother and that June, whom he thought to be his sister, was his mother. The revelations began with a 15-page letter, delivered when Nicholson was 37, from a man claiming to have fathered Nicholson with June.

"The first thing Jack said to me," Lorraine recalls, her eyes welling with tears, "was 'What's this crap this guy's telling me?' Well, he asked me. I had to tell him. I said, 'Yes, June is your mother. As far as this man is concerned, I don't know. June dated him, but she dated a lot of people.'

"I don't think I ever had the opportunity to explain to Jack how it all happened," Lorraine says, pausing, worried that she will betray the dead as well as the living. "He didn't want to know the details. He's never brought it up with me since."

For years, Nicholson had believed his father to be John Joseph Nicholson. The husband of Mud, John fathered Lorraine and June—who found herself pregnant and unmarried at 17.

"You can't imagine the stigma and shame for a mother and child in that situation at that time," says Lorraine, who was then 14. "If you were pregnant, you were pregnant." And if you weren't—and said you were—you could depend on your friends not to blow your cover. "My mother's intimate friends, her card group, knew June was pregnant. One of them told me that they did that thing where they all put their hands on top of each other and swear to secrecy. When Mud turned up with Jack, they simply called him a change-of-life baby." Mud was 39.

Mud—or Ethel, as she was known in her younger days—came from a classy family. Newspaper money, but small-time, Lorraine says. During high school, Mud secretly married John, whom Lorraine recalls as "a sign painter, but a Roman Catholic." Mud's father disowned her. But they reconciled after he floated her a loan for a permanent-wave machine and the lessons that went with it in New York. Mud, it seems, wanted to become a beautician.

Duly trained, Mud opened a beauty parlor in her living room, catering to "factory girls who had to be serviced at night or on Sunday." She loved it, and the living room became her stage. "She'd save jokes from customers," Lorraine says, "write them down with the punch lines. Mud had a real artistic flair. She designed and made all our clothes. And you can bet your hair always had to look good."

While her husband did the barroom circuit, Mud worked. "My mother was strong and overpowering," Lorraine says. "When my mother said, 'This is it,' that was it. You did not defy her."

Only June got away with that. "June was born 40 years too soon," Lorraine says. "She would've fit in perfectly now. June had it all: looks, brains, and talent. She came home every day after school, pulled out the tap board we kept in the kitchen, and practiced. That was her life."

A dance teacher helped June land her first New York show—a spot in the chorus line of *Fools Rush In*. She was 16. The show *(Continued on page 166)*



SAVAGE KNIGHT
"My type of man is not attracted to society at this moment," says Nicholson, posed with Claudia Schiffer. "The fun is gone."


"I lived with
Anjelica. Of course I
lied to her.
It's the other woman I
would never lie to."

Sony's Hollywood

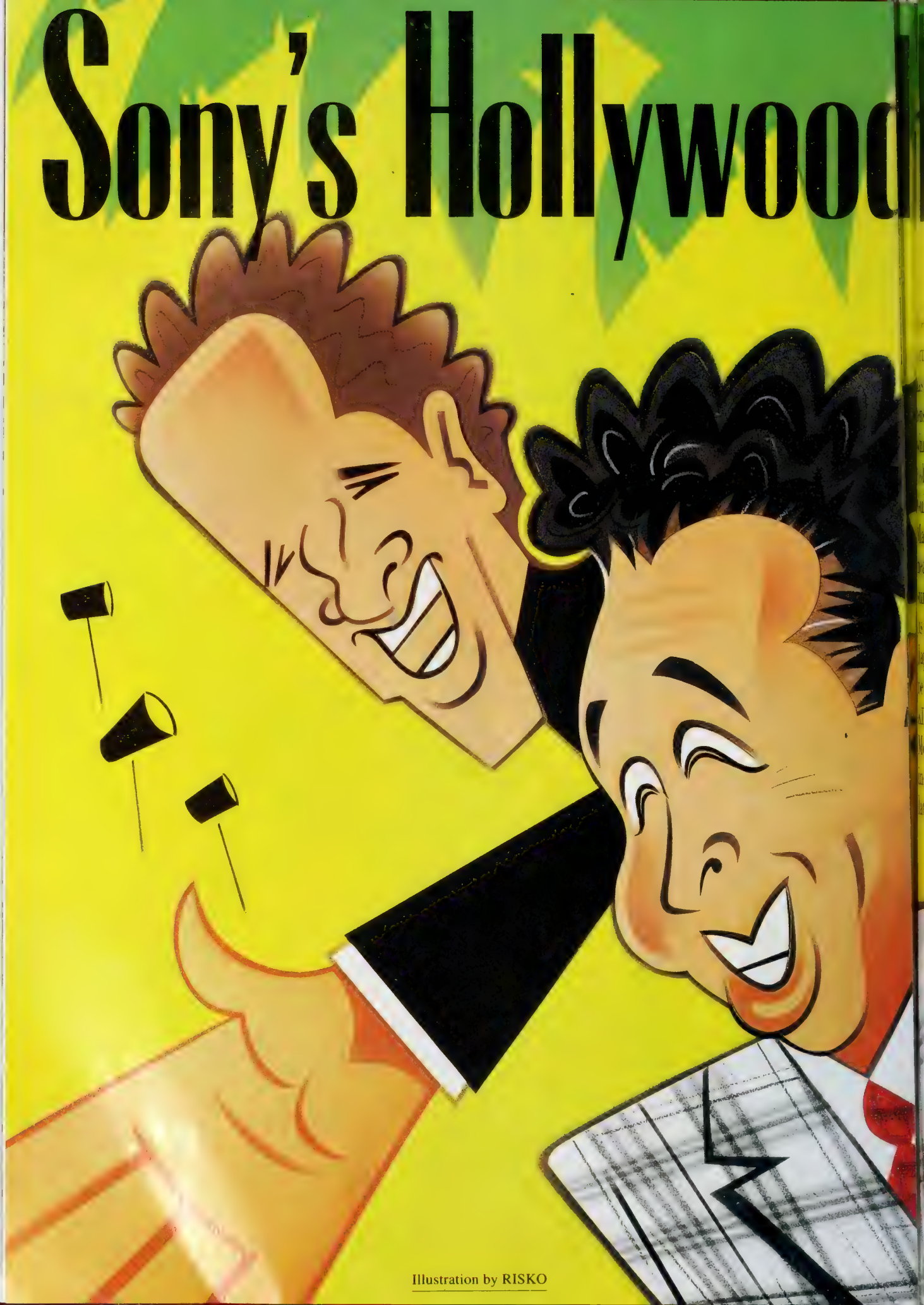
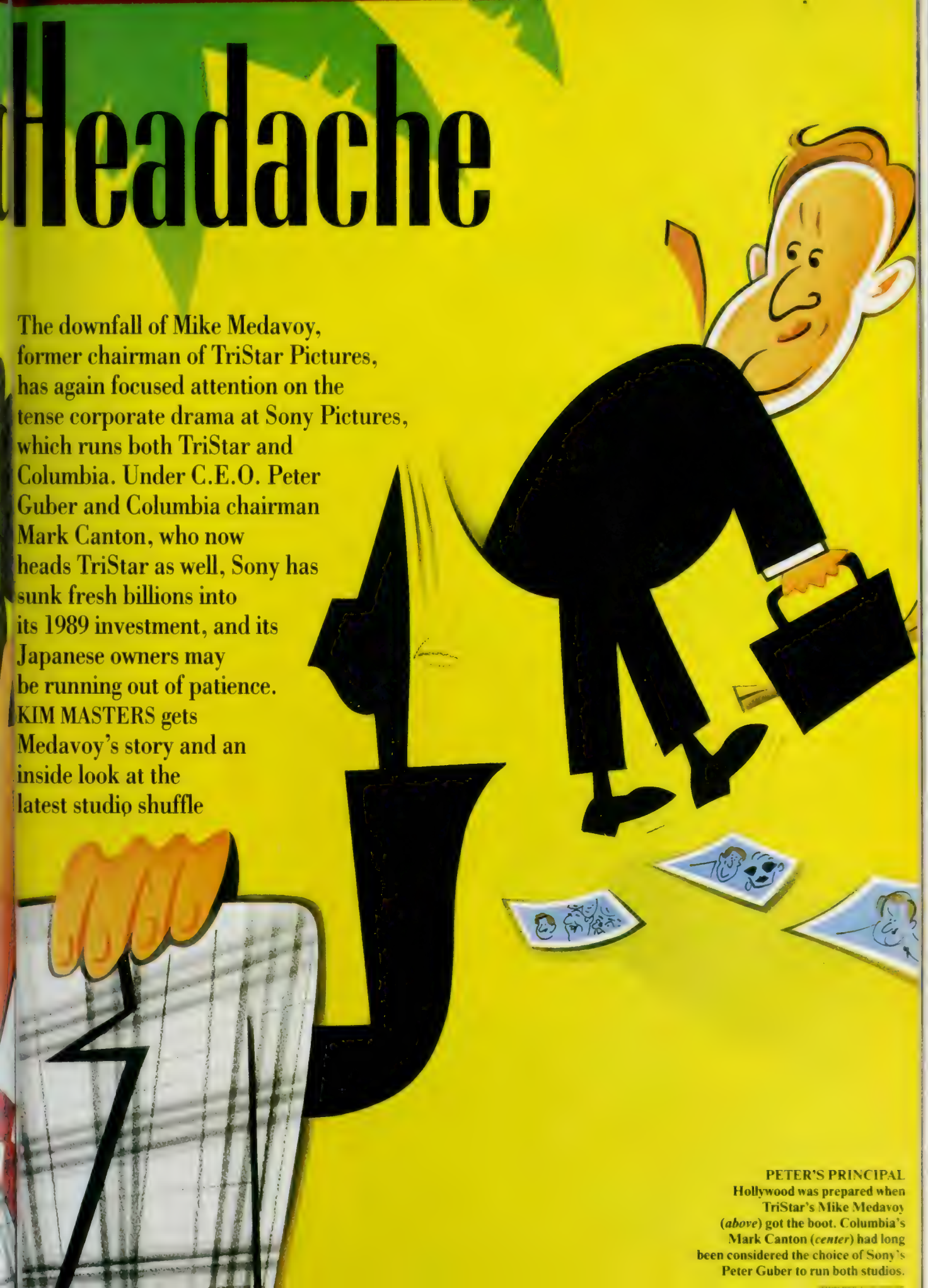


Illustration by RISKO

Headache

The downfall of Mike Medavoy, former chairman of TriStar Pictures, has again focused attention on the tense corporate drama at Sony Pictures, which runs both TriStar and Columbia. Under C.E.O. Peter Guber and Columbia chairman Mark Canton, who now heads TriStar as well, Sony has sunk fresh billions into its 1989 investment, and its Japanese owners may be running out of patience. KIM MASTERS gets Medavoy's story and an inside look at the latest studio shuffle



PETER'S PRINCIPAL
Hollywood was prepared when TriStar's Mike Medavoy (*above*) got the boot. Columbia's Mark Canton (*center*) had long been considered the choice of Sony's Peter Guber to run both studios.

Enter the lot at Sony Pictures Entertainment in Culver City, California, and soon you are in an ersatz small town, circa 1940. This chunk of Americana was created by Sony, the first Japanese owner of a major American studio. It is somewhat surreal, an artificial version of a Capraesque back lot, a fabrication of a fabrication. There are stores galore—a sporting-goods shop displaying memorabilia from the Sony hit *A League of Their Own,* a bowling alley, a movie theater aglow with neon. Most, however, are just false fronts—lovingly designed by the Sony Façade Team—laid over prosaic office buildings. For a while, some Sony staffers were baffled over which doors led where.

This "back lot" is part of a major face-lift of Sony's quarters begun in 1991, when the money flowed not just for storefronts but for stars, scripts, and salaries. It is the passion of Sony Pictures Entertainment chairman Peter Guber, who spent untold millions raising the gates, landscaping parking lots, uprooting trees that looked too young. "Peter had a thing against trees that looked too young," said one observer. Like some of his temperamental stars, Guber is a perfectionist, obsessive about detail. When sidewalks were laid on Main Street, he was said to be unhappy; the look wasn't real enough. "Everybody was wondering if Guber was going to have the whole street jackhammered to create a curb," jokes one employee.

Guber's back lot is not designed for filming and it isn't open for tours. It's just one of the executive's brilliant marketing concepts—an architectural spin job engineered by an executive whose greatest talent is creating the perception of success. His far-flung audience is found not just in the entertainment community but on Wall Street and at Sony headquarters in Tokyo. "When the Japanese guys come to visit," says one bemused insider, "they get the feeling that they're in an idealized version of a Hollywood studio." But fiscal reality is not so reassuring at Sony Pictures Entertainment, and the Japanese owners are in pursuit of an investment partner. Sony has considered this option before. About a year after the Japanese purchased the studio in 1989, Sony sent a trusted emissary to approach a major Hollywood institutional investor about the industry's reaction to spinning off 20 percent of the studio to the public. At the time, the man told the emissary that Sony would have to do "a housecleaning, take a write-off, and fire Peter Guber. . . . All Sony was doing was hiring people. They stacked up overhead like cords of wood. They needed to have a massive purge. Then you could probably get Wall Street excited.

Now Sony has relaunched its effort to find an investment partner, and some sources say another search is under way as well. Just as word went out that Guber's contract was being renewed for five years, Mickey Schulhof—Sony's top man in the United States—flew a major executive from one of America's most aggressively growing communications companies to St. Barts for private discussions. Sony was looking to groom an eventual successor to Guber, who was aware of the meetings, and the transition of power could come much sooner than the company acknowledges. Even though the St. Barts talks fell through, life at Sony Pictures is tense. A few weeks ago Schulhof and Sony's worldwide president, Norio Ohga, flew to Los Angeles for a budget meeting with top Sony executives, including Guber. According to one source, Schulhof and Ohga made their dissatisfaction with the performance of the company's two motion-picture units, Columbia and TriStar, quite clear.

> "Don't try to put logic to this," a Guber pal instructs. "You'll shoot yourself in the head."

Guber doesn't look worried. In fact, his allies say he expects to walk away well before his contract expires. "Peter will hang it up in two years," predicts a well-known agent. Another source says Guber is currently dreaming about owning a sports team and he may hope his friends at Sony will help finance the venture. (About six months ago, Sony was in talks about acquiring the Los Angeles Kings, the Lakers, and the Forum, but discussions appear to have stalled.)

Guber contends that Sony leads the industry in its share of total box-office grosses. But don't ask about the bottom line. Jeff Logsdon of the Seidler Companies in Los Angeles says Sony is lucky if it is breaking even on its filmed-entertainment division, notwithstanding a steady annual profit of several hundred million dollars from television and other studio operations. If that analysis is correct, Sony is losing hundreds of millions on its movies. Considering interest and other expenses associated with acquiring the studio, Logsdon figures Sony has burned through about $2 billion on top of its initial investment of roughly $6 billion. Other entertainment executives reach similar conclusions—and many wonder privately whether Sony has fully faced the impact of losses from films that didn't perform up to expectation. Sony doesn't disclose numbers, but the nature of film accounting permits companies to remain rather stubbornly optimistic about the ultimate revenue they expect to receive from movies without violating ethical or legal standards.

If Sony is trying to replace Guber, the company seems to want a seamless transition, for he still appears to be in control and has recently been making his own changes. In

Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI



MIKE'S MURDER
"I just felt uneasy," says Mike Medavoy, pictured here in his Coldwater Canyon home. "I don't know frankly what caused any rift.... Peter Guber never told me that there was a rift."

January, he eased out Mike Medavoy as chairman of TriStar Pictures and turned that studio over to Columbia's Mark Canton, who will run both. At a glance, this may seem like an effort to address Sony's woes. But to some, it looked like the wrong head rolled. Medavoy had a relatively good year, releasing hits such as *Sleepless in Seattle, Cliffhanger,* and *Philadelphia*. Meanwhile, Canton presided over the much-hyped and bitterly disappointing *Last Action Hero,* the less noted but even more disastrous *Geronimo,* and the stillborn *I'll Do Anything*. Canton's year was also complicated by the studio's connection to the notorious L.A. madam Heidi Fleiss: rumors flew last fall that Columbia executives had dipped into the corporate till for illicit purposes.

It doesn't quite add up, but then, this *is* Hollywood. "Don't try to put logic to this," says a longtime Guber associate. "You'll shoot yourself in the head." Observers of Guber, however, will discern a continuing pattern. From the beginning of his tenure at Sony, Peter Guber has carried out a management plan reminiscent of an Agatha Christie mystery. One by one, executives around him have been done in—and no fingerprints have identified the assassin. The Canton-Medavoy drama is only the latest round.

In some ways, Peter Guber fits the profile of a successful studio boss. He's daring, willing to "play big," and he has a taste for movies a cut above the standard fare (as a producer, he acquired properties such as *The Color Purple, Bonfire of the Vanities,* and *Gorillas in the Mist*). His charm is phenomenal. When Sony bought the studio in 1989, Guber managed to dazzle Sony founding chairman Akio Morita and win the job despite his limited experience as an executive. At one time, he is said to have held Schulhof's complete confidence. "When women and men are thrown into a fire together, they either mold together or kill each other," says a leading agent. "Mickey's not a killer. Neither is Peter."

Guber is famously nonconfrontational. He likes to operate behind the scenes, swaddled in layers of management. "He needs power, but he's not comfortable with it," one longtime colleague says. "When he gets scared, he hires new people." Sony Pictures Entertainment has been top-heavy with executives since Guber took over—and the lines of authority have never been clear. One producer associated with the studio complains that "no combination of any four people could say yes to a movie."

Guber may not be a killer himself, but that doesn't mean he never kills. Throughout his career, associates observe, he has operated in tandem with an aggressive and fearless partner. For years, that part was played by the volatile, abundantly confrontational Jon Peters. The pa were so close that they even attended therapy sessions t gether, and most observers would agree that Peters brough more than just muscle to the partnership. "Jon really w the visionary of the two," says a high-profile produce "Jon and Peter are really like *Rain Man* [a reference the Oscar winner listed among their credits]. Peter is To Cruise—a fucking uptight, wired-to-the-teeth Ferrari sale man trying to make deals. Jon is a genius who can loo at a box of toothpicks and tell you how many there a in the box. He really is a gifted guy who is not all the in some way. Guber is a guy who you think is O.K. b is also not there. Neither is all there, but together the was a kind of normalcy."

Initially, Guber and Peters, a producing team ridin high on the international success of *Batman,* were hired t run Sony's entertainment operations. But the arrangemer became untenable as stories of Peters's excesses prolifera ed. Right after Peters got his job at Columbia, h ran into a veteran producer a a restaurant and compare himself to Hollywood's elde statesman, the chairman o MCA. "Look, I don't know about you," Peters told the man, "but I'm Lew fucking-Wasserman That's the job I have." Peters apparently grew even more infatuated with his own power. There were stories that he insisted that the studio always be notified of his arrival so that an elevator was waiting on the ground floor. He reportedly dispatched the Sony jet filled with flowers to London to woo a woman (a story which he's denied) and also was blamed when the studio hired a group of attractive, if dubiously qualified, young women in creative positions. In May 1991, Peters was squeezed out. But Guber didn't dirty his hands. Peters was sent to New York for the occasion, and his contract was settled with a payout estimated in the tens of millions. Stung by the betrayal, Peters told a friend that his longtime partner had "put on a kimono." On the day that Peters's departure from the studio was announced, a producer hung a sign, BAD DAY FOR BLONDES, outside a studio elevator.

> "Peter is an uptight, wired-to-the-teeth Ferrari salesman trying to make deals," says one producer.

Peters was the first of the high-profile departures at Sony. He was not the last. When Guber and Peters first arrived at Sony, they had hired Mike Medavoy to run TriStar and Frank Price to run Columbia. Both had impressive résumés, but were not known for their vigor. They were safe and eminently presentable selections, particularly given Guber's and Peters's lack of executive experience. Price, an industry vet associated with several prestigious films over the years (*Tootsie, Out of Africa*), had previously held top jobs at both Columbia and Universal, but had

lost both largely because he was slow to green-light pictures and was uncommunicative with his bosses. Guber must have been aware of these shortcomings. But Price's close relationship with superagent Mike Ovitz (who had recommended Price for Guber's job) may have assuaged his concerns—at least temporarily. Only months later, however, Price looked dead on arrival. His ouster, however, was a protracted debacle. The rumors were everywhere, with Price publicly denying that the ax was about to fall. But, without Peters, Guber couldn't do the job.

Shortly before Price was finally ejected in October 1991, Sony had held a retreat in Aspen. Guber wanted to rally the troops. An est graduate and avid follower of fire-walking motivational guru Tony Robbins, Guber used "a facilitator and a lot of est personal-relationship stuff," according to one participant. "We'd all line up tablets listing personal and company goals." At the retreat, Frank Price and Peter Guber engaged in the kind of male-bonding games that Guber likes: they drove around in their four-wheel-drive vehicles, and everything appeared to be positive despite the brewing furor over Price.

"It was so apocalyptic to me," says a participant. "Frank Price's neck is hanging by a thread and we're up in Aspen with the facilitators. This is supposed to be a 'safe' place—everybody should feel they can ask questions. But the one big question was 'Are you going to ice Frank Price?'"

A source close to Price says that Guber visited Price after the retreat and told him that he had "great respect" for him and that he wanted him to stay in the Sony family forever. Later, Price realized that Guber had not explicitly told him that he wanted him to stay on as head of Columbia. In the end, Price's lawyer broke the news to him that the company wanted him out. He had held the job for only 18 months. Again, the payout was rumored to be in the tens of millions. Price was replaced by Mark Canton, a Warner's executive who had worked closely with Guber and Peters during their association with that studio. A devoted Peters protégé, Canton was given to hyperbolic bursts of enthusiasm over any project to which he turned his attention.

The rap on Price was that he wasn't getting enough pictures into production quickly enough. And by most accounts there was some justice to those reports. Some hit movies were made during his tenure, including *Boyz N the Hood, A League of Their Own,* and *The Prince of Tides,* though sources say that Jon Peters had a lot to do with the studio's pursuit of *League* and that *Prince* was the natural outgrowth of Peters's long-standing friendship with Barbra Streisand.

Price told friends that he had come to believe his job performance wasn't the issue. He felt that he was the victim of a kind of conspiracy—and he wasn't the only one who thought so. Several sources inside and outside Sony say Guber always intended to bring his old friend Canton into the studio. When Guber started in 1989, however, Sony had just coughed up an asset package valued at more than $500 million to settle the suit launched by Warner Bros. for inducing Guber and Peters to breach their production contract at that studio. The likelihood of getting Warner's to release Canton from his contract seemed rather slender; part of the deal between Guber-Peters and Warner's was a no-raid clause. As soon as he became available, however, he was in.

After a while, Canton started boasting to friends that eventually he would expand his powers to include TriStar, headed by Medavoy. For a time, it looked as though the predictions would come true rather quickly. A few months after Canton was hired, rumors about Medavoy started to swirl. And in the second half of '92, after a few rocky months, Canton got on a roll with *Dracula* and *A Few Good Men.* There was also *Hero,* a costly flop. But the good news seemed to outweigh the bad. Nonetheless, Medavoy survived.

In 1993, Canton's hopes to supplant Medavoy began to evaporate. As Canton's luck at the box office soured, Guber began to look for a candidate to take Medavoy's place. As the year progressed, Canton looked like he might be losing rather than increasing his power. Sources say that Peter Guber approached veteran producers Larry Gordon (*The Getaway, Die Hard, Field of Dreams*) and Ned Tanen, who had years of experience at Universal and Paramount, about Medavoy's job. Tanen told Guber that he might be better off working with his existing executives, rather than risking an unsuccessful hire. But rumors began to circulate that Canton might be in more trouble than his counterpart at TriStar.

Then, on January 7, a well-known director was preparing for a meeting with Canton when he got a call telling him that the meeting was off. Something big was happening. The director's office buzzed with speculation. "Somebody said, 'I wonder if Canton got fired,'" the bemused director remembers. "I said, 'Either fired or promoted.' It's weird that you could think both things about the same guy."

Despite his problems, Canton had been telling friends he'd assume power by February 1. But things moved more quickly than he had expected. Medavoy had returned from a holiday trip to Hong Kong and put himself out of his misery. "They were very generous in terms of both allowing it to be graceful and remunerative," Medavoy says.

Remunerative? Undoubtedly. One source close to the studio says that Medavoy left with an $11 million bon voyage—several million more than was widely reported. Graceful, however, is a different matter. In fairness to Sony, Mike Medavoy had a big hand in his own undoing. But in fairness to Medavoy, probably nothing short of a miraculous run could have saved him from the fate that he suffered. Many believed that Medavoy's demise, like Price's, was preordained. "Jon Peters told me two years ago, when he got fired . . . Jon told me, 'This is the deal: Frank's out, Mike's out, and Mark Canton is going to take over the two studios,'" says a source close to Sony. "And that's what happened."

Jon Peters declined to comment. His settlement with Sony, like Frank Price's and Mike Medavoy's, prevents him from speaking to the press. Sony itself refused cooperation with this article, declining to make any of its executives available for comment. *Continued on page 176*

SPOTLIGHT

Dalí Glamour



is rival in the Surrealist movement, André Breton, once unkindly anagrammed his name to read "Avida Dollars." But before Salvador Dalí was a showman, or an egotist, or a poseur, he was a painter. Indeed, he was a painter and a writer even before he was a Surrealist. And, before everything else, he was a Catalan.

He always claimed that he could remember being in his mother's womb and could recall the experience of being born. "Dalí: The Early Years," which is coming from London's Hayward Gallery to the Metropolitan Museum in New York at the end of June, gives us a chance to consider the embryonic Dalí, free of the later accretions of adulthood and notoriety. The exhibition does not confine itself to his youthful paintings. Dalí was a member of an extraordinary student generation, and his circle included the poet Federico García Lorca and the film director Luis Buñuel. Also featured in the show are several samples of Dalí's early writings and a repeated screening of *Un Chien Andalou*, the shocking short he made with Buñuel.

Included in the exhibition are pictures that show the phases of color, rebellion, and experimentation before the young Dalí was expelled from the San Fernando Academy of Fine Art in Madrid. The decade is the 20s. Dalí was also a portraitist in those days, focusing on his friends and family. Above all, though, he was developing his attachment to places that are in the Catalonian coast near Figueras that he used as his own Hollywood. Dalí before the clocks melted. —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



GALA BALL. *Apparatus and Hand*, a pre-Surrealist work painted by Salvador Dalí in 1927. *Opposite*, Dalí and his beloved Gala in the South of France during the 1930s.

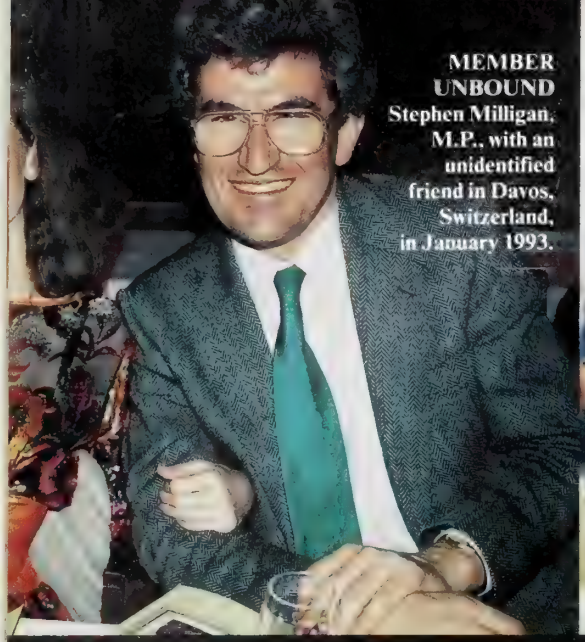

MAJOR'S SCHOOL
Sunday Mirror
The mistress observed
Self-discipline call in swing to Rig
MAJOR: I WILL END PERMISSIVE SOCIETY
MY SE
NIGHT
WITH

FOR SCANDAL



FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES
British prime minister John Major, apparently, bowed in prayer before launching a moral crusade at his party's annual conference in Blackpool, England, last fall. *Below,* the Houses of Parliament and an array of tabloid front pages tracking the Tory sex scandals that followed his speech.

While Prime Minister John Major's Tory party has been trumpeting and legislating a program of family values, scandal after scandal—extramarital affairs, illegitimate children, suicides, autoerotic asphyxiation—is tearing the Conservative ranks apart. ROBERT HARRIS assesses the damage to a government that doesn't practice what it preaches



MEMBER UNBOUND
Stephen Milligan, M.P., with an unidentified friend in Davos, Switzerland, in January 1993.



HISTORY DATE
Former environment minister Tim Yeo and his Conservative girlfriend, Julia Stent, lunching at Langan's, in London, after his fall in January this year.

"We can now say Milligan was wearing 'women

A solitary man walks down a London street. It is a Saturday night, around six o'clock, toward the end of the English winter. Darkness has just fallen. The shops are closing. People are hurrying home.

The man is in his mid-40s, casually dressed in blue sweater and blue trousers. He is carrying a cream-colored plastic bag. His is a distinctive face. He has a noticeable squint in his left eye and a shock of graying hair. People recognize him, not just as a neighbor, but as a public figure, a Conservative member of the House of Commons. Why, he was on television only the other night, loyally defending "Back to Basics," the British government's tough new moral line. Milligan is his name. Stephen Milligan.

The man turns right, off King Street, in Hammersmith, and into Black Lion Lane, a pretty row of small Victorian houses near the river Thames. Once, these were "workmen's cottages." Today they cost a quarter of a million dollars and the "workers" are mostly white-collar and middle-class. Yellow sodium street lighting shines on blackened brick and old wisteria vines. The man goes into his house and closes the door. He is never seen alive again.

The idea that Stephen David Wyatt Milligan was about to do something which would bring yet more shame and ridicule down on the Conservative government would have been unthinkable to anyone who knew him. In the four months since the party's annual fall conference, John Major's government had been shaken by one sexual scandal after another. A minister of transport had been discovered to have no fewer than five mistresses. A minister of the environment, already married, was revealed to have fathered a "love child" with a Conservative local politician and was forced to resign. A third minister had spent Christmas apart from his wife after she learned of his relationship with another woman. Shortly afterward she put a shotgun to her head and blasted her brains out—whereupon he, too, left the government. By January, the Tory party, which has held power in Britain for nearly 15 years, had degenerated into farce. One male member of Parliament had admitted sharing a bed with another man while on holiday—but only, he insisted, in order to save money on his hotel bill. Yet another had confessed that, yes, an affair with a House of Commons secretary had resulted in a child . . . On and on it went. There seemed no end to it.

But Milligan—so straight, so loyal, so, well, frankly, *creepy* that his colleagues had long since christened him "Millipede"—was the very last politician you would expect to embarrass the Conservative Party. His whole life had been devoted to doing the "right thing": public school, Oxford University, president of the Oxford Union debating society, editor of the Britain section of *The Economist,* foreign editor and Washington correspondent of the London *Sunday Times,* and European correspondent for the BBC. Few men seemed more dependable than the representative for Eastleigh, who, with a recent promotion to parliamentary private secretary at the Ministry of Defense, looked bound for high office. True, at the age of 45 he was still unmarried, a disadvantage in politics, but it was said that he was desperate for a wife, desperate enough to have joined an expensive dating agency.

Tonight, however, after the door closes, he is alone.

At some point over the next few hours, Milligan—this "boringly normal" man, as one of his friends calls him—does the following things. He removes all his clothes. He goes into the kitchen. He puts on a pair of black stockings. He inserts into his mouth a small orange (or possibly a satsuma, or maybe a tangerine: the precise variety of the fruit and its role in the proceedings were to be the subject of some debate). He covers his face with a third stock-



LATEX LADY
Actress Antonia de Sancha whose affair with Minister David Mellor ruined his resignation in 1992. She once played the [illegible]

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT
Transport Minister Steven Norris, who was revealed to have five mistresses, in London with friend Jennifer Sharp in October 1993.

...othing' and he had a plastic bag on his head."

ing. He hoists himself up into a sitting position on the kitchen table and ties a length of electric cord around his left leg. Over his right hand he pulls a fourth stocking. Over his head he places a black plastic bag. The cord trailing up from his leg he now wraps around his neck three or four times, securing the bag in place. Clasping the free end of the cord in his left hand, he lies back on the table, his legs dangling over one edge, his head over another, and pulls hard, tightening the cord around his neck.

How long he stayed alive in this position nobody will ever know. According to the government pathologist, Dr. Iain West (who also performed the autopsy on the media tycoon Robert Maxwell), Milligan died from "asphyxiation due to compression on the neck by a ligature" sometime between the evening of Saturday, February 5, and the following morning. Traces of dried semen on his body indicated that he had ejaculated.

It was to be at least 30 hours before his body was discovered. The legislator did not attend the Eucharist at his local church on Sunday, as was his habit, nor did he show up for a pre-arranged round of golf at his club, the Royal Mid-Surrey. Attempts to call him were intercepted by his telephone answering machine. Finally, on Monday afternoon, alarmed by his failure to turn up at the House of Commons, his secretary, Mrs. Vera Taggart, decided to drive over to his house. Mrs. Taggart, a middle-aged woman who had worked for Milligan since his days at the London *Sunday Times,* was described by colleagues as "a second mother" to him. She arrived to find the curtains drawn and the deliveries of milk and newspaper undisturbed. Using a spare key which she had been told by Milligan's former girlfriend lay hidden in the garden, she let herself into the darkened house. The only light came from the kitchen. As she walked toward it, her first thought was one of mild irritation: Who, she wondered, had dumped a mannequin on the table?

If the grotesque death of Stephen Milligan did nothing else, it did at least serve to remind us in Britain (or most of us) of how touchingly innocent we still are, of our residual capacity, despite everything, to be shocked by the human comedy. For until the headlines of Tuesday, February 8 (TORY MP IS FOUND DEAD IN STOCKINGS AND SUSPENDERS), we had begun to feel that there was nothing more the British establishment could do that would surprise us.

It was not always like this. For the first two-thirds of the 20th century, there were no major sexual scandals in British politics. As long as a statesman did not divorce, he was free to do as he pleased, safe in the knowledge that the press would never dare print a word. Certainly, the most libidinous of all British prime ministers, David Lloyd George ("The Welsh Goat"), did not let a little matter like the negotiations after the First World War come between him and the girls. When asked in 1919 if he intended to take his wife to the Versailles Conference, he replied incredulously, "Would a man take a sandwich to a banquet?"

The first really public sex scandal involving a government minister did not occur until 1963, when Jack Profumo, the Conservative war minister, was found to be sharing a girlfriend with the Russian naval attaché. Thereafter, scandal erupted at roughly 10-year intervals. In 1973 a junior defense minister, Lord Lambton, another Conservative, was filmed through a two-way mirror having sexual intercourse with a pair of prostitutes. When talking about his activities afterward, Lambton displayed the aristocratic sangfroid of an earlier age: "I can't think what all the fuss is about. Surely all men patronize whores." Nevertheless, he was obliged to resign, as was Earl Jellicoe, the Tory leader of the House of Lords, who had a penchant for hiring girls from "escort" agencies.

In 1983 it was the turn of Cecil Parkinson, chairman of the Conservative Party. The then prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, had intended to appoint him foreign sec-

Conservatives may simply have more cash t



TRAGIC END Sir Allan Green, the former director of public prosecutions. *Top,* Lady Green outside her home in London with an unidentified companion. Some time after her husband's resignation Lady Green committed suicide.

INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY SPENCER DOVE

retary, even though he had told her that he had been having an affair with his former secretary Sara Keays. But before Thatcher could make any announcement, or so she recalled in her memoirs, "I received a personal letter from Sara Keays's father. It revealed that she was pregnant with Cecil's child. When Cecil arrived I showed him the letter. It must have been one of the worst moments of his life."

Oddly enough, if Parkinson had stuck to his promise and left his wife, all might have been well. Instead he turned his back on Ms. Keays, who responded in the most devastating fashion by disclosing details of his vacillations to *The Times.* Parkinson was effectively laughed out of office.

It was in 1991 that this relatively sedate incidence of sexual scandal began to accelerate. The director of public prosecutions, Sir Allan Green, was forced to resign from one of the most important legal offices in the land after police caught him soliciting a prostitute in a seedy area near King's Cross Station in London. He and his wife separated; a year later she killed herself.

The next ministerial victim was the bumptious new secretary of state for the national heritage, David Mellor. In the summer of 1992, Mellor was enjoying an affair with an actress, Antonia de Sancha, who had previously appeared in *The Pieman,* a soft-porn movie in which she played a one-legged prostitute who has fairly graphic sex with a pizza deliveryman. As with Parkinson, it was ridicule which finished Mellor. "You have absolutely exhausted me," he told de Sancha in a (bugged) telephone call. "I feel seriously knackered."

In retrospect, that year was a watershed. Two factors made it different. The first was the sheer viciousness with which the normally loyal tabloid press turned on the Tory government. A few weeks before Mellor's departure, its slavish propaganda had helped ensure John Major's re-election as prime minister. Now, like children who had become tired of their creation, the newspapers proceeded to tear it to bits. Who needed the Tories anyway? Major was boring. The Labour Party was finished. The battle against socialism was over. It was time to have some fun.

The other new dimension was the dawning realization that the members of the royal family were, if anything, even more flawed than the political establishment. The Duchess of York was photographed lounging beside a swimming pool on the French Riviera, having her toes sucked by her American "financial adviser," Johnny Bryan. Andrew Morton's book revealed that the "fairy-tale romance" of the Prince and Princess of Wales had been a sham from the start. *The Sun* printed a transcript of Diana's conversation with her friend James Gilbey ("Oh, Squidgy, I love you, love you, love you . . . "). Finally, a reeling nation learned that the heir to the throne had fantasies of reincarnation as his mistress's tampon ("My luck to be chucked down a lavatory and go on and on forever swirling round on the top, never going down . . . ").

It is hard to tell precisely how much effect the breakdown of the Yorks' and Waleses' marriages had on the public mood, but I suspect the answer is a great deal, especially

among the solid, respectable working and middle classes, the traditional supporters of the Tory party, famously celebrated by G. K. Chesterton in "The Secret People":

> Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget.
> For we are the people of England, that never has spoken yet.

In 1993 they started to speak. Their anger was not directed specifically against the House of Windsor, but rather against what it had come to represent: a lack of moral fiber, selfishness, irresponsibility, the breakdown of the traditional family unit—a collapse in personal standards of morality. The problems of the royal family were seen to mirror and, to some extent, explain such disturbing phenomena as the soaring crime rate and the vast increase in the number of illegitimate children.

John Major undoubtedly sensed this mood in the spring and summer of last year. He agreed with it. He saw it as an opportunity to unite the Conservative Party around a distinctive set of values. All he needed was a catchy slogan, something which would draw these strands together—just three or four words would do.

It was at this point, as so often in this story, that an element of the ridiculous crept in. Just before the Tory party conference, Major and his wife had lunch with the 92-year-old romantic novelist Barbara Cartland, at her country mansion, Camfield Place, in Hertfordshire. According to Dame Barbara, she led him over to her bookshelves and gestured to her life's work, some 570 novels, with titles such as *The Taming of Lady Lorinda* and *Little White Doves of Love.*

"This is what people want," she told him. "Good old-fashioned morality tales. Good manners, men opening doors for women, love, love, love, not sex, sex, sex. We have descended into rudeness, disagreeableness, nobody keeps their word anymore."

She told *The Sunday Telegraph* afterward (and Downing Street has not disputed her version of what happened), "I pointed him to 'back to basics.'"

Sure enough, when the Conservative Party conference opened in Blackpool a few weeks later, its theme was "Back to Basics."

The good old-fashioned British political sex scandal requires three ingredients. It must involve deception (of wife, colleagues, or family—or, better still, all three). It must have an element of the comic or the bizarre. And there should be what Alfred Hitchcock called a "MacGuffin": some device which launches the story and keeps the plot going.

Traditionally in British scandals the MacGuffin was the threat to national security: what if an errant minister, a Profumo or a Lambton, should be blackmailed by a foreign power? Nowadays the MacGuffin is hypocrisy. It was the charge of hypocrisy which legitimized the revelations about Charles and Diana and Andrew and Fergie. Why, the argument ran (and it is a valid point), should the world be sold a story about perfect marriage when the reality is utterly different?

This was the trap John Major and his ministers blundered into with "Back to Basics" as one after another they lined up to sing from the same pious hymn sheet. Here was David Hunt, the employment secretary: "We must do more to reassert and reaffirm the moral basis of everything we do." And Michael Portillo, rising star of the Tory right: "We prize the individual who demonstrates a sense of duty to family." And, of course, Major: "It is time to get back to basics: to self-discipline and respect for the law, to consideration for others, to accepting responsibility for yourself and your family." Given the seamy world of Westminster and the rapacious British press, it was like watching ducks demand the start of the hunting season.

For the Tories, although traditionally the upholders of "family values," have also been the party most associated with sexual scandal. Perhaps feeling guilty about sex makes doing it more appealing. Perhaps the danger of being caught is itself the aphrodisiac. Or maybe Conservatives simply have more money than their political opponents—more cash to spend on all the paraphernalia of mistresses, love nests, hotel rooms, and call girls; more temptations; more opportunities. Whatever the reason, they have always tended to talk clean but live dirty, and never more so than over the past six months.

"Back to Basics" has so far involved three resignations, nine girlfriends, one close male friend, two violent deaths, and two (to use the fashionably quaint phrase) "love children." In all, there have been seven separate scandals, all featuring, it has to be said, rather plain middle-aged men. Some of the scandals have been comic, or at least nonviolent. For example, it was revealed that a transport minister, Steven Norris, had left his wife and had affairs with four different mistresses, each of whom believed she was the only woman in his life. (*The Sun*—"We told you we'd find her, folks"—eventually turned up a fifth woman, "wined and dined by the cheating MP for eight years.")

Hartley Booth, a Methodist lay preacher and Tory member of Parliament, was caught sending love poetry to a young political researcher who had once—oh, the shame of it!—posed nude for an art class ("When the hours pass and a hundred other interests take us down other paths / We can recall the daisy chain you made . . . "). The two spent several nights together, but, rather pitifully, Booth insisted no impropriety took place—echoing his colleague David Ashby, who admitted sharing a French hotel bed with a male friend but denied any sexual intent.

Some stories were not so funny. Tim Yeo, an environment minister, had just fathered an illegitimate child by Julia Stent, a lawyer and Conservative councillor. For two weeks after the press published the story he clung desperately to his job, supported by both his wife and the prime minister. In the end, it was officials of his local party who forced him to resign—an unprecedented and humiliating rebuff to John Major and an ominous indication of the

forces "Back to Basics" had unleashed. By the start of 1994, the slogan had turned into a moral monster, threatening to destroy everything in its path.

And then came two tragedies. The Earl of Caithness, the aviation-and-shipping minister, had enjoyed a long-standing relationship with Jan Fitzalan-Howard, a former secretary to Princess Anne. He and his wife had been trying to save their marriage, and had been seeking professional advice, but the situation had become hopeless. At 6:30 P.M. on Saturday, January 8, Caithness and his young daughter were downstairs at the family house in Oxfordshire when they heard the sound of a gunshot. The earl ran up to their bedroom and found his wife dead. It was the eve of their 19th wedding anniversary.

In a different moral climate, in a different country, in a different time, it would perhaps have been possible to separate Caithness the perfectly competent minister from Caithness the man with a wretched private life. But this was John Major's Britain, a nation going "Back to Basics." Caithness resigned at once. After the funeral, where he was publicly shunned by his late wife's parents, his life seems to have descended into a perfect hell. Not a wealthy man, the earl depended on his ministerial salary of £45,000 ($66,000) a year. A month after his resignation he was reportedly obliged to put the family house up for sale and was seen claiming £44 ($65) a week in unemployment benefits. The story received some coverage, but not, perhaps, as much as it might have done, for it was published in the same week that Vera Taggart discovered the body of Stephen Milligan.

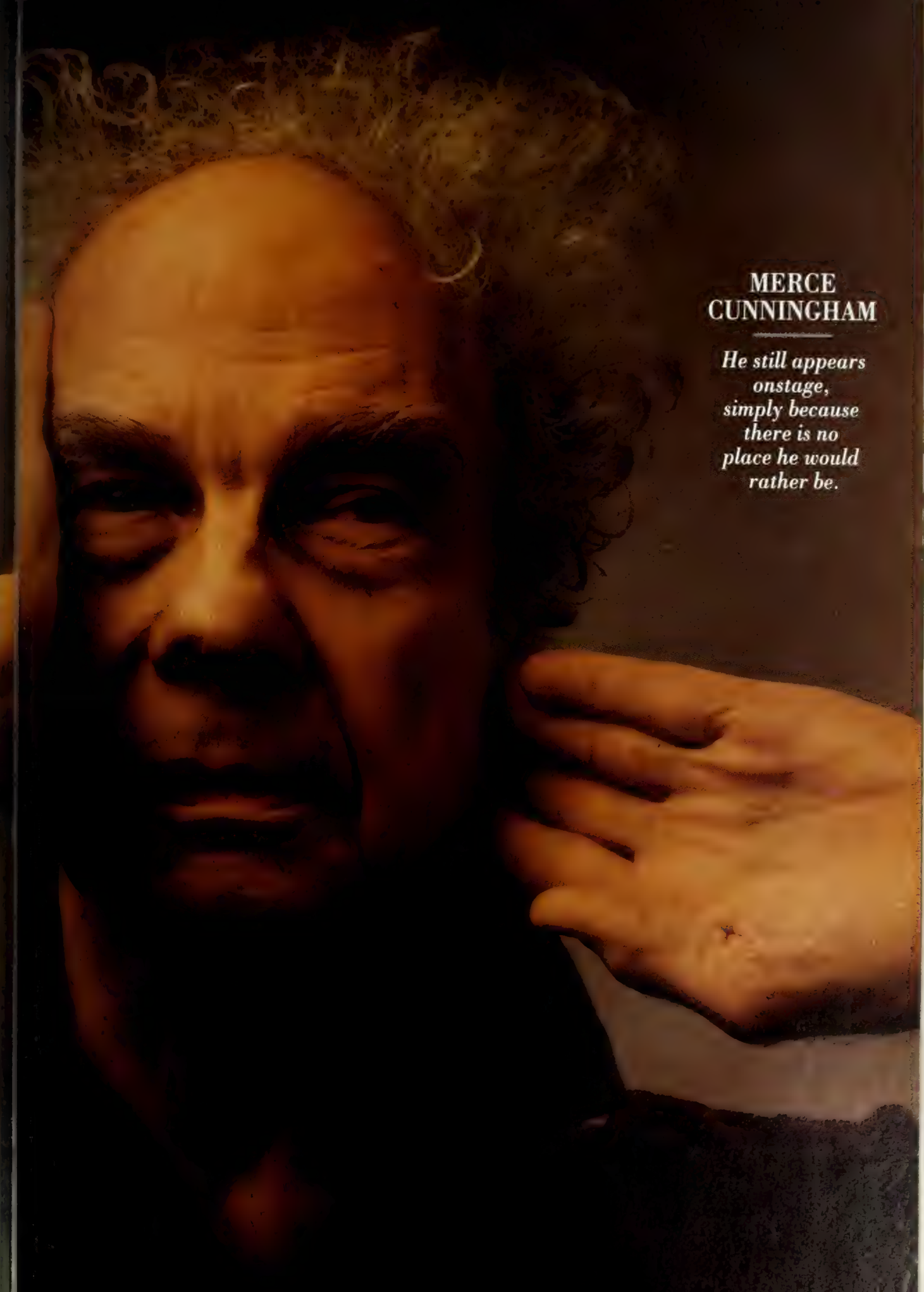
When John Major called on everyone to exercise greater "self-discipline," it is doubtful that he had in mind, or, indeed, had even heard of, the practice of autoerotic asphyxiation, or "scarfing"—"the most dangerous sex game in the world," according to the former Los Angeles County coroner Thomas Noguchi. Yet, in Britain alone, it is estimated that it kills between 150 and 200 people a year. One of them was Milligan.

The most common reaction among his friends, apart from sadness and shock, was "How on earth did he know what to do?" It *(Continued on page 176)*

Merce *Beaucoup*

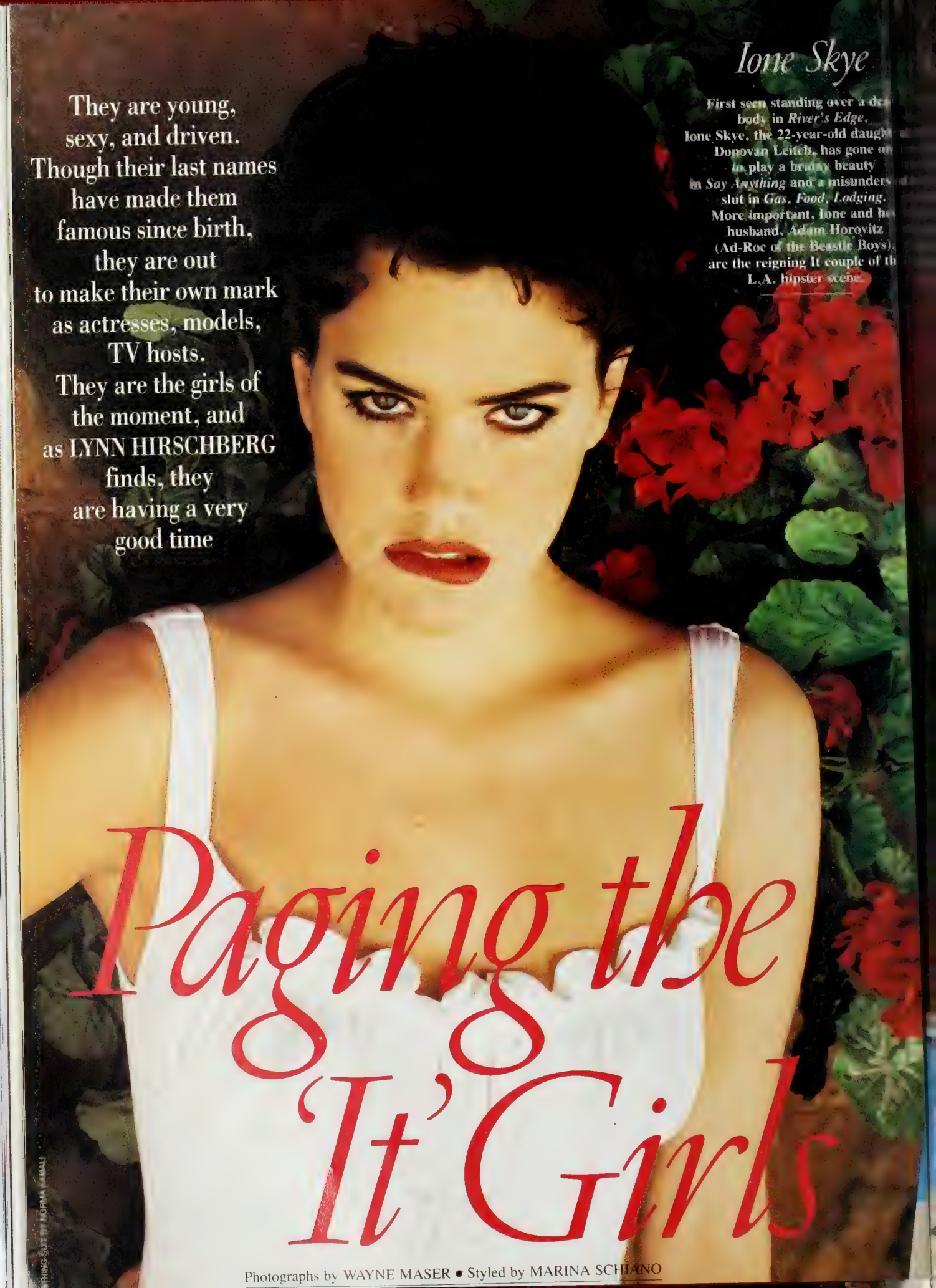
Dance is the art of the present tense, and there are moments, as Merce Cunningham often says, when dancing makes you feel more alive than anything else. This month, Cunningham is 75 years old. Exactly half a century ago he gave his first solo recital, in a little studio on 16th Street in New York. He has been making dances for more than two-thirds of his life, yet almost every piece in his company's current season is recent, and indeed two are premieres. It would be easy to speak of Cunningham as a past master. He is one of the last great modernists; he was one of the greatest male dancers of the century; he collaborated with Robert Rauschenberg and Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns and, most closely, of course, John Cage; his work continues the spirit of Chekhov and Satie and Joyce and Gertrude Stein. But this is not how Cunningham presents his work or himself. He is not a museum piece or a relic. Utterly engaged in the moment, he experiments with computers as choreographic tools, and still appears onstage, simply because, it would seem, there is no place he would rather be. Will Cunningham's dances outlive Cunningham? It hardly matters. He likes to say that dance is as hard to hold on to as water in your hands. The important thing is to make the most of it while it is still running through your fingers. —ALASTAIR MACAULAY

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



MERCE CUNNINGHAM

He still appears onstage, simply because there is no place he would rather be.



They are young, sexy, and driven. Though their last names have made them famous since birth, they are out to make their own mark as actresses, models, TV hosts. They are the girls of the moment, and as LYNN HIRSCHBERG finds, they are having a very good time

Ione Skye

First seen standing over a dr[illegible] body in *River's Edge*, Ione Skye, the 22-year-old daugh[illegible] Donovan Leitch, has gone on to play a bratty beauty in *Say Anything* and a misunderst[illegible] slut in *Gas, Food, Lodging*. More important, Ione and h[illegible] husband, Adam Horovitz (Ad-Rock of the Beastie Boys), are the reigning It couple of th[illegible] L.A. hipster scene.

Paging the 'It' Girls

Photographs by WAYNE MASER • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



Liv Tyler

The lips belong to Dad (Steven Tyler of Aerosmith) and the face is pure Mom (legendary beauty Bebe Buell), but even at sweet 16, Liv Tyler knows her own mind. "I'm not that shy," she says, just home from high school. "I've always been a little entertainer."



Jennifer Grant

"If you and compare you're dead," Jennifer Grant about her famous (Cary Grant and Cannon). Grant posing here with two large dromedaries recently completed a stint on *Beverly Hills, 90210.*



THE TITLE SCARES THEM. They're not certain it's such a good thing. "What is an 'It' girl *exactly?!*" exclaims Liv Tyler, echoing the concerns of all the girls photographed on these pages. "Am I one?" she continues, questioning the very notion. "And if I am, do I really want to be . . . *It?*"

Absolutely. It-girlness is a state that transcends looks, intuition, and pedigree (although a healthy dollop of all three certainly helps). To be an It girl is to have that certain something—an intrinsic ability to capture the spotlight. "I guess it's being at the right place at the right time," explains Zoe Cassavetes. "The ultimate It-girl fantasy is to never not be the It girl."

These five have all mastered the art of perfect timing—they know how to command center stage in a nonchalant, '90s sort of way. They are more productive than their It-girl forebears—historical figures such as the fictional Holly Golightly, who danced on tabletops till dawn and dreamed of landing a rich man, or real-life '80s icon Dianne Brill, who bragged of taking three hours to dress for a night of clubbing. In the '60s, there was the beautiful but tragic Edie Sedgwick, Warhol's favorite It girl; and in the '70s, Studio 54 habitués such as Marisa Berenson and Bianca Jagger became known for being, well, It.

These days, it takes more than a high-profile club presence to be an It girl. A modeling career or a TV show definitely helps. But there is no one consistent thread—to be an It girl, during any decade, is to be watched, studied, copied, envied, and, finally, admired for an innate sense of style and panache. "Mostly, it's a lot of fun," says Cassavetes. "My mother (who is, by the way, Gena Rowlands, It girl of the millennium) told me, 'There will always be somebody more talented, somebody more beautiful, and somebody smarter,' so I think, Well, then I'd better have fun *now*."

"The ultimate It-girl fantasy is to never not be the It girl."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIELLA PRODUCTIONS. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LUXOR, LAS VEGAS



Sofia Coppola

Since *Godfather III*, Sofia Coppola is everywhere: in DKNY ads with her famous friends, in a Black Crowes video, and on TV in her (and Zoe Cassavetes') own talk-show pilot, *Hi-Octane*. "I don't want to be part of some Brat Pack thing," says Sofia, who turns 23 next month. "I'm really like the country girl in L.A."

Zoe Cassavetes

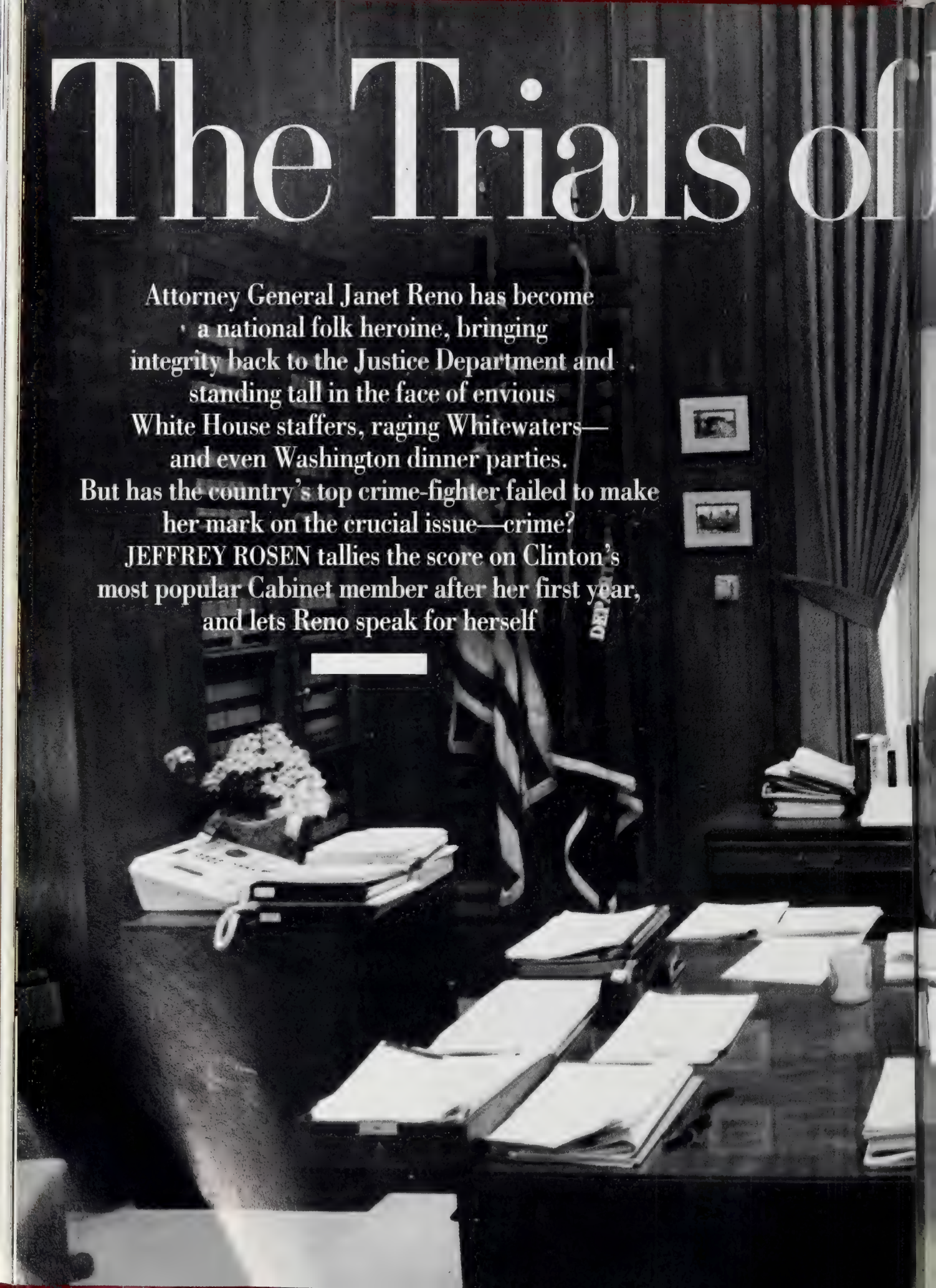
Once a Valley Girl ("I spent many hours with a diction coach—he was horrified"), Zoe now acts and models and writes. The 22-year-old still lives at home with her ultracool mom, Gena Rowlands. "I'm never moving until I get married," she says. "What's the point?"

To be an It girl is to be watched, studied, copied, envied, and, finally, admired.



The Trials of

Attorney General Janet Reno has become a national folk heroine, bringing integrity back to the Justice Department and standing tall in the face of envious White House staffers, raging Whitewaters—and even Washington dinner parties. But has the country's top crime-fighter failed to make her mark on the crucial issue—crime? JEFFREY ROSEN tallies the score on Clinton's most popular Cabinet member after her first year, and lets Reno speak for herself



Janet Reno



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

SERVING JUSTICE
In Miami, Janet Reno was often reading in her car at 6:30 A.M., waiting for the garage to open. In Washington, work is still her life.

Room 345 in the House of Representatives' Cannon Office Building is a dramatic Beaux Arts chamber, with white-and-gold classical friezes, green damask curtains, and a carved oak bench to shield the congressmen from the witnesses. And at the stroke of noon, when Janet Reno arrives to address the Martin Luther King Jr. Federal Holiday Commission on the subject of youth violence, the excitement in the room is palpable. Reno glows with a cool celebrity not often associated with the office of the attorney general; starstruck local worthies clamor to shake her hand. Tall, with her head slightly bowed, Reno takes a seat at the head table and listens intently as Coretta Scott King and F.B.I. director Louis Freeh speak movingly of their memories of the 60s. A troop of black Girl Scouts from the Mount Zion Baptist Church leads the Pledge of Allegiance. Martin Luther King's sister Christine King Farris seems to embody the hopes of the audience when she introduces Reno plaintively. "The crime situation is crying out for your attention," she says, and the Clinton administration's most popular Cabinet member strides to the podium.

Reno's speech, however, is surprisingly flat. Delivered in a quiet monotone, it is a 10-minute version of the familiar stump speech she has delivered in 23 states since she became attorney general last March. Although most of the speech is recited from memory, Reno speaks as if reading from invisible cue cards. The speech is organized around Reno's favorite theme: "For too long now, America has forgotten and neglected its children." Young people are sacred to Reno. In speeches and conversation, she returns again and again to her hopes for "the children." But her policy prescriptions are remarkably vague, and her delivery is devoid of energy or affect. The dynamic figure the audience had expected is nowhere to be found.

"We must join together in getting health care passed so that our children can grow as strong, constructive human beings," she says without emotion. "That 14-year-old who becomes a tutor for the elementary school . . . can make such an incredible difference serving as a role model." Halfway through the speech, a fluttering sound fills the room as members of the audience begin to fidget with their programs. Finally, Reno comes to the peroration, which involves a folksy anecdote about sweet-potato pie:

"One of my favorite stories is of [former Florida governor] LeRoy Collins, who has told of the time he went to a youth-detention facility. There was sweet-potato pie for dessert. He commented that it was the best sweet-potato pie that he had ever had and he would like to meet the person who had made it. . . . Some years later, he heard that the young man was a success as a businessman in Miami, that he was honored by the Chamber of Commerce, and when asked what had given him this opportunity, he said, 'The governor of Florida said something nice about my sweet-potato pie.'" As Reno concludes, the Girl Scouts applaud eagerly, but two congressional staffers near me roll their eyes.

A year after she swept into Washington, Janet Reno finds herself in a peculiar position. Outside the Beltway, she remains a kind of folk heroine, more widely recognized than any attorney general since Robert Kennedy. A big, rather plain, and apparently beleaguered woman, she has managed to earn a degree of trust that few politicians can boast. This is no small achievement, given the legacy of her immediate predecessors. From the moment she appeared before the Senate last March, something about Janet Reno touched a popular chord. And after a year in office, she has achieved a level of national support that has sometimes eluded other powerful women.

Inside the Beltway, however, Janet Reno is increasingly viewed as ineffective and parochial, a Chauncey Gardiner character who responds to complicated questions with delphic platitudes. Apparently more interested in flying around the country than in the day-to-day administration of the Justice Department, she has shown little ability to translate her vague speeches into action. Her hands-off, indecisive management style has resulted in widespread reports of bureaucratic chaos at the department: her number two man, Philip Heymann, resigned in January citing bad "chemistry," and Associate Attorney General Webb Hubbell, a Little Rock friend of Bill and Hillary Clinton's, spent much of the year mediating turf battles between Reno and the White House. Liberals sympathetic to Reno's progressive views about crime prevention accuse her of having failed to leave a discernible mark on a crime bill that largely ignores her thoughts. And she suffers from the persistent sniping of White House aides, who see her as one might a blunt and sometimes unpredictable older relative.

On the record, the White House has nothing but praise for the prickly attorney general. "She's a powerhouse and she's doing a great job," says George Stephanopoulos dutifully. "She speaks with great moral authority." Stephanopoulos denies any tension between the White House and Reno. "It's not there. We work very closely together, we've had several meetings on the crime bill and other initiatives, and the president talks to her regularly." Stephanopoulos also denies a report, nervously circulated at Justice, that he exclaimed "I'm sick of all this Saint Janet stuff" at a White House meeting. "That's ridiculous," he says. "It's absurd."

Speaking on background, however, some White House officials are less flattering. "The place where there's been the most tension is where the attorney general has done something to embarrass the White House, whether it's Guinier, the travel office, or playing games with the vice president," said one White House aide. "The problem with Janet Reno is that you have an attorney general who floats in and out of focus," said another administration official. "In many ways, the best job for her would have been drug czar, where you can set the broad outlines of policy and give inspirational speeches, but not be directly involved with legislation."

Some of the sniping results from petty jealousy: until the very end of 1993, Reno's approval ratings were consistently higher than the president's. On the January day when Clinton's polls first surpassed Reno's, there was ap-

parently cheering in the White House communications office. But there is also genuine frustration with the gap between Reno's popularity and her effectiveness. "There was a long period where the White House was waiting, hoping that at some point in her speeches she might mention crime," said a White House official. "It's not like anyone has any problem with what she's talking about, but we have lots of other people to talk about those issues."

After combing the transcripts of Reno's speeches and press conferences and television appearances from March 1993 to March 1994, one is struck by their reiterative quality. Over and over, in state after state, Reno repeats the same vague phrases in the same flat cadences—"Somehow or other, we have to return parents to their children and children to their parents. . . . 'K through 12' has become a magic formula in our lives. Let us make 'zero through 12' a more magic formula, so that every single child in America has the appropriate medical care that can help them grow and develop as strong and constructive human beings."

Many of the slogans that cropped up in her Martin Luther King Day speech, and in her interview with me at the end of January, are familiar from her confirmation hearings a year ago. Now, as then, she appears to be a well-intentioned woman who conveys integrity but who stands for many things at the same time. She supports victims' rights and defendants' rights; she claims to oppose the death penalty, but she instructed her staff to help Congress dramatically extend the death penalty; and so forth. In this regard, she is the quintessential Clintonite, embracing contradictions that she refuses to acknowledge.

The irony of Reno's first year in office is that despite the slights both sides have perceived, Reno appears to have deferred too much to the White House, rather than too little. On the most controversial prosecutorial decisions, such as the investigation of the Clintons' involvement in Whitewater, Reno has attempted to resist political pressure from the White House, unless it takes the form of a direct presidential order. But she has refused to press her liberal views about crime policy, which are dramatically at odds with President Clinton's more traditional emphasis on cops and jails.

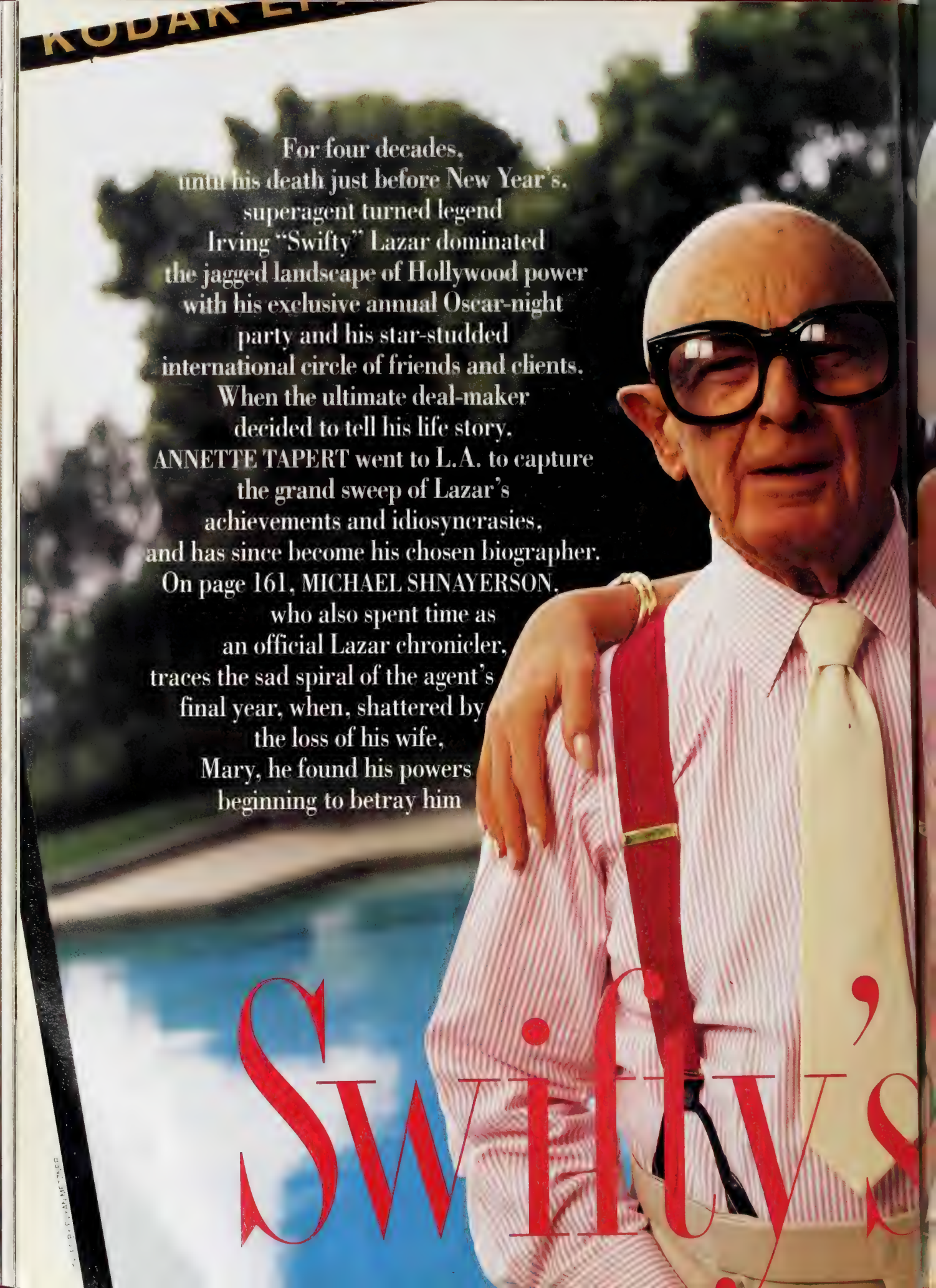


MOST POPULAR
Her celebrity sparks rivalry. Clintonites cheered when the president's approval rating finally passed Reno's

Washington has a way of turning its most colorful characters into cartoon versions of themselves. Reno's arrival in the capital was greeted with a series of gushing profiles and articles that inflated her into an alligator lady from the swamps, a cross between Eleanor Roosevelt and Wyatt Earp. Now that the hype has receded, it is no wonder that the woman seems slightly pallid by comparison. Her life is further complicated by the fact that social transactions, the currency of the capital, do not seem easy for her. She is not a charmer over cocktails, and her performance at Washington dinner parties has been unkindly reviewed. "She didn't exactly rip off her clothes and go tearing about the room, but she's a very strange person. I can't go into further details," said one Washington socialite who dined with Reno. When pressed, the guest would say only that Reno had been "blustery" and "outspoken." Other guests confirm that Reno is sometimes indifferent to social graces. "Her approach

(Continued on page 171)

"I never liked the Feds coming to town to tell me what I should be doing."



For four decades, until his death just before New Year's, superagent turned legend Irving "Swifty" Lazar dominated the jagged landscape of Hollywood power with his exclusive annual Oscar-night party and his star-studded international circle of friends and clients. When the ultimate deal-maker decided to tell his life story, ANNETTE TAPERT went to L.A. to capture the grand sweep of Lazar's achievements and idiosyncrasies, and has since become his chosen biographer. On page 161, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, who also spent time as an official Lazar chronicler, traces the sad spiral of the agent's final year, when, shattered by the loss of his wife, Mary, he found his powers beginning to betray him

Swifty's



LITTLE BIG MAN

Irving Lazar at home in Beverly Hills in 1997 with Joan Collins—one of the many Hollywood stars whose books he agented.

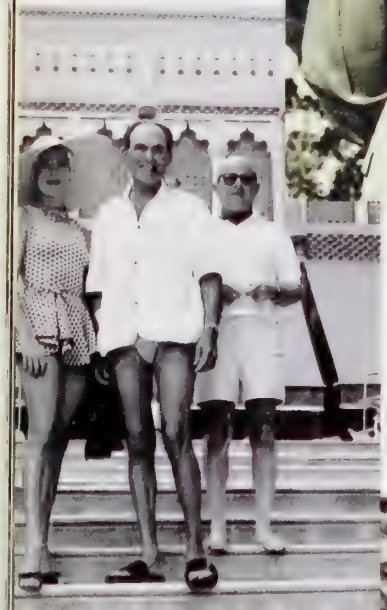
A-List Life

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

During World War II, Lazar was promoted to captain for producing *Winged Victory* with Moss Hart and raising $5 million for air-force relief.





Lazar with Moss and Kitty Carlisle Hart, *left*, at the Lido in Venice in 1959, and with the matador Luis Dominguin, *below*, at a bullfight in Pamplona, Spain, in the late 50s.



"What would you like for Christmas?" Hart asked. "Cole Porter," Lazar replied.

It was March last year, the week before the O- cars. High above Sunset Boulevard, nestled i the Trousdale Estates section of Beverly Hil Irving Paul Lazar and two assistants ponder the seating plan for his annual Oscar-night di- ner party at Spago.

"Irving, what do you think of seating Fa Dunaway next to Marvin Davis?"

"Great," said Lazar, looking rather like a masse in his sweatshirt, white trousers, and sneakers.

"What about Roseanne and Tom?" one ass- tant asked. "You've stuck them in the corner.

"I don't care. I want to give good seats the people I've known and liked for a lo time. And I happen to like Mike Medavoy," Laz said, tapping the place card of TriStar's then studio hea

"It has nothing to do with 'like,'" said the assistant. " just seems crazy to hide celebrities behind a wall." Eag to move on, the assistant pointed out that they had give all their attention to Spago's front room, and that the le desirable back room was virtually unpopulated. "Irvin why does Freddy DeMann have to be up front?"

"Because I just earned a great deal of money fro him," said Lazar. DeMann is Madonna's manager, an Lazar had profitably shoehorned himself into the negoti tions for her recent book, *Sex*.

"Unless he's going to give you another six figure I wouldn't worry about it."

"You're young and fearless. I'm not."

A phone call interrupted this game of musica power chairs. The voice of a secretary at the Irvin Paul Lazar Agency blasted over the speakerphone "Irving, I've got [a producer whose picture was u for an Oscar] on the phone. His biggest dream i to come to the party. He says this isn't his firs nomination. Ten years ago—"

"Tell him we're full," snapped Lazar.

As Lazar finished cutting that one dead, one o his assistants had a head-shaking epiphany: "My God, Dennis Hopper went from the main table t the corner in one year." Lazar couldn't have beer less concerned. His focus had turned to Carol Matthau he thought she should sit next to the veteran screen- writer Ivan Moffat. "But she wanted to sit next t Sherry Lansing and the Norman Lears," the assis- tant noted gently.

"This is better. She doesn't know what's good for her," Lazar said, chuckling mischievously. Then he turned to me. "I had to do this today," he said. "I could never have left it up to the kids."

He was right. I had expected the *placement* of this party to be a coldhearted analysis of the local pecking order; in- stead, it revolved around his feelings for people he had known, in some cases, for more than four decades. Jeanne Martin, the ex-wife of Dean, for instance: "I'd like to put her someplace nice. She's been a good friend." Or David Giler, the screenwriter, whose name isn't well-known outside the Hollywood community: "Give him a better seat. I like him."

At last, all 150 dinner guests had been placed. "I'm go-

ing to get this chart out of here so he can't tinker with it," one assistant whispered. "Otherwise, we'll never get this party seated. Irving," she said, "where are *you* going to sit?"

"I have no intention of sitting down," said Lazar.

Five nights later, Hollywood royalty and New York society dutifully seated themselves at Spago at the ungodly hour of six P.M. to munch Wolfgang Puck's Alaskan salmon with horseradish crust and watch, as if they were going to be quizzed later, the Academy Awards on one of nine television screens. The host was nowhere to be seen. But just as Marisa Tomei was approaching the stage at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion to accept the award for best supporting actress, Irving Lazar strolled into Spago.

He entered slowly but confidently, supported by a cane, wearing perfectly tailored dinner clothes and the trademark black-rimmed glasses that had always made him a caricaturist's dream. He made his way from table to table, handshaking, hugging, kissing. For those who knew him only through the media, it was a star's entrance—Moses parting the waters. To insiders, it had a different feeling. Jack Nicholson had seen it coming. What, I had asked him a few days earlier, was the most telling thing about Lazar? "What he's doing right now," Nicholson had said tenderly. "Going ahead with his party. That's very gallant."

For what had happened in Irving Lazar's carefully ordered life that year was the ultimate violation of his great plan: he had lost his wife, Mary, 25 years his junior and, in his words, "my guiding light." In his scheme, he had always meant to live long enough to celebrate the millennium, and she had been meant to survive him. But incurable bone cancer had changed all that; diagnosed in November 1992, Mary died two months later.

By every account, she faced her death squarely. Lazar couldn't. "I can't reconcile myself to the fact that she's going to die," he told friends. "It wasn't supposed to be this way." It said something about their 30-year marriage that, despite her unrelenting pain, Mary continued to put her husband's needs first. Rather than have him weeping at her bedside, she instructed him to do what he'd done nearly every night for the last 50 years—go out for dinner with friends.

So the 1993 Oscar party became something else: a metaphor for Lazar's survival. It was, in fact, his last hurrah. After the party, Lazar had to face up to his grief. As he looked back, he realized that he had nothing to look forward to. At 86, he had done it all. On December 27, 1993, he made the decision to discontinue his dialysis. Three days later, he died peacefully at home.

Nine months earlier, on a cool spring afternoon in Los Angeles, the fire had been lit in Irving Lazar's library. The room had an English feel: 19th-century antiques, 20th-century art, a wall of shelves laden with books and photographs. There was a family feeling in the air, for though Irving and Mary Lazar had been childless, their clients and friends were like family: here in pictures were the Lazars on holiday in Klosters with Irwin Shaw, in Spain with matador Luis Dominguin, grinning alongside Noël Coward, Cary Grant, Laurence Olivier.

You settled in, feeling distinguished by association with a past you'd only read about, a world defined by the best of everything. And here, in the center of it, in a smart blue blazer, gray flannels creased to military perfection, and the most exquisite pair of tiny, custom-made alligator boots, sat a man who said he vividly remembered a very different life, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. But could he, I wondered, recall what made Swifty run?

Until recently, Lazar had always resisted questions about his early life. But as the years multiplied, he had learned the value of highlighting the Horatio Alger aspects of his story. "I was born in the ghetto," he proclaimed. "My three younger brothers and I were street kids like everybody else. Fights were an everyday occurrence. Because I was small, I was natural prey. You couldn't say, 'Excuse me, I don't feel like fighting today.' To survive, I had to be tough, so I learned to catch my opponent unaware and deal him an instantaneous blow. Then I'd run like a son of a bitch."

Lazar's parents, who ran a wholesale butter-and-egg business, were relatively prosperous by Brownsville standards. "They instilled in me a total belief in the immigrant dream: if you push hard enough, you'll be rewarded." The neighborhood taught the same lesson. Irving Lazar was going to be some kind of wheeler-dealer. But not, if he had his way, in Brooklyn.

"What made it possible for me to dream of a bigger life was that, even as a kid, I loved the theater," Lazar explained. From his cut-rate perch in the balcony, he gave equal attention to the actors and the denizens of the orchestra seats. From both stages, he learned a way of dressing, behaving, and talking which, taken together, could form something like a personal style: "I got flak in my neighborhood for it, but when I was 13 or 14, I started wearing a jacket, tie, and freshly ironed shirt. My mother wouldn't let me have a clean shirt each day, so I would iron it to make it look fresh. By 15 I was wearing kerchiefs in my breast pocket and tailored suits so I'd look taller."

To accelerate his escape, Lazar enrolled in a high school in another part of Brooklyn before moving on still further to Fordham University. After graduating from Brooklyn Law School, he did a brief stint working in the Brooklyn district attorney's office, and then hung out his shingle as a bankruptcy specialist. Meanwhile, his social life revolved around Milton Pickman, a law-school classmate who had become an agent at the newly formed Music Corporation of America. Through Pickman's top client, the vaudeville star Ted Lewis, Lazar met Jack Benny, Sophie Tucker, and Eddie Cantor.

Lazar got his first professional taste of show biz when he represented a juggler who had been sued by MCA for refusing to pay a commission on a booking. Lazar won, and won big; after that, Ted Lewis made him his lawyer. Never one to stick to a narrow job description, Lazar decided to do a little agenting on the side. "Henny Youngman, then relatively unknown, had been asked to do 13

weeks on the Kate Smith radio show, and he wasn't sure how to handle it," Lazar told me. "I didn't know either, but I sensed I had a live one in Youngman." When Smith's producer asked the comedian what his commitments were, Youngman pulled some 50 scraps of paper—bookings for weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, and one-night stands—from every pocket of his jacket and trousers. "I realized that Henny was totally unavailable, so I suggested we pay all the bookings off," Lazar said with a triumphant grin. "And *that's* how I got my first client in show business."

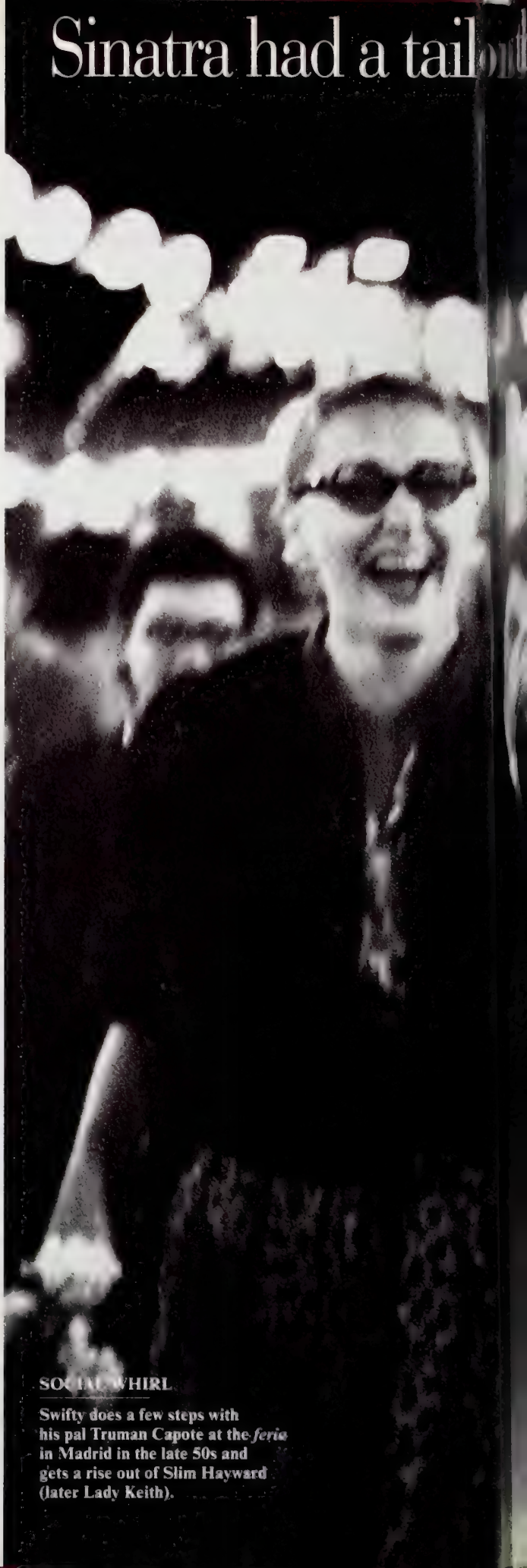
To say that Lazar liked the give-and-take of agenting better than the intricacies of law would be wrong—what he really liked was finding an opportunity and then slamming a deal together. And, of course, he liked the money. As Ted Lewis's lawyer, he made $100 a week; as Ted Lewis's agent, MCA took down 10 percent of the star's $10,000-a-week salary. The 10 percent he was getting from Youngman felt good to Lazar: "I liked the difference."

When Sonny Werblin, MCA's top man, invited him to come on board, Lazar was delighted. At that time, MCA represented most of the nation's jazz bands, orchestras, and singers. Each deal was a double-banger: the agency not only took a commission from Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Harry James, and Gene Krupa, but also required the hotels to give it a second dip for these "exclusive" bookings. The attractiveness of multiple commissions for a single transaction wasn't lost on Irving Lazar.

Where Lazar really made his mark was in the virgin territory right under the noses of his colleagues: a strip of clubs on West 52nd Street, the downtown location of choice for such musicians as Art Tatum, Fats Waller, and Dizzy Gillespie, who had made their reputations in Harlem. Other agents turned away from "Swing Street," because the clubs were owned directly or indirectly by the Mob. Lazar, who'd dealt with toughs in Brownsville, wasn't fazed. "To book a band in those clubs, you needed an entrée, so I cut a deal with one of the agents the Mob liked to use. He had the contacts, I had the bands, and I gave him part of my commission. I never told MCA. I *had* to make it work. If I didn't, I knew my 'partner' had any number of ways to break my arms, legs, or both."

Telling these stories, Lazar sounded like a character out of *Guys and Dolls.* He was beaten up a few times, he told me, and he once required 50 stitches across the stomach after a stabbing. "Life was definitely a little more dangerous," Lazar said of those years, "but I met a lot of interesting people. And look who I was booking: Count Basie, Louis Prima, Johnny Mercer, Hazel Scott, Lee Wiley. Every day was a party."

Lazar's life in the 30s was a whirl of social activity. At Lindy's Delicatessen, he would meet up with pal Damon Runyon. Then it was on to the Stork Club, where he would swap stories with Walter Winchell, who nicknamed him the Rabbit because he was always darting from club to club. Lazar never stopped to reflect on that feverish pace: "I thought this was the way you lived. I loved what I was doing. And every night was action."



SOCIAL WHIRL

Swifty does a few steps with his pal Truman Capote at the *feria* in Madrid in the late 50s and gets a rise out of Slim Hayward (later Lady Keith).

LELAND HAYWARD

w the sleeves of all of Lazar's suits together.



In 1942 the man who required clean sheets every night and several sets of clean towels every day and who never tied his tie or shoelaces without washing his hands first enlisted in the army. He was 35. The tiny trainee was issued a uniform so big, he said, "I looked like an orangutan. The jacket was to my knees, and the hat fell below my eyes." Lazar went to a Broadway costumer and ordered a custom-made uniform that made him look more like a general than a private. His happiness was short-lived, for he found himself assigned to cleaning latrines in a barracks he shared with 40 other men.

The way out was the Army Air Forces' Officer Candidate School. Although he was the oldest man in the rigorous physical training, he made the grade, losing 30 pounds in the process. "We had to do three-mile marches in blistering heat," Lazar said. "Because I was always the shortest, I was at the end of the line, far behind these young fellows who were all six feet. I hired a limousine to follow the maneuvers; when we were told to fall out, I'd throw my gun in the back of the Cadillac and drive back in style."

Lazar's first assignment—which came directly from General Hap Arnold, commander of the Army Air Forces was to produce a show for the air-force emergency relief fund along the lines of Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army.* He hadn't signed a single big star—until destiny kicked in. Over a drink in the Oak Room of the Plaza in New York, Lazar spotted his hero, Moss Hart, the Broadway embodiment of wit, charm, and glamour. Even for Lazar, it took considerable nerve to introduce himself and ask Hart if he would do a show for the air force. Hart would, he said, if he heard directly from the general. That was no problem for Lazar. He simply sent Hart a warm telegram and signed General Arnold's name to it.

Winged Victory, written and directed by Hart and produced by Lazar, was a hit on Broadway and, later, in a deal made by Lazar, as a film. In all, Lazar and Hart raised $5 million for air-force relief, and Lazar was promoted to the rank of captain. But the accreditation it gave the agent was insignificant compared with the social cachet he scored from a friendship that seemed extremely unlikely. Hart, after all, was reserved and courtly, while Lazar was the quintessential tummler. But Hart and Lazar shared a common past; it was just that Hart had already completed the journey from the ghetto to the world of style and wit.

In New York and Hollywood, Hart introduced Lazar to everyone who counted. And those acquaintances quickly became both clients and friends. "Moss was my mentor," said a grateful Lazar. "He introduced me to Maxwell Anderson, Garson Kanin, Lindsay and Crouse, Edna Ferber, Noël Coward—my first clients who weren't in the music business."

In Hollywood leapfrog, one of the ultimate pads in the late 1940s was the home of Ira and Leonore Gershwin. At their ongoing salon, Harold Arlen, Noël Coward, and Oscar Levant would play the piano, William Wyler would shoot pool, and Judy Garland might pop in and sing for an audience that included Bogart and Bacall. Irving Lazar, a production of Moss Hart, made his Hollywood debut there. And he was an instant hit. Everyone adored this egocentric and colorful raconteur, who told hilarious stories about his life as a band booker and soldier. "The entrance fee in those days was you had to be witty and bright," says George Axelrod, the playwright and screenwriter, who became a Lazar client in the early 50s. "Swifty was welcome at everybody's table because he was a life enhancer."

For Lazar, the Gershwin home was a field of dreams just waiting to be harvested. He was delighted when Ira Gershwin asked him to be his agent and to represent the George Gershwin estate. The Gershwin connection led to a client list of America's most distinguished songwriters: Yip Harburg, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Harold Arlen, Arthur Freed, Lerner and Loewe, Rodgers and Hammerstein—just as the movie moguls were becoming interested in these New York talents. "What would you like for Christmas?" Hart asked. "Cole Porter," Lazar replied. Soon Porter was telling Jean Howard, the first wife of Charles Feldman, about his new agent: "He's like an evangelist Baptist preacher."

As always, Lazar went to school on his betters, in this case Feldman and Leland Hayward, the kings of Hollywood agenting. Feldman was an international traveler, big-stakes gambler, and irrepressible playboy; Hayward was a Wasp with a privileged background and finesse to spare. Both men were moving away from agenting in the late 1940s, and Lazar blended their styles and rushed to succeed them.

In addition to his Manhattan-based songwriters, Lazar, as a Hollywood agent, pursued New York playwrights and novelists. In those days, East Coast talent was an exotic commodity, and writers who couldn't be found lunching regularly at Paramount had a definite advantage over the locals. Lazar got big money for the New Yorkers, who in turn got some sound advice. "The last thing I want you to do," Lazar would say, "is move here and be available to these people."

It was better for Lazar as well. Off he would go to see clients in New York, and at the same time he'd be acting as a scout for the studios. Zanuck, Goldwyn, Warner, Cohn—they all wanted Lazar to tell them what play was hot, what book was worth buying. Lazar saw the plays but never read the books. "I had a synopsis; I knew what I was talking about," Lazar explained. "Look, the head of the studio didn't read. The directors and producers didn't read. *They all worked from synopses.* That's why it was easy for me to deal with them: I didn't read, either."

Over the years, clients tested him by slipping money between the pages of their manuscripts. Alan Jay Lerner once glued the libretto of *Camelot* shut. Lazar missed all of these gestures; once he had read the title and the author's name, he went to work. "If he stopped to read more," screenwriter Harry Kurnitz noted in the 1950s, "he might get sick and throw up all over Darryl Zanuck."

There was something else Lazar didn't do: stick to his own clients. On his return to Hollywood, he would give the moguls their must-have lists, and then he would broker the deals. The playwrights and novelists he didn't represent were, along with their agents, generally happy that

Lazar had dropped into their lives, all he wanted, after all, was to sell their work for an unbelievable sum to the movies, not to burden his one-man operation with the day-to-day management of their careers.

And yet Lazar's minuscule empire his staff consisted of one secretary—was formidable competition for all of William Morris and MCA. How did he do it? "He always made me feel I was his partner," recalls producer David Brown, who was, in the early 1950s, running the story department at Twentieth Century Fox. "I was the buyer, but he co-opted me. He'd say, 'Kid, do you think they'd go for such and such?' He never said, 'I've got this property, and I want $2 million for it.' He was very careful in that way. He preferred to deal directly with Zanuck, but he always covered his base with the person whose job depended on getting material. He'd tell me, 'Kid, I'm sending this property to Darryl, and I know he'll send it on to you.'"

For all that, Lazar was a bulldog. "He never tried to influence your view of something, but he would intimidate you with the importance of his client and what a schmuck you'd be to let his go," Brown continues. "And when you did make a deal with him, he wanted to dictate the terms right there in your office. He had no patience with lawyers. He was a master of the first law of agenting: Close the deal; don't tap-dance."

In a time when most agents took the service entrance, Lazar was a bigger-than-life personality who strode through the front door to see his friends, the bigger-than-life moguls. "I dealt one-on-one with Goldwyn, Mayer, and Cohn," Lazar explained. "Remember, these were showmen. They worked on instinct. They were busy businessmen, and they knew it. So they liked to deal with people who also operated on instinct and whom they trusted."

"This group of studio heads was like a club," says Richard Zanuck, the producer, who learned the business at his father's knee, "and the club was small and tough to get into. Irving made it on his colorful personality and his persistence—he was a showman, just like them. He thought theatrically. He could have run a studio."

As people who knew him well in those days all attest, Lazar's willingness to stand up to a Harry Cohn was unprecedented in fear-driven Hollywood. "I was privileged to be in Irving's office when he was on the telephone selling Goldwyn the movie rights to *Porgy and Bess,*" says George Axelrod. "He got very emotional: 'Sam, you're an old man, you're going to die soon, and you've done nothing but shit all your life. Two, three little hit pictures, all with Willie Wyler those weren't Goldwyn pictures, they were Willie Wyler pictures. Before you go, you silly old bastard, why don't you try for one great artistic triumph of your own?' What a flight of poetry that was! And Goldwyn





SUCCESS STORY

Swifty, *above,* with Peter Viertel, John Huston, and David Niven in London during the filming of *The African Queen,* 1950. *Left,* marriage to Mary Van Nuys, January 1963, with Ira and Leonore Gershwin in attendance.



Lazar backstage with Liza Minnelli after *The Act,* her 1978 Broadway show, flanked by Jacqueline Onassis and Bianca Jagger.

"After Mary was in the picture, there were no more jokes at Irving's expense."

went for it! Of course, it didn't turn out so poetically—*Porgy and Bess* was one of the biggest disasters of all time."

Lazar always took great care to make sure he was described as a "literary agent." He had a reason: he didn't want anyone to think he represented actors. His business was everything but. "In the 50s, Irving and I represented 50 to 75 percent of the top talent in New York," says agent turned producer Ray Stark. "Once, when he was going on vacation, he asked me to take care of his clients. Irving knew that if we didn't ask each other we would probably steal each other's clients."

"He once said, 'There are people who write lyrics and music, and there are people who cast,'" Peter Viertel, one of Lazar's clients and best friends, told me. "Swifty not only knew how to cast, but he had a real ability to fit talent into the right niche." Because he had negotiated for both the studios and the writers, it was inevitable that Lazar's next move would be to represent all the talent on a project—to make the kind of "package" deals that are now commonplace in Hollywood.

Lazar used his theater connections to broker all the major talent for the films *Gigi, The Sound of Music,* and *Camelot.* "The high point of my career came in Philadelphia," Lazar said. "I was sitting in a theater for the dress rehearsal of *My Fair Lady* with Moss Hart, Alan Jay Lerner and Fred Loewe, Oliver Smith, and Cecil Beaton. And I represented them all." The deal he cherished most, however, was for *The Sound of Music:* "It was the biggest sale in the history of movies, then and now—10 percent of the gross from the first dollar for Lindsay and Crouse, and Rodgers and Hammerstein."

Ten percent of that 10 percent was a considerable sum. Lazar spent it largely on entertaining. Agenting had, for Lazar, always been a vehicle for personal growth, which, for him, meant a big life: taking three no-expense-spared trips a year to Europe's choicest resorts, picking up the tab for the A-list at the best restaurants, starting the inevitable art collection.

In Los Angeles, he grew to be the local head of protocol. "He gathered the right people around him," remembers Kitty Carlisle Hart. "He was like the master of ceremonies for Moss. He organized the parties so completely we didn't have to do anything." When he was a guest at someone else's fête, he'd bring a major literary talent instead of the expected *(Continued on page 181)*



POWER TRIO

Lazar with Jack Nicholson and Elizabeth Taylor at Spago for his final Oscar party, 1993.



The Last of Swifty

Protected by his enigmatic paid companion, Lazar lived his final days in a bizarre tangle of misunderstandings and whispered rumors

Below, during Irving "Swifty" Lazar's last months, *Sunset Boulevard* began its run at the Shubert Theatre. At 1840 Carla Ridge, the house atop Beverly Hills where he had lived for 25 years, a variation in reverse seemed to be playing itself out. Here was the scrappy old superagent, a self-made star in his own right, battling desiccation and death. Here with him was a younger woman hired as his paid companion. And in the gallery: a private audience of famous old stars, celebrity clients, and social friends, wondering which of these characters was taking advantage of the other. By the time Lazar expired, on December 30, 1993, his last year had become a cautionary tale of death in Hollywood, inspiring less pity than curiosity and a swirl of scandalous rumors.

For Irving and Mary Lazar, after a long, childless marriage, the beginning of the end came with a shock in mid-November 1992 on a trip to New York. Michael Caine, a friend and client, was

Photograph by DAFYDD JONES

"He shouldn't have had that party. He shou

publishing his autobiography; the Lazars were to throw him a party.

Only a few close friends knew the other reason for this New York visit. Notoriously squeamish about pain and illness, Irving, at 85, was having to face his own mortality at last. Already, high blood pressure had led to kidney problems that required the surgical insertion of a catheter for daily hookups to a dialysis machine. Now his doctors demanded that Irving undergo an angioplasty procedure to clear the arteries of his heart. Mary visited him daily at New York Hospital. A calming presence, she was also, in her early 60s, still striking enough to remind friends that she had once been a professional model.

To one of Irving's doctors, Mary mentioned having sharp back pains; the jolting rides in New York taxis had become excruciating. An M.R.I. scan confirmed the doctor's worst suspicions: Mary had a tumor on her spine, a cancer that in all likelihood had spread from some internal organ. Her reaction spoke volumes about her marriage. "Don't tell Irving," she pleaded. "He can't deal with it."

Both too ill to attend the Caine party, the Lazars flew back to Los Angeles the next day on Marvin and Barbara Davis's private plane. Mary remained vague about why an ambulance would be meeting her on the tarmac and taking her directly to Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. Instead, she asked one of her doctors to break the news to Irving up at the house. Irving was overwhelmed. "I can't handle this," he kept saying. "I can't handle this!"

A sympathetic listener might have heard in his anguish profound sorrow for his suffering wife. A somewhat more detached listener might have said that Irving Lazar, from whom the milk of human kindness had not often been known to flow, was also crying for himself.

As a couple, the Lazars had always stirred speculation. Irving had a certain pugnacious charm, but he could be brutally cold, even cruel. Not to mention that he was a bald-headed gnome a foot shorter and a quarter-century older than Mary; couldn't she have found a powerful husband with more winning traits? Confounded, friends often speculated that the marriage was an arrangement. But the two did share a real fondness for each other. Married twice before, Mary had learned to compromise. She also loved Swifty's life of first-class friends and travel.

After a series of intense chemotherapy treatments, Mary was brought home to rest in her room—for years, she and Irving had had separate bedrooms across a wide hall from each other. At the end of the hall was a third room, which now became a nurse's station. Months before, a nurse named Ellen had been hired through an agency to help Irving with his dialysis, and Mary had come to adore her. Ellen was the nurse she wanted now, and so Irving arranged to rehire her. This time he bypassed the agency, paying he her salary less commission, and pocketing the difference- a wily agent to the end.

Ellen was a wonderful nurse, but she couldn't have com from a world more at odds with Swifty's own. At 51, wit long dark hair and high cheekbones, she was part Nativ American, a handsome woman who'd come of age in th early 60s. Ellen had helped set up what would become th Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, a bastion of the hippie move ment. Eventually she became a nurse for the Hell's Angel during their beatific period. In the early 70s, when the An gels started asking her to tend gunshot and knife wounds Ellen left, covertly, with a boyfriend and her six-year-old daughter. Neither Mary nor Irving knew any of this.

In her white uniform, Ellen looked like any other nurse That, early on, was Irving's only objection. Set on keeping up appearances, Irving made her dress in street clothes and put her on his office books as "driver." Amused, she asked him one day, "What do you think is more important, Irving, the way things look or the way things are?"

"The way things look," Irving snapped, which after a lifetime of agentry made a certain sense: for Irving, the way things looked *became* the way they were.

No one knew this better than Mary, who now devoted much of her time in bed to applying the right makeup so that Irving wouldn't think she looked sick. To ease her pain, she smoked marijuana; when even the effort of expanding her rib cage to inhale became an agony, Alan Nevins, a young man who had first worked for Mary and later helped run the agency for Irving, went off in search of a water pipe at L.A. head shops.

Ill, Mary shut her door to all but a few close friends. One was journalist Karen Lerner, who came out from New York to spend half of December with her. Another was Audrey Wilder, whose longtime friendship with Mary had cooled after Irving broke with her husband, the legendary Hollywood director Billy Wilder. Lerner had brought the two women together again, and now Audrey came to visit every day. But Irving was no comfort at all. He either sat on the edge of the bed and cried or hit the wall with his fist in rage. It was almost as if fate had dealt him a personal affront. This wasn't what he'd bargained for; Mary, so much younger, was supposed to take care of *him*.

Evenings were the worst time. Restless and eager for diversion, Irving had gone out almost every night of his adult life, escorting a friend when Mary begged off. Now he paced the halls like a lost soul. In part out of sympathy, in part out of growing irritation, Mary insisted he leave her in the nurse's care and go out on the town. Author Barbara Howar became his most frequent companion, driving him to parties, into which Lazar walked with the help of an upturned golf club as a cane. Lerner was pressed into service, too. And so, on several of those late-fall evenings, was an intriguing woman named Theresa Sohn.

Sohn was a demurely attractive Asian woman of about

ave hung it up."

50 with dark hair in a Prince Valiant cut; more than one riend of the Lazars' would say she looked like Mary. She ame recommended by Ahmet Ertegün, the Atlantic Records mogul, who had been one of Lazar's closest pals for more than two decades. Ertegün was brilliant, rich, sufused with Continental charm and a great sense of humor. At the same time, several of his friends felt he had a dark ide, though they couldn't quite define what that dark side night be. Maybe it was just that Ertegün had one elegantly shod foot in high society and the other in rock 'n' oll. Theresa Sohn, he would later explain, had once datd one of his rock 'n' roll artists, and called after having been out of touch for several years to report that she was vorking as a paid companion for elderly people. Ertegün hought she could help the Lazars.

Though Sohn would claim to have known the Lazars soially prior to her employment, many of their friends eemed not to know her. They learned that she had been narried for about three years to a man 12 years her junior who worked for AT&T, and that she lived with him somewhere in "818 land," as one Lazar friend put it. At some oint she had had problems with cocaine, and her work vith the elderly, along with attending A.A. and C.A. meetngs, had helped her deal with the problem. It seems fair o assume that for Sohn, as for Joe Gillis in *Sunset Boulevard,* being ushered into the Lazars' home on Carla Ridge rought unexpected opportunities: first a new home, and hen a place at the tables of the Hollywood Old Guard. Then, too, there might be a considerable payout at the end.

Irving may have hoped that Sohn's job description vould include sexual favors. Already, he had made several passes at Ellen.

"You know," he told her one day while Mary was still live, "Florence Nightingale gave total patient care."

"I know, Irving," Ellen shot back. "She died of syphilis, oo."

"Well," he said grumpily, "I guess you'll never have to vorry about that."

Later, Ellen would allude, without elaboration, to havng told Irving early on, "You can't expect me to watch."

Mary herself said that she approved of Sohn because ohn was "discreet," and had indicated to Ellen that she ad long since lost any sense of indignation about whatver sexual adventures, active or passive, Irving might wish o conduct. Sohn denies that sexual episodes ever took lace, however, and blames such rumors on resentful obervers.

When Sohn arrived in the early evening, she would ometimes find herself pressed into valet service. One ight, as Karen Lerner sat by Mary's bedside, they heard ving across the hall shout, "No! That's not what I want o wear! Those are not the right shoes! Come over here n your knees!"

Mary looked at Lerner. "Can you believe the way Iring is talking to that woman?"





NIGHTS OUT
Irving and Mary Lazar at the opening of the new Museum of Television & Radio in New York, 1991. *Below,* Lazar with Theresa Sohn at his 1993 Oscar party.

Yet when Sohn wasn't there, Irving seemed to miss her. On the evenings some other friend took him off Mary's hands, he would call up Sohn when he got back home and speak with her, observed one, "as if they were courting."

By Christmas, Mary knew she would not recover. Irving knew it, too, but he didn't know if *she* knew, and couldn't bear to discuss it. And yet, for all his anguish, he seemed reluctant to pay the cost of Mary's care. Perhaps it was just the time of year: his office staff had come to expect panicked calls from him about money, how there wouldn't be enough to get by, certainly not enough for Christmas bonuses. By early January, when the fall commissions came in, the panic would ease. But for a man whose estate would be valued at around $10 million, his stinginess about nursing care was disconcerting. "I'll kill you if you tie my name to this," one friend said, "but Mary hated his guts toward the end. She pulled me down to her wheelchair, and the last thing she said to me was 'Get him out of here!' "

Mary died in her bedroom at about seven P.M. on January 14, 1993. Alan Nevins and Cindy Cassel from the office had come for a quiet dinner with Irving, having been told by the doctors that Mary wouldn't make it through the night. Still, when Ellen emerged from Mary's room with the news, it seemed to drive Irving into a state of shock from which he may never have completely recovered.

Karen Lerner stayed in Mary's room for the week after her death, and found Irving utterly bereft. "What am

I going to do with everything?" he said of Mary's clothes and jewelry. "You've got to help me deal with it all." Lerner agreed to assist him—and thus began the unpleasantness Irving's friends would come to call "the necklace story."

Mary had appended a handwritten codicil to her will, directing that three of her best pieces of jewelry be given to Lerner, Janet de Cordova, the wife of former *Tonight Show* producer Fred de Cordova, and an old friend from her Chicago modeling days, Heather Croner. By the terms of Mary's will, and at Irving's insistence, Lerner accepted a diamond necklace that would later be appraised at $60,000. Other pieces Irving bestowed upon social friends to whom he felt close: two gold bracelets to Gloria Vanderbilt, a diamond butterfly to Ahmet Ertegün's wife, Mica, Cartier watches to Annette de la Renta and Glenn Birnbaum, and more to Casey Ribicoff, Oscar de la Renta, and Nancy Kissinger.

Soon after Lerner's return to New York, Irving called to say his accountant had informed him he would have to pay a gift tax on the diamond necklace, and it would have to be appraised. Lerner offered to have the appraisal done in New York, but Irving was adamant: the necklace would have to be returned to him. He seemed to have changed his mind about wanting Lerner to have the necklace at all. Various friends, including Ahmet Ertegün, advised Lerner to hold her ground; why should she be bullied by Irving into returning a necklace that Mary had expressly given to her? To avoid a confrontation on the phone, Lerner told Irving she would see what she could do, and stressed how much she looked forward to helping him, as she did almost every year, with the preparations for his Oscar party at Spago. On the eve of her flight out, Irving asked again if she was bringing the necklace with her. No, she said.

"Well then, don't bother to come at all," Irving barked.

Should he or shouldn't he? That was the question endlessly asked by guests of years past. Whether to give the Oscar party and suffer the slings and arrows of those who would say it was too soon after Mary's death, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. Irving had chosen to give the party. In the event, it would seem a mistake.

Over the two decades that Irving had orchestrated Hollywood's party of the year, he had always been an imperious host. Most single women weren't allowed to bring dates. Guests were made to watch the televised ceremony from their dinner tables, and drew furious stares if they stood and mingled before the end of the telecast. As for crashers, famous and powerful though they might be, they were tossed out on their ears. It was Mary who brought warmth to the gathering, and a shrewd flair to the seating. Her presence was everywhere missed. "He shouldn't have had that party," said one habitué who attended. "He should have hung it up. That last year, the seating lacked Mary's touch. Everybody hated it; nobody left their seats."

Now, as he seemed to lose judgment in his personal affairs, Irving felt his business start slipping away, too. In his panic about money, he had cut the salary of his office manager, Alan Nevins, and Nevins had begun to look elsewhere. He told Irving about his offers, and asked how ...rious Irving was about maintaining the agency. From d... to day, Irving's answer varied. Eventually, Nevins and t... partners formed a new agency, Renaissance. But leavi... wasn't as easy as he'd hoped.

Nevins suggested that the Lazar Agency be linked ... Renaissance. The phone lines and bookkeeping would ... separate, but Nevins, who had dealt directly with Irvin... clients for some time, would be there to help—presumab... in return for having those clients ease into Renaissance som... day. Irving, never one to share the spoils, declined. ... about the time of Nevins's departure, Joan Collins's lawy... informed Irving that his client would be leaving; two wee... later, she joined Renaissance. Irving was stunned. "C... you believe it?" he exclaimed over the phone to a frie... in London. "Joan Collins has run off with my file clerk... Half a dozen other Lazar clients soon followed.

By summer, Theresa Sohn had begun spending mo... time each week at the house. Sometimes she and Irvi... went out—to restaurants, to the racetrack—and the antic... pation of these outings did much to boost his spirits. Lik... Norma Desmond, Irving bought elegant clothes for h... younger companion; unlike Norma, he often made her pa... half. Sohn also bathed and dressed him, and administere... his dialysis, having been trained how to do so by Elle... But relations between the two women began to fray. Whe... Irving included a bequest in his will to Sohn, Ellen fe... that Sohn's attitude changed. One day, Ellen recalls, on... of Irving's relatives visited. When he left, Sohn muttere... that the relative's only interest in Irving was financial.

"It sounds like you, Theresa," Ellen said.

The comment reportedly infuriated Sohn, and from the... on, the women regarded each other as antagonists.

Ertegün, meanwhile, called almost every day to inquir... about Irving. In July, the reports grew more somber. Whil... hospitalized for pneumonia, Irving suffered a slight stroke... which temporarily slurred his speech but did not affect hi... mind. When he got home he seemed to have undergon... a sort of spiritual conversion. The luxuries of a materia... life suddenly seemed unimportant. Briefly, he even fired hi... staff, only to rescind the edict.

Irving was now confined to a wheelchair. Deprived o... exercise, his arteries grew constricted, and his feet began t... lose circulation. At Irving's and Ertegün's requests, Soh... moved into the house full-time in October.

The move stirred keen interest among Irving's many so... cial friends, especially because Sohn had recently separat... ed from her husband. Producer George Schlatter and his... wife, Jolene, were among those in the pro-Sohn camp... "[Irving] told me several times, 'I wouldn't be here today... without Theresa,'" Jolene recalls. It was Sohn who enabled... Irving to enjoy his last evenings out, as when he and Sohn... joined the Schlatters and the Sinatras for dinner at an Ital... ian restaurant. Irving looked frail, and his friends weren't... sure he was following the conversation. "Suddenly his little... body lifted up," Jolene recalls. "And he said, 'Frank, you're... the only guy that I can still beat up in this town.'" Oth... ers worried that Sohn was an opportunist, and began pre... dicting she would inherit the *(Continued on page 185)*

Photograph by HELMUT NEWTON



THE END OF THE SOLO AGENT

Irving Paul Lazar in his last official portrait, at home in Beverly Hills, March 1993.

NICHOLSON

(Continued from page 124) closed after 14 performances, but June was now a showbiz pro. She dropped out of high school and was pregnant by the next year. She moved to New York to live with friends and have the baby, but she had no shame about her condition. "She wore a red swagger coat," remembers Lorraine, who visited once. "They were in style then. June was progressive." When Jack was two months old, June brought him home to New Jersey. "Right after that, she got a job and was gone, which was O.K. Mud just grabbed that baby and made him hers. My mother lived and breathed Jack. Everything Jack did was great to us. And the women in the beauty parlor thought he was the greatest!"

Lorraine, who married Shorty Smith and had two children of her own, helped raise Jack, who was sassy and quick. "When I registered Jack for kindergarten, he didn't even have a birth certificate. But since the secretary was a friend of mine, she never mentioned it, so I didn't. I just said, 'Oh, I'll bring it in later.' "

John, whom Jack still believed to be his true father, had become estranged from Mud and lived apart from the family. Shorty, however, loved Jack like a son. "Shorty could be with kings and queens and still be Shorty," says Lorraine, who concedes that her husband was an alcoholic. "He could mix, fit in. He had that sweet side that women liked. He got away with stuff—like pinching boobs—that most men would've been killed for."

Jack, bright enough to skip a grade, entered high school early.

June, married by then, had given birth to two more children. After spending a decade in chorus lines from Chicago to Miami (where she met Lucky Luciano), she finally settled on Long Island. June loved her husband. "Murray Hawley," Lorraine remembers, "was one of the handsomest men I'd ever seen." But Murray, also a drinker, left June for another woman, whom he'd gotten pregnant.

"June was devastated," Lorraine remembers. "She was so in love with him. She'd waited to get married, God knows how many other men she'd had, but this was it for her. True love." And true heartbreak. June went home to Mama, Neptune City, Lorraine—and Jack.

When Jack was in his teens, the women had their only conversation about their secret. Lorraine wanted to tell Jack that June was his mother. "But they were both so afraid of losing him," Lorraine remembers. "They didn't trust what his reaction would be. He grew up with three mothers, and even though he wasn't close to June, no one ever deserted Jack."

The secret outlasted both June and Mud. June, who had moved to California, where she worked as a private secretary, was diagnosed at 43 with cervical cancer. The week before she died, she had urged Jack, who had finally broken into B movies, to go on to the location of the film he was making in Mexico. The night before he left, he visited her bedside. "June had the opportunity to tell Jack, but she didn't," Lorraine says. "Neither did my mother. They left that for me."

Mud died of a progressive muscular disease at 71, but lived to see Jack become a star in *Easy Rider*. "Jack was in New York and I called him," Lorraine says. " 'Mud's in the hospital,' I said. 'She's not going to make it this time.' He drove down in the middle of the night. When he got there, Mud was sitting up in bed with a movie magazine, saying, 'My son's in this movie. He's a *hit!*' "

> "All this flat-belly bullshit is killing the country," says Nicholson.

Just who Jack Nicholson's real father is remains a mystery. Lorraine says she never knew, but is dubious about the man whose letter to Nicholson gave away the women's carefully kept secret. "I dated his brother in high school," she says, "which is why I always felt he wasn't Jack's father. I couldn't see my mother letting me go out with him if his brother had impregnated my sister. . . . He waited until June, my mother, and his brother were all dead so there'd be no one to verify but me. . . . Suddenly, when Jack's 37, wealthy, and a movie star, he showed up.

"Jack had a good childhood," Lorraine says. "He was secure. The rough spots in his life were usually with June. I don't know why she didn't encourage him more. But what's the difference who his mother was? He had a complete family. I'm not his sister anymore, then I'm his aunt. What the hell do I care? They can call me anything. I just adore him. I could eat him up right now. I love having Jack around. He's solid entertainment.

"Jack has a right to be angry—a legitimate beef," Lorraine says as she runs her finger through her hair. "If he's got hangups today, they're legitimate, too." Her eyes scan the bare walls of her apartment. There are no pictures of Jack. Lorraine doesn't even tell people she's Jack Nicholson's family. She doesn't want to take advantage. And Nicholson, who gave me the opportunity to talk to her, knows that.

"I love my family because I did not threaten them," he tells me. "I was a full member of the family from about nine years old. They were perfectly capable of asking me for advice. They had enough respect for me to know that I was in the ball game. People can't believe I'm not upset by the deception, but how can I be upset by something that worked? These women were never anything but great with me, and I'm not being sentimental. If I never embarrass their spirit, I did good. Sister. Sister-mother. Just hyphenate it and you know what I'm talking about."

There are other strong women in Jack Nicholson's life. Helena Kallianiotas met Nicholson in the mid-60s, when she was working as a belly dancer at a Greek nightclub in Hollywood. Today, Kallianiotas—who ran Helena's, the very private, very fast-crowd late-80s in spot—lives in a house adjoining Nicholson's high above Beverly Hills. They aren't lovers, never have been. She oversees his properties and his life and is just one of the circle of intimates such as Harry Dean Stanton and Nicholson's agent of more than 30 years, Sandy Bresler (whom he met in the Air National Guard), who form Nicholson's extended family, his "people that matter." In a town where friendships have the shelf life of fast food, Nicholson's relationships, says his pal Barry Diller, "are the real article. You can count on Mr. Nicholson to do anything for you."

Kallianiotas moved in with Nicholson in 1969. "Jack and I had done *Five Easy Pieces*," says Kallianiotas, who had a brief acting career. "I was married but breaking

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All medical procedures are subject to certain risks. Although thousands of men and women have found Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen treatments to be a safe, non-surgical option for many skin contour problems, you should be aware of the safety issues and restrictions associated with their use. Although you should review these points at the time of your consultation with a physician trained in the use of collagen, we have summarized them for you as follows:

If you have a reaction to the required skin test, or previous allergic reaction to injectable collagen products or lidocaine, or have a history of serious allergic (anaphylactic) reactions, Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen must not be used. Also, if you are undergoing or planning to undergo desensitization injections to meat products, you cannot receive injectable collagen.

The onset of connective tissue diseases has been reported after treatment with collagen injections in patients with no previous history of these disorders. A statistical analysis comparing the number of collagen treated patients who were diagnosed with two rare connective tissue diseases (Polymyositis/Dermatomyositis) with the expected number of these diseases, suggests that the rate of occurrence of these two rare diseases appears to be higher than expected in the collagen treated population. However, a causal relationship between collagen injections and the onset of the diseases has not been established.

Also, patients with connective tissue disease may have an increased susceptibility to hypersensitivity responses and/or accelerated clearance of their implants. Therefore, injectable collagen should be used with caution in such patients with consideration given to multiple skin tests.

Since studies have shown that injected collagen may stimulate the deposition of your own collagen at injection sites, there is a possibility that part or all of the correction may last two years or more.

Use of Zyderm I Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. Use of Zyderm II Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 15 cc over a one-year period. The combination of these products or of Zyderm in conjunction with Zyplast in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. The safety of injecting greater amounts on an annual basis has not been established.

The risk of infection is always present with any injection and it is possible to experience a reaction to the process itself, such as mild bruising or a slight blush at the injection site. This does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatment. Previous facial herpes simplex at the site of injection may recur if provoked by the injection.

Though unlikely, it is possible for the needle to be accidentally placed through a blood vessel during injection, which could result in temporary discoloration of the treated area, or in tissue death leading to a scab and/or scar formation. Injectable collagen, like other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics and steroids injected into the head or neck area or the extremities), could be accidentally injected into a blood vessel. Although this possibility is remote, it could result in a blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Blood flow blockage resulting in permanent loss of vision in one eye has been reported once since product introduction in 1981.

Occasionally, injected collagen has been reported as visible in the skin, in the form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from a few weeks to several months. Some areas (such as compressed scars) resist precise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

People with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances require extra care when treated with injectable bovine products. Cautious use of Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen is recommended in such cases. In addition, caution is advised with people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy. (Patients on long-term prednisone or other steroid therapy should consult their doctor before beginning Collagen Replacement Therapy.)

More than one skin test is recommended prior to injectable bovine collagen treatment if you have a history of dietary beef allergy. It is possible that the collagen component of the beef may be causing the allergy.

If you are using drugs that reduce coagulation, such as aspirin and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, you may, as with any injection, experience increased bruising or bleeding at injection sites.

Active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes or hives) or infections require that treatment be postponed, until the condition has been controlled.

The safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not been established

With more than 500,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen has proven to be safe. However, a small number (one to two percent) have developed an allergic reaction after one or more injections, which has consisted of prolonged redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all of the sites. On rare occasions, these reactions can proceed to a cyst-like reaction that can drain, and may form a scar. Between one and nine months is the usual duration, but a few cases have involved intermittent flare-ups which have exceeded 24 months.

Importantly, many people who developed an allergic reaction after treatment did not report or recognize a response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of the skin test, many of these later reactions could have been prevented.)

Systemic complaints have been reported in fewer than five per one thousand people treated and included flu-like symptoms (nausea, dizziness, headache, joint aches), rash, visual disturbances, anaphylactoid reactions (severe allergic reaction) involving difficulty in breathing, and various systemic diseases including immune-mediated diseases.

Since every patient's expectations and physical make-up are different and every physician's technique is unique, there have been cases reported where collagen injections have not achieved the desired result.

We encourage you to discuss this information with your doctor. He or she can best evaluate whether treatment is appropriate for you and can answer any questions you may have.

2850-03-1192 8530-00-0194

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NICHOLSON

up; so were Jack and his girlfriend. So, I ended up here. It ju evolved. Jack has always protected me—even from the begi ning, when I showed up at his house with a black eye. I brougl a couple of couches from my house. Jack had a yellow Volksw gen convertible complete with dents. Even after *Five Easy Piec* made him a bona fide star, he still held on to that VW."

In the 60s, Kallianiotas was part of the legendary week card party Nicholson held in his Hollywood apartment. Th guests included Mud, who had moved to California to be nea Jack, who was then married to actress Sandra Knight, th mother of his older daughter, Jennifer. "We'd come to Jack with our pennies in our socks and play," Helena laughs. "Jac cheated a lot. Sandra was beautiful and very voluptuous. Bi bosoms and lots of hair. She and Jack kind of looked alike had the same nose." Jack was madly in love with Sandra unt she found a different object of worship and, in Kallianiotas' words, "got turned on to religion. She fell in love with God an Jack couldn't compete. But they were *fiery*."

She laughs, but looks serious again when the subject of An jelica Huston is broached. She tells me that Jack wanted t marry Anjelica, but Anjelica refused. "Every time someone go divorced, Anjelica would say, 'Look, there's no reason to ge married.' But Jack wanted to."

And Rebecca? Helena laughs again as she recalls the day she saw Jack Nicholson, golf clubs in tow, running ahead of Brous sard, who was chasing him, baby in tow. "Rebecca was running out of the house in tears and he was running down the steps saying, 'I've worked too hard for my lifestyle. No female is go ing to turn it around. No woman is going to change me . . . take me away from my recreation.' And then he went to play golf."

These days, Nicholson, who keeps rock-star hours despite his penchant for early-morning golf, prefers to go out alone or with pals such as Alan Finkelstein, owner of the Monkey Bar. "Women won't come up to me," Nicholson says, pacing past two paintings—a Maxfield Parrish and a William Merritt Chase—propped against his Ruhlmann leopardskin settee. "It's easier if I encourage them," he says, his eyes darting back and forth between the paintings, sent by a hopeful retailer. He tells me he doesn't date, doesn't plan, and won't commit further than dinner that night. He tried the dating thing once a few years ago, and it wasn't until he made "the date" that he realized he'd never had one before. He won't say with whom or when this historic outing occurred because "the person would know she had the only date I ever had.

"Anyway, it was the worst week of my life, waiting for this goddamned day. When I called her, I really wanted to see her. By the time it happened, I didn't, but I didn't know the person well enough to cancel. I would have felt stupid."

Instead he spent the seven days before "in a frenzy," he says. "In her mind, it was a simple, casual thing. She didn't know I was having a literary experience on my side of the table. I'm sure she thought I was just strange.

"I'm very shy," he sighs. "I'm not that easy to fuck, you know. It's a natural discernment. I'm certainly free enough for it. I don't have any theory about fucking in a phone booth with a total stranger, but I believe in intimacy and privacy. In today's world, that makes you a little withdrawn." Nicholson shrugs, temporarily resigned.

"My type of man is not attracted to society at this moment," he mourns. "The fun is gone. There is a quiet desperation in it all. I've been a very social person all my life. So, if I'm backed off, if all my type is backed off, then the fun quotient, in my opinion, is going to drop . . . You know? All this flat-belly bullshit is killing the country. It didn't matter to the great thinkers of our time. Reich said a long time ago that the flat-bellied male martinet is the main problem with our entire culture. The guy was better than Nostradamus."

Nicholson moans, starts nervously pulling up the tops of his expensive argyle socks, and begins to talk about books. A voracious reader, he reads everything, even *The Bridges of Madison County*, "a beautiful little book." "The guy in the book feels his kind of guy is the problem—too much testosterone for society to control. His kind of male is going to become obsolete, and I can identify with that. I know what he was talking about."

He rolls his eyes and turns irascible, back to the feminist thing. "This is so far below where I had hoped the battle would be pitched that I'm not interested."

The problem is this: Jack Nicholson just wants to tell the truth about all the women he loves to all the women he loves. But he can't. And it makes him feel penned in and put out. "I'm forced by the nature of life," he says, "to lie in public. Say you're going with someone and seeing someone else. Eventually, the woman you're seeing makes the same accusations as the primary person. But the last thing I'm going to do is lie to the other woman, because I don't have to."

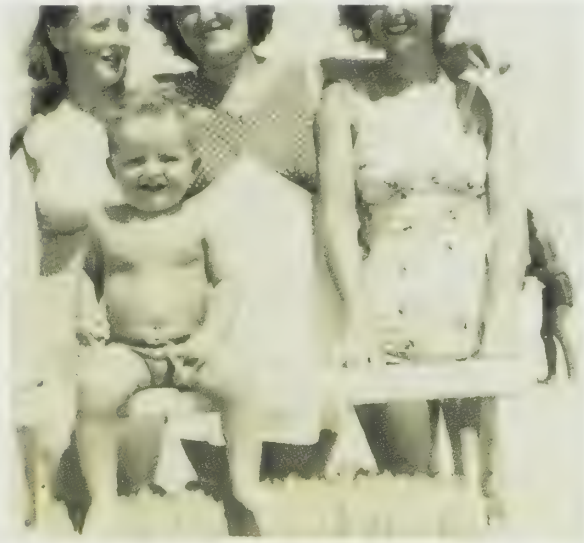
Did he ever lie to Anjelica Huston? "I lived with Anjelica," he roars. "Of course I lied to her. It's the other woman I would never lie to. You only lie to two people in your life: your girlfriend and the police. Everybody else you tell the truth to."

Nicholson makes no secret of his rapscallion nature. "Women have no emotional shelter, because it comes with the package," he storms. "Don't come in, baby, if you don't know that. Don't think you're going to have a free 'Oh, he's all mine,' because I cannot provide it."

"Don't believe all of it," Nicholson's old pal Alan Finkelstein tells me. "He's not as tough as he's going to make himself out to be." He chuckles. "Jack will change. He'll bend. In fact, he'll probably be the first in the relationship to compromise because of who he believes he is." Which is? "A nice guy."

Nicholson, for all his bluster, does admit to "intermittent monogamy. I can go the other way," he adds. "It's a matter of communication."

Moments later, there's no problem in communication. When I ask him why all the famous guys in Hollywood had to visit Heidi Fleiss for a good time, he unfurls his old wily-scamp smile: "Pe-cu-li-ar-i-ties," he says, caressing each syllable of the word, sucking the juice out of every voluptuous vowel. "I don't know why a guy goes to a hooker. I've confessed that as a limitation. I'm too Calvinist. And besides," he adds, mimicking himself, "I'm Big Jack. I don't have to pay for it, and I need to know the person is there."



The young Jack Nicholson with Mud (center), his aunt, Lorraine Smith (left), and his mother, June, in Belmar, New Jersey.

"Sister-mother. Just hyphenate it and you know what I'm talking about."

Then, baring his soul, the wolf changes the subject abruptly to intone a solemn confidence: "Men don't leave," he tells me, and I sense that his thoughts have returned to Rebecca. "Women leave and when they end the relationship the other guy is already there. They always know where they are going."

"This one's all soul," Jack used to say about Rebecca Broussard, a Kentucky blonde with a direct, down-to-earth manner. You expect a stunning Hollywood starlet, a wild girl who can keep up with her barely housebroken near-husband. But Rebecca Broussard is now a baby-on-the-hip kind of gal, different from the would-be actress who once paid her rent by appearing in TV commercials and waiting tables at Helena's. ("She was a hard worker," Helena told me with respect in her voice.)

"The first time Jack Nicholson touched my hand, I almost blacked out," Rebecca remembers. "I saw flashes of light. The minute I was introduced to him, I knew something was there."

She did not meet Nicholson through his daughter Jennifer, who is also 31. Some gossips have implied that she used her friendship with Jennifer to meet the actor. But there's a sense of righteous indignation in her voice when she tells me just how much that story galls her. She and Nicholson met through a mutual friend when she was in her mid-20s.

"I told myself, 'Stop, Rebecca, he's a movie star,' but Jack was very smart and very odd . . . exciting and yet insecure, very vulnerable and sensitive. All the things you wouldn't think he'd be." The attraction, she says, was so strong that Broussard was willing to put up with Nicholson's long-term relationship with Anjelica Huston.

"Rebecca seemed less affected by how Jack was," says Alan Finkelstein. "That's the first barrier women come across—who Jack is and how to deal with it. I thought she had a sense about him." When Broussard tells me that 10 minutes after the earthquake Jack Nicholson was at her door, checking on her and the kids, there is a sense of loss in her voice, a lingering sadness and affection. You sense certain regrets in her about the past and old choices. "Jack is a fantastic man. He's been very instrumental in all the things I know about to-

day. This is a terrific father. He sees the kids even more than he did before.

"It's difficult breaking up a family," she continues. "Each day, when I look at my children, I'm reminded that it didn't work out as a relationship. But as two parents, it will always work out. Jack will always be in my life. We will always have each other and our children. Lorraine and Raymond are crazy about him."

"A very interesting guy," she calls Jack, speaking rather quietly. "He always made me feel very much like a lady." In the background, I hear little Ray negotiating shrewdly for "a red pop," then "a white pop." Like his father, he cannot seem to choose.

Experience has not robbed Jack Nicholson of his innocence. But it has tried. "Could I fall in love again?" he repeats when I ask the question. "I'm thinking I'm not going to, behaving as if I'm not, and my life has been very different as a result. I'm not as open. I'd never say it can't happen, nor that I hope it might." Could he love Rebecca again?

"Half our problem is trying to define what in the name of God we're doing," he says, beginning a response that is—in typical Nicholson fashion—elliptical yet revealing. "The minute you think you can see the track all the way to the horizon, you trip over your own feet. I don't like to define something, because it's always wrong. You wind up hearing, 'But didn't you say that?' Yeah, I said that last year. But here we are this year, laughing, warbling, and howling. All I want to make clear is this: I'm on our side. I'm not against anything human."

It is six o'clock and Nicholson has just gotten home from the set of *The Crossing Guard,* which is being directed by Sean Penn. His co-star is Anjelica Huston. They play—get ready—a divorced couple who loathe each other. "Anjelica wanted to do the movie, which surprised me, but I'm not about to say I don't want to work with Anjelica Huston. I was more surprised that she wanted to. As long as she did, that's good by me. She's got a lot of hideous things to say to me in the movie," Jack laughs. "I'm sure that's why she wanted to do it. I'm only kidding. But our scenes *are* all vicious."

I ask if he and Anjelica are in touch. "I saw her in passing at the inaugural. She was with Bob [the sculptor Robert Graham, her husband]. . . . She's a married woman."

Grinding out one Marlboro as he fires up its successor, Nicholson allows that maybe his priorities need rearranging. "I've always wandered around thinking, How did I ever get in this lucky position? It's only in the last year or two," he says, pausing, "that I suddenly thought, You give your life to this job. No joke. You give your total fucking life." Clearly, Nicholson is rethinking what he wants to do on every front. He doesn't have to work; he's worth around $50 million, thanks to the back-end deal he worked out on *Batman*. After *Crossing Guard,* he has no commitments—except to his children.

> "I believe in intimacy and privacy. In today's world, that makes you a little withdrawn."

Nicholson beams audibly when he talks about Ray, his only son, whom he had wanted to name Landslide Nicholson. Rebecca, however, held out for sanity. "Ray may have a problem with being a little too good-looking," Nicholson says. "Looks exactly like Rebecca. When he was born, he looked like one of the farmers in *The Magnificent Seven*. He does move like me. There's a lot of body language on him. You don't miss them Nicholson legs. Somebody's got to get them, poor thing. They're useful but short. Most infants pretty much don't have chins. But Ray always had a jaw. You can't wait to get him into a collar or a shaving commercial."

His daughter already has Nicholson baffled. "Lorraine is one of the great people, a totally unique human being," he says of the pretty little girl with her father's eyebrows, who refuses to wear anything but dresses. "She's already got her own theories, her own philosophies." He begins to tell me about going to school with Lorraine, a scene I can barely imagine: visualize, if you will, walking into your pre-schooler's classroom and finding Big Jack sitting in the front row. Smiling.

"I loved it," he tells me. "I liked being around a bunch of three-year-olds at a time when I was emotionally three years old myself. I was having a few separation and abandonment anxieties of my own. So watching them get formed kind of muted my response. I wasn't as free to self-dramatize. It had a very good effect on me. I'll miss it this year. She's in the morning group, you know. Morning ain't my deal."

He begins to moan over his Tang vases, broken in the earthquake, a piddling natural disaster that feels almost like an aftershock next to his personal dilemmas. His voice, the suggestive slur that snakes like a thick, salty stream through his confessions and innuendos, is beginning to sound fatigued. He brightens as he starts to tell me about the friends who have seen him through the wars. Newly excited, he describes his favorite Christmas present, a poem which cheered him at a low moment. "I hadn't seen Meryl Streep in years and years and one day she just shows up with it. How does she know what I'm going through? Wait a minute. I'll get my glasses and I'll read it to you." Momentarily he returns with "The Meaning of Birds," from Charlie Smith's book *Indistinguishable from the Darkness:*

Of the genesis of birds we know nothing,
save the legend they are descended
from reptiles: flying, snap-jawed lizards
that have somehow taken to air.
. . . But what does it matter
anyway how they got up high . . . ?
. . . We are often far
from home in a dark town, and our griefs
are difficult to translate into a language
understood by others.
. . . But still, it is morning again, this day.
In the flowering trees
the birds take up their indifferent,
elegant cries.
Look around. Perhaps it isn't too late
to make a fool of yourself again.
Perhaps it isn't too late
to flap your arms and cry out, to give
one more cracked rendition of your
singular, aspirant song.

"Says it all, don't it?" he concludes, smiling, his eyes turning toward the door. The kids are due for dinner. Jack Nicholson is no lone wolf. □

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Continued from page 151) to dinner parties is very different from most other people," says Jamie Gorelick, who was slated to become Reno's top deputy in February. "Right after the confirmation, I had all the people who had worked on her confirmation over to dinner. She came in early, as is appropriate for the guest of honor, and although there were lots of people who wanted to talk to her downstairs, she went directly upstairs to play with our son. She just disappeared."

Reno purports to count on one hand the number of times she's gone out to dinner: "I've been to one, two, about three dinner parties, and they were very interesting," she told me. As for reports of her bluster, "I think all the Renos wave their hands and talk a lot."

One dinner companion who speaks more warmly is Donna Shalala, the secretary of health and human services and Reno's closest friend in the Cabinet. "Janet and I had mutual friends in Miami and we immediately became friends when I came up here," says Shalala. "One thing we try to do is have dinner as frequently as we can or take a walk whenever we can." During one now legendary walk along the Georgetown towpath ("She walked, I trotted," Shalala says; "her legs are longer than mine") Reno and Shalala developed the idea of an interagency task force on domestic violence. Because of their friendship, officials from the Justice Department and H.H.S. are now meeting with mayors, governors, and local officials to discuss interdisciplinary approaches to violence. Shalala also insists that, in private, Reno has a lighter side. "I actually asked her a few weeks ago about how people 'rassle' alligators. We were sitting in a Lebanese restaurant, and she described to me in excruciating detail the mechanics of how you actually do it. I was in hysterics."

When I set off to interview Reno at the end of January, I was prepared for bluster; she can be aggressive in interviews. A *Wall Street Journal* writer recently complained that she was "prickly" and led from her office. I found Reno to be gracious but exquisitely unspontaneous, and so guarded in her scarcely audible responses that I sometimes felt like a television camera. As she leaned back on the lowered couch in her office, her arms folded protectively on her lap, she managed to curl up in a way that made her large frame look somehow small. Although her eyes occasionally registered sparks of empathy for my fumbling efforts to draw her out, her features and voice were devoid of inflection as she recited familiar phrases from her stump speech: "We've got to put the bad guys away, and keep them away. . . . One of the things I think I've got to do is call it like I see it. I think that's important for lawyers to do, and I feel I can do that."

The only time Reno let down her guard was at the end of the interview, when we talked about opera. Her friend and college roommate Bettina Dudley told me that Reno is a fan of *Götterdämmerung,* but Reno cautiously insisted that she preferred Bellini's *Norma* instead. As I turned to go, Reno asked whether I had seen the picture in *The Washington Post* of Supreme Court justices Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Antonin Scalia, who appeared as extras in the Washington Opera's opening-night performance of *Ariadne auf Naxos,* dressed in 18th-century costumes and powdered wigs. When I confessed that I had been at the performance, Reno suddenly came to life. "Wow! I mean, I mean Ginsburg was *perfect!* She looked just perfectly out of an opera! I was just so excited!" And the attorney general clapped her hands and hooted with unaffected pleasure.

On substantive questions, however, Reno remained a cipher. "I would just quote Lincoln," she said stoically when asked for her response to charges that she has had little influence on the crime bill; she then pointed to a framed Lincoln quotation by the door. Later in the interview, she stood up to her full height and intoned the quotation into my tape recorder:

> If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

Reno's sincerity in attempting to do her best is not in dispute. Nor is the frequency with which she exhorts others to follow Lincoln's maxim. "I have tried to address every question in the Department of Justice with one overriding issue," Reno says again and again in speeches and interviews. "What is the right thing to do? Not what is the popular thing to do, but what is the right thing to do according to the evidence and the law." According to those who work closely with her, "doing the right thing" is not simply a catchphrase. "I've been in very, very small meetings with her where she'll say, 'Let's clear away all these details and ask what's the right thing to do,'" said a senior Justice Department official. "She really believes it."

But good intentions may not be enough when there are serious political choices to be made. "We've got to get out of the spin business and into the substance business," she told the National Press Club in July. In our interview, however, she seemed to engage in precisely the kind of spinning she claims to deplore. She praised the crime bill as a "balanced approach" and suggested that she had played a role in influencing the negotiations. "I'm comfortable that my ideas have been reflected," she told me. Senate leaders, however, see things differently. "I think it's accurate to say she had little influence on the crime bill," says Orrin Hatch, minority leader of the Senate Judiciary Committee. "Never in my discussions with Senator Biden did he mention her or any position she had taken."

In fact, the Senate crime bill largely ignores Reno's ideas. It contains more than 50 new federal death penalties, despite Reno's stated opposition to capital punishment. It contains 21 new mandatory minimum sentences that dramatically stiffen penalties for drug offenders, among others, despite Reno's repeated criticisms of mandatory minimum sentences for nonviolent drug offenders. An amendment sponsored by Senator Carol Moseley-Braun would subject any gun offenders over the age of 13 to trial as an adult, despite Reno's many speeches about the importance of rehabilitating juvenile offenders. Another amendment would provide $3 billion for new "regional prisons" for states that pass mandatory minimum sentences and eliminate parole, despite Reno's suggestion that parole can be an important "carrot" for nonviolent criminals. And an amendment sponsored by Senator Alfonse D'Amato would make any interstate gun-related homicide a federal offense punishable by death. This is a sweeping shift of power from the states to the federal government that contradicts Reno's many statements about the importance of giving the states a wide berth: "I never liked the Feds coming to town to tell me what I should be doing," she has often said.

More broadly, the crime bill's emphasis on prisons over prevention clashes with Reno's core philosophy. After she took office last spring, Reno called for new programs to rehabilitate nonviolent offenders and to improve the welfare of children. But the crime bill creates a $22

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billion trust fund to pay for the new cops, prisons, and death penalties. Because of Congress's caps on domestic spending, this means a $22 billion reduction in the kinds of programs Reno thinks are most effective in reducing crime—such as pre-natal care, drug treatment, and Head Start.

Reno deserves some credit for helping call attention to the prevention programs that a few Senate Democrats were able to attach to the crime bill. The bill sets aside about $1 billion for state grants for child-mentoring programs, treatment programs for the victims of juvenile violence, and so forth. Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut cooked up the appropriately named "ounce of prevention" program during a dinner party at Marian Wright Edelman's house, and Reno's office called Dodd the next day to express her support. The Senate bill also creates grants to encourage states to set up the kinds of "drug courts" that Reno helped to pioneer in Dade County, in which non-violent addicts can get reduced sentences if they agree to undergo treatment. Although many of these proposals have been sponsored by Democrats and Republicans for years—Hatch says, "We would have done the drug court anyway"—Reno's speeches helped to showcase the package. But the money earmarked for prevention and rehabilitation pales before the billions taken away from programs such as Head Start.

What can explain Reno's failure to leave a mark on the crime bill? The most charitable explanation is that she realized that there was no political support in the White House or Congress for her views. "Many of the things she had talked most about, like re-examining mandatory minimums, were not a high priority for the rest of the administration, and she is way out of sync with Congress's view," said a White House official. "The question isn't 'Where was Janet?' It's 'Where could Janet have been?' " says a senior Justice Department official. Asked whether she had deliberately pulled her punches, Reno would say only, "We'll see. We'll see how it evolves. One of the things you learn in the legislative process is that it will be a continuing process."

Reno's defenders point to another explanation: her inadequate staff. Because of the White House's excruciatingly slow selection process, three important posts were vacant throughout Reno's first year—the assistant attorneys general for the criminal division, the environment, and civil rights. Furthermore, most of Reno's top aides were imposed on her by the White House, and there have been problems. Eleanor Dean Acheson, Hillary Clinton's Wellesley roommate, had to cede control over the selection of appellate judges to the White House counsel's office. Sheila Anthony, the congressional liaison, is the late Vincent Foster's sister. And Philip Heymann, the number-two man at the department who resigned at the end of January, is a former Harvard law professor who bruised egos on Capitol Hill during his role in the ABSCAM investigation. His political stock plummeted further in November when he confessed to *The Washington Post* that he and other department officials were unable to keep track of amendments to the crime bill because "the Senate was moving so fast and making changes so quickly." In announcing his resignation, Heymann said that he and Reno had concluded, after long discussions, that they were personally incompatible. But in reality some administration officials had been predicting Heymann's departure for months before it was announced. "Eventually, Phil Heymann may be replaced with a competent deputy who Reno and the White House can trust," a White House official told me in November. Although Heymann's departure was widely viewed as a setback for Reno, it may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

Then there is Webb Hubbell, number three at Justice, Bill Clinton's close friend and golfing partner, and Hillary Clinton's former partner at the Rose Law Firm. Before Reno's confirmation, it was widely expected that Hubbell, as the Clintons' point man at Justice, would be the shadow attorney general, keeping Reno on a short leash. After a year, however, Reno is bubbling over with praise for Hubbell. "I have a great regard for Webb," Reno told me. "He is a very intelligent, sensitive, and thoughtful person, with good judgment, a good sense of right and wrong. I have great respect for him." Reno supporters insist that her trust is genuine. "Ironically, Webb Hubbell is as much Reno's voice to the White House as the White House's voice to Reno," says a Justice Department official. "She gets along with him because he's a little gawky and not at all pretentious, and he's a tough politician, which is the type she likes best."

Hubbell's grand fifth-floor office at Justice, festooned with pictures of himself on the golf course with Clinton, is next door to Reno's office, and seems somehow larger. Hubbell is a huge man, with a round belly and wide mouth that mal[e]s him look something like a canny Ni[n]a Turtle. Everything about him seems p[er]fectly composed, except for his left fo[o]t, which jiggled so vigorously through[out] the interview that at one point his sh[oe] fell off. "That's real nice," he said in [re]sponse to the suggestion that he was t[he] man both Reno and the White Hou[se] said they trusted. "It's very helpful, r[ea]l just to the attorney general but also to t[he] assistants, to know who you can c[all] when you want something done." Hubb[ell] is also quick to dismiss the suggesti[on] that Reno has been excluded from poli[cy]-making at the White House: "I've nev[er] been in a position when the president w[as] in the room when he wouldn't say, 'Wh[at] does Janet think, Webb?' "

When asked for examples of issu[es] where he had brought the White House['s] concerns to Reno, Hubbell paused for [a] long time. He then pointed to Reno's d[e]bate with Vice President Al Gore abo[ut] whether to merge the F.B.I. with th[e] Drug Enforcement Administration. "Sh[e] and the vice president were real cle[ar] about what they wanted to do. They we[re] always in sync. We got out of sync, but [I] helped bring them back." Asked for i[s]sues where he had brought Reno's co[n]cerns to the White House, he pause[d] again. "A lot of them have involved th[e] appointment process. Other issues involv[e] community policing and the crime bil[l] trying to get in sync there, and now w[e] are in sync. . . . We now have a proces[s] with the crime bill where we're trying t[o] make sure there is a total consensus be[-]tween the White House and us. We hav[e] identified what everyone agrees are pres[i]dential issues. She's going to do recom[-]mendations on those major issues; she'[s] going to be in a lot of meetings."

Getting in sync. Hubbell's trope raise[s] another specter: that rather than being the victim of ineffective staff work on the crime bill, Reno may have been muzzled by the White House. Reno's own cau[-]tious demurrals tend to fan this suspicion. "I really can't talk about the crime bill because we're in the process of reviewing it," Reno told me. Nevertheless, a senior Justice Department official who was in[-]volved with the bill insists, "I'm aware of zero instances where the White House said, 'Janet, you've got to do it this way.' " Hubbell's role, says another offi[-]cial, consisted of persuading Reno that the money allotted for community police would be effectively spent, and ensuring that she has broad discretion in deciding which communities are eligible for grants. George Stephanopoulos, however, resists

he efforts of some Reno aides to take redit for the emphasis on community olicing. "The president talked about that rom day one of the campaign. She cerainly carried it on, but that's one of his ignature items," says Stephanopoulos.

Regardless of Reno's reasons for staying on the crime-bill sidelines, her performance suggests little inclination to fight olicy battles with the White House, and ne areas where she has taken the most ak for embarrassing the White House ave tended to involve style rather than ubstance. Reno's spat with Vice President Al Gore over the merger of the .B.I. and the Drug Enforcement Administration is a classic example. Over the ummer, Reno told Gore's National Performance Review that the two agencies ere not working effectively together, and hat the D.E.A. should be bolished. Gore, accordngly, recommended a nerger of the F.B.I. and .E.A. By October, however, Reno had changed er mind and concluded hat the two agencies hould be consolidated ather than merged; she hen appointed F.B.I. irector Louis Freeh take administrative esponsibility for the .E.A. "Substantively, we ere happy with her final ecision," said a member the vice president's aff, "but she didn't em to understand that he had to defend the vice president in e press. I don't know her well enough say whether this was malice, cowdice in the face of screaming bureauats, or inexperience, but the bottom ne is that this is a story that shouldn't ive been a story."

More irritating to Clintonites was eno's unwavering support of Lani uinier. According to Guinier, she and eno liked each other from the moment ey met. "Our personal styles were nite compatible," says Guinier. "We ere no-nonsense, candid, we could lev- with each other. . . . She felt I was on r wavelength." Reno, for her part, nfirms the sense of connection. "Lani nd I spent hours talking about our eams and discussing what we could do we could get her confirmed," she said r months after the nomination went wn.

With some bitterness in her voice, uinier emphasizes her gratitude to Reno for standing by her as the White House deserted her. "I think she understands what my articles were about and didn't have a problem with them," says Guinier. "Unlike some others, she actually sat down and read them and talked to me about them. She wasn't making snap judgments." As the controversy escalated, Reno counseled steadfastness. "Once it was clear I was being targeted for attack," Guinier says, "she and I had several conversations about how to handle it, and her watchword was strength and courage, strength and courage. At some point she told me what her advice was to the White House about my nomination, and to me it reflected her own core values: that you have to stand on principle." A senior Justice Department official suggests that Reno's support for Guinier was genuine and not politically motivated. "The White House is so goddamned political that they think her decisions are taken after careful political consideration. They took her support of Lani as a shot at the president. In fact, she simply thought, after talking to Lani, that Lani would be fine."



Janet Reno with Associate Attorney General Webster Hubbell, a Clinton crony, and former deputy attorney general Philip Heymann, who resigned in January.

"I'm sick of all this Saint Janet stuff," Stephanopoulos reportedly exclaimed.

Reno also angered the White House by allowing Guinier to give her final press conference at the Justice Department, and by refusing to keep her distance after the nomination was withdrawn. "In retrospect," says Guinier, "she told me there were other things she wished she had done. . . . She wished she had gone up to the Hill with me and met with senators. She had wanted to escort me on some of the courtesy calls that I was finally allowed to make, but the White House had discouraged her from doing that." Reno and Guinier, for their parts, have remained friends since the nomination drama. During the civil-rights march on Washington during a scorching day last August, they had an emotional reunion near the Washington Monument. "She was just drenched," says Guinier. "Her hair was wet with the perspiration from the heat, but I have this picture of her and me talking to each other. We were so delighted to see each other that the heat and the discomfort of the temperature in some ways only added to that sense of, I guess, a shared experience. I was just so proud that she was one of the few people from this administration who was willing to brave the heat."

Although White House aides may have been temporarily embarrassed by Reno's failure to spin properly about Guinier and the D.E.A. merger, it is hard to blame Reno (or to credit her with heroic independence) for her refusal to play this dreary Washington game. More telling, perhaps, is Reno's freelancing on TV violence and Waco—two examples where her moralistic search for "the right thing to do" may have led her to overlook important aspects of the evidence and the law. During the TV-violence controversy, Reno surprised network executives and her own aides by simplifying the legal issues into a battle between good and evil. Throughout the summer, she gave speeches joking about broad

government regulation of the airwaves. "I'm an old sentimentalist; I like *The Sound of Music,*" she told the Governor's Conference on Youth Violence in Nebraska last August. "And I guess I would like that kind of programming in the afternoons and the evening, but we can have some variations." She seemed uninterested, however, in the landmark court decisions suggesting that Congress's various bills to regulate TV violence are flatly inconsistent with the First Amendment. "I and many other groups met extensively with her staff before she testified before Congress," says Robert Peck of the American Civil Liberties Union. "She had all the information she needed. But in the hearing, when Senator Pressler asked her what she thought about the central cases dealing with safe-harbor hours, she said, 'I don't know those cases.' It was unthinkable."

Not only did Reno tell the Senate that the various bills were "constitutionally sound," she improvised the following statement: "I think the bills also reflect that there is a compelling state interest in the enactment of these pieces of legislation. They go to the heart of the matter. People throughout America support doing something about it."

In the weeks after her testimony, Reno became even more strident, refusing to let actor Michael Moriarty of *Law & Order* fame speak during a meeting with NBC executives, and suggesting that even *Murder, She Wrote* might be problematic. Frustrated, the A.C.L.U. took its concerns to White House staffers, who seemed similarly uncomfortable with Reno's crusade. Shortly afterward, President Clinton distanced himself from Reno, telling Hollywood executives that he understood the industry viewpoint.

And then there is Waco, the tragic debacle that, perversely, fueled Reno's celebrity. Reno's decisions in the catastrophe have been examined to the point of exhaustion, but perhaps they are best understood as another example of her readiness to allow a visceral sense of right and wrong to overwhelm more dispassionate judgment. In particular, the possibility that Reno's (mistaken) fears about child abuse clouded her decisions is hard to dismiss. Although the Justice Department's report on Waco concludes that "the FBI did not try to 'sell' the tear gas plan to the Attorney General as a way to save the children," the report acknowledges that in a meeting with Reno one official claimed that David Koresh was "beating babies"—a claim that later turned out to be false.

The F.B.I.'s final briefing book for Reno included lurid evidence of Koresh's history of committing sexual abuse, even though there was absolutely no evidence that the abuse continued within the compound. And although the report goes out of its way to claim that Reno's concern about child abuse was only "one of the many factors she considered," it leaves little doubt that "the children" were foremost in Reno's mind. In the week leading up to the invasion, Reno recalled lying awake at night, asking herself, "Oh my God, what if he blows the place up? What if he holds children up in the windows and threatens to shoot them?" After asking for a detailed report about the situation, Reno failed to read the statement carefully. Instead, after a "cursory review" of the evidence, she approved the invasion, on the condition that the F.B.I. "back off" if Koresh threatened to harm the children. "Get the hell out of there," she recalled her exact words to be. "Don't take any risks with the children."

The gassing began at 6 A.M. on April 19, and at 10 A.M., while the operation was in progress, Reno made another questionable decision, leaving Washington to give a speech to a group of judges in Baltimore. Just after noon, the fire started, and 75 people, including 25 children under the age of 15, were killed.

The theme of "the children" recurs so frequently in Reno's private and public life that it seems, in the end, poignant. On the afternoon that Senator Bob Graham of Florida told her the president would be calling to nominate her as attorney general, she was rolling on the floor of her house in Florida with her sister's granddaughter. When she took actor Don Johnson to lunch in the Justice Department cafeteria, she had an attorney's baby in her arms. ("Hey, Janet, you got a nanny problem?" yelled Bettina Dudley.) When a friend sent her a copy of *The Little Engine That Could,* she kept it on the coffee table in her living room. According to Dudley, children are the one topic that can bring Reno to life in private. "When we've gone out to dinner, we've talked more about family and how nice it would be to get out for a little while, and how are her godchildren," says Dudley. "If you say, How do you feel about thus-and-such policy issue, you wouldn't get much of an answer." Reno's failure to have children of her own lends a bittersweet quality to her genuine compassion for young people and underscores the irony of her Waco decision.

In the end, Reno's success or failure a attorney general will turn on her ability live up to her promise to do the rig thing rather than the popular thing. Ca she be counted on to resist political pre sure in the most controversial cases? don't worry about the politics of legal d cisions in the Department of Justice," sh has said. "So whether it's a political blac eye or not, it just has to be irrelevant t deciding based on the evidence in the la of what the proper standards are." In th Crown Heights controversy in New Yorl however, Reno clearly bowed to politica pressure. She waffled for months abou whether to file civil-rights charges agains Lemrick Nelson, who was acquitted o murdering Yankel Rosenbaum in a rac riot in August 1991. Under fire from bot New York senators, she reversed her in tial decision not to file charges, eve though she continued to have doubt about whether there was enough evidenc to justify the prosecution. In the White water controversy, her actions have bee more ambiguous. Reno's hesitation in th critical weeks before the White House or dered her to appoint a special prosecuto has been attacked by editorialists ("Jane Reno's Shameful Delay," huffed *The New York Times*), but she seems to have a least believed her own logic. Reno showed independence from the White House when she called on Congress to re new the law that would allow a Whitewa ter independent counsel to be appointed by judges, although her aides tried to backpedal in the face of the White House's furious demurrals. She could, of course, have decided to appoint a special prosecutor on her own immediately, but her argument that anyone she picked might be seen as partial to the administration was, if not perfectly convincing, at least intelligible.

After the White House caved in to political pressure and ordered Reno to reverse her position, the attorney general was obviously embarrassed. But she told me she does not feel sold out by the White House and insists that the decision has to do more with public confidence than with actual charges. "The president of the United States, who was involved in this, was faced with having to run a country. . . . It was his desire to have the matter addressed so that he would not be distracted from all of his duties." But all of these embarrassments tend to confirm Reno's initial position that Congress should renew the independent-counsel law so special prosecutors can be appointed by judges rather than politicians.

From the death of her mother just be-

fore she moved to Washington to the catastrophe of Waco, to the wild fluctuations in her stature, Reno has had a rather harrowing year. But if the turmoil has taken a personal toll, Reno has kept it to herself. "I think Washington has been so warm and friendly," she told me during our interview, without detectable irony in her voice. She sees her failure to make concessions to the culture of the capital as a source of strength rather than weakness: "To get along in Washington, you should . . . try to keep your feet on the ground . . . and not let five different people who have five different ideas about what you should do pull you in so many different directions that you aren't the person you really are."

Reno is also relatively convincing when she claims not to be bothered by the anonymous sniping of White House aides: "I could never figure out who it was, so I never paid much attention to it," she told me. "I don't even know whether it's true or not. I believe if people can't say it to my face it's not worth fussing about."

Reno's sister, Maggy Hurchalla, confirms her stolidity in the face of criticism. "I think she has been surprised by what Washington considered earthshaking criticism. She has pointed out that in any three days a local prosecutor went through a great deal more from one local newspaper. . . . I don't get the impression that she has been grieving, worrying, stung at any particular criticism. But she felt better when the criticism started in that she could get on doing the job instead of getting caught up in gushing hyperspin."

Rather than changing her work patterns, however, Reno has duplicated in Washington the homey but detached management style that she had in Florida. But in struggling to manage 96,000 employees, Reno has had a hard time making the adjustment from Dade County prosecutor to attorney general. As in Florida, where she rarely appeared in court, Reno prefers to delegate broadly, and then to keep track of projects she has delegated. (Instead of the famous black book she used in Miami, she now consults lists of issues she has itemized on a yellow legal pad, but some aides complain that she provides insufficient guidance and little follow-through.) Although in February she tapped Ron Klain of the White House counsel's office to become her "counselor," she has refused to hire a chief of staff, because she says she doesn't want to be isolated from career attorneys in the department. But this has made it difficult for her to sift through the various groups who are clamoring for her attention. Officials in the department, in the White House, and on Capitol Hill complain that, without a gatekeeper to the attorney general's office, they're unsure how to catch Reno's attention.

Reno's personal aides insist that she is a workaholic, in at seven A.M. and working until nine P.M., unless she has a dinner or reception. In Florida, similarly, she was sometimes spotted reading in her car at 6:30 A.M. with the lights on, waiting for the garage to open at 7. These days, Reno shuttles back to a modest furnished apartment a few blocks from the Justice Department that Bettina Dudley helped pick out during Reno's first weeks in Washington. One has the sense, overall, of a rather solitary existence. "I think she is lonely," says Dudley. "In one year, you don't have time to make longtime friends," says Maggy Hurchalla.

> "I believe if people can't say it to my face it's not worth fussing about."

The most tangible legacy of Reno's first year is her frenetic travel schedule, which leaves little time for socializing or routine administrative tasks. Between March 1993 and January 1994 she visited 23 states, half of them more than once, and her scheduling office cheerfully supplies a list of the states that remain to be visited in 1994. All told, Reno gave well over 100 speeches, briefings, and interviews in 1993, often speaking three times a day. The travel schedule is so unusual for an attorney general that one senior Justice Department official said, "If you can imagine anyone challenging Al Gore in 2000, it's Reno. When someone asked me where Janet was the other day, I was tempted to say she's off speaking to the Iowa and New Hampshire Bar Associations."

When I asked Reno why she spent so much time on the road, she said, "You can have a good give-and-take and get a keen understanding of what people really think is important. . . . One of the things that was important to me in Miami was to be accessible to people, to sometimes have them holler at me, sometimes have them criticize me, and other times ask questions and aid in the give-and-take." Reno's sister, however, suggests that the travel may be an antidote to her sense of marginalization in Washington: "I think she has a tremendous sense when she talks to people across the country of being taken care of. It is a buttress to the slings and arrows of the op-ed columns—and life could be pretty horrible in Washington if you just read those columns which say nasty things about you. The outpouring of enthusiasm—this sounds corny, but enthusiasm for America, for children, for doing the right thing, she comes back from speaking across the country all buoyed up."

The attorney general as populist. This is Reno's most unusual ambition: to transform an office traditionally filled by political insiders and cronies of the president into a bully pulpit for communing directly with the people. It is not clear, however, how Reno reconciles her crowd-pleasing homilies with her mantra about doing the right thing rather than the popular thing. When I asked whether she sees herself as the people's attorney or the president's attorney, she replied without a moment's pause. "The people's attorney. The president has the White House counsel." And although the portrait of Bobby Kennedy looked down at us soulfully, Reno's conception of the office is dramatically at odds with Kennedy's, whose loyalty was to the president at all costs.

Reno appears to have struck a kind of Faustian bargain with the White House. She is free to fly about the country, giving homespun speeches about the importance of children. In exchange, she has resolved not to press her vague children's agenda too forcefully in Washington or to participate actively in the debate about crime. The paradox of Janet Reno is that her popularity outside of Washington may continue to grow as her influence in Washington continues to dwindle.

"I think it's substantially accurate to say that an unspoken bargain has been struck," says an administration official. "But it's not a stable equilibrium, and something's going to have to change." □

MAJOR

(Continued from page 140) was unbelievable. It was grotesque. It was inexplicable. The BBC couldn't even bring itself to report the details. Not until 18 hours after the tabloids had gone to press did the corporation's managers finally issue the following memorable guideline to their staff: "We can now say that he was wearing 'women's clothing,' we can say he had a plastic bag on his head, and we can mention that he was bound with flex [electrical cord]—but on no account mention fruit." (Incidentally, to clear up the question of fruit in this context, "scarfers" often place an object, such as an orange, into their mouths; it allows air to pass freely around it, enabling them to breathe if they accidentally black out, a precaution which tragically failed in Milligan's case.)

Major himself appeared to be in deep shock. He fluffed his lines badly during prime-ministerial questions in Parliament, and appearing on a radio phone-in program two days later he refused even to refer to Milligan. When the show's host persisted, he would say only that the M.P. "must have been pretty unhappy, pretty miserable"—as if Milligan had staged a particularly elaborate and humiliating suicide. The dead man's family was furious. "With respect to the Prime Minister," began a letter to *The Times* written by Milligan's cousin, a judge, two days later, "Stephen was neither miserable nor unhappy. On the contrary, he was thoroughly fulfilled and happy . . . "

As I write, the government is bracing itself for further revelations. I have been told the names of two ministers, both supposedly homosexual, both said to be on the point of resignation. But then, every journalist has been told at least two names. And all the names are different. This is what it must have been like in Salem during the witch-hunts, or in Moscow during the Stalinist purges, or in Washington during the McCarthy era. There is an atmosphere of suppressed hysteria as people wait to see who will be next.

That one of Milligan's final appearances on national television was to argue in support of "Back to Basics" is a painful irony the Conservative Party could have done without. Sir Norman Fowler, the Tories' chairman, spent a disagreeable two hours in the Hammersmith police station on the night the body was discovered (at one point, according to *The Sunday Times,* a busker with a guitar who was waiting in the same room "burst into a self-composed song about 'another dead Tory' "), but he emerged, unbelievably, to insist that "Back to Basics" was in no way affected. A dea like Milligan's, he said, "could take pla in any party, or in any organization."

To which one can only gasp in rep Well, yes, Sir Norman, but it didn't, d it? It happened in the Conservative Par in the middle of a moral crusade. And its solitariness and furtiveness there w not only something very *British* abo Milligan's death, but also something pec liarly redolent of his class and party: the stiff-upper-lipped public-school b who was not allowed out of school to c at his mother's funeral, of the buttone up student politician, of the person wh so equated sex with guilt that when ma turbating he preferred to lose consciou ness at the moment of orgasm.

No other political party—certainly Britain, and possibly in the entire Weste world—has experienced such a tragic an farcical series of sexual scandals in such short space of time. And why? Becaus no other party is as hung up about sex the British Conservatives. To that exten Stephen Milligan was the perfect spoke man for "Back to Basics," the embod ment of his party's schizophrenia. As w await the next act in this lurid melodra ma, the words of that cynical Tory pr mier (and womanizer) Benjamin Disrae have seldom seemed more apt. "A Co servative Government," he once ob served, "is an organized hypocrisy." □

SONY

(Continued from page 131)

Mike Medavoy survived at TriStar longer than anyone expected. But by Christmas 1992, it became increasingly apparent that something had to give. "They started to shut him out of his own company," says one producer. "They'd have meetings without him, and when he showed up, they'd look at him like he was a Martian." Medavoy, of course, felt left out of the loop; Guber was bypassing him, speaking directly to his deputies. "There are times when I felt that he probably should have talked to me," Medavoy says. "But it's his prerogative to talk to whoever he wanted to talk to." Tension mounted between Medavoy and Canton. The drama was played out during a highly charged tennis game at the former's new house. There was $100 riding on the game, but there seemed to be something more at stake, something bigger. The line judges were Chevy Chase and music mogul Irving Azoff, but there weren't many close calls. Medavoy slaughtered Canton, who quickly began to make excuses for his performance. He later complained that Medavoy, who had been playing doubles for several hours before the match, was already warmed up.

Mike Medavoy says that Mark Canton still owes him the $100 from the match. He is sitting in the library of his house in Coldwater Canyon, a big Spanish-Mediterranean-style spread approached through double gates. The room has the feel of a gentleman's library, with forest-green walls and a fireplace. Arranged around the room are photographs of Medavoy and Ronald Reagan, Medavoy and Nelson Mandela, Medavoy and Bill Clinton, whose presidential campaign he supported from the very beginning. Medavoy and his wife, Patricia Duff, also known for her political interests, began building the home when he took the TriStar job in 1990. The film veteran lives here alone these days. He and Patricia—who says the construction project gave her chron ic-fatigue syndrome—separated severa months ago. She has been keeping com pany with financier Ron Perelman. It has not been a great year for Mike Medavoy

The TriStar job had once seemed the right thing at the right time. Medavoy had toiled for 16 years at United Artists and then Orion Pictures. The latter company was always in financial difficulties, though it enjoyed great prestige and close links to the creative community. (It was the home of Woody Allen, and its executives had been associated with a string of Oscar winners, from *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* to *Platoon.*)

Medavoy thought the move to Sony, where pockets were deeper, would allow him to undertake more and better projects. "I opted to run the studio because I hadn't been involved in a situation in which there was money to pull it off for a long time," Medavoy says. And with Sony doling out rich deals, he figured he might do a bit better for himself, too. He signed a five-year contract.

Throughout his years at United Artists

and Orion, Medavoy had a reputation as being "good with talent." Barbara Boyle, who was head of production at Orion, says Medavoy's strength was his ability to put together the key ingredients in a project like "a master chef." He did his job, she says, in "a nonbullying way and took a gentle approach to getting talent involved." She adds that this probably cost Medavoy when he got to rough-and-tumble Sony and had to face off with Mark Canton. "It would never occur to Medavoy to walk into a dual-production company and start to undermine Canton," Boyle says.

As his career progressed, Medavoy began to show some traits that would strain his professional relationships, including a tendency toward self-aggrandizement. Eric Pleskow, who was Medavoy's boss at Orion, notes with some irritation Medavoy's habit of listing running a studio for 20 years among his accomplishments. "Who runs a studio?" Pleskow asks. "His title was executive vice president at Orion. And I was president at both United Artists and Orion. . . . The running of the studio was mine."

Before Sony and Medavoy, TriStar was known generally for forgettable, middlebrow fare. It made movies such as *Short Circuit* and *Look Who's Talking*. It had none of Orion's cachet. Guber might reasonably have hoped that Medavoy would class the place up a bit. And he did begin to do that. Unfortunately, those familiar with Medavoy say that he wasn't known, even at United Artists and Orion, for his energy. Starting with the 1984 election, when he was co-chairman of the Hart campaign (where he met Patricia Duff), colleagues say, he seemed distracted. "Mike takes it easy," says Eric Pleskow. "He was sidetracked by the political involvement and that was not helpful."

Several insiders say that Medavoy remained passive at TriStar, always responsive to star actors and directors but less attuned to developing material and overseeing a slate of films. "He's a pretty lazy guy when it comes to doing the homework of a studio executive," says a producer who made films for TriStar. "He loves to go to the White House for dinner and he's got a wallful of pictures and autographs. But when it comes to reading scripts and doing notes, he doesn't confuse his staff with an aggressive style."

Medavoy resents the suggestion that he didn't work hard at TriStar. "I know when I screw up," he says with some frustration. "I have, of course. I've made mistakes. But to claim that I didn't do the heavy lifting! I worked seven days a week. You think this program of films would have come together without me?"

At TriStar, Medavoy's first big projects were *Hook* and *Bugsy*. Both were expensive, high-profile pictures set for release at Christmas 1991. *Hook* attracted attention from the start because it was such a costly star-stuffed package, with a high percentage of the potential profit promised to its director, Steven Spielberg, and stars Dustin Hoffman and Robin Williams. In many ways, it was quintessential Sony. A year before the picture was released, *The Wall Street Journal* posed the question "Weighted down with a huge budget, will this version of 'Peter Pan' fly?" All film executives dread publicity about the high cost of a picture, but Medavoy described the project as a "slam dunk." There was talk about tie-ins with toys and publishing and even some consideration of using the spectacular sets as the basis for a *Hook* attraction at a possible Sonyland theme park in Southern California. Everything seemed set for the kind of blockbuster that Spielberg and Universal would later enjoy with *Jurassic Park*.

Just about any studio executive would be happy to establish himself with a splashy Steven Spielberg project. But Spielberg calls his own shots. As the actual costs mounted, it became clear that the original $50 million budget was a product of wishful thinking. Medavoy says Spielberg felt bad about the overruns but couldn't find a way to cut the cost. And there was nothing Medavoy could do. "I don't think there's anybody who's going to tell Steven Spielberg how to direct a movie," he says.

Hook producer Kathleen Kennedy says Medavoy handled a difficult situation gracefully. "He never became hysterical," she says. "He always tried to understand the problems of making a movie of that size. I thought he handled it amazingly well. . . . He was definitely worried and definitely concerned. But he was not about to go in and start screaming and yelling at Steven."

Sources on the film say Guber wasn't much of a presence as the eventual cost of the movie soared over $100 million. But one of his lieutenants, business-affairs chief Jon Dolgen, made a late appearance—after shooting was over—to demand cost containment. Of course, it was much too late. Dolgen's last-minute grandstanding only annoyed the already tense Spielberg team. As the costs climbed, Sony did get some relief when Michael Ovitz, the agent who represents Spielberg, Hoffman and Williams, renegotiated their deal to prevent TriStar from taking a highly visible bath on the project.

Meanwhile, *Bugsy* star Warren Beatty and director Barry Levinson were becoming increasingly nervous that *Hook* was going to occupy TriStar's attention when it came time to market and distribute both films. A former associate says Medavoy's behavior didn't help. "He couldn't focus and wouldn't focus on anything other than *Hook*," he remembers. "Everything was 'Let's talk about it next week.' He was playing the role of showing everyone around the *Hook* set. It became bigger than going on a tour of Disneyland."

With all the egos converging on the lot, the miracle is that TriStar didn't spontaneously combust. Several insiders say the marketing department labored mightily on *Bugsy* but Beatty and Levinson were impossible to satisfy. "Warren and Barry would complain that they weren't getting any attention, the [marketing] material is late," says a former studio executive. "The marketing department is losing its mind. Warren is being abusive—'You're late on everything and you're not as good as Disney.'" (Both Levinson and Beatty refuse to discuss the episode now.) The real frenzy started when Medavoy took off on vacation a couple of days after *Bugsy* opened, leaving the filmmakers to fret over its faltering performance.

"We had a lot of high-powered people and everybody was very upset when Medavoy was gone at Christmastime," says a source from the *Bugsy* camp. The executives at TriStar "didn't have a bunker mentality. They weren't watching every figure, every movie house, every piece of publicity, ready to make a change. That place was shut down. . . . Mike was out of town at a critical, crucial period."

Matters got worse when, in Medavoy's absence, Warren Beatty called on Guber to help. Guber, usually fastidious in avoiding unpleasantness, was furious. "Medavoy was floating down the Nile, incommunicado," says a TriStar source. "That was the final straw with Peter [Guber]. He was berserk that that's where Mike was. . . . Peter had to get involved when he felt he shouldn't have."

Meanwhile, Medavoy wasn't having that much fun. "We wound up on the worst boat on the Nile," he remembers. "The first night they had a cross-dressing party. A bunch of German and Spanish tourists were on board. Everything that could have gone wrong did. My wife's

luggage didn't arrive. It was a nightmare." But Medavoy says the vacation didn't harm *Hook* or *Bugsy*. "If I had it to do all over, I wouldn't have done anything differently," he says. "I got faxes and I was talking to them on the phone and there's nothing, frankly, that I couldn't do from where I was. I certainly couldn't go out and hawk tickets."

He maintains that *Hook* made a lot of money and announced TriStar as a serious player under its new management. But *Hook* was perceived as a disappointment because of its high cost. It did well overseas but grossed $119 million domestically, a figure that Sony surely hoped to surpass. And it hardly became the kind of pop-culture phenomenon that its creators had intended. *Bugsy* won some critical acclaim and was nominated for several Oscars, but Medavoy says the picture was hard to sell. It wound up losing more than $30 million.

From that point forward, Medavoy started to feel the loss of Guber's confidence, though the nonconfrontational Guber never directly addressed the issue with him. "I just felt uneasy," Medavoy says. "I don't know frankly what caused any rift. . . . Peter Guber never told me that there was a rift."

But there was—and it was growing. Medavoy hired two new deputies, Stacey Lassally, a Guber protégée and Canton intimate, and Marc Platt, a former Orion executive. But if Medavoy was hoping for a fresh start, it was not to be. Sources in Hollywood say that Lassally made no secret of her low regard for Medavoy. Unbeknownst to Medavoy, Platt had also let it be known—even during their waning days at Orion—that he too was dissatisfied with his boss.

Meanwhile, Canton was campaigning hard for Medavoy's job. "As production slowed at TriStar," says a former Sony Pictures executive, "Mark was at Peter's door every day, saying, 'I could run that company.'"

Years earlier, Guber and Medavoy had been close friends. But now Medavoy clearly wasn't fitting in. And there may even have been some antagonism between his wife and Lynda Guber. Peter Guber's wife is sometimes said to wield considerable influence with him. (Some friends say she agitated for the firing of Jon Peters.) Following the Sony meeting in Aspen, Lynda—who is known for her close female friendships—started a series of meetings of wives of top Sony executives, another manifestation of the company boosterism that seems to run in the family. Patricia quickly dropped out.

Even as things were souring at the studio, Medavoy was introducing candidate Bill Clinton to Hollywood. Many in the entertainment community were still taken with Nebraska senator Bob Kerrey. But Medavoy backed Clinton and eventually held a bull session at his house with the candidate and such Hollywood fixtures as Warren Beatty, Sydney Pollack, and others. As Clinton headed for the presidency, other Hollywood political types assert, Medavoy and his wife started using the connection to bolster their image. After the election, stories circulated that Medavoy would frequently tell disbelieving callers that he had just been on the phone with the president. And when producer Dawn Steel's mother died last year, Medavoy was said to have offended her by sending a condolence note on White House stationery.

"The way they behaved around Clinton was atrocious," said one Hollywood activist. "It's self-destructive. If you're really smart, you don't overplay your hand."

Patricia was accused of trying to create the impression that she and the president were exceptionally close. At a dinner party, she commented that Clinton was "a full-service president." Patricia Duff says any remarks she made referred to the Clintons' hospitality; she scoffs at the idea that she tried to hint at anything more. The story has become a kind of urban legend, she says, adding, "It's absurd."

Medavoy says he is amazed at the criticism and resentment. "People perceive me as being more active, because the truth of the matter is, for some reason or other, I do stand out. It could be my red hair. I don't know. I don't try to be controversial."

In December 1992, Medavoy was honored at a Motion Picture Pioneer Awards dinner—an event somewhat strained by the perception that his days in his job were numbered. Seated at the head table with Dustin Hoffman, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Barbra Streisand, Medavoy watched a film of Clinton expressing his congratulations on the occasion. The joke in town was that Medavoy was the only studio chief to be saved by an election. Still, the lack of an obituary didn't mean Medavoy wasn't dead.

Peter Guber, a lifelong Republican, had jumped onto the Clinton bandwagon with both feet. (He even served as a guide to reporters on Clinton's inaugural bus ride. Ever the promoter, he handed out special inaugural compact discs as he went.) When Hollywood flocked to the capital for the inauguration festivities, Guber traveled with his wife and other friends. "When they all went to the inauguration, they did not take Mike on the Sony jet," says one director. "This was a big moment. All of us knew the handwriting was on the wall."

"Medavoy's problems began when Canton got there," a Sony producer says. "Because Canton's the kind of guy that every Sunday night he's at Guber's, doing whatever male-bonding kind of things they do."

Canton, 44, is nearly 10 years younger than Medavoy. (He had, in fact, earned $117.80 a week early in his career as an assistant to Medavoy at United Artists.) The age difference may loom large in Guber's mind. Indeed, there are signs that Guber, 52, enjoys spending his time in the company of much younger executives and agents. Over the Martin Luther King holiday, for example, he flew Jay Moloney of the Creative Artists Agency and Barry Josephson, a Columbia executive, in the Sony jet to Puerto Vallarta, where Guber's yacht awaited.

Aside from being younger than Medavoy, Canton is the original player—slight, stylishly dressed, driven. No one describes him as a deep thinker, but he is famous for an energy level so high that he becomes an easy mark for parody. His ambition is such that when someone asked a director what he would give Canton for his birthday he replied, "I don't know. What do you give the man who wants everything?"

Canton feeds the fire through a kind of judgment gap that plagues him, especially when he gives interviews. While friends say he can be funny and wry, he is sometimes simply inappropriate. Most recently, the Hollywood gossip mill was fed by an interview in *Los Angeles* magazine. Asked about the failure of *Last Action Hero*, Canton replied that he had talked to his wife and others to get his feelings out. "That is what you go to therapy for," he volunteered. And what did his therapist tell him? "First," Canton said, "he thought it was a good movie."

The interviewer also observed that a page of notorious madam Heidi Fleiss's black book, published in the New York *Daily News*, included an entry that looked like it might be Canton's name. "I have never met Heidi Fleiss nor any woman who comes from that line of work," he responded. He suggested that the rumors

were being spread by "people [who] are out to hurt my people" and warned that "the people who are spreading the poison are going to have to drink from the same well. . . . I have my own opinions about who those people may be, and I have a long memory."

He ended the interview by comparing himself to the leader of the Free World. "President Clinton and I are just renting our offices," he said humbly.

Canton is well liked by filmmakers and stars, who appreciate his commitment to their projects. "People are always underestimating Mark Canton," says Harold Ramis, who directed *Groundhog Day* at Columbia. "I've worked with him on four films and he's never been anything but loyal, supportive, and honest."

Doug Wick, the producer of *Wolf,* one of Sony's upcoming summer movies, also warms to Canton's "very boyish enthusiasm" about moviemaking. At one early screening, he remembers, Canton was so delighted by a scene in which Jack Nicholson, in wolf guise, chases down a deer that "he reached across and gave me a high five. . . . There's no one else in the studio business who authentically has that kind of juice for a good scene."

"There's a lot to be said for enthusiasm," agrees the chairman of a rival studio. "I would say a good third of an executive's job at any studio is keeping up morale—being enthusiastic in the face of utter disaster because the job still has to be done, the trains have to run, the pictures have to get released. And people do better if you give them some hope to believe that good things are just around the corner."

"Mark Canton is ferocious, willful—incredibly willful—and extremely easy to underestimate," says a producer with a deal at Sony. "Sometimes you see a guy come in who's diminutive, wearing a fancy suit, and that's his bad rap. But how does someone will 40 other people to march in the direction he wants? Is it authority? You can't do that with Jack Nicholson. Is it a person who's brilliant? That helps. But smart doesn't do it. Mark is completely result-oriented. That's the difference between Medavoy and Mark. When Mark signed Nicholson for *Wolf,* he said, 'I'm going to give this guy the best service he ever had.' Medavoy would be so shocked and offended by that, because he's the star. He wants people to come in and say, 'This is the great politics chairman.' He finds it demeaning to hop on a plane and say, 'You've got to do this movie. You're so great.' Mark has no ego. He has a huge ego, but he has no ego. Mark has some weird clarity about what the result is."

But results weren't good in 1993, a year so tough that even the silver linings were tarnished. The studio had a hit with *In the Line of Fire,* but that soured when Canton, eager perhaps to put the *Last Action Hero* debacle behind him, appeared to be grabbing too much credit for the film. In fact, it was the creation of Castle Rock Entertainment, the production company headed by Rob Reiner and his partners. Castle Rock partner Martin Shafer and others associated with the film were sufficiently annoyed to speak out on the record, with screenwriter Jeff Maguire commenting that giving Columbia credit for the film was "like giving mortgage bankers credit for a Frank Lloyd Wright house."

Credit grabbing is often mentioned as one of Canton's greatest foibles (and was a long-standing complaint about the Guber-Peters team in its day). In his first year at Columbia, he implored Nick Nolte to thank him at the Golden Globes if he won best actor for *Prince of Tides*—even though Canton wasn't working at Columbia when the film was made. Nolte won—but didn't mention Canton in his acceptance speech. A source says Canton appeared crestfallen but rebounded almost at once—congratulating Nolte on the spot and immediately trying to find out whether he would mention him if he won the Oscar.

Medavoy probably would have been gone much sooner if not for the noise over the multimillion-dollar settlements paid to Jon Peters and Frank Price. By all accounts, Sony has been imposing considerable pressure on the studio to cut costs. Putting Canton in charge of TriStar will help. "You save millions of dollars by giving Mark Canton the job," explains an executive at a rival studio. "You don't have to hire another person, with not only salary but perks, parties, throwing out old executives, and bringing in new ones. You give it to Mark and for no money, not one guy more, you're where you were before." The appearance of stability is also important for Sony as it seeks an investment partner.

Even after things went wrong at Columbia, turning away his friend Canton may have been too much to ask of Guber. "You've got to understand Peter's psyche," says a former Sony Pictures executive. "He gave half a nod to Mark months ago, before all this happened. Peter isn't the kind of person to face him and say, 'I wasn't nodding.'" Besides, having Canton in charge is a comfortable fit for Guber. It is Canton who may be uncomfortable, many observers believe, as he attempts to work out a relationship with Sony Pictures executive Jon Dolgen, who oversees business operations and is, for the first time, being given a voice on the creative end. Dolgen is known as an exceedingly tough and often abrasive businessman who has slashed star cruises on the Sony jet and premiere parties as well as the personal fruit baskets and freshly cut flower arrangements that once arrived on executives' desks every Monday morning. Dolgen, who forced friend of Canton James L. Brooks (*Terms of Endearment, Broadcast News*) to pick up the tab when he went several million dollars over budget on *I'll Do Anything,* has already succeeded in slashing marketing costs by more than 30 percent and trimming film budgets, according to a studio source. Many in Hollywood believe that part of his job is to fill the void in Peter Guber's life that was left by Jon Peters. "Dolgen is the alter ego," says one agent. "He's Peter's Terminator." The entertainment community is eager to see how Dolgen and Canton—who have been on poor terms in the past but claim to be friends now—will get along.

Confusion over lines of authority persists, but some believe it is deliberate—the essence of Guber's management style. "Peter is halfway in, halfway out," says a former TriStar executive. "He makes sure he doesn't get blamed for failure. If you make a deal at the studio, you see him for about five seconds. He promises you the plane and disappears."

Guber may seem like the invisible man when there is bad news to be delivered, but he did put up something of a fight at the end of the year when he complained publicly that Sony should have been ranked higher than it was in the annual competition for market share. He contended that traditional methods for calculating market share are outmoded, and said Sony, "in absolute terms," had the biggest box-office grosses of any studio. (Most tabulators gave first place to Warner's, with Disney second and Universal third.)

Regardless of the merits of Guber's argument, everyone knows that the statistics in question are meaningless. As Tom Pollock, chairman of Universal, puts it, "Market share is a crock in the movie business." A studio can crank out a lot of popular movies, grab market share, and still lose money—especially if that studio has a habit of making extravagantly expensive films and gives away big percentages of the box-office gross to the stars.

But the meaninglessness of the statistic

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doesn't stop any of the studios from vying for the crown. And a first-place showing might sound good to a Japanese executive used to dealing in the hardware business—where such figures are meaningful. Sony chairman Akio Morita wrote years ago in his autobiography that market share "is more important to Japanese companies than immediate profitability," though he noted that sometimes the winner is "the one who can afford to lose money in the market the longest."

Despite Guber's decision to take up arms in the market-share war, some observers believe that he may be suffering from the ambivalence that may have cost Medavoy so dearly. He has complained about the stresses of the job almost from the first day. "Peter bemoaned the loss of independence and flexibility and freedom," says a former Sony executive. "He would tell anyone who walked that he hated his job." In 1989, just after Sony hired Guber, he quietly confided his plans to a fellow studio chairman. "They haven't bought me," he said. "They're only renting me for five years. I haven't been bought." Some of Guber's complaining may be posturing—Guber seems to enjoy his anxieties. But one agent observes that Guber is now an extremely wealthy man thanks to Sony. (He made more than $27 million when Sony acquired his services, in part by paying an astounding $200 million for the troubled Guber-Peters Entertainment in 1989.) Next year, Guber stands to collect a substantial share of a huge Sony bonus pool based on the increased asset value gained by the studio during his tenure. The amount of increase could be tens of millions of dollars—thanks in large part to the frenzied bidding for Paramount. With all his money and his pagoda-like beach house in Malibu's exclusive Colony, he doesn't need the tsuris of this job. "He's got his huge new power sail yacht," an agent says. "He's got his house in Aspen. He's got a great life."

Medavoy sits in his green library, stogie in hand, taking condolence calls in the wake of his departure from TriStar.

He chooses his words carefully as he discusses his current experience at Sony. Medavoy says he's heard the talk that Canton undermined him, but doesn't know if it's true. "I don't have anything to say about Mark Canton," he says. "I'm the last guy that needs to say anything about Mark Canton. The rest of the country will [say it]." And he stresses that he "never had a cross word" with Guber.

"I happen to think Peter Guber is very bright, energetic," Medavoy says slowly. "And when Sony turned over all this money for him to run the studio, it was his prerogative as to how he wanted to run it."

Just before Christmas, Sony summoned its staff to a soundstage on its refurbished lot for the annual Christmas party. In its brief tradition, Sony Pictures Entertainment has taken time during the holidays to whip up team spirit, and this year the company presented *Sony Pictures Broadway,* a musical show with Sony-ized versions of popular tunes. In one rendition of a song entitled "The Meaning of Life," an "executive" sang that the meaning of life is "a $100 million movie with a sequel on the way." Others sang that "life is a show that's been sold into syndication" and "life is a sell-through home-videotape sensation." Then another singer declared, "No, you have it wrong. Life is how we feel when we work as a team. Life is how we feel when we share a dream. We are all a family. That's the bottom line. When we work together, everything is fine."

The finale was the theme from *Les Misérables.* Meanwhile, nearly the entire contingent of security guards, whose jobs had been eliminated before Thanksgiving, was picketing outside the studio gates. "It put a weird edge to be sitting there, listening to how magical the Sony family is," says one insider. Says another, "It was completely a Big Brother entertainment."

Sony hopes for a better 1994, but things are off to a rough start. *I'll Do Anything* died during its first week, but the Heidi scandal lives on. Columbia's production head, Michael Nathanson, the Sony executive whose name was most visibly associated with the matter, is gone. His name became linked with the Fleiss affair when he publicly denied any involvement. Now he has gotten a new job at a production company—with the assistance of Jon Peters, another Sony figure linked with the scandal. (Heidi named Jon Peters as a "*huge* client" in the February 1994 issue of *Vanity Fair.*) But now that Nathanson has found a new position, Heidi's former boyfriend Ivan Nagy, who had a production deal at Columbia, may be looking for a new situation, too. Nagy is threatening legal action against several publications that he alleges have defamed him in connection with the Heidi affair—and there is at least a veiled message to Sony. He has stated publicly that "Columbia parceled out Heidi's girls to some of their top stars and executives," and says he knows this because he "saw Columbia checks signed by their computer-generated scraggle at the bottom." During the course of Nagy's litigation, he will "be deposed," says his attorney, Barry Slotnick, "and he will answer all questions under oath. If he's asked about Columbia, he will tell what he knows."

Meanwhile, Jon Peters has negotiated a new deal for himself. After he was forced out at Sony Pictures, the studio gave him an exclusive production pact. He has spent tens of millions of Sony's development dollars, but has yet to produce a film. (His most recent effort, *Money Train,* is supposed to start shooting in September.) Now there is speculation that Peters is set to return to Warner's to produce films. The joke is obvious: having paid Warner Bros. hundreds of millions to secure Peters, Sony is now returning him with nothing to show for its troubles.

With Sony founder Akio Morita's having suffered a cerebral hemorrhage, many in Hollywood wonder whether there will be a fateful changing of the guard at the company's headquarters in Japan. From Tokyo, the problems at Sony Pictures Entertainment may seem like a sideshow next to the Japanese economy and the difficulties in the hardware business. And the blows from Sony's adventure in film have been cushioned (and cloaked) by the exceptional profitability of Sony's music operation, purchased in 1988 from CBS for a bargain price of $2 billion.

Sony's best argument for itself is that the value of the studio has increased dramatically thanks to the battle for Paramount. With Viacom paying some $10 billion for Paramount, Sony has to figure that it is worth a good bit more than it cost, although it is worth less than Paramount (which also owns Simon & Schuster, Madison Square Garden, and the New York Knicks and Rangers). And Sony may be fortunate enough to find some "strategic investor" to throw some money its way.

One Hollywood veteran is amused at the spectacle of the phone companies' jockeying to get into the passing lane on the information superhighway. "They're the latest patsies," he laughs. "The Japanese came in. We took their money. . . . Now here come the phone companies." □

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Continued from page 160) bimbo. And on every occasion where the check might be up for grabs, Lazar reached for it. "This was astounding," a friend recalls. "Writers had never heard of agents' paying for anything. They were unaware that Lazar had discovered a basic fact of business: his restaurant bills were tax-deductible. He once told a client, 'If only I could get my clothes for free! I've managed to deduct everything else.'"

"In the 50s, Hollywood was the place to be, and for Irving, I'm sure it was the most fun he ever had," Lauren Bacall says. "He was a true original, an on-the-loose bachelor who had good luck with girls. Bogie adored him. In Palm Springs, Bogie caught him cheating at Scrabble—he thought that was hysterical. And monograms! We called him 'Ipple,' because he had 'IPL' on everything, even his socks. He liked to say that something was 'kind of wonderful,' so Slim Keith and I had that engraved onto a silver container for the Wash'n Dris he carried everywhere."

Lazar in those days was celebrated for his ability to keep up with the tough guys. He earned the unshakable nickname Swifty for allegedly making three deals for Humphrey Bogart in one day although he was never his agent. And it was the age of pranks. Bogart once burned Lazar's shoes; Lazar claimed he once threw Bogie's Cartier watch into the fire. Frank Sinatra, his neighbor in a Beverly Hills apartment complex, once directed a tailor to sew the sleeves of all of Lazar's suits together. Another time, he tilted every picture in Lazar's duplex apartment. In Vegas, Sinatra set off cherry bombs at the foot of Lazar's hotel bed as his friend slept; from his hiding place behind a door, he cracked up at the sight of Lazar and his bedmate bouncing off the mattress. Lazar had his own favorite: "Before one of my cocktail parties, while I was upstairs, Frank had his butler come over and take all the food and drinks over to his place. I was a good sport about it all. You had to be with Frank."

In New York, Lazar kept an equally fast pace, but that city was only a way station to Europe and the great Parisian renaissance that began in the mid-1950s. "We were a merry crowd. Irwin Shaw, Peter Viertel, Harry Kurnitz, Sam Spiegel, John Huston, Robert Capa, Gene Kelly," recalls Art Buchwald. "In Paris, Irving was at every in spot. In Spain, he loved the bullfights. It was a little incongruous, but what the hell."

All this traveling and name-dropping makes Lazar sound like an unalloyed social climber. But during the 1950s he was driven as much by curiosity as by upward mobility. And he did have his own, unrelenting standards: "I never went to a city where I didn't do a deal. The key to my joy was to be with talented writers. I think



Irving Lazar in the living room of his Beverly Hills home in 1984.

I got the best deals in the world for them. For me, it was like a playground. When I was in Paris, I could spend my day with Marcel Achard, who was brilliant, funny, and attractive. When I arrived in England, I went to the theater and dined with Noël Coward—what could be better? I never took on clients who couldn't be my friends. There are certain people who are very successful writers—I won't name names—who I could have handled. But their personalities irritated me. I wouldn't represent them for 50 percent."

Lazar's most cherished client—and, in a sense, his social agent—became Irwin Shaw, who was then commuting between Paris and Klosters. The Brooklyn-raised Shaw was not only prolific and accomplished but also affable and well connected, a great host, and a gifted student of the good life. Largely through Shaw's European connections, Lazar became an international figure and a society pet.

In Klosters, he tied up all of his hotel's phone lines, making deals and filling his datebook. "I used to imitate him: 'I'll be in Biarritz on the 12th, and then I'm going to watch Dominguín fight, and then I'll be . . . '" says Art Buchwald. "He never knew where he was, his attention was always on where he was going next."

The one constant in this nonstop travel was Lazar's all-consuming attention to hygiene. Upon checking into a hotel, he'd douse the bathroom with Lysol, then cover the tile with a cartload of towels. In Vegas, he and Howard Hughes had a bad moment together in a men's room, when there were no paper towels left to protect them from the door handle; if another man hadn't entered, allowing them to slip out in his wake, they might have died there. Kitty Hart remembers that if Lazar's suitcase fell flat on the floor he'd make sure not to let it brush against the leg of his pants. "Bring your own sheets," she would tell him before he came to visit her and Moss in Palm Springs. "I don't have enough for two changes a day."

Lazar was aware that his position on germs was extreme. "I guess I wash my hands more often than anyone else in the world," he told me. "I've never worn clothes twice in my life. I was always sort of a nut, if you can categorize it as being nutty. It's not something I'd recommend."

His friends have confided that Lazar had great luck with women. How, I asked him, did he close *those* deals? Weren't their germs in the way? "I could always kiss a pretty girl, on the cheek or on the lips."

The vote is unanimous: the best deal he ever made was with Mary Van Nuys. They met in 1962 on a plane to Paris, where she was going to model for *Vogue*. "I saw this beautiful girl in a brown knit dress, and I knew I was going to marry her," he recalled. "A few weeks later, I took her to dinner at Pavillon in New York. 'I'm going to get married,' I told her. 'Congratulations! Who is she?' she asked. 'I'm marrying you,' I said."

They closed the deal a week later in Las

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Vegas, with Lee and Ira Gershwin as witnesses. His friends were apprehensive. He was the dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, the mascot, the self-deprecating court jester who liked to fantasize that his pallbearers would be the wives of his pals. Now, without consulting anyone, he had done the unthinkable. "Not bringing Mary to L.A. to be vetted was unlike Irving," says George Axelrod's wife, Joan. "But when we met her, we adored her."

Mary was everything Irving wasn't: quiet, a reader, not ambitious, not even terribly social. Her innate dignity, elegance, and grace softened his edges—had he not married her, Lazar might have become a parody of himself. "Mary changed the way people perceived him," a friend says. "After she was in the picture, there were no more jokes at Irving's expense." That was, another friend recalls, quite literally the case: "One night, at a dinner at their house, David Niven Jr. started telling 'Swifty jokes'—the typical short-bald-man stories. 'You're an even bigger ass than I thought,' Mary told him. 'I can't believe you have the nerve to sit here and tell unflattering stories about your host.' I loved Mary for that."

Mary was his support, both professionally and socially. She got him to stop running his business out of his hip pocket and badgered him to hire some proper assistants. Where he could be curt and abrasive, she was all diplomacy. When Lazar made a scene—like the time, at the house of a famous London hostess, when he looked down at the curry he had been served and began to question her choice of entrée—Mary made the apologies. On the other hand, when Otto Preminger defamed him in '21' and Lazar smashed a water glass over the taller director's hairless head, dispatching him to the hospital for stitches, it had been Mary, Lazar proudly recalled, who took the first swing at Preminger. "Mary never let me down," he said.

In a curious way, Mary became more ambitious for Lazar than he was for himself. As the keeper of the legend, she took him seriously, and wanted him to be not only successful but also distinguished. She knew his downside—"I've always adored monstrous little men," she told a friend—and she dedicated herself to the task of maintaining his reputation as a formidable literary agent. When he traveled, she set her alarm for ungodly hours so that she could call him and discuss the day's business. She never left the house in the morning until he was awake. Someone who saw them during their honeymoon at the Hôtel du Cap on the French Riviera recalls Mary rubbing suntan lotion on his bald head: "It was a photograph of things to come."

For all Mary's diligence, Lazar couldn't get around the fact that by the 70s Hollywood was at the end of a cycle. There were new men in executive offices, and, increasingly, they thought like lawyers. Everybody knew about Broadway, but plays were no longer being routinely transformed into movies. Lazar now needed to be more than a literary agent serving the movies. With Mary's help, he once again turned his attention to New York, and became, in his 70s, the *enfant terrible* of the publishing world.

"To build a writer's career is a nightmare," Lazar advised a young agent in the 1960s. "Concentrate on finding a few good clients who are well established and make a lot of money. They'll still be a pain in the ass, but they'll be worth it." Lazar applied that philosophy to publishing at exactly the right time. "Magazines started running in-depth celebrity interviews in which the stars gave away great material for nothing. Why shouldn't they get six figures for it?" Lazar asked me. "So I'd go to a star and say, 'There's a book in you.' That was a old trick, invented, I think, by Geor Weidenfeld. Not everybody went for it Sean Connery got teed off that I was o fering him around as a potential boo writer, and he told me to stop. But 9 tim out of 10, it works."

In spearheading a new kind of boo Lazar not only started a craze but al created a new niche for himself. H client list grew to include Joan Collin Helen Gurley Brown, and Kirk Dougla The idea of a Lauren Bacall memoir w not original—editors had been asking h to write one for years—but Lazar foun the right publisher in Knopf and the wrote Bacall a three-page letter that w even more persuasive than Knopf's larg advance. "Money wasn't the lure he use in my case," says Michael Caine. "Irvin would tell me, 'I'm sure you can write That got my ego going." One day Laza called Carol Matthau and asked her t read him what was in her typewrite "Don't go anywhere," he said when sh had finished. "Joni Evans is about to ca you. Read it to her." When Evans, the editor of Turtle Bay Books, wanted t sign the book, Lazar made sure he go Matthau a big advance, "so you'll fee guilty and get it done."

In the case of Richard Nixon, the ex president called Lazar. The combined TV and-book deal was $4.25 million in 1975, triumph for Nixon and Lazar. It was les great for the publishers, who had shelle out a fortune in the hope that Nixon would write extensively about Watergate When they met him, however, he mad only a passing reference to what he calle "the recent unpleasantness." "With that, one executive recalls, "we knew we were not going to have any great revelations." Lazar was unfazed. When David Frost handed the former president a six-figure check for the TV interview, an observer noted, Lazar struck like a cobra: "'This goes to me,' he said and grabbed it. 'I take my commission, and then it goes to you.'"

Lazar operated, as always, like a talent scout. "I energize a project and make it whirl," he often said. "If the outside world hasn't come to me by two P.M., I go to it." Howard Kaminsky, president and C.E.O. of the Hearst Book Group, says, "Irving was a drive-by shooter who negotiated like a gypsy cabdriver from hell. His meter started at a million."

Although Lazar demanded astronomical sums, he wasn't hard to deal with. His attitude was "Kid, you either like it or you don't. You don't? Beat it." And he'd go right on to the next call. "He was dangerous to dicker with," says Harold



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Evans, president and publisher of Random House, "because you knew if you didn't start with your highest offer he'd put the phone down and get what he wanted from another publisher, and then you lost something you wanted to someone who paid what you were prepared to pay in the first place."

Occasionally, Lazar actually had to display his wares. "I remember a lunch with a movie star whose book he was selling," recalls Joni Evans. "She told me a version of her life story that was so bland you would have thought she spent her childhood in a church choir. Before the first course was gone, Irving said, 'Cut the crap! Tell her what really went on—*tell her who you slept with.*' And the star broke down and told me everything."

"Years ago, I remember Irving saying that he was interested in a man called Ahmet Ertegün," recalls Lazar's longtime friend Janet de Cordova, wife of Fred de Cordova, the producer of Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show.* "He admired Ahmet's success and he aspired to know him." In the 1970s, Lazar got more than his wish; Ertegün became one of his closest friends and his favorite sparring partner. "When we met, he told me, 'We're on the brink of a huge explosion in the entertainment business. I'm an old man. I'll be retiring soon. But you're going to ride the top of the wave,'" recalls Ertegün, the chairman of Atlantic Records. "Look how it worked out. I remained where I was. Irving went on to make many multimillion-dollar deals and to become an international figure."

What most impressed Ertegün was Lazar's comfort level with the world's biggest guns: "My wife, Mica, and I had a dinner party, and Placido Domingo and his wife were guests. After dinner, I noticed that Irving was in deep conversation with Placido. I thought I'd better see what was going on. There was Irving, saying, 'Listen, kid, I can make you more money than you've ever seen. Can you do this?' And Irving put one foot forward, flung out his arms, and sang a few bars of 'Be My Love,' in the style of Mario Lanza. 'If you can do that,' he told Placido, 'I'll sell you in Vegas tomorrow.'"

After his marriage, Lazar became a *grand seigneur* as well as a legendary host. His dinners at home in Beverly Hills smacked of Park Avenue elegance, mixing the young and famous with guests renowned for their unavailability: Elizabeth Taylor, Gregory Peck, James Stewart. Even the Oscar party started out as a small gathering at the Lazars' house in 1967. When it grew, he moved it to the Bistro Garden, and it became a cornerstone of the Hollywood social calendar. "To secure an invitation was tougher than getting a ticket to the Academy Awards themselves," says Richard Zanuck. Starting in 1985, when Lazar moved the party to Spago, the affair received global television coverage, and Lazar became the kind of celebrity whose name comes up in the *New York Times* crossword puzzle.

Lazar always insisted that his Oscar party was not his best. The ultimate party, he told me, was the one he gave at Claridge's in London in 1972, when he and Mary honored his client Noël Coward on his 73rd birthday. "We had *everybody* from London, from Walter Annenberg to Olivier," Lazar said. "We had champagne and caviar and an orchestra—and we also had a piano, because I knew Noël would have to play before the night was over." After dinner, Burt Bacharach sang, and Lerner and Loewe performed. Then Coward, who was in failing health, was escorted to the piano. He sang "If Love Were All," and with that he came alive and performed for an hour. For Lazar, this party was the truest expression of his ability to blend business and friendship. Coward died less than a year later; Lazar had, in effect, staged his farewell. As Lazar told me this story, just two months after Mary's death, it was clear that he viewed the Coward party and all the parties after 1963, as collaborative efforts.

> "Irving was a drive-by shooter who negotiated like a gypsy cabdriver from hell. His meter started at a million."

And this was surprising, for I had grown up on stories that caricatured Lazar. In those tales, Lazar was a fast-talking egocentric. Everything began with "Listen, kid ____." If you gave him a hard time, you got "Oh, stop talking like a child." I had truly expected to meet Mr. Magoo with attitude. But as I sat with him, I had a difficult time keeping the conversation going. The phone interruptions were part of the problem—in one 20-minute stretch, Lazar stopped to take calls from Mica Ertegün, Kitty Hart, and Michael Caine—but Lazar's grief was the larger factor. "Irving, you're so popular," I said when the phone quieted for a moment. "What a social life! Look at your calendar." I pointed to the poster board on the wall. "You're out every night."

"I *have* to go out every night now," he replied. "It's the only way I can cope. You see, I'm desolate. I'm now the loneliest man who ever lived—even when I'm out." He took a long breath. "I may as well get this over with: Mary was smart, much smarter than I'll ever be. It would be wrong to say I was always the greatest husband. I wasn't—I can't lie about that. I deplore the fact that I have to live without her. In fact, my interest in life is now practically nil. Mary was the focus of my life."

"There are only three people qualified to write my memoirs," Lazar told Garson Kanin decades ago, "Noël Coward, Irwin Shaw, and you—and I'm asking you first." Kanin jokingly asked him what kind of a deal he'd get for ghosting the autobiography. Lazar, he says, thought 10 percent was more than fair.

In 1984, Lazar began to focus seriously on his memoirs, and worked with several writers, including Chris Chase, Betty Ford's collaborator, and Michael Shnayerson, Irwin Shaw's biographer. A few months after I'd written a draft of this article, he settled on me. "You know, kid, you were the only one I ever wanted," he said, agenting to the end.

Last July, when I traveled to Los Angeles to work with him, that jauntiness was vanishing fast. Lazar had aged considerably since the spring. He was, it seemed, an old man with a social life to match. The stars who had been so quick to accept his invitations for two decades had disappeared. Only his true friends surrounded him.

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: Photographs, top to bottom, by Mary Hilliard, Ruth Fremson/*The Washington Times*, Wayne Maser **Page 8:** Photographs: Bottom left and right, all clothing from Western Costume, L.A. Bottom center, shirt from Western Costume, L.A.; vest from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. **Page 26:** Photograph, bottom, hair and makeup by Sandy Gray for Sarah Laird. **Page 36:** Photographs by Annie Leibovitz. **Page 50:** Photograph from the *Los Angeles Times*. **Page 56:** Photographs by Gasper Tringale. Videotapes, top, courtesy of ABC News's *20/20*; bottom, courtesy of NBC News's *Now with Tom Brokaw & Katie Couric*. **Page 65:** Photograph by Gasper Tringale. Videotape courtesy of *Dateline NBC*. **Pages 68 and 70:** Photographs from Scope Features **Page 72:** Inset photograph from Dot Pictures. **Page 80:** Photograph, bottom, from McNall Sports and Entertainment. **Page 101:** Suit and vest from Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. **Page 103:** Styled by Charlie Altuna, grooming by Rena Andreoli, both for Célestine. **Page 104:** Photographs: Top, her outfit by DKNY; styled by Jamie Kimmelman for Judy Casey; hair, makeup, and grooming by Catherine Furniss for Price Inc. Bottom, grooming by Patricia Reyes. **Page 106:** Photographs: Clockwise from top, by Alexandra Boulat/Sipa Press, from FPG International, by Dan Stevens. Bottom, jacket by Alberta Ferretti; shirt by Planet Claire for Joywear; tennis skirt by Adidas; shoes by Vivienne Westwood, from Comme des Fous, L.A.; styled by Charlie Altuna for Célestine; hair and makeup by Victor Joseph for Cloutier. **Page 108:** Grooming by Jeffery Martin for Jean Owen **Page 111:** Photographs: Top left, his shirt and jeans from Emporio Armani, N.Y.C.; her shirt from Eros, L.A.; styled by Charlie Altuna for Célestine; hair, makeup, and grooming by Garen Tolkin for Cloutier; photographed at the Sun Room, L.A. Center right, by Richard Galella/Ron Galella Ltd. Bottom right, by Marina Garnier. **Page 114:** Styled by Kate Harrington for Visages Style; grooming by Frankie Foye for Célestine. **Pages 118–19 and 122–23:** Ascot from all Sulka stores; choker from Fred Leighton, Ltd., N.Y.C.; ring from Ares Rare, N.Y.C. **Pages 124–25:** Necklace from Fred Leighton, Ltd., N.Y.C.; sheets by the Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 212-642-8700. **Page 133:** Photograph of painting courtesy of the Hayward Gallery; painting © by Demart Pro Arte B.V. and Salvador Dali Museum, Inc. **Pages 134–35:** Photographs, left, from Reuters/Bettmann; right, from Arcaid. Newspapers, left to right, from the *Evening Standard*/John Frost Newspapers, the *Sunday Mirror*/John Frost Newspapers, *The Sun*/John Frost Newspapers, the *Daily Mail*, *The Mail on Sunday*. **Page 136:** Photographs from Archive Photos/Express Newspapers. **Page 137:** Photographs, left, from *The Sun*/Rex U.S.A.; right, from Solo/Sipa Press. **Page 138:** Large photograph from Solo/Sipa Press; inset from National Pictures **Page 142:** Suit from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C. **Page 143:** Bikini from Barneys, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Beverly Hills; Anika, Aventura, Florida. Coat from Allan & Suzi, N.Y.C. Shoes from Cuoio, Boston, and Souliers, Santa Monica. **Page 144:** Top and bottom from Bloomingdale's and Henri Bendel, both in N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Dallas **Page 146:** Skirt from Untitled, N.Y.C. **Page 147:** Dress from Barneys, N.Y.C. **Pages 154–59:** Photographs from the private collection of Irving Paul Lazar. **Page 169:** Photograph courtesy of Lorraine Smith. **Page 187:** Photographs, bottom left, © 1994 by the Andy Warhol Foundation; bottom right, from Magnum Photos. **Page 190:** Hair and makeup by Sandy Gray for Sarah Laird.

A-LIST

The final act of Lazar's life began on July 18, Mary's birthday. As he prepared to go to the cemetery to visit her grave, he suddenly felt ill and took to his bed. When he was hospitalized the following morning, it became clear that he had suffered a minor stroke. If he hadn't been grieving, if he'd had contracts and parties and trips to look forward to, rehabilitation would have been the next step. Instead, Lazar made a turn toward death.

He didn't particularly care how he was remembered. He wasn't thinking about an afterlife. As always, his concerns were with the here and now: life was no longer fun. That was a particularly resonant truth in Hollywood, where old age is revered only if you're out there working. Although Lazar had never thought of Hollywood as his real home, he was prepared to die by its rules.

Over five months, he said his good-byes. "The process of dying is always the same," he told me. "No use trying to avoid it, for it won't make life last any longer. Trying to leave this place with dignity—that's not easy, but that's what I'm trying to do."

To cheer him up, I showed him home movies he had forgotten about. Across the screen, we traveled to Klosters, the South of France, Pamplona during the bullfights, even Cambodia. It was too much for him; he had to go to bed. After that, I stayed away from the past and adhered to the directive he'd been repeating since my arrival. "It's all in the files," he said wearily. "You'll find everything you want there."

In November, it became clear that the clock was winding down, so I went to see him for the last time. There was no doubt in my mind that he wasn't prepared to live, but he wasn't quite ready to die, either—and the possibility that Barbara and Marvin Davis would take over his Oscar party got his bile pumping. And he was still willing to joke about the casting of Irving Paul Lazar in some future dramatization. "Cary Grant," he said.

"Irving, pick someone who's alive."

After rejecting Warren and Tom and Robin, he finally gave me the thumbs-up sign when I suggested Jack Nicholson.

"John Huston used to say, 'Nobody really understands what Irving means to this town,'" Jack Nicholson told me last March. "He never explained that, but I know what he meant. Irving brings a sense of *community* t Hollywood. They say no one reall knows anyone here. Irving breaks tha cliché. Some of the best conversation I've ever had took place in Irving' house with people I'd never met."

Given that, you might expect tha Lazar's funeral would have been a sta studded event. It was anything but. A week after his death, a service was held a Westwood Memorial Park, where Mar was buried. Lazar had left the vaguest in structions—the same kind of gatherin that he had organized for Mary almos exactly a year earlier.

Although admission was by invitatio only, this wasn't a daytime version of th Oscar party. Rather, it was a roll call o Hollywood's Old Guard—Frank Sinatra Gene Kelly, Don Rickles, Jack Lemmon Walter Matthau, Kirk Douglas—sprinkle with a few relatives, clients, business asso ciates, and stalwarts from New York, in cluding Howard Kaminsky, Casey Ribi coff, wife of former Connecticut senato Abraham Ribicoff, and Ahmet Ertegün who delivered a eulogy, and his wife Mica. The seats of honor in the front pew were reserved for Lazar's domestic staf and his assistants, a gesture that gave him a kind of Proustian grandeur.

The air was thick with sadness, not just for the obvious "end of an era" reasons but because of the specific loss of a unique character. Over and over in the eulogies, I heard variations on that theme. Chris Hart, Moss's son, on Lazar's ability to transform himself from a rough Brooklyn boy into the ultimate Hollywood host: "Of all the big deals and celebrated clients and dazzling parties and movie and television packages Irving put together, the invention of himself was his greatest coup." Larry McMurtry saw him as a "larger-than-life figure in a town that, but for the great magnifying glass of the screen, would be in most ways smaller than life."

The topic of Lazar's uneasy last year was almost universally avoided: in this company, death was like a flight by Concorde to Mary. So it fell to producer-director George Stevens Jr. to acknowledge that Lazar had indeed gone to that place where fame never comes. "Irving said to me more than once that he would sometimes become restless in Los Angeles—but everything would be fine just as soon as he had scheduled a trip that he could look forward to. This last year and a half was difficult. The trips were planned but not taken. I like to think that during this time he was packing up, knowing that a journey was ahead. . . . Travel well, little friend, travel well." □

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ontinued from page 164) bulk of Ir-ıg's estate.

Those who came to visit found Irving a sentimental frame of mind, inclined give them possessions as keepsakes. ıter, Ahmet Ertegün would say that Ir-ıg's generosity had been induced by his ɛdication, and that Sohn had tried to rb his excesses because she knew he'd gret them later. Ellen, who saw Irving ery day, felt otherwise. She thought that ving knew exactly what he was doing, d that giving away treasured pieces to friends was perhaps his last real plea-re. In a *Rashomon*-like way, the con-cting views would produce utterly oppo-e versions of an episode involving the velist Larry McMurtry.

McMurtry was Irving's prize, the ggest client of his last years, a writer ıose novels he endlessly admired (but d not necessarily read), and whose mil-n-dollar deals made him feel he was ll the grand panjandrum of Hollywood ents. The two men were also close per-nal friends, and Irving was cheered mensely by McMurtry's several visits ıt fall from Arizona. One day Irving lled to say that in gratitude he wished give McMurtry and Diana Ossana, cMurtry's girlfriend and screenwriting rtner, some china; would they take it their next visit?

According to McMurtry, he and Os-na arrived, with Ossana's 16-year-old ughter, Sara, to find the kitchen table aped with stacks and stacks of china ttings—a hodgepodge from the Lazars' ıropean travels. "I want you to have all is," Irving announced.

The visitors were stunned, McMurtry ys, but more so when Sohn, whom they ere meeting for the first time, pulled ra aside and whispered that Irving's ind was clouded by his medication; they ould really only take a few dishes. Os-na says that when she began to act on ɔhn's instructions, Irving demanded she ke some silver. "But what are you going use when we're entertaining?" Sohn ex-ıimed. Instead, the maids brought out ving's "bachelor silver," a Georg Jensen t from his Rat Pack days with Sammy avis Jr. and Sinatra. While Sohn fumed, cMurtry and Ossana packed up two icks of china, the silver, and a silver ox from Moss Hart which Irving also inted McMurtry to have. That night the oup reconvened at Spago. Ossana says Irving's first words to her were "Lovey, why didn't you take the rest of the china?" She hesitated, then said, looking directly at Sohn, "Because Theresa told us not to." According to McMurtry and Ossana, Irving was enraged.

Not long after, Irving's doctors determined that his left foot would have to be amputated unless he underwent an operation to install a synthetic artery in his leg. Yet so arduous was the procedure that a man in his condition had only a 50-50 chance of surviving it. Irving underwent it, and survived. That was when, befuddled by painkillers, he took the action that made McMurtry realize Irving could no longer handle the novelist's business.



Faye Dunaway at Spago with Lazar's protégé Alan Nevins.

Already, McMurtry had taken the precaution of having Cindy Cassel from Irving's office listen in on his business calls with Irving, keep notes, and follow through. Still, Irving had begun to call publishers in the middle of the night, making wild demands on McMurtry's behalf, and to call the author with good-news bulletins that turned out to be fantasies. The last straw came with Irving's jubilant announcement that he'd persuaded a certain publisher to pay $5.2 million for McMurtry's next novel. Thrilled, McMurtry wrote the publisher a note of thanks. The publisher thought it was a joke. In frustration and sorrow, McMurtry mailed Irving a seven-page letter detailing mistakes made, and advising Irving to retire—a letter Sohn would characterize as "cruel." Then he flew out to visit his old friend again, to deliver the message in person as well.

"Irving had simply faded into incompetence," McMurtry says. "Which is exactly what I told him when I went to see him. I told him about my father the cattleman, who when he reached Irving's age refused to admit it. He went out to rope a new calf and was gored by the mother cow. I said, 'There's no disgrace in retiring,' and told Irving he would be likely to fall into professional disgrace if he didn't. I don't think any reader would think it cruel."

By now, McMurtry had come to view Sohn with unalloyed suspicion. "I told Irving plainly, 'This woman is a menace, you should not trust her. And if she meddles in my business I'm going to do something about it.'" McMurtry believed that on his visits Sohn had overheard his conversations with Irving. He was sure that she faxed his seven-page letter to Irving's lawyer Martin Singer, to whom McMurtry did not wish it sent. And he felt she'd come to see him as an enemy. "The people who were there said that Theresa was constantly trying to get him to leave her more money in the will," McMurtry says. "I told Irving that."

Theresa had told several of Irving's friends, such as Barbara Howar, that McMurtry and Ossana had absconded with Irving's china and silver. It was a story she elaborated upon after McMurtry and Ossana took—at Irving's insistence, they say—six more china settings.

Not long after, McMurtry says, he went to visit Irving on his own, and spent a painful afternoon working through the issues of the letter. That evening, he took Irving out for a sadly ceremonial dinner at Chasen's. Because McMurtry refused to socialize with Sohn, Irving told her the dinner was business. Instead, Cindy Cassel went along. The three left Theresa at about seven P.M.

When they returned, at about nine P.M., Ellen let them in. "Irving was in beautiful shape, he had really enjoyed himself," she recalls. "And he said to Larry, 'There's some artwork I want you to have.' It was hanging in Mary's bedroom, so we went back into the hallway, and Cindy opened the door, and there was Theresa—sound asleep. Cindy closed the door and said, 'Maybe we should just not do this tonight.' Irving said, 'The hell with it, this is my house, I want to give these things to Larry!' So she opened the door, and Larry and Cindy and Irving and I all went in; she had no idea we were there.

"Under Irving's direction, Cindy took one painting off the wall at the head of the bed," Ellen continues. "Then there was a whole group of small flower paintings that

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Irving wanted Larry to have. There were about 11 in all, not worth very much—a thousand dollars in all, perhaps. They were just something that Mary had loved. I helped Cindy take those off the wall under Irving's direction. Irving was clearheaded; he wanted Larry to have them.

"The next morning, when Theresa woke up, she thought somebody had robbed the house! And she took it from there. . . . I was there for the reality of what really happened, and I found it very touching."

"The news flashed around that Irving had given me a painting," McMurtry claims. "In fact it was an etching by a French artist of the 30s named Marcel Gromaire. I looked Gromaire up after being accused of having stolen a $300,000-to-$400,000 painting, and determined it was probably worth about $9,000." (Both Sohn and Ertegün deny spreading any such rumors.)

About three weeks before he died, Irving said to Ellen, "You speak Italian, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "but my Italian could be better."

"How's your French?"

"Could be better."

"How's your ass?"

"Perfect."

Irving laughed. "You'll be O.K."

Irving's health was failing fast, but he still adored women. In these last weeks, rumors spread of private sex performances arranged for him. "He liked to see breasts, he liked to see naked women, he liked to be titillated," acknowledged one close friend. "And, yes, he was watching sex shows at the end." According to Ahmet Ertegün, however, "Irving, since Mary died, was not able to walk across the room, much less engage in any shenanigans!"

In his final months, Lazar reportedly asked at least three women to marry him: Ellen, another nurse, and Theresa Sohn. Sohn says that there was never a serious proposal from Irving; in any event, her unconcluded divorce might have prevented any precipitous action. But according to a well-placed source, one night Sohn did urge Irving to leave her a million dollars. When he refused to comply, she stormed out of his bedroom and into Mary's room, slamming the door behind her. Irving rolled across the hall in his wheelchair and tapped pathetically at her door with his cane, trying to get her to forgive him. At one point, he called his office and asked one of the employees in a feeble voice, "Do we have a million dollars to give to Theresa?"

The office wouldn't have had a million dollars on hand, and if Irving intended to give Sohn such a sum, it would have appeared in his will. More likely, Irving was playing her for a sucker: even on his last legs, the legendary Swifty wasn't about to get bested in a deal. "Theresa is not the villain," one observer suggested. "She was led to believe there would be something more there for her." (Theresa denies ever asking Irving for a million dollars.)

On the final Sunday night of the year, Irving asked Ellen to put him in his wheelchair. He'd spent most of his last days in bed, but now he wanted to move about. Ellen felt he was reviewing his whole life, and had come to some painful conclusions: mistakes made, paths not taken. "He went through every single room in the house," Ellen recalls. "He just wanted to sit there and ponder."

The next morning, Ellen observed that Irving's right foot was turning blue. That was the sign that this leg, too, must now be subjected to the same arduous operation he had undergone on his left leg. When his doctor came to the house to confirm the diagnosis, Irving declared that he would go off dialysis—a relatively painless form of suicide—rather than endure the suffering and uncertainty of the operation. Ahmet Ertegün, who was in the Dominican Republic for the holidays, spoke frantically to Irving by phone, trying to change his mind, but to no avail. Irving was firm.

Only a small inner circle was told the news. Among the intimates were Gene Kelly and his wife, Patricia, who came by on Tuesday evening. Kelly, himself in frail health, soon had to be taken home by his wife. Would it be all right, she asked Ellen, to return alone later? Ellen said of course, and so Patricia drove back in the middle of the night. Patricia knew that Wolfgang Puck, Spago's owner and chef, had hoped to pay his last respects, so at this late hour she called him and his wife, Barbara Lazaroff, to suggest they come over. In the previous month, Puck had driven up often from the kitchen with his apron on to bring Irving a favorite meal and chat with him as he ate. Now Puck and Lazaroff drove up a final time, at 5:30 A.M.

Puck had to leave sometime later to catch a plane to New York, but Lazaroff elected to stay until the end. All that Wednesday she remained at the bedside. That night, she lay by Irving with her hand on his arm. The next morning, Sohn worked the phone, calling one after another of Irving's longtime friends and putting the phone to his ear when they came on the line. "He couldn't talk," says Lazaroff, "but as Barbara Walters and Oscar de la Renta and the Kissingers came on, his eyebrows went up, and he had a little crook of a smile." In those last moments, Lazaroff says, "we kept telling him, 'You're in charge, Irving. You decide when to go.' He needed to know that Irving Paul Lazar was still in control of the party."

When death came, late Thursday afternoon, the phones were hung up and the friends departed. Ellen bathed Irving, an orderly shaved him and gave the bald head one last razor cut, and then Ellen dressed him in a pair of pink-and-white pajamas she had made for him the previous spring.

Irving Lazar's work was over. Martin Singer's had just begun.

For years, Singer had served as Mary Lazar's lawyer. In gratitude for his solicitous help, Mary always added him to the Oscar-party list. Every year, reports one close observer, Irving tried to cut him off; every year, Mary had to plead for his reinstatement. "He's done so much for us, Irving," she would say, and finally Irving would relent.

In the last six months, Singer had drawn close enough to Irving to be named executor of his estate and to be given the responsibility of organizing his funeral service. But when Sohn faxed McMurtry's letter to Singer, Irving was furious, according to the novelist and his partner. "We said to Irving, 'We understand from Theresa that Singer is your personal attorney,'" Ossana recalls. "And Irving promptly wrote Singer saying, 'You are not my personal attorney!' Irving had respect for him as an attorney, but he never talked about the man to us."

The day after Irving's death, Singer called a meeting of two women who had helped run the agency office, along with Theresa. By the terms of Irving's will, he reportedly told them, each of the three would receive $75,000, with lesser but significant amounts to the household staff.

If the size of Theresa Sohn's inheritance was smaller than she had hoped, she betrayed no sign of it. Nor did she express dismay at the news that the bulk of Irving's estate would go to U.C.L.A. Medical Center and Cedars-Sinai.

When Irving's memorial service was held the next week at the very private Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Chapel, more than a few of his friends and colleagues were *(Continued on page 189)*

Flashback



Andy Warhol





This month the Whitney Museum will screen some of Andy Warhol's bare-bones experimental films—including *Sleep, Eat,* and *Empire,* an eight-hour stare at the Empire State Building—which Warhol made in the early 1960s and refused to ever show again. "Because people will see what a big nothing they were," he said. Also on the bill are less Minimalist films from later in the 60s, including *Poor Little Rich Girl,* with the blithely zonked Edie Sedgwick in the title role; the proto–MTV video *The Velvet Underground and Nico;* the hilarious *Loves of Ondine,* featuring Brigid Berlin; *Blue Movie,* in which Viva rants about Vietnam while having sex; and *Flesh,* starring Joe Dallesandro, the Marky Mark of the Warhol Factory. Wow.

—BOB COLACELLO



Clockwise from top: **Andy Warhol with film paraphernalia at the Factory in 1968; Warhol filming at the Factory in 1964; stills from *Empire* (1964).**

Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

It would not be exactly appropriate to do what you really want to do—namely, rush up to the top of the nearest building and scream out your frustration to the whole world. For one thing, it's more like you to go on pretending you're fine, singing, dancing, running onto the field in full uniform to inspire the rest of the team. Besides, with Mars stuck in your solar 12th house with Saturn until mid-April, you probably think that nobody would hear you. Raise your thinking to a higher plane. Swallow your pride. Admit you need help. Scream. Even if nobody hears you.

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

It's always nice for you when Venus goes back into Taurus, as it does on April 1 this year. That's when you can put the pictures back up on the wall, unpack the dishes, and return to business as usual. This year: uh-uh. Saturn has moved into your 11th house, Pluto is just about finishing its opposition to your sign, and Uranus and Neptune have raised your consciousness. The earth has moved, and you need to find a new niche to plop yourself in and new folks to commiserate and trade war stories with. Don't snicker at support groups. Even *rich* people need them.

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

Pressure! It's everywhere. Even when you go out with friends for a cup of coffee, it's still there—eight million pounds per square inch of brain surface. However, if you don't freak or crack now, you will definitely earn lifetime credibility as a mature, responsible, successful adult. Remember in the original version of *The Fly* how the guy sticks his head in the hydraulic press and gets his wife to push the ON button? Well, with the new moon, Mars, and Saturn in your solar 10th house and squaring your sign, that's exactly how your head feels. But it's only temporary.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

If you open your mind to the infinite possibilities that exist in this great universe, none of life's wicked little tricks will ever get you down. With planets clustering in your 9th house, you must find a way—through meditation, prayer, or just a snooze on a warm beach—to rise above the hustle and bustle and aggravation and visualize yourself on top of the world. Of course, if you find pleasure in it, by all means go on obsessing over the insane truckdriver who you're convinced is about to come barreling through the red light just when you're crossing at the green.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

The 8th-house trip—not your best—is where you find yourself now. It's the place where dark shadows dwell, faces are covered with veils, voices remain hushed, and weird rites of passage are going on. You'd be much happier posing for the camera while sitting on a camel or laughing as you emerge, snorkel in hand, all wet and sparkling from the ocean. With Venus in your 9th house and Mars and Saturn in your 8th, try to 86 the grief-and-mourning thing and bring some sunshine into the gloom. Denying your feelings should be a snap.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

The world has got to be coming to an end. All those prophecies must be right. Otherwise, Virgos would certainly not be coming apart at the seams the way they are at the moment. Just think of how many years you've been able to remain in control, suppress your needs, get the last word in every argument, and go on convincing yourself that while it might be great to be loved it's better to be right. Well, now is the time to say good-bye to all that. Take a crowbar to your hope chest and pray that the moths haven't already gotten to absolutely everything.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

In your life you've been accused of being lazy, and that's really unfair. It's not that you don't want to work or that you're a slob healthwise. Anybody who has ever experienced your ferocious attacks on a tiny speck of dirt would know that when you're dedicated to a task you move with the inexorable force of an army tank, albeit gussied up in lace doilies. Now that a Mars-Saturn conjunction is rolling through your 6th house, you're on a campaign every bit as organized as Operation Desert Storm, so God help any bug that foolishly wanders into your line of sight.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

Of course you should be working more, but for some reason you are not. Something odd has come over so many Scorpios throughout the land these days. Astrologers say it is the new moon in the fifth house with a Mars-Saturn conjunction. In human terms, this translates as an overwhelming need for love and attention. The effects are so strong that at this moment, instead of sitting down and straightening up the horrible mess on their desk, many Scorpios prefer to be in a darkened room nursing a child or playing patty-cake. That's fine. Just don't expect to be paid for it.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

Sagittarians everywhere are asking, "What does this father thing mean? Why so many references to Dad all of a sudden? What does my life have to do with Papa every time I turn around?" Of course, those Sadges who have had the benefit of long-term therapy know the answer. In simple astrological terms, Saturn is in your 4th house. Whatever your orientation, or whatever scene you're into, the whole picture is tinted with abandonment themes and child-parent issues. If you're the least bit skeptical about that, just tear out this page and stick it on the fridge.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

There's a new moon in your 3rd house, the house of communication and transportation, so do a turnaround trip to either coast, make a quick movie, write a short script, help your neighbor move, look for a house, have a major brawl, pace the floor, take up smoking, give it up, yammer away into a tape recorder until the wee hours of the morning, drive along the cliff at dawn—do anything you can to find an outlet for all the mad, mad feelings of restless energy that get that mind of yours going faster than a speeding bullet. The trick is to do it while you're sober.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Loathing as you do being preached at, you certainly don't want to have to sit still and listen to anybody's sermon about how you have to get your mind off material things, because Saturn in Pisces in your 2nd house is about spiritual and not earthly values—the whole camel-through-the-eye-of-a-needle bit. At this moment in your life, though, when you are finally trying to get the money thing together, you don't need to be told that love is at the root of everything and that money can't buy it. You already know all that. Well, don't you?

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

O.K., so you've snapped. The other shoe has dropped. You've been caught dead in your tracks. You've bottomed out, and now you've got to throw yourself into a big tub of black coffee—forget decaf—and come out full of piss and vinegar, focused, armed, ready for action, and more or less clean. Now that Mars and Saturn are rising above your sun, the new moon on March 10 sets the tone for the year ahead. So starting now it's *no more Mr. Nice Guy*. What has that ever gotten you except a nice one-way trip to the back side of the eight ball?

LAST DAYS

ntinued from page 186) stunned to find mselves uninvited Karen Lerner and in Nevins among them.

The limousines and Rolls-Royces with ted glass rolled up to the chapel a little fore one P.M. on January 6 and disrged the famous and near-famous ests. It was, as one guest put it, Martin ger's hour to shine. The Old Guard s out in force, but there was something kew about the whole thing. Once again, ary was missed.

"There was Theresa, in a Chanel it like the grieving widow, in the nt row," observed one guest. "The wers were good but not great—not e Babe Paley's funeral, which is w Swifty would have wanted his to . The music wasn't great, either. ey started off with 'April in Paris,' d I looked over to see Henry ancini rolling his eyes."

Lazar's old friend Peter Viertel had nt a statement from Spain, but was ld by Irving's camp that one sence was offensive and would have to changed. The sentence read, "Irng Lazar was not without faults, but is is not the time to mention them."

Larry McMurtry delivered one of e six eulogies, observing that Irving eaped millions off best-sellers—in the ay of the street—but his first and fiercest yalties were to those who attempted erature." At that, Jackie Collins and ominick Dunne exchanged a wry look.

Two days later Ahmet Ertegün, enonced in a suite at the Peninsula hotel, istled at questions about Sohn. "What n anyone have against someone who d a very, very tedious job?" Ertegün id of her. "What she went through was t easy; she protected Irving, and she otected the household. She's really the e who kept him alive, perhaps eight nths longer than he would have lived."

But then why the persistent questions out her?

"Look, it's very simple," Ertegün said. People see Irving Lazar, they've known him for years. Then suddenly they see a lady whom he's very close to. They don't know where she came from, so they . . . start to imagine."

Sohn, reached by phone at the Lazar house on a Sunday morning, seemed torn between wanting to hang up and wanting to set the record straight. "When I first came on the job," she said, "there were a lot of jealous people, and a lot of things were said when Mary was dying. . . . My whole job was to protect this man from things like this."

Sohn was living in the house with one of the maids while Sotheby's inventoried the Lazars' belongings; when the house was sold, she would presumably return to the life she'd led before. "The saddest story in the end is hers," McMurtry says. "Theresa had this chance to emerge from the shadows. I think Irving was so lonely and desperate and grief-stricken he might have married her. [But] she'll go back to the shadows."

> "Irving told me several times, 'I wouldn't be here today without Theresa.'"

What did Sohn think of McMurtry? "McMurtry is a whole different story," she said bitterly. "I do have proof that, maybe not necessarily him, but the Ossanas . . . they hurt Lazar. Larry McMurtry wrote a very cruel letter to him when he left the agency." As to the allegedly indiscriminate taking of household goods, she said, "I have staff who witnessed it. And Martin Singer knows all about it."

Unfortunately, Singer advised Sohn not to sit for an interview. But he did relay her account of the china and silver gifts. According to Sohn, Irving never offered McMurtry and Ossana all of his china, only one set. Greedily, she claims, they asked for more, as well as for silver that might match it. Singer himself acknowledged that McMurtry's letter had been faxed to his office, but added that Irving was upset only by its content, not by its transmission to the lawyer. He said that he had been both Irving and Mary Lazar's lawyer whenever needed. Also, he said, "I was one of their closest friends."

On a bright-blue Saturday morning, Irving Lazar's ashes were laid to rest beside his wife's in Westwood Memorial Park, and a gathering of friends, including Sohn, placed flowers atop the small box. A self-made life had come to its end after decades of high flying with many of the world's most glamorous people, in all the world's most glamorous places. Lazar hadn't made himself the legend he was by acting generously, and yet many felt generous toward him. He had enriched the world despite himself. Above all, he had fought alone from start to finish, rising from genteel poverty in Brooklyn to be, for a while at least, Hollywood's most colorful agent. His passing was the passing of an era: the end of the solo agent, doomed by the very package deals of talent that he had helped pioneer. Now Michael Ovitz ruled, along with a whole new generation of corporate agents. About all they had in common with Lazar were smarts and a love of good suits.

In the end, in that last dark year, Irving "Swifty" Lazar had lost his ally in Mary, and then his power, and finally even the *appearance* of power, and so began his precipitous decline. "What's sad," said a friend, "is that a man who invented himself from shoes to accent, who controlled his image even while dying, cannot control the perception of how he went out."

Was there, perhaps, a lesson in the tale, a better way to grapple with death in Hollywood? "My advice to anyone," Peter Viertel said, musing on Swifty's last year, "is try not to die there." □

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nity Fair (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 100[illegible]. Bernard H. Leser, President; Patricia M. [illegible], Executive Vice President, Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President, Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Agreement for Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Sales Agreement Number 33332. Subscriptions: In the United States and its possessions, $[illegible] for two years. In Canada, $2[illegible] for one year, including G.S.T. Registration No. 123242888. In the Caribbean, and the Americas, $[illegible]; Elsewhere, $[illegible] payable in advance. Single copies, $[illegible] in the U.S., $4.50 in Canada. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322. The first copy of a new subscription will be mailed within [illegible] weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on past label. Address all editorial, production, and business correspondence to *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Manuscripts, photographs, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The publisher is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork, including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies.

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Social Study

Liz Smith

The resilient and restrained queen of scoops, Liz Smith rules over the never-so-gentle gossip world with a judicious hand. From Hollywood to New York, she's gossip's grande dame, the dirt disher divine, and, as she indicates in *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire, *very* happy to be of service

When and where were you happiest?
Now. Here in little old New York City!

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Clinging to the lower rungs of journalism, making a living, having people yell at me in the street.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Lying, cheating, fudging, nudging the ethical line.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Lying, cheating, fudging, nudging the ethical line.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Great."

On what occasion do you lie?
Oh, puh-leeze!

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Loyalty (it gets people in a lot of absurd ethical trouble).

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Television, a thriller, a candy bar, popcorn, no telephone, all at once.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Public humiliation.

What is your greatest fear?
Dying a lingering painful death, becoming a pain in the ass.

What is the quality you most like in a person?
Intelligence leavened with humor.

What is it that you most dislike?
Hypocrisy.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Self-defeating generosity.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Eating in restaurants, overtipping.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Voltaire.

Which living person do you most admire?
Governor Ann Richards.

Which living person do you most despise?
They all jostle together in my head and become one big fa slobby press agent in particular.

What is your favorite journey?
The Greek islands, Greece itself.

What is your most treasured possession?
My genes from the Tiptons, McCalls, Balls, Smiths.

What do you most value in your friends?
Their infinite, unique variety.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing what do you think it would be?
The three monkeys—seeing, speaking, hearing no evil.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A cat that does as it pleases.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To dance like Fred Astaire.

What is your motto?
"Dare to be true."



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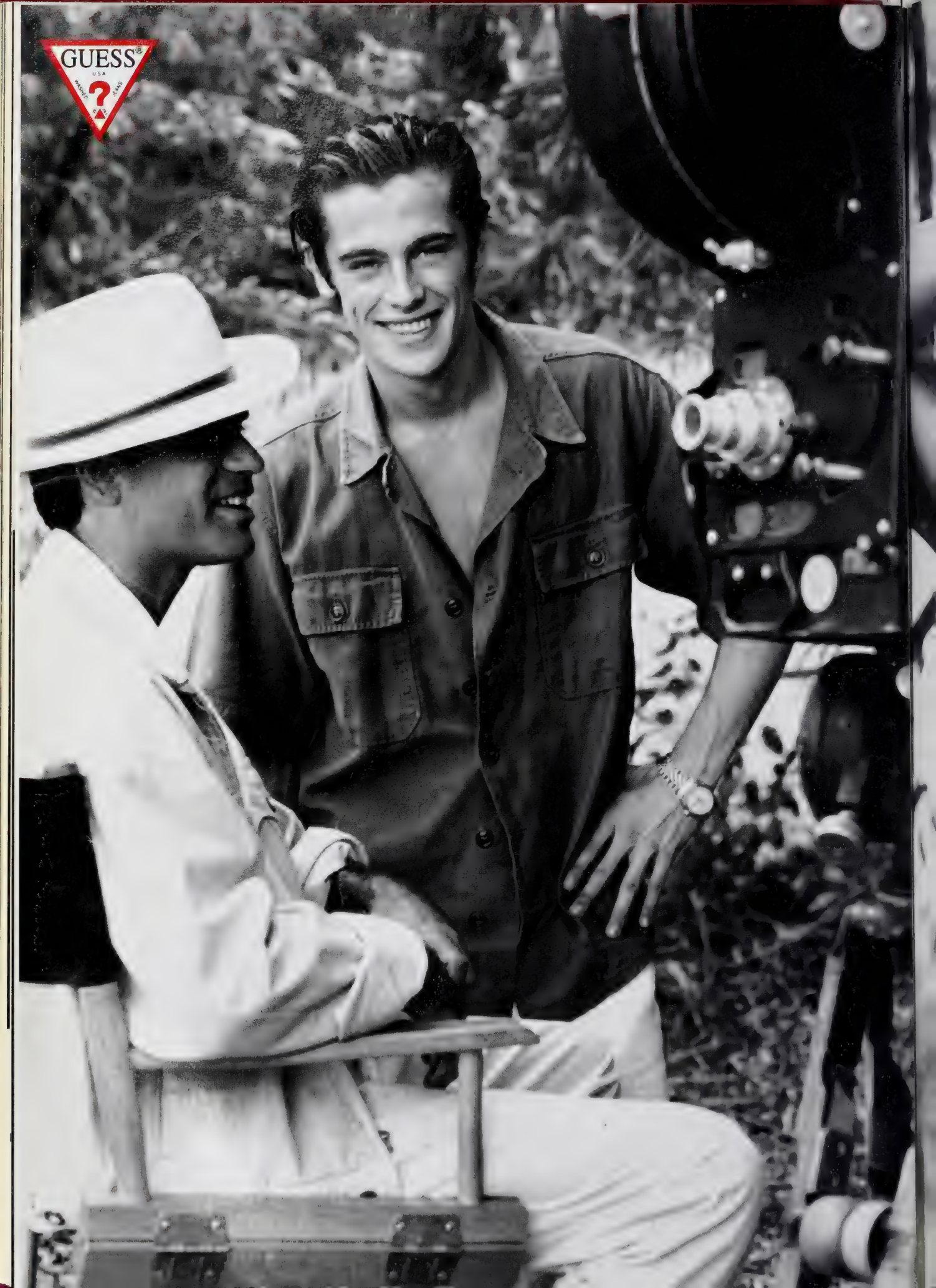
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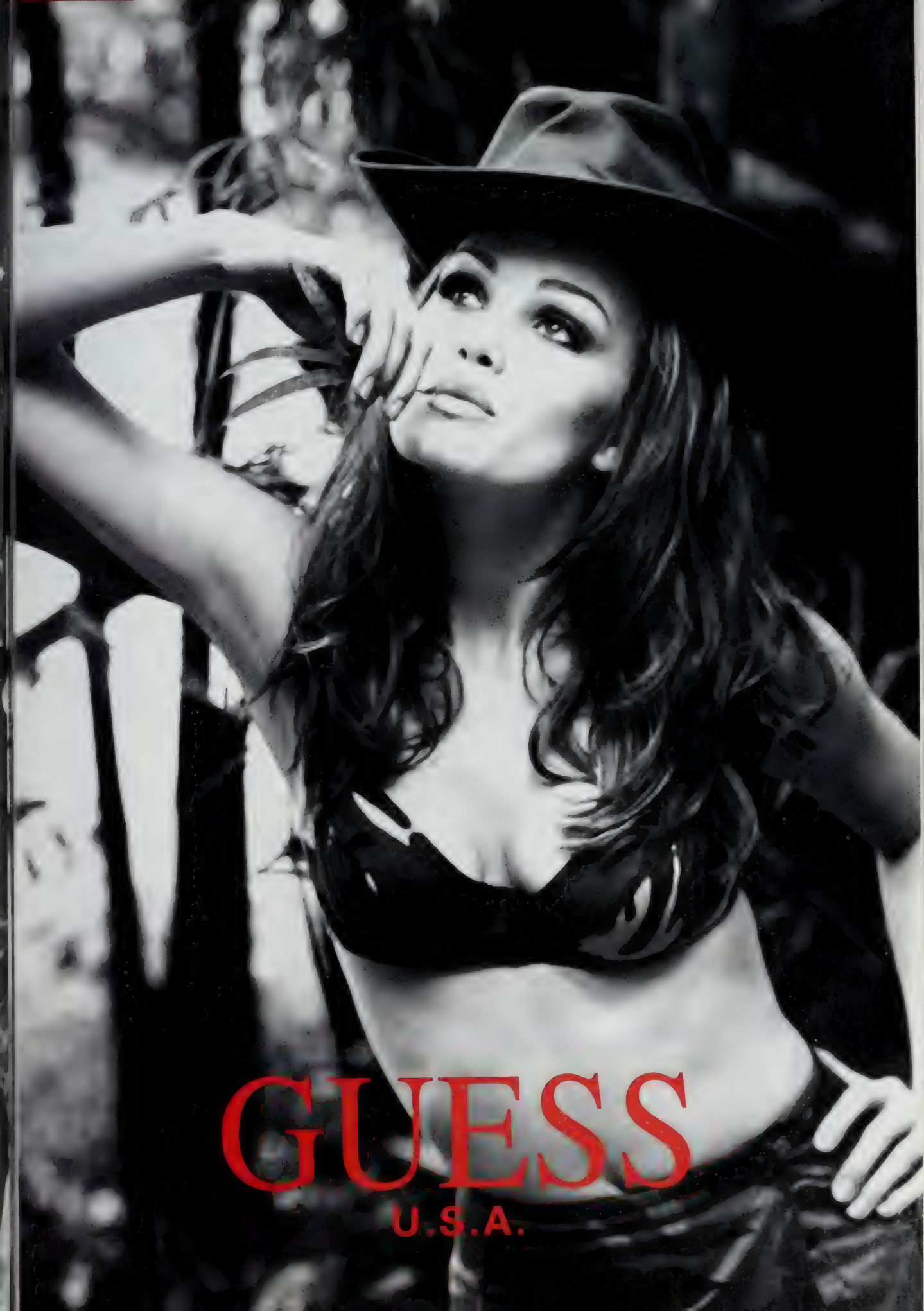
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Editor's Letter

Arafat in Crisis



When T. D. Allman first met Yasser Arafat, in November 1988, the P.L.O. leader was still formally designated as a terrorist who could not set foot on American soil. Since then, Arafat has been welcomed at the White House for the handshake with Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin seen round the world; he has begun the agonizingly slow process of making the handshake more than just a metaphor; and he has seen long months of negotiation evaporate in one bloody dawn, when a radical Jewish settler from Brooklyn mowed down dozens of Palestinians as they knelt in prayer.

Even the day before the Hebron massacre, in the first of three recent meetings with the P.L.O. chairman, Allman sensed a new pessimism in Yasser Arafat. After spending the last three months in the Middle East for his story on page 116, Allman understands that pessimism. "The hardest part of this story was being caught up in the delay," he says, because the delay is damaging the chances for peace. "Statesmen must do the right thing *and* have the right timing. Both Palestinians and Israelis have CNN—they all saw Rabin and Arafat shake hands that day. They all thought, This is it."

Allman began his reporting in Cairo, where he saw the negotiating teams, then traveled to Israel. Everywhere—in the Gaza Strip, in the occupied West Bank, in Bethlehem and Taba—he found that "the incredible gap between dream and reality" was proving hard to bridge.

The gap is reflected in the changing perceptions of Arafat himself. Finally accepted by the West as a statesman, the Palestinian leader is now being vilified by his own people—as an Israeli dupe who sold them out for two tiny patches of land. And yet, as Allman writes, "in the bloody mêlée following the Hebron massacre, even the survivors did what, over the decades, has become second nature to Palestinians: they telephoned Arafat, to seek his advice. For days they've been converging on Tunis, on this office, on this man."

Allman has provided an extraordinary portrait of Arafat at the center of the maelstrom, but he says his story is missing one thing: an ending. "No one knows what the ending will be. Is Arafat, like Abraham, the prophet? Will he get to his promised land?"

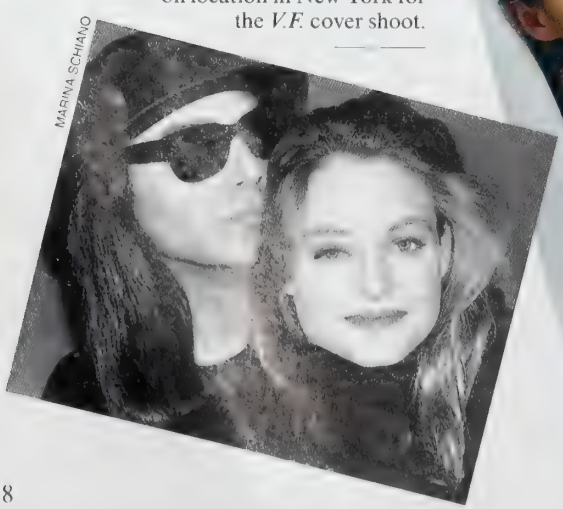
Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Foster Kid

Jodie Foster strikes a glamour-girl pose on the cover. Jodie, *below,* in a turtleneck from Cashmere Cashmere, with Steven Meisel on location in New York for the *V.F.* cover shoot.





ON THE COVER
Jodie Foster wears a satin slip dress by Fernando Sanchez. Hair by Ward. Makeup by Laura Mercier. Chair from Alan Moss. Prop styling by Marla Weinhoff. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Steven Meisel.


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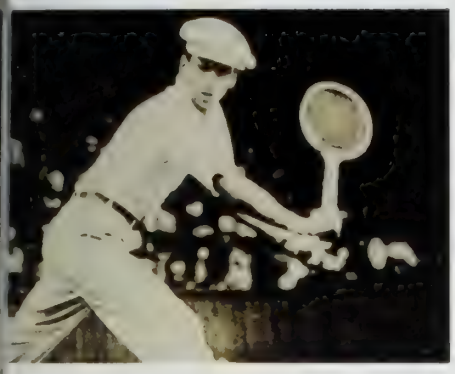
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"TO BEAT THE HEAT OF AMERICAN SUMMERS,
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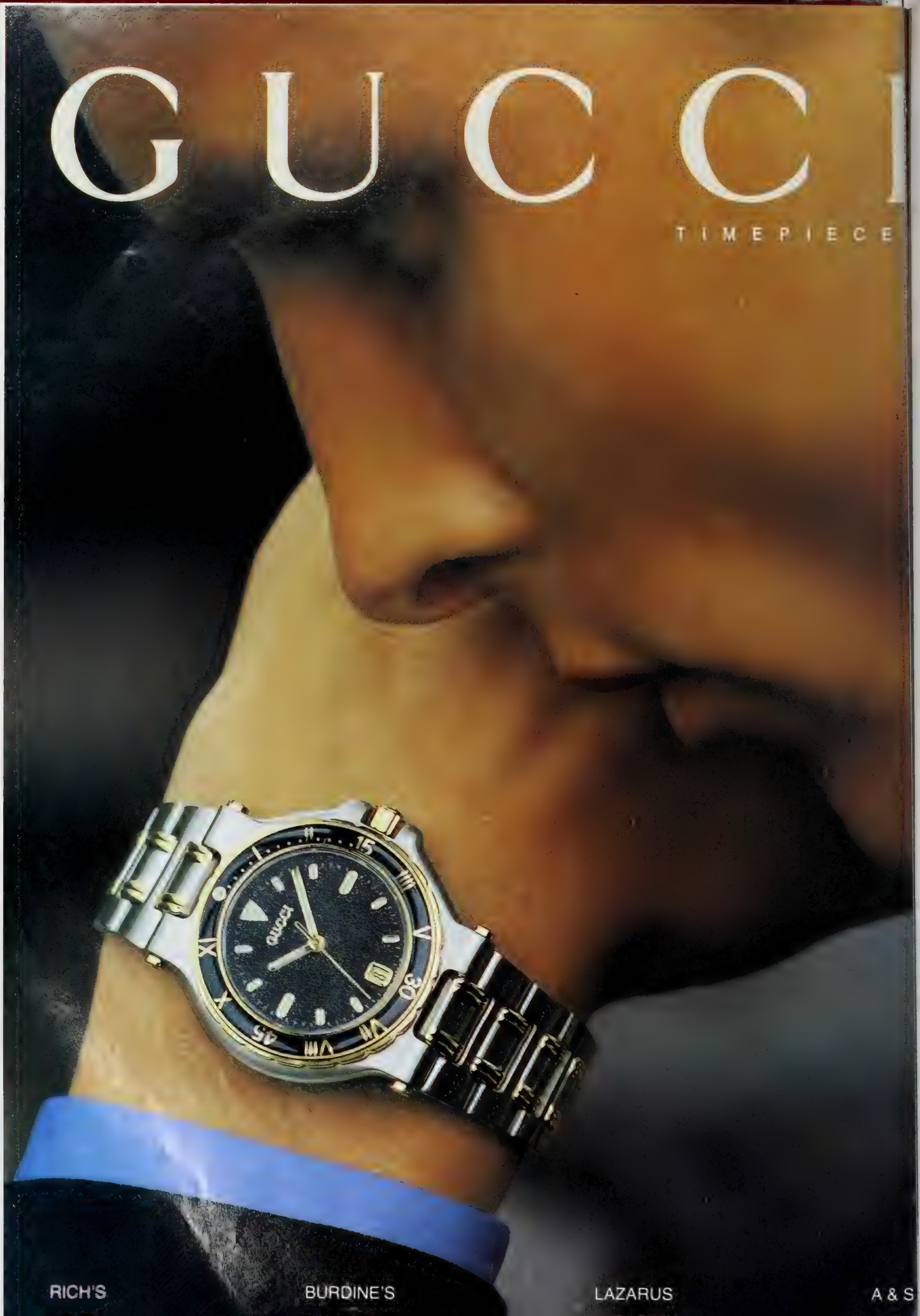
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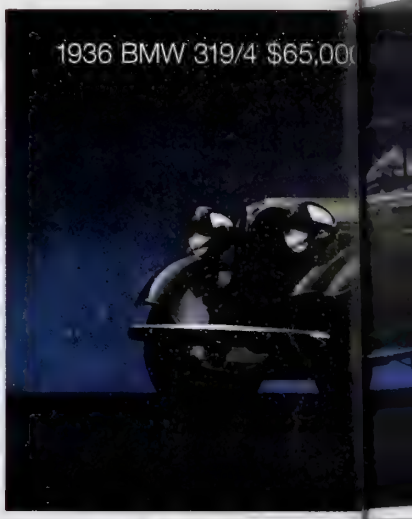
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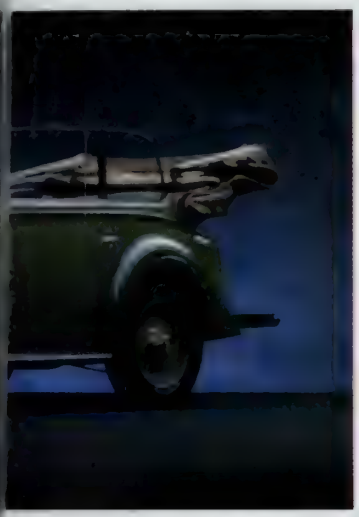
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ngineered with your safety in mind.

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SARA BARRETT

Judy Bachrach, a contributor to Allure *and* The Philadelphia Inquirer, *was a writer for* The Washington Post*'s "Style" section and a political columnist for* The Washington Star. *Her story on the war between Washington Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke and his fourth wife, Marlene, begins on page 150.*



TIM SHEAFFER

T. D. Allman's 1989 V.F. *article on his 40-hour, four-country interview with Yasser Arafat was a milestone in Middle East reporting. "The drama of Arafat's life," he says after interviewing Arafat at length again for his article on page 116, "is truly one of the most extraordinary stories of our times."*

Henry Alford's *Municipal Bondage* (Random House) is just out.

Martin Filler frequently writes on art, architecture, and design. He wrote about painter Lucian Freud in the November '93 *V.F.*

Stephen Fried's book, *Thing of Beauty: The Tragedy of Supermodel Gia* (Pocket Books), excerpted in the February '93 *V.F.*, will be out in paperback next month.

Christopher Hitchens is the author of *For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports* (Verso), *Prepared for the Worst* (Hill and Wang), and *Blood, Class, and Nostalgia: Anglo-American Ironies* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Cathy Horyn, the fashion editor of *The Washington Post,* has been covering fashion for the last seven years, the past three at the *Post.*

(Continued on page 22)



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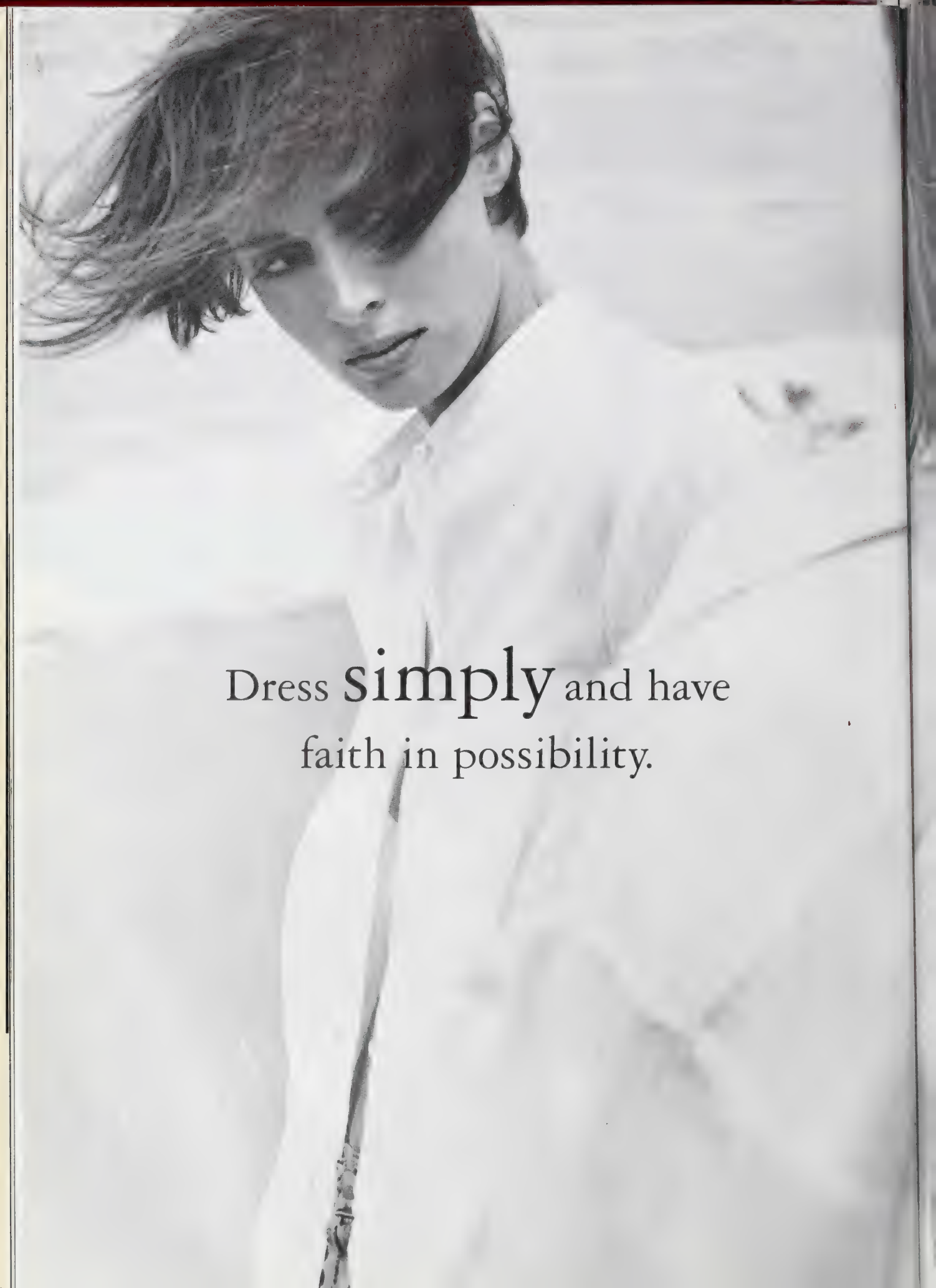
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(Continued from page 18)



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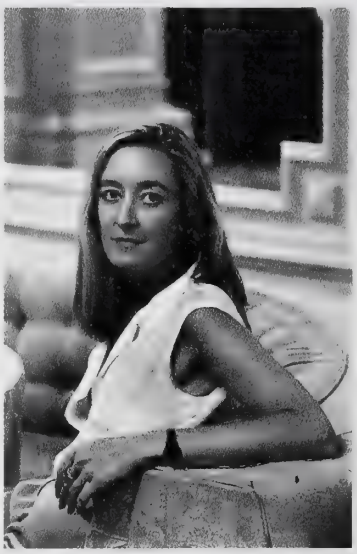
Harry Benson photographed Marlene and Suzanne Cooke for this issue. His latest book, The Beatles: In the Beginning, *which celebrates the 30th anniversary of the Beatles' coming to America, is out from Universe/Rizzoli. He is at work on a book of photographs to be published next year.*

John Irving's eighth novel, *A Son of the Circus,* will be published by Random House in September.

Annie Leibovitz's work is on exhibit this month at Montreal's Museum of Fine Arts and at the National Portrait Gallery in London.

Steven Meisel's photographs have also appeared in American, British, French, and Italian *Vogue.*

Michael Shnayerson says of his profile of Jodie Foster, our cover subject this month, "What you notice right off is how seasoned she is: wise, un-neurotic, winningly direct. But not confessional, and never simple. You leave with a million good quotes and yet no sure sense of the woman behind them, other than that she is very smart and has just outsmarted you."



SARA BARRETT

Elise O'Shaughnessy, V.F.*'s executive editor, says of the subject of her article on page 48, "Everyone in Washington is obsessed with Pat Moynihan. They all agree that he is a national treasure—but nobody can quite figure him out."*



Annalyn Swan is at work, with Mark Stevens, on a biography of Willem de Kooning for Doubleday. Swan, formerly the arts editor of Newsweek, *says of diva Kathleen Battle, the subject of her story on page 80, "To me, the fascinating thing about Kathy Battle, and what I tried to explore here, is how a singer with absolutely everything going for her could have gotten to such a pass."*

Mark Stevens is at work, with Annalyn Swan, on a biography of Willem de Kooning for Doubleday.

Michael Thomas is a columnist for *The New York Observer.* His sixth novel, *Black Money,* will be out from Crown next month.

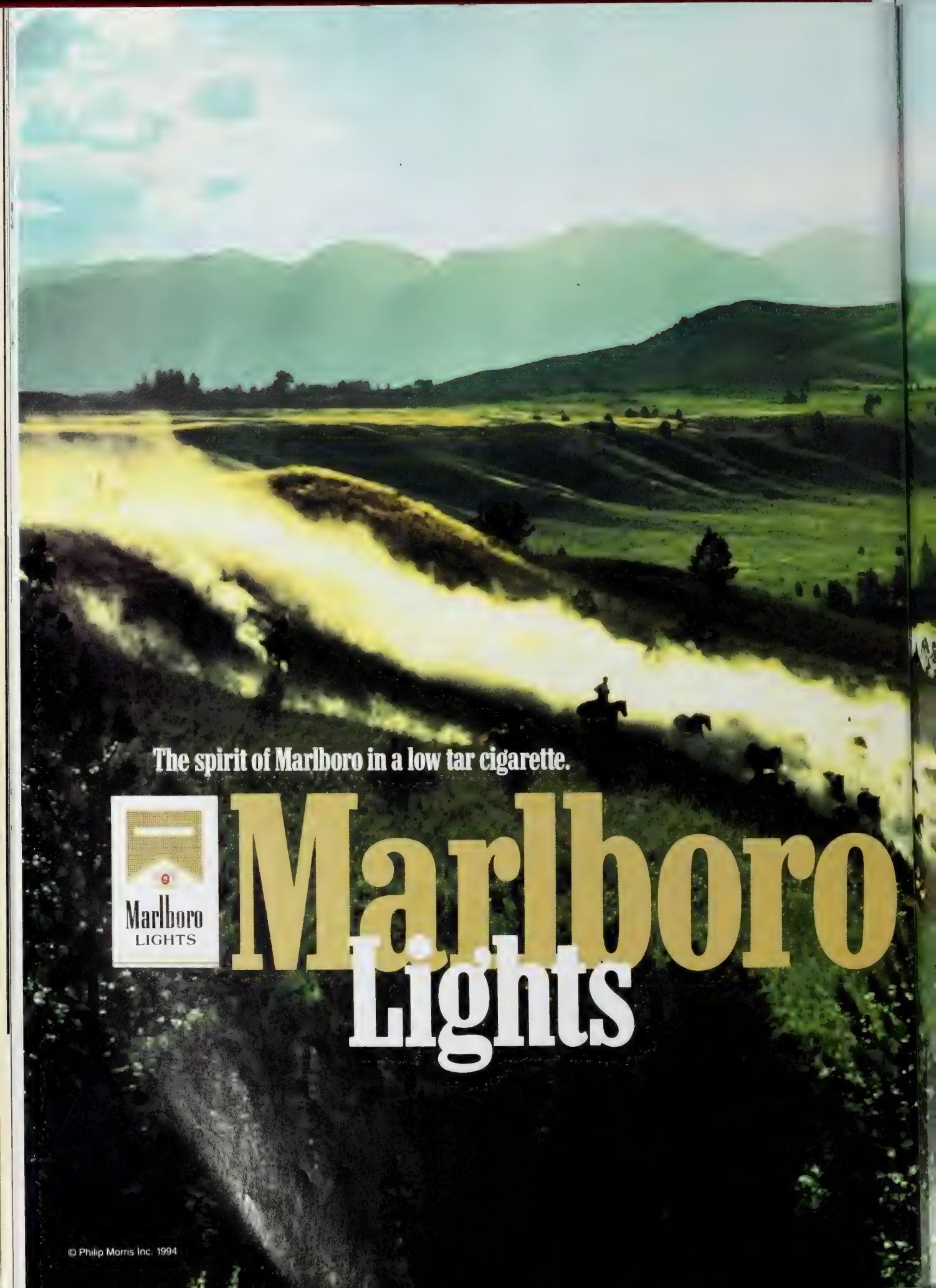
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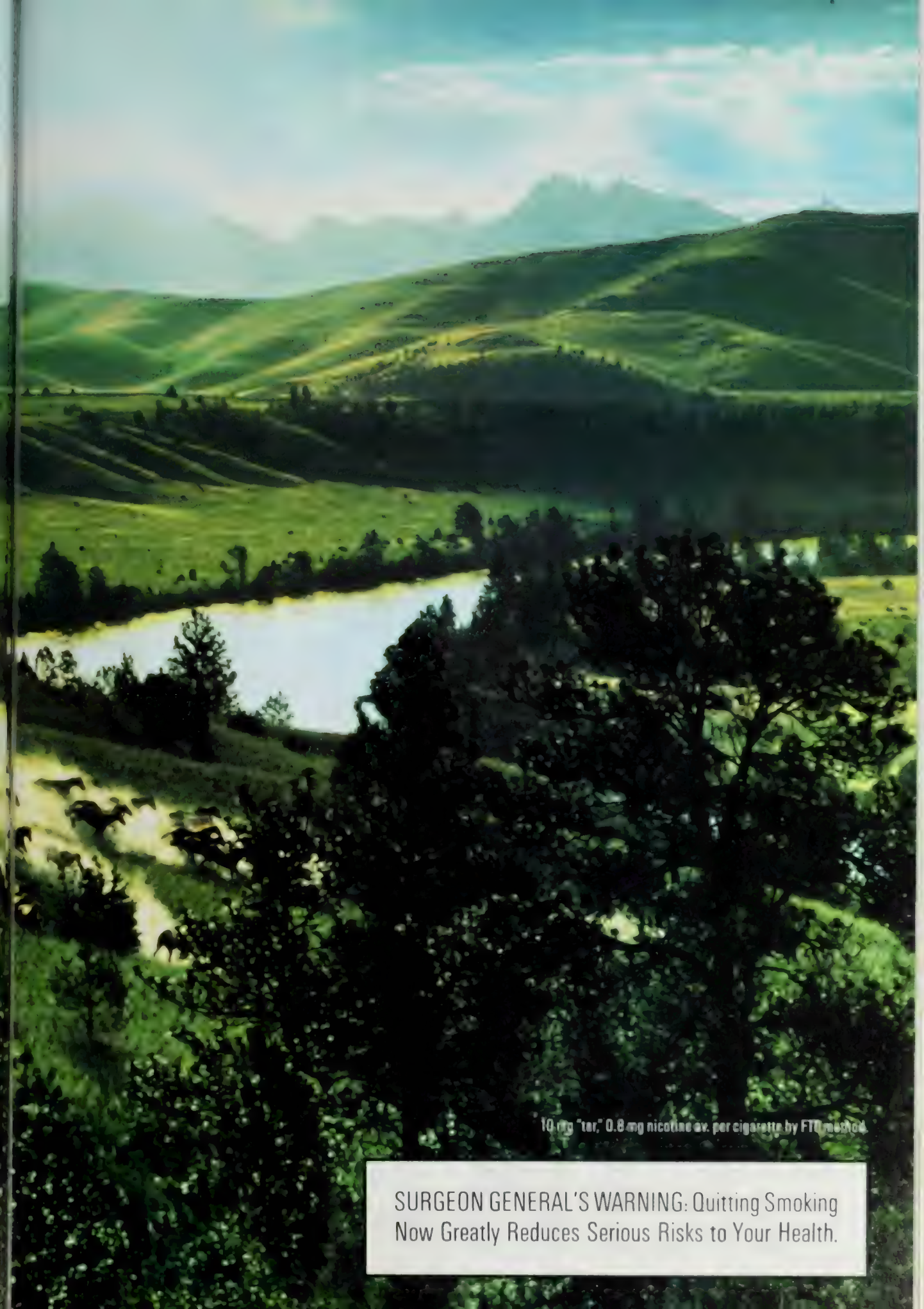


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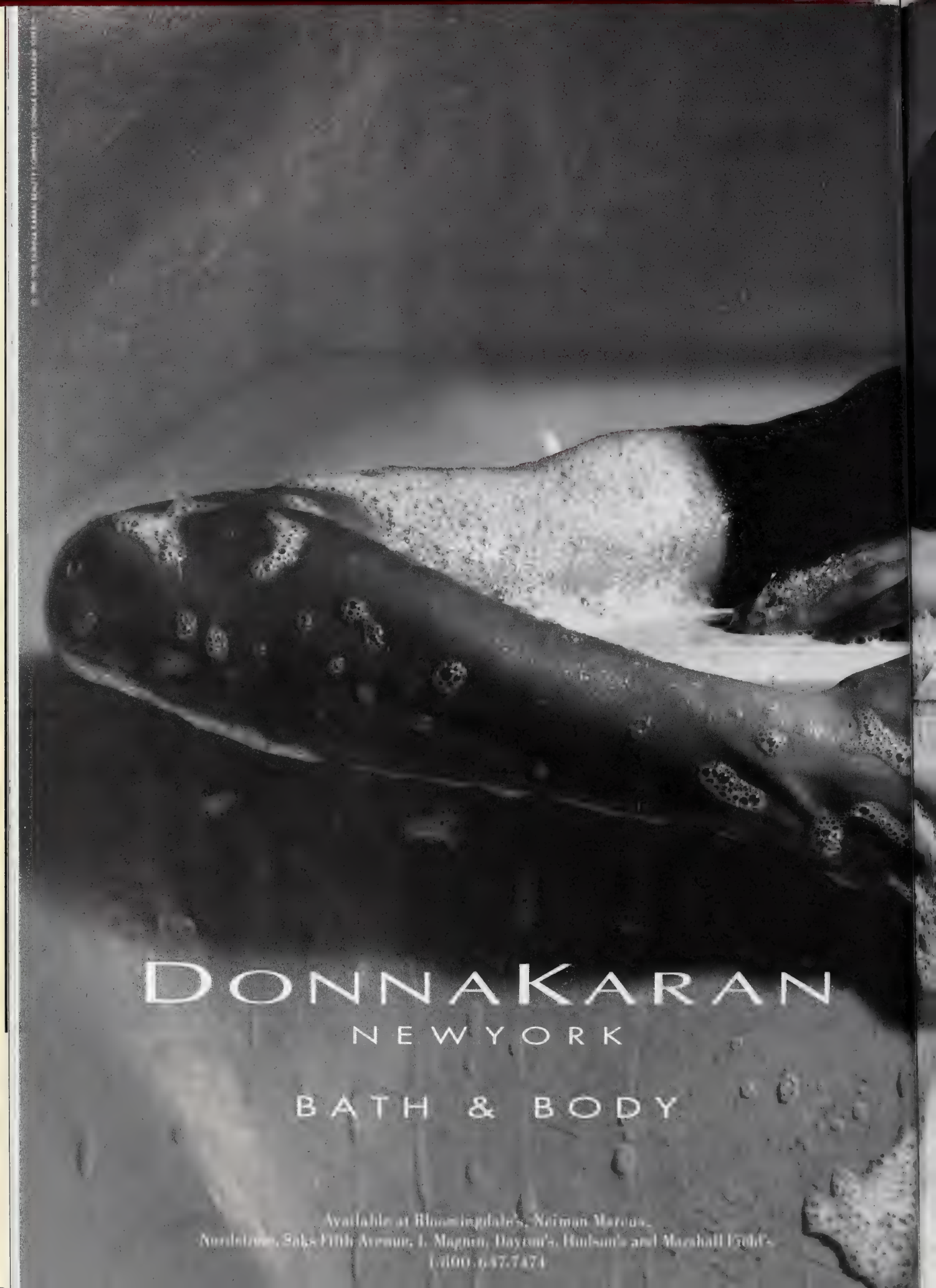
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RANDOM HOUSE

Letters



COVER FIRE

Eyebrows Raised

Your March cover left me indignant! Donald Trump and "family values"? Pleeze be real! It's absurd! Ridiculous! Shame on *V.F.* for promoting the self-acknowledged "biggest self-promoter in the world." We've all heard enough on this saga. If you were going to do a story on "Trump Family Values," then why didn't you do it on Ivana and *her* kids? Now, she's a Trump with *real* family values. To associate family values with the Donald, his former long-term mistress, Marla, and their baby is probably as ridiculous and in as bad taste as the Republicans' campaign platform of "family values," and we all know what happened to that party!

Perhaps a better title for the cover story of Trump and his new family might have been borrowed from one of your own writers, Gail Sheehy, and reworded: "A Classic Example of the Male Menopause Syndrome."

SCOTT J. W. HONEYMAN
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Donald Trump's eyebrows should have their own Zip Code. His ego should have its own time zone.

JULIE WAHLSTEDT
Costa Mesa, California

Cold, Hard Facts

Thank you, Dominick Dunne, for hanging tough with the Menendez defense façade ["Menendez Justice," March]. You keep bringing the facts of the case back to the brutal slayings, to the abuse done to *Jose* and *Kitty* during their horrible deaths. Too bad the prosecution was unable to do this.

DONNA GOODNUFF
Maumee, Ohio

As a journalist who has covered a number of murder trials in Britain, I want to compliment Dominick Dunne on his coverage of the Menendez trials. When assessing complex cases, I found one rule invariably held true. If the cold, hard facts of the case and the behavior


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Questionnaire

Name Helen Hunt

Age _____

Occupation _____

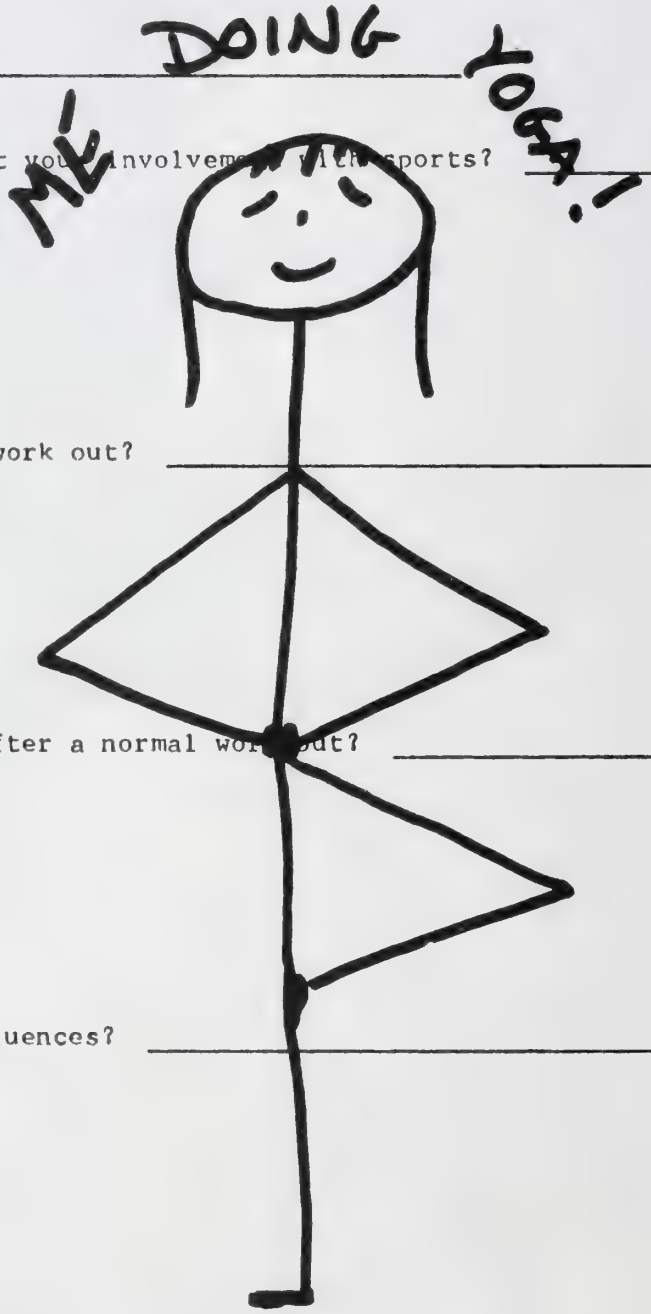
When did you start your involvement with sports? _____

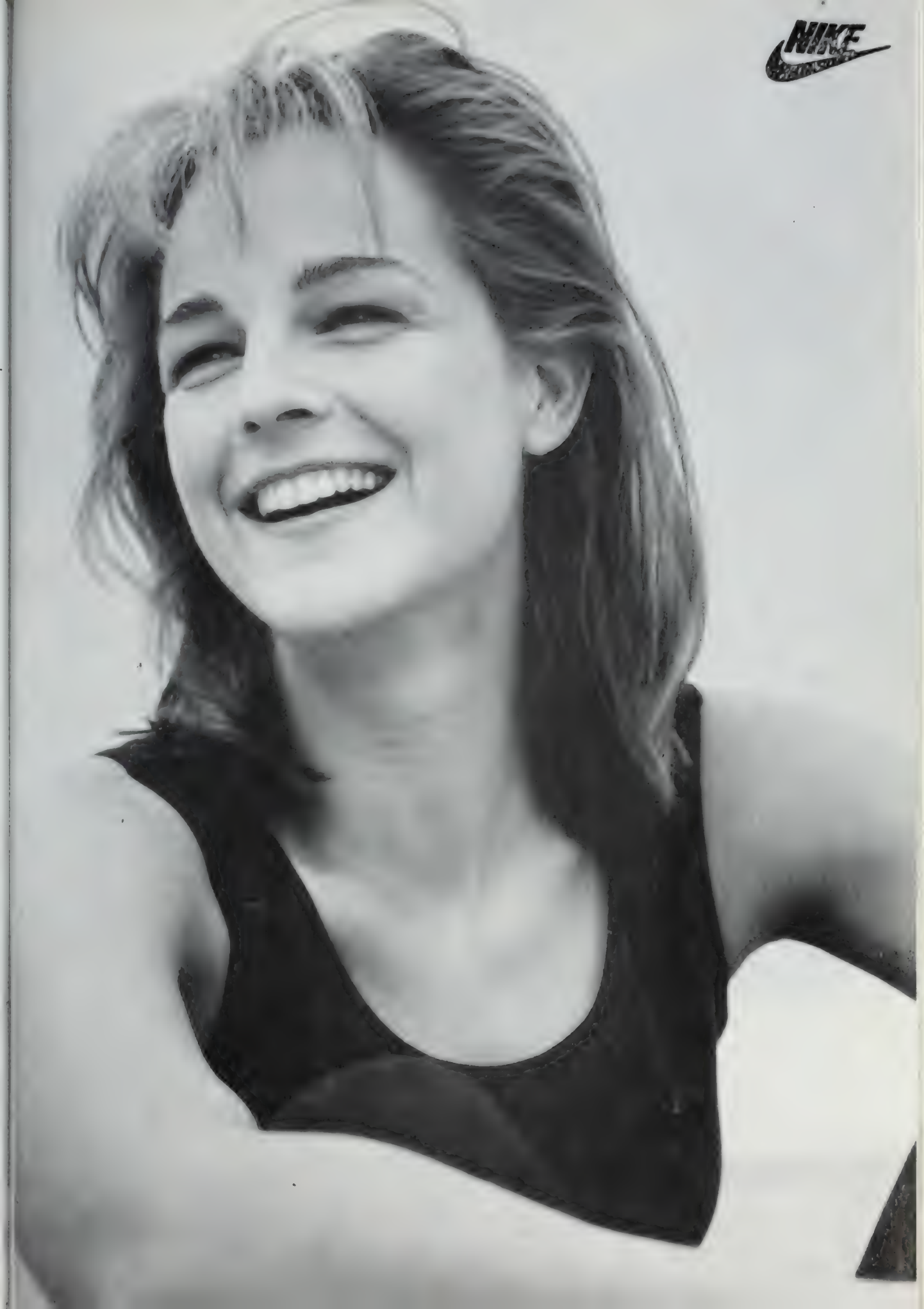
How often do you work out? _____

How do you feel after a normal workout? _____

Who were your influences? _____

What have you accomplished through sports? _____




NIKE



Letters

of the accused before, during, and after the event should prove at variance with the testimony of the accused, then deeply distrust the testimony.

I firmly believe Lyle's and Erik's allegations of sexual molestation and fear for their own safety were an elaborate lie. Mr. Dunne comes the closest yet to uncovering the real reason for this dreadful double killing. The fact that they were prepared to not only kill but also mutilate their defenseless mother in order to protect their plot to destroy their father speaks loudly of very callous and sociopathic natures. Listening to the tape of Lyle's lying 911 call sent a chill down my spine, and I've covered some pretty horrific cases.

Mr. Dunne, you were a beacon of perception and honesty in a very sordid affair, and a credit to your profession.

JEFF HAYWARD
Los Angeles, California

Dominick Dunne's article about the trial of the Menendez brothers left me stunned. Not because of his new revelations about the brothers that did not come up at trial, but because *Vanity Fair* continues to print these offensive pieces of fiction authored by Mr. Dunne.

In his article he used information that was conveniently left out of the prosecution case, such as this mysterious letter from Lyle to his friend Traci Baker. How interesting this surfaced only after the trial had wrapped.

Isn't it fortunate for Mr. Dunne that he does not have to undergo cross-examination by Leslie Abramson? Of course, my guess is that if he actually had to prove these allegations, he never would have written them.

DANNA C. DUNCAN
Applegate, California

Love Haiti

The painful and protracted effort by the Haitian people to restore their first democratically elected president is made necessary by the imposition of Fascism by a military junta and its supporters among the wealthy Haitian aristocracy. Bella Stumbo's article ["A Place Called Fear," February] reduces this profoundly significant development to simply a clash among personalities with various public-relations attributes, and it repeats slanderous charges against President Aristide without citing the abundance of credible evidence refuting those charges. The article expresses a cavalier attitude toward the daily violations of human rights. An investigator for the United Nations Commission on Human Rights reports that up to 3,000 people have been killed since the 1991 coup. He also reports widespread arbitrary detentions, executions, systematic beatings, and torture by the armed forces.

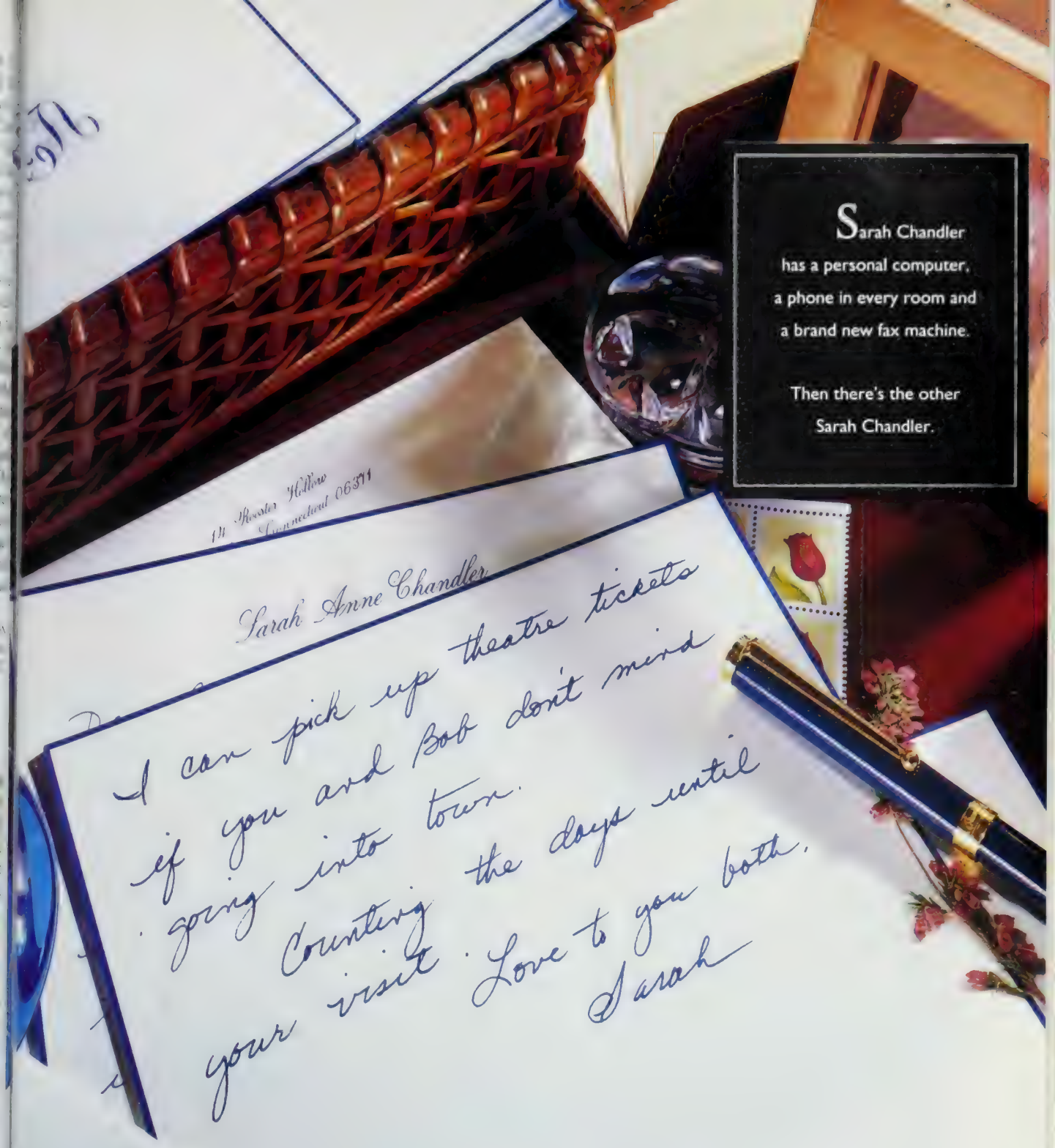
Stumbo cites an inaccurate news report on a Harvard study that concluded that sanctions were killing up to 1,000 children a month. She fails to mention that the study's authors refuted that claim and, instead, ascribed the crisis to the coup, stating that "the health and nutrition of the people of Haiti depend upon democracy . . . and the protection of human rights." The international community must enforce real sanctions against the military regime and grant sanctuary to the Haitian people in order to fulfill its moral obligation in this hour of national tragedy and trauma.

THE REVEREND JESSE JACKSON
National Rainbow Coalition,
Washington, D.C.

Split Definitive

I was dismayed by the implications of two of the quotes attributed to me in Marjorie Williams's March profile of George Stephanopoulos ["George in the Jungle"]. The first, where I say that George "needs a secretary to just be a human being," is particularly upsetting, as I am alleged to have split an infinitive. Out of context, the comment can be read to imply that I don't think George is a good human being. Obviously, I think he is. My comment was intended to apply only to things like the feeding of one's cat or the purchasing of concert tickets, rather than those pertaining to his being a good friend or a decent person.

More serious is the quote where I am alleged to have credited George with "a second sense for how to make people like him when he screws them." Even if this quote accurately reflects my words, its implication is nevertheless inaccurate given the context in which I made it. It is in the nature of George's job, as I see it anyway, to "screw" people on occasion on behalf of the president. What I had hoped to communicate here was that even though George does his job without flinching he is sufficiently thoughtful of

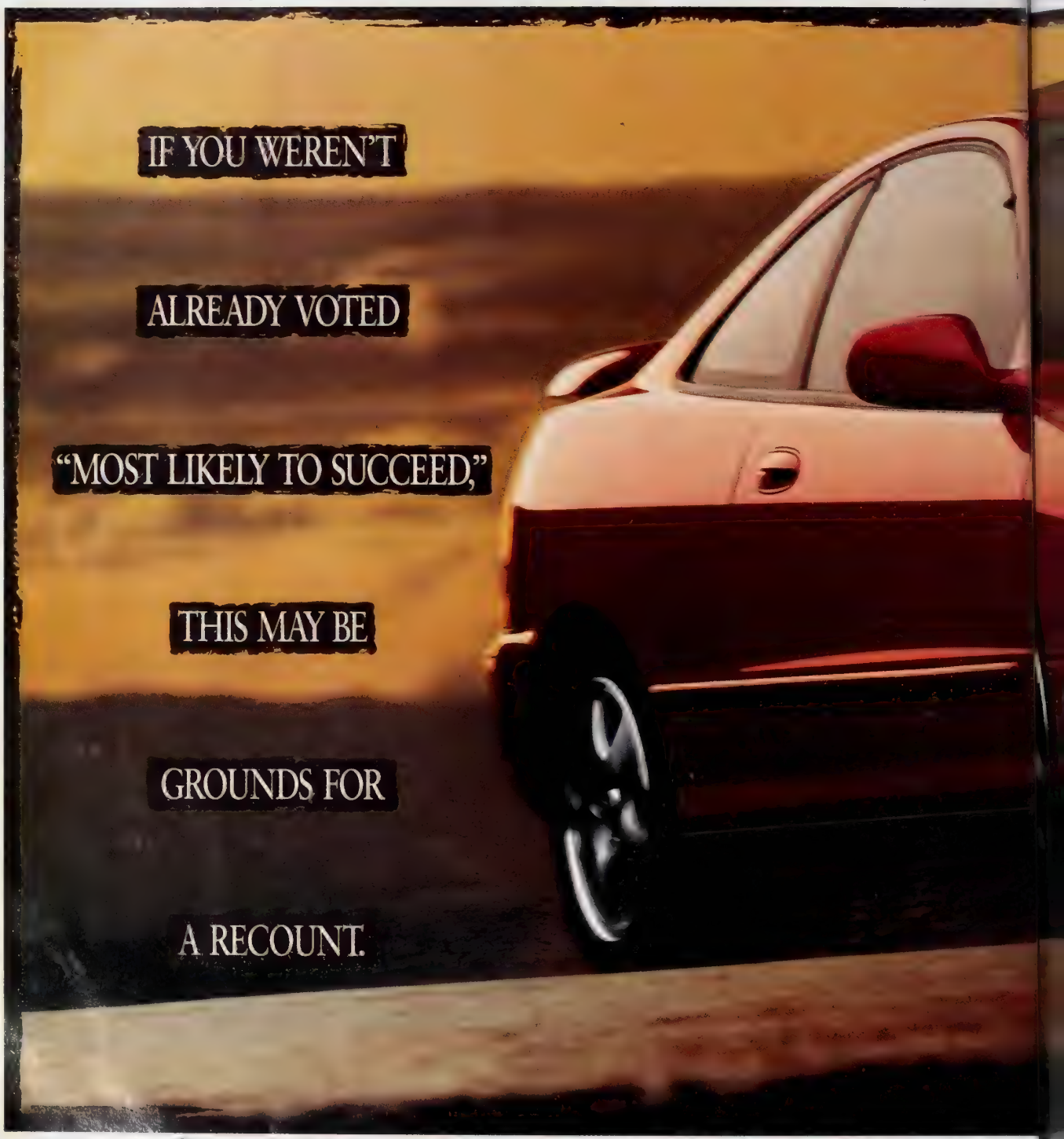


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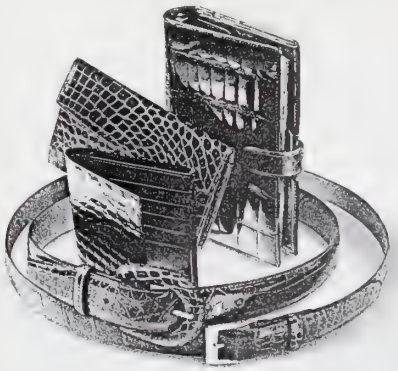
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Letters

the screwee's feelings to make them appreciate the sensitivity and concern that went into the decision.

Thanks for letting me clear that up.

ERIC ALTERMAN
Washington, D.C.

Miloš for Men

My thanks to Miloš Forman for providing me, in your February Proust Questionnaire, with a tidy example to use in class when I talk about the way women are perceived in our culture. When asked what quality he most liked in a man, the director answered, "Wisdom," while the quality he valued in women was "Youth." In our society the aging woman would do better to pursue plastic surgery than a Ph.D. I admire Mr. Forman's brevity in getting the point across.

BETSY BERRY, Ph.D.
Department of English
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Straight Brush

In "What If . . . ?" ["Vanities," March], Henry Alford wonders, "What if Michelangelo had been heterosexual?" I am sure that if he had been he would have painted the Sistine Chapel Navajo white with a roller.

GENE COSTER
San Diego, California

Speed-readers

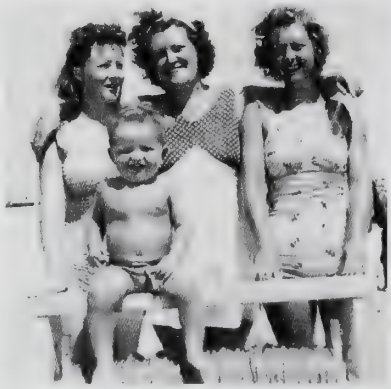
A California man writes: "In the most recent issue of your publication (March), we have the pleasure of reading about a wealthy egomaniac, two wealthy killers, and a wealthy heiress whose elevator didn't stop at all floors. Last month it was a wealthy madam, and the month prior it was a wealthy alleged pederast." A remarkable coincidence, sir, and nothing to be alarmed about.

"I am fascinating," writes Steven Bollinger of Columbus, Ohio. "Rescue me from this midwestern dump! Make me famous!" Mr. Bollinger says Vanity Fair *can do this by reprinting his answers to the Proust Questionnaire. We were tempted, but then it seemed odd of Mr. Bollinger to refuse to answer one of the questions that he had set himself. He failed "On what occasions do you lie?"*

Gianna B. has written to say that she has a better body than Cindy Crawford, and a Ph.D. into the bargain. She adds that her investment-banker husband has a more beautiful body and a more handsome face than Marky Mark. Now that the record is straight, perhaps we can move on to Demi Moore, who is still receiving occasional flak from V.F. *readers. But not from the Texas Department of Health, which has been alerted by members of the National Breastfeeding Media-Watch to the fact that Demi has been nursing a second child. Ray Krzesniak of the department writes to congratulate Demi on her plans to breast-feed all her future children. And while we're at it, so do we.*

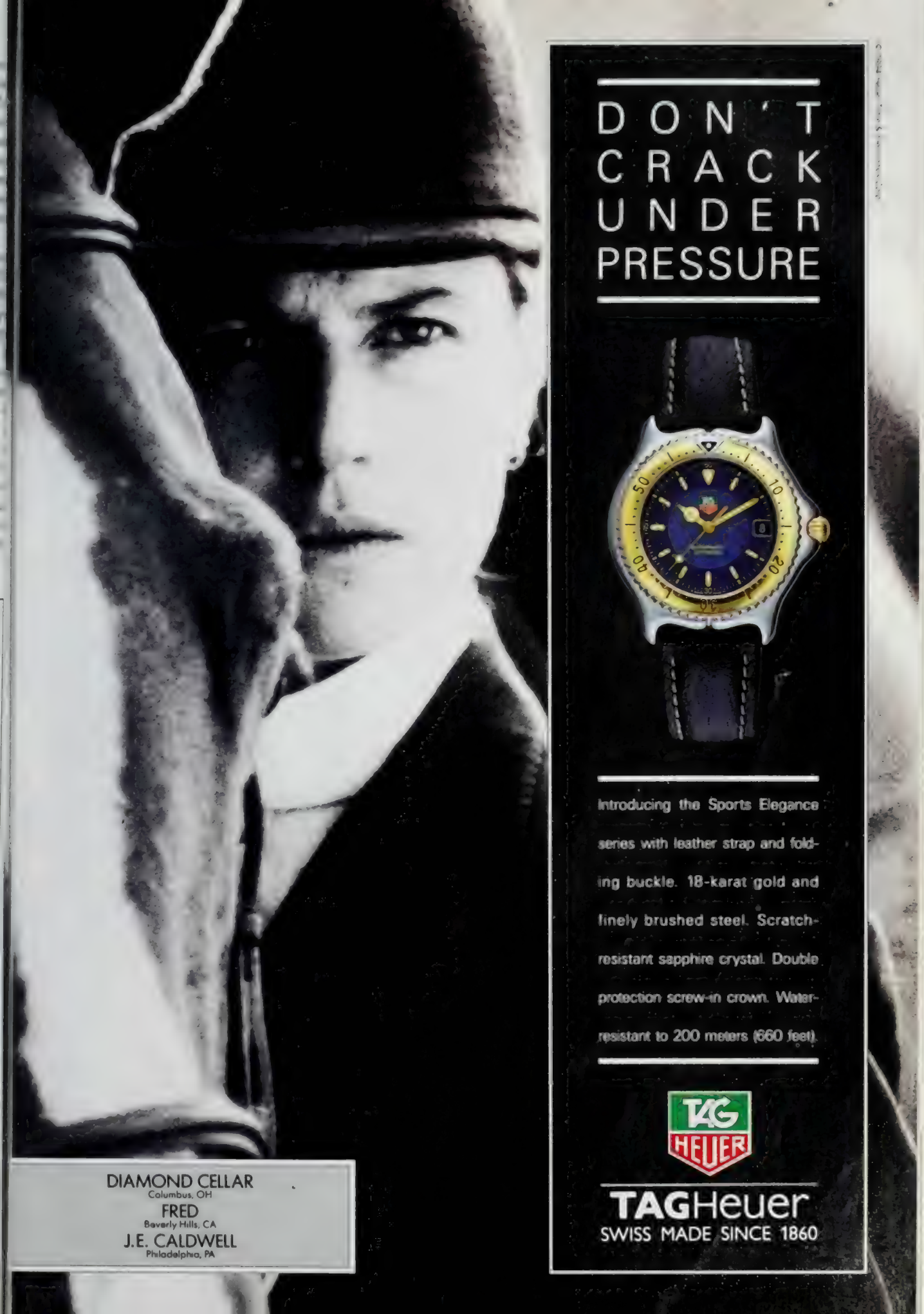
"Cheers to Christopher Hitchens," says Linda McCoy of Springfield, Illinois. This happens to be a favorite phrase of Mr. Hitchens's, but we're not sure that he will agree with Ms. McCoy's letter, which seems to imply that Oliver North should be executed. "If he [Oliver North] had committed his covert actions in any country but ours, he would have been incarcerated, hanged from the gallows, or put in front of a firing squad." As it is, he is running for the Senate. Many would say that is punishment enough. And, finally, Michael V. commends Ann Louise Bardach's interview with Castro (March) and adds, "We are all human beings who awake to the brightness of the same sun and share the brilliance of the same moon." Quite.

Correction



In the April issue of Vanity Fair, *a picture from Jack Nicholson's family album was inadvertently cropped during satellite transmission to* Vanity Fair's *printers. We apologize to readers and to Jack Nicholson. Here is the picture again. It shows the young Jack with grandmother Mud (center), his aunt, Lorraine Smith (left), and his mother, June, in Belmar, New Jersey.*

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.



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OMINGDALE'S



Prime aspect: Helen Mirren, who as Jane Tennison brings true Brit grit to PBS this spring with the third series of "Prime Suspect."

MIRREN AND 'MIDDLEMARCH'

With two new acclaimed television series, "Middlemarch" and "Prime Suspect," Americans will see both faces of the British lion: the Queen's sylvan country and the yob's grimy turf

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

When the British Broadcasting Corporation decides to "do" the 19th century, it decides to do it with the utmost punctiliousness. I was drinking in the verdant scenery of its new production "Middlemarch" when I almost started from my chair. There, as plain as day, was a red squirrel. There haven't been any red squirrels in England since I was a lad. The gray squirrels came—it was always believed that they had somehow been brought with an American circus—and in short order drove all the little russet creatures away. Gray squirrels are mean, street-smart, and wised-up. Folklore held that, when tangling with the red squirrels, they used their larger and stronger back claws to rake and castrate them. Anyway, it wasn't long before the squirrels of my nursery, the pert and sweet squirrels from Beatrix Potter's *Tale of Squirrel Nutkin*—the ones which never hurt a fly and were an ornament to the woodland—had been chivied and bullied from the glades and spinneys by the predatory gray guys with big shoulders who talked out of the sides of their mouths. Only on the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria died and where you can still see a few glimpses of rural England, did the red squirrels survive, protected by a stretch of water from the gray-dominated mainland. In the 50s an obscure novelist wrote a sentimental book entitled *The Last Red Squirrel*, which used the demise of our neater, sweeter, more refined squirrels as a metaphor for the overwhelming of English culture by mass-produced, violence-oriented Americanization.

Finding some red squirrels for authenticity is just the sort of perfectionist touch, like the loving care expended on costumes, stagecoaches, architecture, and speech patterns, that Americans expect of the BBC. Or, rather, that they expect of *Masterpiece Theatre*. Tom Wolfe, that great foe of cultural Anglophilia, once observed that the three-*M* marriage of Mobil and *Masterpiece* and *Mystery!* meant that PBS stood not for Public Broadcasting Service but for "Petroleum's British Subsidiary." He mocked the leather armchair, the nostalgia and affectation, the yearning for a touch of "class." In many ways he was right; *Masterpiece Theatre* presented England as a sort of eternal theme park, populated by deferential servants ("Upstairs, Downstairs") and colonials with calcified upper lips ("The Jewel in the Crown"). British Airways and the British Tourist Authority continually minister to the impression this creates, by enticing Americans to come and visit a Beefeater-infested fantasy, complete with Dickensian fogs and pubs with Dr. Watson propped up in the corner. Indeed, if it weren't for the tourist trade the British

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY, JACKET BY CHANEL, STYLED BY WENDY SWIFT, HAIR AND MAKEUP BY AIMEE ADAMS


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might already have gotten rid of their monarchy. Certainly, its role as a magnet for dollar-bearing visitors is one of the prime unofficial justifications for keeping the House of Windsor show on the road.

The gullible American who still makes the trip in search of red-squirrel England is liable to a shock. The gray squirrels are everywhere—football hooligans, feral children, AIDS-ridden derelicts, and hordes of hookers and muggers. "The Yob Society" is the phrase you hear from concerned sociologists and middle-class politicians as they peer into a grimy future. So it was clever of PBS to grab hold of Helen Mirren, as she has led us on a protracted tour of gray-squirrel England in three long and crunchy series of "Prime Suspect," the third of which is to be shown for four weeks beginning on April 28.



Bobby language: Jane Tennison confronts Sergeant Bill Otley, played by Tom Bell, while investigating Soho's flourishing hustler trade in the third series of "Prime Suspect."

The denizens are crude racists, sexists, homophobes, shakedown artists, and hard-porn fanciers. And that's just the police.

Probably nothing was more essential to the red-squirrel image than the old aspect of the British bobby, either the rural constable, pedaling his bike through some idyllic county setting on the way to the vicarage, or the imperturbable cop on a London beat—his amazing unarmed presence a source of reassurance to the solid citizen. Not so with the squad at Detective Inspector Jane Tennison's police station. Here is a world of brimming ashtrays, cheap suits, sweaty armpits, greasy chips, and bad shaves. The denizens are crude racists, sexists, homophobes, shakedown artists, and hard-porn fanciers. And that's just the police.

It is a very *American* world, if you'll pardon my saying so. Not only do the three long narratives feature the modish topics of sexual discrimination, racism, and gaydom, complete with their workplace context, but the whole argot is borrowed from cop serials made in Los Angeles and New York and aired on British TV. London policemen and women are heard discussing "what went down today," and describing people and things as "off the wall," and yelling "Let's go for it." In the new series, Helen Mirren even has a brief affair with an American expert on serial killers, and un-English phrases such as "We have to talk" are uttered. Have things gone so far that people in London are now babbling about their "relationships"?

In one respect, though, this is the least American police show you'll ever see. There is no violence, by which I mean that there is much rape, both heterosexual and homosexual, and kidnapping and torture and dismemberment and quite a lot of murder, but in the tradition of the Greek tragedians, it all occurs offstage. There are no car chases; there is no gunplay. Nary a knife is pulled. When a punch is thrown in the second episode, it really is like a blow in the face. Yet the atmosphere of violence and menace is unremitting. This is due to the near-faultless acting of Ms. Mirren, whose performance has an invisible quality to it. You don't notice that she's acting at all, and you can forget (unlike with, say, Debra Winger or Meryl Streep) that you have ever seen her before. I even forgot that I'd seen her romping naked through *Caligula,* and had to go out and rent it all over again just to remind myself.

"This is the first time I have played a policewoman," says Mirren, "but I wouldn't say it is the first time I have played a character like her. In fact, the character I have played that is closest to her is Lady Macbeth." Tough though that lady's life undoubtedly was, and fast and loose though her attitude toward law and order may have been, she never had to console a policeman who'd been bitten by a male hooker with AIDS, or attend exhumations and autopsies that made strong men lurch and vomit, or have an off-duty affair with a black colleague and tell him very bluntly that he'd better keep his mouth shut about it. Perhaps it helps that Mirren lives in Los Angeles with the director Taylor Hackford, who made *An Officer and a Gentleman.* It gives her a cultural edge in the mid-Atlantic world of TV, and perhaps also in the fictional setting of "Prime Suspect," where the officers are anything but. Rare is the male superior in this series whose neck is not wider than his head. In one scene, the open secret of Freemasonry within the Metropolitan Police is bluntly mentioned: the unofficial freemasonry of the macho network is the whole theme of the trilogy.

The landscape is unrelievedly bleak. In the first series a lockup garage is used as a psychopath's torture chamber. In the second a backyard in a black slum is found to be a burial ground. And finally, in this new series, a flyblown railway terminal is the preying point for those who devour runaway children. Suspects live in firetrap walk-ups or gritty, windswept housing projects. Abandoned mills and factories, scuzzy seaside trailer parks, sinister amusement arcades—these are the settings. When a badly decomposed corpse is found on a golf course, the brief excursion into the sylvan is almost like—well—a breath of fresh air. And the characters! No English charm here, no teddy bears or foxhounds or witty repartee. The people are surly, cynical, resentful, and greedy, or when they are not (like the West Indian parents of a youth who dies in police custody), they are about to get the shaft. The second-most-memorable face in the new series belongs to David Thewlis, who plays a snarling, whining, crafty pervert—a fixer in Soho's flourishing hustler trade. As with his stellar performance in Mike Leigh's *Naked,* Thewlis gives us the wised-up, gone-wrong tones of junk Britain.

So, though British products continue to dominate Public Broadcasting's drama schedule, the Anglophile clichés are much less predictable than they used to be. The millions who tuned in to see "House of Cards" last year were watching a drama about the Mother of Parliaments all right—but a drama in which a


SMIRNOFF
PURE STANDOUT.
SMIRNOFF.

British prime minister conspires to commit murder. The screenwriter in that instance was Andrew Davies, who also adapted George Eliot's *Middlemarch* for the BBC, which is to be shown on PBS in six weekly episodes starting on April 10. I had a chat with Davies about contrasting English and American styles.

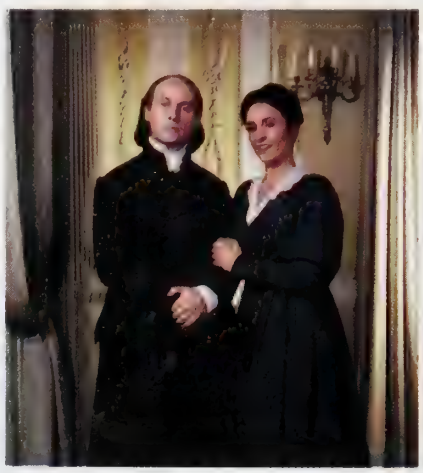
"Well, I find—though I've never worked for American television—that American made-for-TV movies and American serials are glossy and smoothed-out and bland and simplified. The great exception in my memory was *Washington Behind Closed Doors,* which I thought was just wonderful and which I daresay had a subliminal influence on the way I did 'House of Cards' and 'To Play the King.' Sometimes you get a British commercial-TV effort that tries to copy the U.S.-type mini-series or Movie of the Week, but they never quite work."

Do the makers of British serials have the American market in mind when they decide what to make, or how to make it? "I think that perhaps some producers or heads of design departments may be a bit like that, but actually the BBC rather grandly assumes that Americans will be interested in the way we choose to do it. PBS does tend to come along and look at the scripts and things like that at a later stage, but they don't seem to want to interfere."

Though "Middlemarch" does something to restore the image of red-squirrel England, with its lovingly observed dray horses and pewter beer mugs and sheepdogs and stovepipe hats, to say nothing of its jovial, red-faced squires and pale, melancholy curates, the fact is that George Eliot, too, depicts a great deal of squalor and misery. In this highly acclaimed series no less than the book, there are echoes and rumbles of class warfare in the land. Again, the chief agency is that of a strong and intelligent woman, with the signal difference that whereas Detective Inspector Tennison is out for herself, and willing to trample her colleagues to get her own way, Dorothea Brooke is motivated by intense feelings of social and spiritual uplift. (The period, incidentally, is that of Sir Robert Peel, who set up London's first police force. "Peeler," indeed, was an early semi-affectionate folk term for The Law, surviving into the current century along with "bobby"—which had the same root—and "rozzer," before being replaced in our own fine day by the all-purpose phrase "the filth.")

As a television project, *Middlemarch* has the huge advantage of having been written as a serial novel for monthly publication. "It's a great help," says Andrew Davies, whose only previous adaptation of Victorian literature was one Dickens short story. "You can see that though George Eliot 'goes longer' with certain individual stories and scenes than we would do, she always gives a good chunk of each theme and each character in every episode—and usually manages a cliff-hanger at the end of each section. So there's no need to contrive too much."

Scenes would begin with open French windows, country-house lawns, and restrained drawing rooms. The words "Anyone for tennis?" could still be heard.



Another country: Patrick Malahide, as the Reverend Edward Casaubon, with Juliet Aubrey, who plays Dorothea Brooke, the reformist heroine of George Eliot's *Middlemarch.*

Tough though things are for the cottagers, peasants, and debtors in *Middlemarch,* the novel is soaked with the atmosphere of impending reform and innovation. Science and industry and medicine are in the process of beginning to revolutionize Middlemarch. What a contrast to the mental and moral atmosphere of "Prime Suspect," where everybody seems to be on the dole or on the fiddle and where income is made chiefly by pornography and prostitution. In order to film "Middlemarch" with any hope of authenticity, the BBC had to scour the length and breadth of the United Kingdom for some landscape that had not been trammeled by highways, electricity towers, Burger Kings, and nuclear-waste dumps. The backdrops of "Prime Suspect" could have been any city in the country.

What, if anything, does this tell us about the continuing hold of British-made programs on American "quality" TV? Part of the answer lies in the literary tradition itself; Dickens and Eliot and Shakespeare are members of the American canon, and likely to survive all attempts at making college reading lists more "relevant" and "exciting." But that in itself doesn't mean that Brits have to make the shows, or put up the money that they famously don't have. So there must be an element of deference in the relationship, combined with an unspoken division of labor. You cast them and write them and produce them, and we'll fall over ourselves to purchase them and praise them. A highly satisfactory arrangement, at any rate from the British point of view, and one that allows them to "have" the cake (of being considered more polished and fastidious) while "eating" it too (Helen Mirren took her immense fee from Bob Guccione's *Caligula* and used it to buy a hundred-acre wooded retreat in Scotland—not all that far from the ancestral home of Lady Macbeth).

Loamshire, the setting of *Middlemarch,* was the fictional county ridiculed by the great Kenneth Tynan when he set out on his one-man crusade to reform the English drama. He was writing at a time when red-squirreldom was still in vogue, and when scenes would begin with open French windows, country-house lawns, and restrained drawing rooms. The words "Anyone for tennis?" could still be heard. Tynan wrote that, no matter what the cost in social and theatrical and cinematic "standards," Loamshire must be destroyed. Well, now it has been. Those English fantasias of manners and breeding come from an ethereal region that is as remote from British experience as it once was from the American. The gray squirrels, culturally speaking, completed their hostile takeover. The cleverness of a Helen Mirren is that she's a closet red squirrel, still managing to beat the others at their own game. □

DAVID EDWARDS





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THE MOYNIHAN MYSTIQUE

When the eccentric Daniel Patrick Moynihan became chairman of the Senate's most powerful committee, he got the bully pulpit he had always wanted. To the White House's dismay, he's using it

BY ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY



Despite his Sawyeresque irreverence, New York's Democratic senator, Pat Moynihan, doesn't whitewash truth for the president—or anyone.

All the stuffy might of Capitol Hill is concentrated in this chamber, the base of operations for a committee that controls almost all of the taxes and much of the spending of the United States of America. The members of the Senate Finance Committee are virtually interchangeable, white men in gray suits: Republican or Democrat, pro-life or pro-choice, northerner or southerner, they look and sound alike. Except for the chairman, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, who is enthroned at the center of the raised wooden horseshoe that dominates the large hearing room.

As an expert witness wades into details of the gross deficiencies of the Social Security system, Moynihan's hands fly up into the air (disgusted resignation!), or his head jerks backward (shock and surprise!), or some incoherent, explosive sound (outraged agreement?) issues from his almost feminine, rosebud mouth. White hair falls in a long, straight, boyish lock across his forehead as he leans toward his microphone to interject in the sly staccato that is unlike any pattern of speech allowed to modern-day politicians. In the sluggish, dispassionate context of official Washington, the effect is weirdly compelling, like watching someone with intellectual Tourette's syndrome.

Later that week, at a full-court committee hearing, a less agitated Moynihan

s down magisterially at a troika of -level witnesses: Secretary of State ren Christopher, Secretary of the asury Lloyd Bentsen, and U.S. Trade resentative Mickey Kantor. Christo-r, invited by Moynihan to begin the inistration's testimony, defers to tsen, the previous chairman of this erful committee. It's an elaborate bit Washington protocol, the kind of rtesy in which Moynihan himself in-ges with great frequency. After Bent-has given his testimony, however, chairman chooses to let a little air of the secretary of state.

Secretary Christopher, have you got spirit now?" he inquires silkily, full mock solicitude. "Are you in the *od?*" Delighted titters from a jaded dience of bureaucrats, staffers, and bbyists, none of whom expect much ertainment from a Senate hearing, all of whom know that the Finance mmittee has become the liveliest act the Hill.

"Dad loves the theater," says Moyni-n's daughter, Maura. The senator's aide describes his boss as "perfor-nce art." It is impossible to know w much deliberation—or self-mock-goes into Pat Moynihan's dramatic dition of Pat Moynihan. Critics have gested it's shtick, and not getting any sher as time passes, but those who ve known him for decades say this is mply the way he's always been. "It 't his purpose to blend into his envi-nment," says a longtime friend.

In Washington, Moynihan's bow-tied dness has worked for him. "Every mmer a tall, gray-haired [*sic*] former rvard professor spends several weeks an old one-room schoolhouse in Pin-rs Corners [in upstate New York], iting in distinctive prose another ok filled with original thought about ernational law or the rising propor-on of children raised in single-parent milies," intoned the 1993 *Almanac of nerican Politics*. "He is Senator Daniel trick Moynihan, the kind of philoso-her-politician who the Founding Fa-ers hoped would people the Senate— hough they might have been surprised have one spring, as Moynihan did, om the Manhattan slum of Hell's tchen."

But when Washington realized that its t eccentric was in line to succeed ntsen as Finance Committee chair-an a serious power job there was a llective paroxysm of concern. Moyni-n was "quirky"; he didn't have a strong gislative record; the fey professor would never hold his own against his counterpart in the House, Ur wheeler-dealer Dan Rostenkowski. A top official in the fledgling Clinton White House chimed in with a singularly undiplomatic leak to *Time*'s Michael Kramer that "Moynihan supported Bob Kerrey during the primaries. He's not one of us, and he can't control Finance like Bentsen did. He's cantankerous, but he couldn't obstruct us even if he wanted to. . . . We'll roll right over him if we have to."

By now, the White House and the Washington establishment—knows that Pat Moynihan is perfectly capable of pushing through legislation, or of digging in his heels. He can shepherd the disparate and powerful members of the relatively conservative Finance Committee toward compromise. He has an excellent working relationship with the sulfurous Republican leader, Bob Dole. With the announced departure of Majority Leader George Mitchell, Moynihan may well emerge as the most powerful man in the Senate. On key legislation, including health-care reform, he can call the shots.

And so, far from rolling right over him, the administration has been on the hop, running up to Capitol Hill for damage control the day after Moynihan pronounced its health-care figures to be "accurate fantasy," backtracking after Moynihan characterized Clinton's reluctance to deal with welfare reform as "the clatter of campaign promises being tossed out the window," watching helplessly as Moynihan became the first Democratic leader to call for a special prosecutor on the Whitewater scandal.

A former Moynihan aide, asked about the chairman's relationship with the president, does a pretty good imitation of Marlon Brando's Godfather: "Clinton, he doesn't show respect. He's ignorant. He shoulda said, Senator, I read your book . . . " Though the president has been learning to show proper respect, there is still a clash of radically different sensibilities; Moynihan's dry, breezy, unsentimental style is the polar opposite of Clinton's moist, mushy, talk-show approach. Ask the president whether he is well and he's not likely to answer, as Moynihan might, "Given the state of the Republic, quite well, thank you."

Finally, further complicating his relationship with the White House, there are the scars Moynihan bears from his early years in Washington, scars inflicted by the same breed of liberal activist

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that has returned to take a measure of power in the piebald administration of Bill and Hillary Clinton. Moynihan "thought he'd driven a stake through their hearts," says the head of a neoconservative think tank. "They're back."

Donna Shalala, Clinton's secretary of health and human services, is one of "them." (As, in an honorary sense, is the First Lady, by virtue of her close connection with Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund.) Shalala and Moynihan have already had a couple of run-ins on an issue that's getting bigger by the moment: welfare reform. The White House, and most especially Mrs. Clinton, sees health-care reform as the top priority. The chairman disagrees.

He will do his best to give President Clinton what he, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, deems a responsible—and viable—health-care bill. ("Pat is not enamored of lost causes," says his friend Frank Mankiewicz, the vice-chairman of Hill and Knowlton.) But what he wants in return is welfare reform, and he simply cannot understand why the White House has been keeping him waiting.

The senator won't attack Clinton directly; he takes great pride in his record as a patriot who has served in the Cabinet or subcabinet of four presidents. Instead, he has insisted that the problem lies with the "new appointees" at H.H.S., and has taunted Secretary Shalala mercilessly and publicly. But when he accused the administration of using the welfare issue as "boob bait for the bubbas," he was warning them to get serious. For three decades he's been thinking about welfare, about the effect it has had on the American family and on our society. He sees welfare reform not just as a technical problem—though it surely is one—but also as a statement of our values. And, unlike virtually any other member of the U.S. Senate, he's actually been on welfare.

It is now part of the Moynihan myth that New York's senior senator sprang "from the Manhattan slum of Hell's Kitchen." For a few years, while Pat was in college, his mother, Margaret, did run a bar in that neighborhood, but the reality of his early years was much more complicated, and perhaps, for a child, especially the oldest child, more harrowing. In 1937, when he was 10, the bottom fell out of Pat's comfortably middle-class world. His father, John Moynihan, an advertising copywriter, disappeared just up and left. The same year, his mother's affluent midwestern family lost their home in a flood. That was when Margaret Moynihan and her three children went on welfare, until Margaret found her feet. Her brief second marriage, to a much older man, provided temporary financial security and a grand house in Kitchawan, a suburb in wealthy Westchester County, but one suspects at some emotional cost. The rest of Pat's youth would be a struggle as his mother moved her family from one neighborhood to another as the job market dictated.

"It isn't his purpose to blend into his environment," says a longtime friend.



In 1992, Pat Moynihan, who supported Bob Kerrey for the Democratic presidential nomination, appeared with the Nebraska senator in Nashua, New Hampshire.

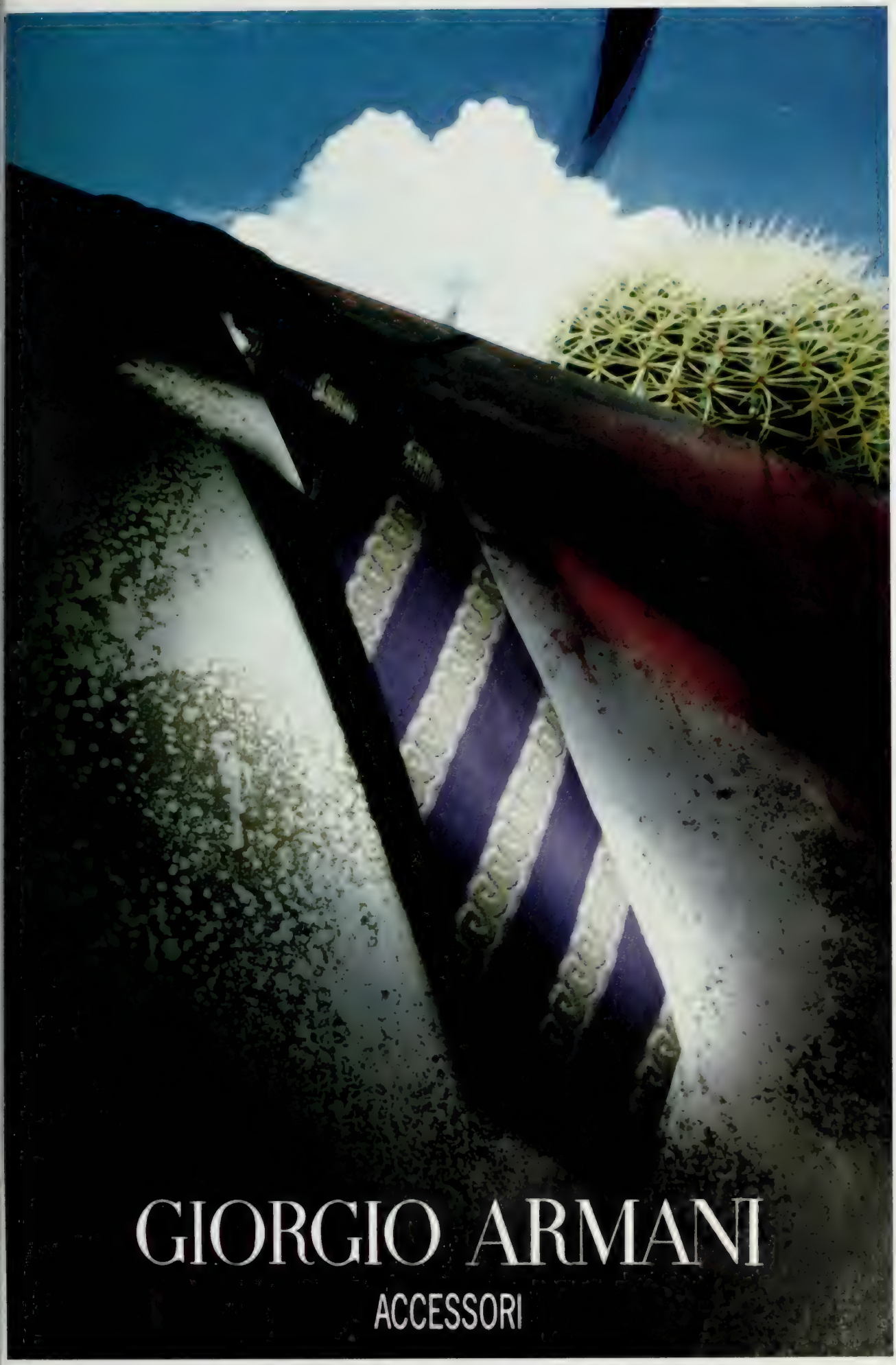
Pat Moynihan is not given to the psychological navel-gazing of our age. He doesn't talk about what happened. Even his daughter says she knows only the sketchiest outlines of the story. The senator has left his inner child as far behind as he possibly can, and, since Moynihan is now one of the five or six most important men in Washington, that is pretty far indeed. Funny thing about childhood, though. It does make you, and it does shape you, and it does tend to pop out at the most inappropriate moments.

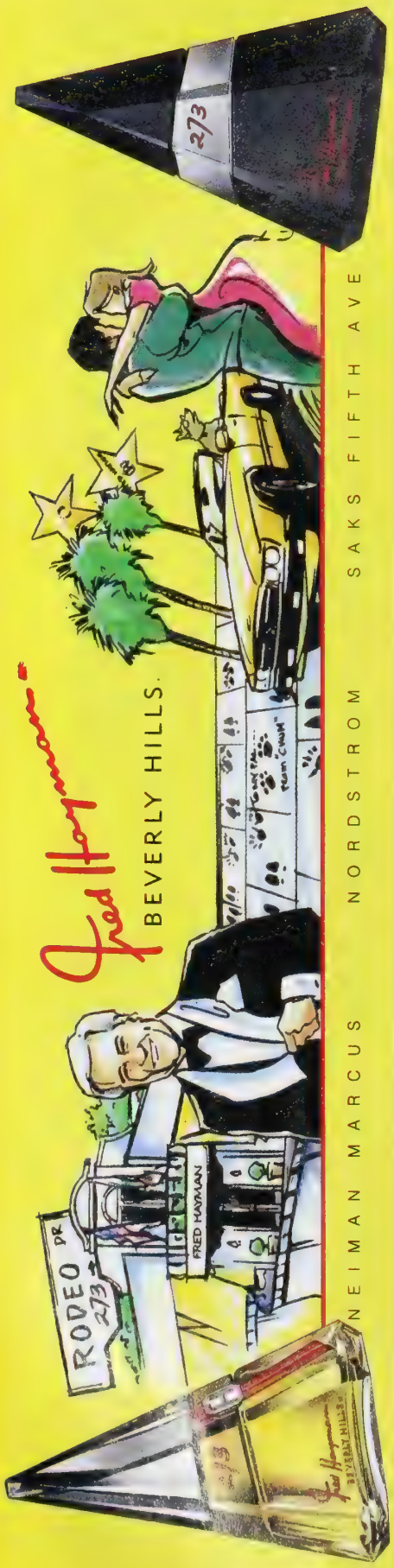
Take the interview Moynihan gave *Rolling Stone* reporter Timothy Crouse in 1976, during his first campaign for the Senate. "What sort of background do *you* come from?" the candidate asked the journalist. Crouse confessed it was "upper middle class." "Aaaaaah," said Moynihan. "A rich Harvard kid. Or, as we used to say where I come from, a rich college *fuck*." This from a man who had already wielded his influence in the Nixon White House, served as ambassador to India and the U.N., and was speaking from the Harvard Faculty Club as a tenured professor of that university.

But for the abrupt departure of his father, Moynihan himself might have been a well-off, if not a rich, Harvard kid. A month interviewing a cross section of the senator's vast acquaintance is a month spent hearing the same word over and over again: brilliant.

Had he remained in academia, Moynihan's intellectual light would shine rather less brightly. He has a phenomenal memory and can process enormous amounts of information, but his strength has been in popularizing the ideas of others, rather than in original thinking or sustained scholarship. In the political world, however, the enormity of Moynihan's intellect is an article of faith graven in black and white by a pronouncement from George Will that Moynihan has written more books than most senators have read. (Will is also responsible for the tag line most often attached to a second article of faith about Moynihan: that he drinks to excess. Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln's response to the suggestion that General Grant was a lush, Will wrote, "Find out what Moynihan drinks and send a case of the stuff to the other 99 senators.")

A close friend, Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska, seems almost painfully deferential when he talks about Moynihan: "I consider myself a student of Pat's." Another fellow legislator, Missouri's senator John Danforth, testifies that Moynihan "is very amenable to other people's ideas," then adds an unusual (for a U.S. senator) coda: "I never have the sense that my dumb ideas are going to be dismissed." Along Gucci Gulch, the corridor outside the Finance Committee offices, plied by expensively shod lobbyists, Moynihan has been heard lecturing other senators on, say, the reasons Romania was a model of Stalinist government. You don't general-


GIORGIO ARMANI
ACCESSORI



ly hear a lot of bowing and scraping to intellect on Capitol Hill. In fact, most senators don't want to appear too pointy-headed. Bob Dole may be as smart as Pat Moynihan, says Frank Mankiewicz, "but Dole hides it. Pat doesn't. Pat does not care if people think he's highly intelligent."

"The legitimate question," says a former Moynihan aide, after the ritual bow to the senator's brainpower, "is brilliance in the service of what? Lots of times it's a shield, against questions or work or criticism." Stephen Hess, who worked with Moynihan in the Nixon administration, enunciates the implicit threat most bluntly: "The people who don't like Pat Moynihan usually either don't know him very well or are not up to the jobs that they've been given. . . . The only sort of grousing that I have ever heard about Pat comes from people who are so clearly his intellectual inferiors." Put another way, those who are fondest of Moynihan are the people who are willing to cede him intellectual superiority.

His relationship with Henry Kissinger is instructive on that score. Arthur Klebanoff, president of the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, worked for Moynihan in the Nixon White House. As Klebanoff describes it, national-security adviser Kissinger had one corner of the West Wing basement; Moynihan, as domestic-policy counselor, had the other. "Without exception, every time I was with Moynihan and we crossed paths with Kissinger in the corridor . . . he'd say, 'So, Henry, what have you done for peace today?' "

The nettling was part of a long and complicated guerrilla war, an emotional Vietnam between the two Harvard professors–cum–policy wizards, in which Moynihan seems to have played the part of the outmaneuvered giant. His frustration fairly leaps from the pages of his memoir of his days as ambassador to the United Nations, by which time Kissinger was Gerald Ford's secretary of state and therefore Moynihan's boss. "I knew [Kissinger]," Moynihan writes, "as someone of considerably greater ability than my own, largely in the matter of energy, which is what matters most in government. He slept four hours and worked twenty. Thus he was twice the man I was. On the other hand, I was not his inferior and I knew that also."

This strange relationship permeates the book (rivaled only in importance by Moynihan's obsession with *The New York Times*, which continues to this day; the senator reportedly calls editorial page editor Howell Raines once a week for a "policy mind-meld"). Discussing his decision to leave the U.N., Moynihan writes that staying in his job would have entailed sacrificing his tenure as a professor of government at Harvard, which "would ineluctably alter our working relationship. I would no longer be [Kissinger's] equal. . . . He knew that, and I knew it; and he knew that I knew. He would not be able to help himself."

Harvard tenure is a prestigious harbor, which Moynihan had struggled to reach, and it says much about his driven nature that he was willing to face blistering political fire in order to run for the Senate in 1976. A former aide says Moynihan "loves seeing enemies." But just because Moynihan was paranoid, it didn't mean that they weren't out to get him. For much of his long career, he was under attack, weathering one storm only to be greeted by another.

Today, at age 67, Pat Moynihan is as close to invulnerable as he will ever be. There is no Kissinger in his life. Moynihan appears to think he's smarter than anyone in the Clinton crew (when the new First Lady sent him her Wellesley undergraduate thesis on Saul Alinsky, he gave it an A—he graded it). Since that first, frighteningly close Senate primary race, he's been re-elected twice by huge margins. This fall, he'll have the annoyance of a primary challenge from the Reverend Al Sharpton, but no one expects a serious threat (more than $2.5 million in the campaign war chest is no mean security blanket). Still, he's antsy about the race, says a staff member.

"He's never going to be completely happy," says his onetime press secretary Lance Morgan, "because it's just not in his nature to be satisfied." But the consensus is that, in his restless, fretful way, Moynihan is deriving immense satisfaction from his exalted position as Finance Committee chairman. On the *Charlie Rose* show, describing a visit to Sarajevo, the senator complained that he had had to go in with the Canadians; the U.S. Air Force wouldn't take him. "They wouldn't take *you*—the powerful chairman?" Rose marveled. "I wasn't chairman then," Moynihan replied, without missing a beat.

"He's waited a long time for this," says his daughter. "He's ready, dammit. He's paid his dues. He's going to enjoy it." And he'll enjoy it on his own quirky terms.

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man, as Moynihan struggled to push Bill Clinton's 1993 budget through the Senate, it became apparent that Bob Kerrey would be the key vote—the man who could save or sink an imperiled presidency. The day before the vote, while the administration fulminated and Capitol Hill held its breath, Kerrey left his office and went to an afternoon showing of *What's Love Got to Do with It?,* the Tina Turner biopic.

This act of insouciance was seen as the height of flakiness, just another example of why Kerrey had been nicknamed "Cosmic Bob." But Kerrey was only following instructions. "I told a number of people when I reached the conclusion that I wasn't going to vote for the budget," he recalls. "When I told Senator Moynihan, he said, 'Well, fine, fine, Tiger. Go see a movie.'"

It was Moynihan's wife, Liz, who dragged Kerrey back to reality. "Liz called and said, 'What'd he say?' I said, 'Go see a movie,' and she said, 'Oh God, he never says what he's supposed to say.'" She then proceeded to tell Kerrey why he had to cast his vote in favor of the bill. The next day Moynihan pleaded with his friend to "give me this one," and Kerrey finally succumbed.

Maura Moynihan remembers her father telling her, with his usual flair for the dramatic, "We had to save the presidency." Whether or not that "we" referred to a successful squeeze play on the part of Senator and Mrs. Moynihan, Liz is among the most powerful wives in the Senate. "Dad is completely dependent on my mom," says their daughter. Liz was campaign manager for her husband in 1982 and 1988, and when Moynihan announced that the 1988 race was the last campaign she would run, there was some speculation that this meant it was the last campaign *he* would run.

Tall, elegant, snowy-haired, a perfect visual bookend to her husband, Liz Moynihan leads a somewhat schizophrenic existence, moving between her nuts-and-bolts political work and a rarefied but intense scholarship on the gardens of Mogul India. (She is personally responsible for a significant archaeological discovery: a garden built by the founder of the Mogul dynasty, Emperor Babur, in 1529.) Maura Moynihan has neatly encapsulated the appeal of India to various members of the Moynihan family. "When Dad was ambassador to India I was interested in the Hindu era, Mom was interested in the Mogul era and Dad was interested in the Raj," she once told *The Washington Post.*

There is a bohemian, not to say oddball, aspect to this family. None of the senator's three children holds a conventional job, and, according to a family friend, "it would be a vast relief if they were doing better financially." Tim, 37, who at one point went by the name "Mendel," creates large papier-mâché figures, one of which is installed in his father's Senate office. Maura, 35, the only child to get involved in her father's political life, has scattered her talents around as a singer, actress, and writer. After suffering the fallout from a bitter custody battle between her husband, John Avedon, and his first wife, Elizabeth (which included allegations—since dropped—that Avedon's father, Richard, had molested one of Elizabeth and John's two sons), Maura is divorcing John. She lives in Washington with their child, Michael, and works on behalf of the Dalai Lama. The youngest Moynihan, John, is a cartoonist.

The senator and his wife largely avoid the Washington social circuit, with Liz spending as much time as possible at their farm in upstate New York. When her husband can join her, which is less often now that he's Finance chairman, his life is "very stylized," according to their friend Charles Blitzer, with a routine that includes Sunday church, mornings at the typewriter, and the absence of television or radio. In Washington, the pragmatic Liz was the driving force behind the Moynihans' recent move from an elegant but inconvenient Capitol Hill town house to a luxury condo. She knew that the only way to make the move palatable to her architecture-loving husband would be to find a place on the section of Pennsylvania Avenue that had been recently redeveloped under a plan Moynihan has been pushing since the Kennedy administration.

By most accounts, Liz is the tougher of the two, and quick to strike in her husband's defense. One friend of the Moynihans' whispers the word "vindictive." Key aides to the senator end up spending a great deal of time at the Moynihan home and are said to serve at her pleasure, as well as his. "Liz's fair-haired boy" is one description applied to the current director of the Finance Committee staff, Lawrence O'Donnell Jr.

O'Donnell is described with other, more colorful phrases, which boggle the mind only because they're attached to

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the man who runs the day-to-day operations of a Senate committee. "Former TV comedy writer" is one. "Leather-clad biker" is another. He jets between Washington, New York, and L.A., and recently married his actress girlfriend, Kathryn Harrold, just in time to avoid becoming an unwed father. With his hair sweeping about his shoulders, O'Donnell has the air of a pirate let loose on the gray landscape of Capitol Hill. He rivals his boss for sheer improbability.

No wonder the Clinton White House, which despite the sex and the saxophone has proved to be as wonky and earnest as any Washington administration in memory, is in a constant flutter over how to handle Moynihan. He doesn't play by the rules, and he is prone to mischief. "What was so wrong about Les Aspin?" he asked recently, as if the question had just occurred to him. "I thought he was a pretty good secretary of defense."

Being singular can be played to advantage. Moynihan learned that lesson out of necessity and at a very early age.

Judging from the bare-bones description contained in a biography by Douglas Schoen, the first task for Pat's considerable intelligence was making sure no one knew how much it hurt when his father left. How much it hurt that he was living in ugly, cold-water poverty, and shining shoes after school.

In a dark version of Tom Sawyer and the hated task of whitewashing the fence, Pat created romance from his precarious reality, and got his more affluent pals to share the "excitement" of being poor. "He invited his old friends from Westchester to visit him whenever they were in an exploratory mood and wanted to see how the other half lived," Schoen writes. And later, when 16-year-old Pat was working as a stevedore, "Moynihan enjoyed talking of work on the docks with his friends from Westchester, who lived in a very different world."

His wit, his extraordinary memory, and his gift with language also made him stand out, even in the company of boys who'd had [illegible] advantages. At a navy training course at Middlebury College, Pat Moynihan, product of New York public schools and City College, met Angus Deming, fresh out of Andover prep. "It's hard to remember that time without Pat," Deming says of the elite group. "He was such a central part of our life. He amused us, but he also educated us. . . . None of us knew as much as he did—or as he said he did."

Deming sensed the element of bluff, and put it down to the self-consciousness of a painfully skinny kid from the wrong side of various tracks. "Pat always made sure everybody knew about his longshoreman's experience. I always suspected it was mythology—kind of a macho way of counteracting that he didn't look much like a redoubtable sailor, partly a way of counteracting the fact that most of his friends were preppies. Initially, and perhaps for quite a while, he felt slightly at a disadvantage, and slightly superior."

"Find out what Moynihan drinks," wrote George Will, "and send a case of the stuff to the other 99 senators."

But the feelings weren't so slight. A 1945 letter from Pat to another friend indicated there was a considerable chip on that bony swaggering shoulder: he was "very jealous in a way about how satisfied and happy they [his preppy friends] are with themselves and things as they are. . . . Nothing fazes them. They get my ass by the way they sit there and wallow in every kind of economic and social advantage our society has to offer and remain completely spiritually and mentally mediocre, while people who really could learn go stewing away at CCNY. . . . [They need] a good swift kick in their blue blood asses. They need to get hurt once in a while. They need to get some feeling in them."

Moynihan's animosity toward the children of privilege—the "rich college fucks"—would resurface in the late 1960s, when he saw the anti-war movement on college campuses as part of "a mindless assault on the civic and social order," as he has written, when "nihilist terrorism made its appearance as children of the upper middle class began to blow up themselves, and on occasion, others, as they expressed their disapproval of this or that government policy."

In the 1970s, it became part of his campaign arsenal to emphasize his working-class experiences: the childhood mask had become a political weapon. Moynihan was the tough Irish pol who started out shining shoes in Times Square—even as he adopted the manner and dress of a British don.

If Moynihan has often seemed ambivalent about matters of class, perhaps it was because he *wasn't* a dockworker's son who'd pulled himself up into the white-collar ranks; Moynihan's family had been firmly middle- to upper-middle-class until, all of a sudden, they weren't. The scramble was not to push the family one more rung up the socio-economic ladder (his maternal grandfather had been a successful lawyer; his paternal grandfather, a manager for a gas company); it was to gain back what had been lost when his father left. And on some level that was an impossible task.

It wasn't until Moynihan was 23 years old, when he won a Fulbright scholarship to study at the London School of Economics, that he experienced any real measure of freedom, financial or psychological. Instead of rushing home from Boston (after his navy service he had finished his undergraduate work at Tufts, then attended its graduate school of diplomacy) to tend to family problems, and worrying about his mother's saloon business, Moynihan was enjoying the pubs, theaters, and dinner parties of London.

Washington superlawyer Leonard Garment, a longtime friend and admirer, speculates that this period was crucial for Moynihan. "Nobody knows about the half-formed, three-quarters-formed Moynihan that existed before he went to England. I have a feeling England played a role in hammering together these very powerful pieces of metal that were lying around unassembled. That's pure instinct. Something about the language, the nature of their politics, the sense of class."

According to Douglas Schoen, the young Moynihan did take this opportunity to try "to reshape his image." Certainly he was drawn to British customs and luxuries—bowler hats, custom-made shoes, handkerchief up his sleeve. (Years later, during his stint as U.S. ambassador to India, he would be photographed in bowler and impeccably tailored suit, reviewing a Gurkha guard and looking far more like a representative of Whitehall than of Washington.) And he was delighted by the weight of the history surrounding him, in London's buildings and in its institutions. He managed to stretch out his

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time abroad to two and a half years.

On his return from England, Moynihan began to feel his way through New York's political jungle. He was a volunteer worker in Robert Wagner's 1953 race for mayor, and later joined the gubernatorial campaign of Averell Harriman, where he met Elizabeth Brennan. (She married him, she has said, because "he was the funniest man I had ever met"—an opinion shared by many.) After serving as an aide to the new governor, he took on the task of organizing Harriman's papers at Syracuse University, and started writing for Irving Kristol, who was then editing *The Reporter*. To this day, Kristol says he wishes Pat hadn't gone into politics: "He should have stayed as a writer. He has such a fertile mind." But Pat and Liz Moynihan decided to leave the intellectual freedom of New York for a place where ideas are taken much more seriously—and regarded with a great deal more suspicion.

"I had first gone to Washington with John F. Kennedy and then stayed on with Lyndon Johnson," Moynihan wrote in his U.N. memoir. "There I learned as an adult what I had known as a child, which is that the world is a dangerous place." He learned this lesson in 1965, as an assistant secretary in the Labor Department, when he put his name to a report entitled *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*. On the surface, it was the kind of study the government issues by the thousands every year—without discernible impact and certainly without any great danger being posed to their authors.

Harry McPherson, who was one of Johnson's closest aides at the time, was convalescing from minor surgery when Moynihan appeared in his hospital room, a bottle of scotch under one arm and his soon-to-be-infamous report under the other. "The copy he had brought along was one of a hundred, and bore the warning 'For Official Use Only,'" McPherson recalls in his book, *A Political Education*. "I was accustomed to security classifications on papers at Defense and State; to find one on a sociological treatise from the Labor Department was surprising. Halfway through, I saw why. *The Negro Family* was politically charged."

Students of the Moynihan myth know its author's dramatic version of how this incendiary document came into being: there was the young assistant secretary looking at the figures for unemployment and welfare, which were correlating nicely and rationally year after year—unemployment up, welfare up; unemployment down, welfare down. Then, in Moynihan's words, "the numbers went blooey on me," the lines crossed. Unemployment went down, while welfare continued to rise. The reason? The marginalization of black men, and a steady rise in the number of black families headed by women.

Welfare, Moynihan wrote, will one day be accepted as the "cost of doing urban business."

In *The Promised Land*, his book on the great black migration to the cities, Nicholas Lemann traces the origins of the report to Moynihan's reading of a 1959 book by Stanley Elkins, which argued that slavery "had so devastated African-Americans as to have reduced them to a state of dependency." Lemann believes Moynihan seized on the deterioration of the black family, and the increasing number of children being born to unmarried black women, as a way to advance the interests of the Labor Department and his own political ambitions.

Whatever his motivations, Pat Moynihan was onto a very real problem: the fact that welfare was becoming a way of life for black women and their families. Read his report today, substituting the words "African-American" for "Negro," and it is hard to see what made it "probably the most refuted document in American history," as Lemann puts it. But in 1965, the year of the Watts riot, many in the civil-rights movement and the nascent New Left charged Moynihan with "blaming the victim" and assaulting black culture.

One black leader argued, with unintended irony, that "just because Moynihan believes in middle-class values doesn't mean that they are good for everyone. . . . Moynihan thinks that everyone should have a family structure like his own." All of a sudden, Pat Moynihan was the Typhoid Mary of the Johnson administration. Lemann quotes Bill Moyers on L.B.J.'s reaction: "I don't know what was in [the Moynihan report], but whatever it was, stay away from it."

Moynihan certainly intended that his report have an impact. McPherson points out that the number of copies made—a hundred—"was too many if you were trying to keep it close, and it was too few if you were trying to make it just one more government document. A hundred seemed about right for giving it a rarity and importance, and to know that it was supposed to be treated confidentially made it all the more grist for the Washington mill and more exciting to people." But McPherson doesn't believe that Moynihan was prepared for the storm that would rage around this particular document, or for the revelation that his critics would be from the left: "Did he foresee the report being attacked from that quarter? I wouldn't think so. In fact, I was really enormously surprised, and I still don't quite know why it happened."

Moynihan's friends describe him as "bruised" and "pilloried" by the criticism. But perhaps they didn't realize how deep his bitterness was, and how great his disgust with the liberal wing of the Democratic Party; otherwise, it might not have come as such a shock when he went to work as an urban-policy adviser for Richard Nixon. The echoes of his hurt and anger would soften with time, and with his emergence as a widely hailed social "prophet," but they have not disappeared.

His wounds were further aggravated when someone leaked a 1970 memo from Moynihan to Nixon suggesting that "the time may have come when the issue of race could benefit from a period of 'benign neglect.'" The thrust of Moynihan's argument was that racial rhetoric was hurting civil-rights progress, but his choice of words was a bit too fancy. The memo was denounced as a racist call to neglect civil rights—and the denunciations came from the same quarter as the attack on the Moynihan report.

In his 1973 book, about the Nixon administration's efforts to pass the Family Assistance Plan—legislation guaranteeing a minimum income to the working poor, as well as to those who couldn't work—Moynihan denounces the "welfare militants," whose "violent and abusive rhetoric" could damage the reputations of liberals and moderates, and "seemingly drove out thought in that part of the political spectrum ranging from left to far left."

"Moynihan's whole life has been a re-

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action to the reaction to the report on the black family," says one political historian. "If you ranked bogeymen in his life," says a former aide today, "I think liberals would be No. 1."

A lot of passionate ink has been devoted to fixing Pat Moynihan on the political spectrum. Lapsed liberal? Traitor neoconservative? Opportunist without ideology?

After suffering the "abusive rhetoric" of the left, Moynihan became the darling of the neoconservative movement, heir to the mantle of conservative Democrat Henry "Scoop" Jackson. During his first years in the Senate, he employed a number of bright young men—Elliott Abrams, Chester Finn, Charles Horner—who went on to man the front lines of the Reagan Revolution (the "golden boys," as they became known to successive generations of Moynihan aides). But Reagan's program repelled Moynihan. He felt, as Frank Mankiewicz describes it, that the deficit was a deliberate policy "so you reduce spending on domestic issues, leave the poor in poverty," and he was appalled by the specter of a national-security state implicit in the dark doings of Oliver North. In the 1980s he returned, in the eyes of many, to the liberal fold: his Americans for Democratic Action (A.D.A.) ratings since then have been more than respectable.

Ultimately, though, Moynihan is a conservative in the broadest sense of the term, enamored of the old institutions and intolerant of extremes of right and left. *Beyond the Melting Pot,* his first book, written with Harvard sociologist Nathan Glazer, contains much nostalgia for the more orderly political process that existed in New York during the Tammany Hall reign of the Democratic Party bosses. As his old friend Irving Kristol notes, Moynihan "came out of the reform movement, but he loved Tammany, he respected Tammany."

Forced to take a label, he would probably describe himself as a "New Deal Democrat." He believes "you've got to take care of the poor," as Maura Moynihan puts it. But he also believes that public assistance should not be a way of life.

For instance, his affinity with Richard Nixon stemmed in large part from that innate conservatism forged in the personal experience of deprivation. Both Nixon and Moynihan had childhoods in which the struggle against poverty was also a struggle against shame. And when Moynihan wrote of Nixon that "avoidance of dependency had preoccupied his family in his youth," he might well have been writing about Margaret Moynihan's desperate attempts to keep her family afloat, and that brief shameful time when she and her three children were surviving on a public handout.

"He's waited a long time for this," says his daughter. "He's ready, dammit. He's paid his dues."



Senator Moynihan greets Hillary Rodham Clinton after the First Lady met with the Finance Committee on health care.

When Nixon's brother got tuberculosis, Moynihan reported approvingly, "the family went as deep into debt as was necessary to pay the bills and avoid the county hospital. Nixon *knew* that welfare is stigmatizing. Liberals knew something different: that it ought *not* to be. Some found it possible to go from there to the view that it isn't; indeed, that welfare is good and what is bad is persons who don't see this. Such views enhanced the self-esteem of many persons, but changed reality not at all. Welfare *is* stigmatizing. To deny this fact is to be indifferent to pain."

Moynihan might be reluctant to state it so bluntly, but his record bears out Garry Wills's conclusion that he favors "a cash dole to replace welfare services." He has argued that programs such as Head Start were more likely to benefit social-service professionals than to help the poor black family. It was "private subsystems of authority"—the most powerful of which was the family—which "would dispose the urban populace to traditionally acceptable behavior or would not. . . . Either people would take care of their houses, or they would not. Either they would send their children to school in an educable state, or they would not. Either they would find jobs, or they would not."

This is why, in the end, he comes back to the idea of the family, and how government policy affects it. And that is why, as the welfare-reform battle shapes up, all sorts of storm clouds loom.

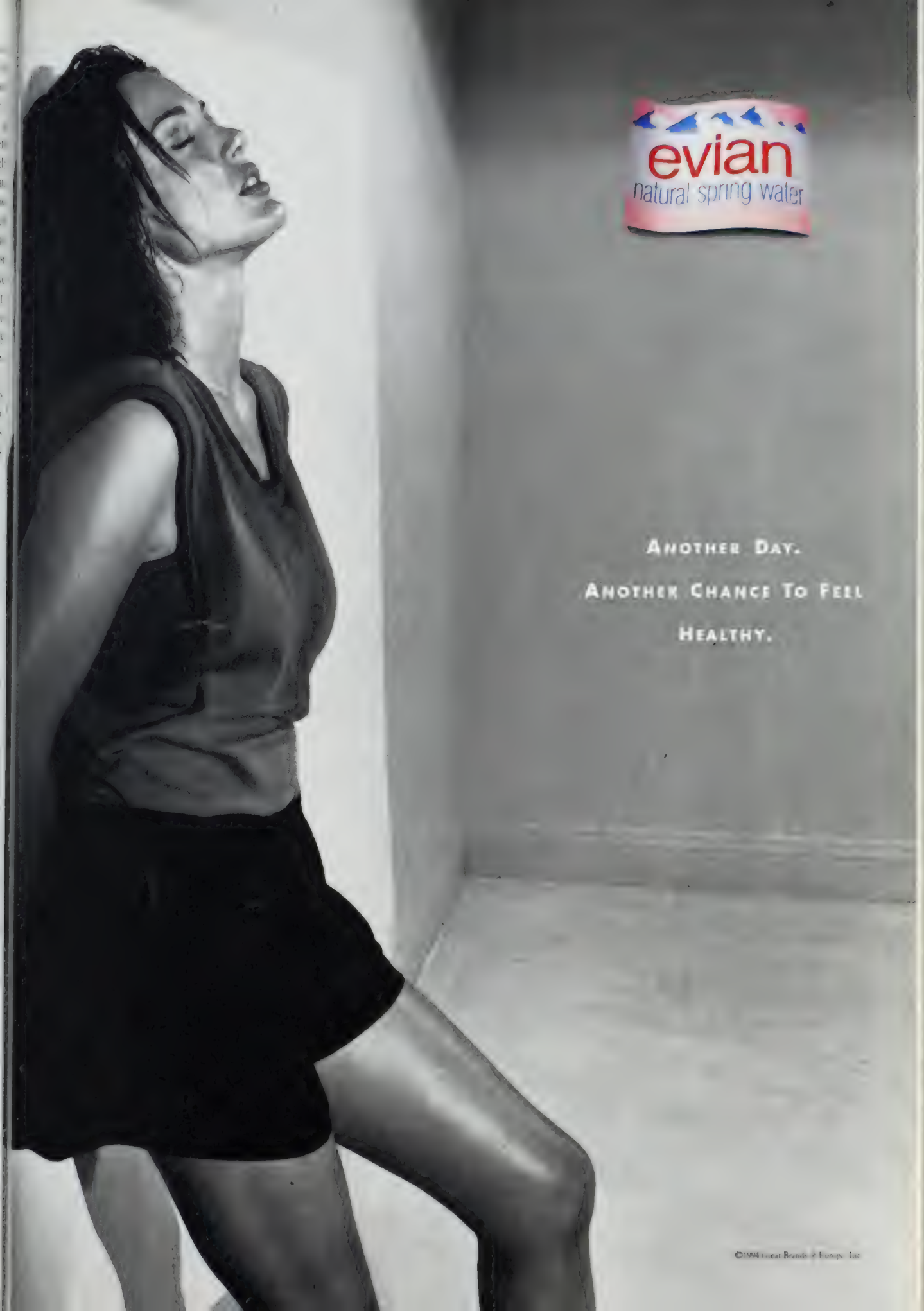
Administration sources say they now aim to have a bill to Moynihan in late April or early May. The White House's basic idea is a "New Democrat" proposal: after two years on welfare, the poor person has to start working. An expensive proposition, since it means either creating menial jobs or training people for the existing market, not to mention providing childcare. Where, Moynihan wants to know, will the money come from?

That question has had the Clinton administration engaged in increasingly open conflict with itself. Everyone knows that raising taxes to fund welfare reform will lead to G.O.P. cries of "tax and spend." Should they cut aid to elderly immigrants, or tax food stamps and housing assistance, to pay for work programs? Should they deny benefits to women who have additional children while on welfare? Require single teenage mothers to live at home (whatever "home" might consist of)? Over the dead bodies of every old-style liberal in office.

They have learned that they must satisfy Moynihan. "The president isn't the only politician in the country with a bully pulpit," says a top White House staffer. But Moynihan's stance on welfare is less than straightforward.

On the one hand, he has called the "two years and then out" Clinton proposal "radical." (If, as some suspect, a recent *New York Times* lead editorial was the product of a Moynihan-Raines "mind-meld," he will insist that the time limit be applied only to the very youngest welfare recipients.) Moynihan

JAMES COLBURN


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ANOTHER CHANCE TO FEEL
HEALTHY.

wants to press further in the direction of the 1988 bill that he and Bob Dole pushed through Congress. That law changed the basic welfare program—A.F.D.C. (Aid to Families with Dependent Children), created during the New Deal to help widows—so that aid would go to families with an unemployed parent, i.e., a father, removing the incentive for families to break up. It also toughened child-support enforcement, and created provisions for childcare, education, and job training.

As Moynihan has described the theory behind the legislation, welfare is "a program for young mothers with children, and the society has a responsibility to help them. But they want to help themselves, too, don't they?"

That, of course, is the billion-dollar question. Has our society eliminated the sense of shame once felt by the Moynihans or the Nixons at the thought of being on the public dole? Clearly, Moynihan doesn't believe one can dump children from the safety net, no matter how feckless their parents may be.

On the other hand, at times he reveals a fundamentally Darwinian view of society, almost breathtaking in its lack of emotion. One of his most recent articles, "Defining Deviancy Down," published in *The American Scholar,* is a cold-eyed analysis of how society redefines the parameters of acceptable behavior in order to live with an increased level of crime. He says the breakup of the family will lead to "the growth of large numbers of predatory males." When the subject of illegitimacy was raised on the *Charlie Rose* show, Moynihan noted that until this century children with one parent simply didn't survive, then waxed nostalgic about the "orphan train" that took kids out West in the early 1900s and settled them with farming families who needed a strong pair of young arms.

He has held equally dispassionate views on welfare. Does he still believe, as he wrote in a memo to White House counsel Melvin Laird in 1973, that "the political system is incapable of anything more than a tightening up of administrative requirements"? That society will accept a welfare class as "the normal and manageable cost of doing urban business," and that welfare "is in ways a political subsidy, as irrational perhaps as those paid to owners of oil wells, wheat fields, or aerospace companies"?

Moynihan, says Irving Kristol, "was always fascinated by politics in an almost nonideological way."

For all his political pragmatism, there is a deeply irrational side to Pat Moynihan, a side that still seems to see the world as a dangerous place. It comes through in his drinking, his impatience, his fits of temper. "There's a huge hole inside him and it's filled with fear," says a former aide.

"There's a huge hole inside him and it's filled with fear," says a former aide.

One gets the sense of precarious control, of an arrogant, irritable intelligence constantly battling against the limitations of life, and of other people. Paul Browne, who has done two tours of duty with Moynihan, describes him as "like a Thoroughbred. There's a kind of skittishness. He's ready, kind of charged, and everybody else is saying, 'Where's the racetrack?'"

Though Moynihan is described by many as a kind man, he can lash out viciously at his staff, or the press, or hapless bureaucrats who appear unprepared or unworthy before the chairman of the Finance Committee. And he will use his impressive command of details as a blunt instrument. The vivisection of one Catherine Bertini, an acting assistant secretary of H.H.S., at a welfare-oversight hearing in 1989 is still used by some as a yardstick by which to measure witness abuse, as in "It was bad, but not as bad as the Bertini hearings."

"He'll play the whole light spectrum of personality traits, from unbelievably abusive to transcendentally charming," says another ex-staffer. "Actually, 'play' is not the right word: some of it's related to his blood-alcohol level. Some of it is just who he is."

People close to Moynihan raise the subject of his drinking almost as a given—it's an illustration of stupid media obsessions or a reason he never ran for president—and then make the indisputable point that no matter how much alcohol the man consumes he is at the peak of a very successful career. No one understands how he does it, though. One friend suggests that his halting near-stammer, "the florid, always bumbling style of someone who might be drunk," is a manner that "masks" his drinking. But the fact remains that for every evening Moynihan gets visibly and embarrassingly drunk, there is a morning he presides over the complicated business of the Finance Committee, needling a witness, delicately cutting off a fellow senator who has exceeded his time, making sure everyone's views are heard.

Maura Moynihan thinks that perhaps her father has a special constitution. And, she says, "he takes better care of himself . . . he's so regular in his habits." He's sparing in his food intake (to the point where Liz sometimes calls down to Washington from the farm to make sure he's had a proper dinner), he swims, and he smokes no more than his ration of three Marlboros a day. A friend sees Liz as the stabilizing force. "She is a real anchor," he says, "so he doesn't go careening very far. Pat's not in Phoenix, calling home; he's drinking at home with Liz."

One has to wonder, though, as a recent victim of the Moynihan temper put it, "what he is anesthetizing." For some time now, the senator has been more or less insulated from criticism, from the kind of "abusive rhetoric" that he found so jarring in the late 1960s and 1970s. His press is generally adoring and, in the Senate, which is the ultimate club, opposition is expressed only by "esteemed colleagues" in the most courteous and honeyed phrases. But, despite his enormous power, there is perhaps some part of Moynihan that still feels the jeopardy of decades past, and of that distant childhood. It would explain what one man who has known Moynihan for years describes as a chronic unhappiness, "a ceaseless need for recognition and vindication."

Angus Deming tells a story about visiting his old friend Moynihan in Washington a few years ago. The two men left the Senate office building to go downtown together. "It was late afternoon, broad daylight. We were on the steps of the entrance, on the corner. He just stood there, kind of looking around. I had the sense he was waiting to be noticed, for a photographer or something. We weren't going to leave until someone noticed him. Then this car arrived, and he seemed a bit put out. 'That's my car.' We got into the car and drove down Pennsylvania Avenue. We came to a stoplight. Pat was in the front seat. A car drew up next to us, and the people in it did a double take—'Hey, there, it's Senator Moynihan!' I looked at Pat and he was just beaming, just kind of basking." Perhaps the world, for that moment, felt like a less dangerous place. □


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THE WOMAN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



Sheila Lukins in her kitchen in New York, where the recipes that millions follow originated, and with Julee Rosso, *inset*, in their Silver Palate store in 1979.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, STYLED BY JEFFREY MILLER. INSET BY JACK MANNING

SILVER PALATE SURVIVOR

Sheila Lukins, half of the Silver Palate team, which broke all records for catering and cookbook success, has overcome a near-fatal illness and a bitter split from her partner to release a new collection of recipes

BY STEPHEN FRIED

Scrunched up on a coral velvet couch in the den of her sprawling apartment in the Dakota, on Manhattan's Upper West Side, Sheila Lukins watches a video replay of the last day of her former life, which was spent cooking quick and easy holiday hors d'oeuvres on *Good Morning America*. Tears fill her eyes, and she touches her long, red hair, silently comparing it with the longer, redder, or just somehow *better* hair she sees on the screen.

She watches herself sprinkling pizzas with parsley before baking for 15 minutes, and notices mostly how fluidly her left hand used to move. Back then, this was just Sheila doing her shtick and popping something else into the oven in order to sell even more Silver Palate cookbooks. Now it looks to her like ballet.

The day after this TV appearance was videotaped, in early December 1991, Sheila Lukins was in her kitchen doing culinary free association with a Spanish ham. The tiny, curvy, yakety 47-year-old—one-half of the gourmet food business that took over American home cooking in the early 80s and turned every well-off housewife into a would-be caterer—suddenly got "this horrendous headache" and went to her bedroom to lie down. Before long, her left arm started to


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sm and her head felt as if it were ut to blow up.

someone called her husband, Rich-, then 911, and Lukins doesn't re-nber much else except screaming in ambulance for painkillers. When woke up the next day, the entire side of her body was paralyzed. entire right side of her head was ved where they had done emergency gery to stop a massive cerebral hem-hage and, just barely, save her life. eral weeks later, she got an infec-n under her skull and had to have gery again. Then she was sent to a ab center, where she relearned how walk and talk and survive.

Amazingly, she has recovered to the nt where she is Sheila Lukins in, to everyone except herself. She also finished the cookbook that ham recipe was for. It's a com-ndium of international dishes turned ver Palatable, the research for ich impelled her to travel the globe her slowly improving condition.

Even to those unaware of Lukins's rsonal ordeal, the first solo cookbook the co-author of the three Silver late titles—which together have sold rly five million copies—is big news the world of culinary commerce. Her urn to the public eye this month with *eila Lukins All Around the World okbook* may also stir up memories of r painful split from her Silver Palate rtner, Julee Rosso, and reignite the ntroversy over Rosso's first solo ef-t, the critically savaged 1993 best-sell-*Great Good Food.*

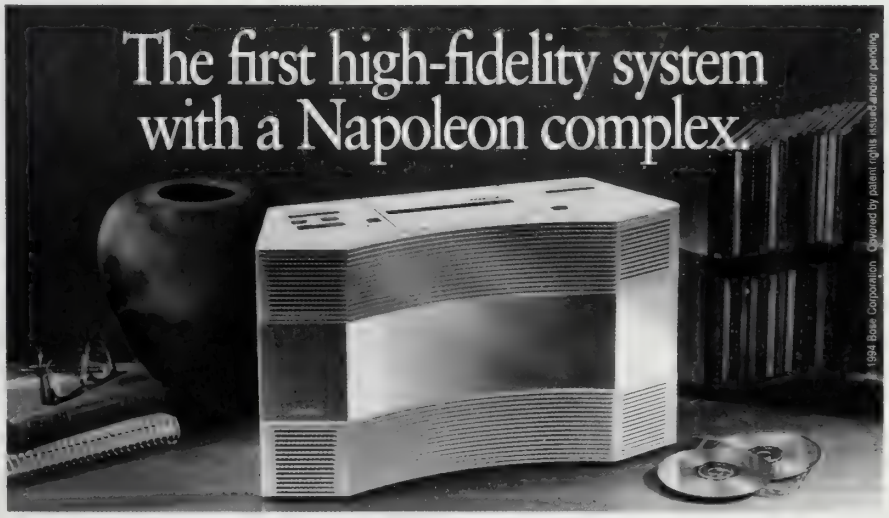
The videotape ends and Lukins dries r eyes. She is more emotional than ual today—and that's pretty emotion--because her two daughters are re-rning to college after a holiday eak. But the tape also reminds Lu-ns of one fear she has *not* overcome preparing to publish and publicize e first book with her name alone on e cover. She worries about her left nd. After years of physical therapy, e can now use it fairly well. But one sult of the hemorrhage—which was ost likely caused by a congenital ab-rmality that could have burst at any ne—is that she has occasional izures, usually small ones, not all of hich can be controlled by medication. er left hand is where the spasms oc-ir most visibly.

"What if I have a seizure when I'm oking on the *Today* show?" she ks, only half joking. "That would be al cute."

Late last year, as Lukins was correcting the galleys for her book, the tiny Silver Palate store at 274 Columbus Avenue was quietly closed by its third owner. But, in reality, the Silver Palate had ended long before back in 1985, when it still appeared to be in its heyday. That's when the deal that was supposed to pay Sheila Lukins and Julee Rosso back for all the blood they had poured into one of the nation's first high-profile female-owned businesses had a hemorrhage of its own.

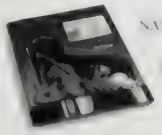
The business began in 1976, when Rosso, an advertising executive, hired Lukins, a freelance graphic artist and mother of two who also ran the Other Woman Catering Company, to do a press breakfast. The next year Rosso decided busy New Yorkers needed a restaurant-quality take-out store, and twisted Lukins's arm to join her in the venture (there was a third partner, who was later bought out). Since "no bank would give me money, because I was a girl," Lukins says, she had to borrow her $7,000 share of the start-up costs from her husband. Richard Lukins had made his money running and then selling his family's large New York security-guard company. He had also dabbled in film and theater production before starting his own security business. The adventurous couple had lived and worked in London, where Sheila trained at Le Cordon Bleu, before returning to New York to raise a family in twin apartments in the Dakota. She points out, a little defensively, that the spectacular spaces—one for the parents, now well known in the world of Manhattan entertaining, the other for the kids—were purchased for only $30,000 and $50,000, respectively.

Lukins did Silver Palate's cooking and all the art direction. Rosso ran the business and did the marketing, introducing expensive gourmet vinegars and other fancy ingredients and later creating a signature line of similar products for stores around the world. (Pesto haters, here are your culprits.) The store was an immediate hit, coinciding perfectly with the yuppie explosion of the late 70s and a renaissance of New York's Upper West Side. During the first year, Lukins made the food in her Dakota kitchen and had it taken to the store at four P.M. for the dinner rush. "I finished every day and got out of my nightie," she recalls. "The messenger would come get the food, and I'd take a shower, get dressed, and pass out in bed



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until the chickens would start to come for the next day—and the vegetables. And I'd sit here and cry: everything I made was all gone. We never had any food left, *ever.* Julee would work in the store, and call at 6:30: 'Luke, we need more green vegetables.'"

They were overwhelmed by the neighborhood support, including the extended family in the Dakota. "John and Yoko were our best customers," Lukins says. "She would buy a pecan pie *every day.* What she could be doing with a pie a day, I don't know. He, in snowstorms, would help us carry the pots over to the store, and then carry the pots back to the building. He used to sit on the bread counter; he was so cute." After the first year, the Dakota forced Lukins to stop making the food at home, so the partners rented kitchen space behind the shop.

Silver Palate quickly became a caterer to the stars. "I remember cooking for Perry Ellis, who was such a wonderful man," says Lukins. "I remember one New Year's Eve party we did for him. Everything was in the dark—he just wanted three candles for light—so we almost ignited all the fur coats. One of the guests was dressed as a gorilla.

"Then Perry comes into the kitchen—we're making rack of lamb—and says, 'Serve anytime you want, in the next seven minutes.' He had a hole in his oven, so I had to stand there against it to make sure the heat didn't come out. God, these *were* the 80s. These were high times and fun times. I can't tell you a lot of the stories, because we were misbehaving," she says with a chuckle. "I'm so good now. I'm like a saint. I've been reborn into sainthood."

In 1982 the two women did a cookbook for Workman Publishing—illustrated by Lukins—which captured their food and taste. An immediate hit, it has sold nearly two million copies and made the world free for sun-dried tomatoes, raspberry vinaigrette, and—S.P.'s best-known entrée chicken Marbella (with prunes, olives, and capers). Sheila spent her first royalty check on a Man Ray photograph, which sits on the mantel in the Lukinses' handsome, chintz-appointed living room. She has since purchased a number of photographs which she takes care to differentiate from Richard's acquisitions, such as the Milton Avery by the fireplace.

In 1985, Lukins and Rosso put out a second cookbook and began considering the impressive offers that had come in to buy the company and relieve its growing pains. "Department stores wanted us to manufacture private-label stuff for them instead of carrying our line," says Lukins, "and with the upscale supermarkets, you had to pay to get in. We were being squeezed. And because we were women, we couldn't get any long-term money from the bank." Lukins's back-door neighbor in the Dakota, Rothschild investment banker Wilbur Ross, began negotiating with several national food concerns. Things got serious with CPC International Inc., which owned Hellmann's, Knorr, and S. B. Thomas'.

With a letter of intent from the company, Lukins and Rosso were finally able to borrow the money their capital-intensive business required. But the night before the deal was to be closed—with the reservations already made for the celebratory dinner—they got a call around midnight. It was off.

"Sheila and I are very different types of people," says Julee Rosso. "I can't think of anybody who loved us both."

The next day, Lukins recalls, "we all got together to say, 'What the hell happened?' The bank was none too happy, because we couldn't pay back the money. So the lawyer and the investment banker say, 'Who do we know who can write a fast check?' They found someone, and *that's it*—that's the end of us owning the Silver Palate. The only other choice would have been to declare bankruptcy, and Julee and I decided we couldn't do that to all the vendors. So we sold to some venture guys and signed a three-year employment contract with them. We didn't sell it for any money. We got a check for what we owed the bank. What we left with was our reputations—*that's it.*"

The sale was later reported in women's magazines as an example of female entrepreneurs making good. "Very honestly, our whole life fell apart after that," says Lukins. "The people who helped bail us out were nice, but we couldn't go forward, because they knew nothing about the food business. We were brokenhearted, left at the altar. We cried *a lot.*"

In 1986 they inherited Julia Child's old job at *Parade:* they were named co-editors of the monthly food column. At the Silver Palate, however, they were simply biding their time. "We did our three years—saw a lot of movies together on our lunch breaks—and then dusted ourselves off for one last book, because we still had a lot of energy," she says. "We waited until our contract was up, because we were afraid the new owners would try to claim the book was part of the company. It was heartbreaking to have to end it that way. Everyone thought we just walked away."

After the promotional tour for their last, best cookbook, *The New Basics,* Julee Rosso moved to Michigan, got married, and started a monthly newsletter called *Cooks' Notes.* Lukins moved back to her own kitchen, where all those tips in the books are actually followed: just look in the freezer for the leftover tomato paste, fish stock, and goose fat. In the spring of 1991, Lukins was offered a contract by Workman for the *Around the World Cookbook.* The advance was said to be just over $300,000, which she ended up supplementing with her own money to cover expenses—including Laurie Griffith, a former Silver Palate manager, whom she hired as a full-time assistant. Rosso soon left the agent she and Lukins had shared and shopped a book proposal of her own. Unlike Lukins, she put her low-fat cookbook up for auction. It sold for a reported $625,000.

When the cerebral hemorrhage felled Lukins, in December 1991, Rosso was still part of the extended Lukins family. She called often to discuss Sheila's rehabilitation, since she had gained some experience while helping her mother recover from a stroke. And when Lukins made her first public appearance after her illness—at a New York dinner in May 1992, at which *The Silver Palate Cookbook* was immortalized in the James Beard Foundation Cookbook Hall of Fame—Rosso was smiling at her side.

Two weeks after the event, however, Rosso sent a conciliatory letter to *Cooks' Notes* subscribers, who hadn't received the newsletter in months. The letter blamed the delay to a large extent on Lukins's health—even though Lukins had nothing to do with the newsletter—and said, "Every day she's a bit better, but,


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needless to say when one foot is lame, the other has to work a little harder."

"The letter was very hurtful," Lukins says, "and since I wasn't 100 percent healed in my emotions—I wasn't a tough cookie anymore—I was especially devastated. She used my illness as an excuse for not shipping her newsletter. I faxed her a note saying, 'Julee, I would prefer you not use my misfortune as an excuse for your problems.' She wrote me a note saying that she hadn't written the letter, that someone in her office had done it and signed her name to it. Subsequently, her secretary called me and said, 'I certainly hope you don't believe *I* wrote that letter—she dictated it to me.' I knew she wrote the letter. It broke my heart. I was crazy about her." Rosso was soon informed that after the 1992 *Parade* contract expired Lukins alone would be renewed for the next year.



Sheila Lukins with her husband, Richard, in pre–Silver Palate days, on a trip to Italy in 1971.

That summer Lukins forced herself back on the road to do book research, even though she could barely walk. She had terrible bouts of depression (for which she initially took Prozac but later chose psychotherapy), and was so slow in regaining the function of her bad side that she had to be constantly reminded by her husband and kids—who played a huge role in her rehabilitation—to "remember Lefty." Laurie, her assistant, literally became her left-hand woman.

"I dragged myself around the world," Lukins says. "Either Richard came with me or Laurie came with me. Between Morocco and India and Martinique and Cuba, I dragged myself through *every* market. I will tell you: they didn't know whether to ask me for money or *give* me money. I had seizures all along the way. I just dealt with them."

In the spring of 1993, as Lukins was returning from her last trip, Rosso's book came out. It got a generally positive reception until *The New York Times* published a devastating piece on what some New York "foodies" were saying about *Great Good Food*—namely, that the "low-fat tome is well-meaning, but a mess." The story pointed out that several food publications had decided not to run reviews because they had tested Rosso's recipes and found that too many of them didn't work or didn't taste good. It also explained why Rosso and Lukins no longer spoke, and raised questions about Rosso's contributions to all that is Silver Palatine. The knockout blow was a harsh review by Florence Fabricant, who in 1976 had actually coined the term "silver palate" in her *Times* write-up of Lukins and Rosso's food business.

The *Times* story created an enormous buzz. "Everybody said Julee couldn't cook," Lukins says. "Look, there are people in the food business that don't necessarily cook but are still credible in the food business. I will say this: had I been Julee Rosso and just received a $625,000 advance to do a low-fat cookbook, the first thing I would have done is hire the best person I could possibly get, even if it cost me $300,000, and have that person create recipes for the book. And then I think it would have been the most successful book of the 90s. That would have been money well spent."

Reached by phone at the inn she owns in Saugatuck, Michigan, Julee Rosso says, "I'm not interested in fighting in public and I'm not interested in commenting on the last couple years. I wish Sheila all good things with her new book. We just have different interests at this point. I haven't cooked with salt in 15 years.

"I certainly apologized to Sheila when I found out about the letter. I have never heard anything since that time, except through the press. Look, I'm the same person I've always been. Sheila's a talented lady, and there's plenty of room for everybody out there. We're very different types of people, and we attract different types of people. I can't think of anybody who loved us both.

"I should mention that there were also a jillion fabulous reviews of my book. I just kept listening to the consumers, who seem to have very positive reactions."

Sheila Lukins returns, as she always does, to her kitchen. When I confess I always felt Silver Palate food tasted great, but could have been less filling, she pulls down her old cookbooks and explains how easy it is to make the recipes low-fat. When she gets to *The New Basics,* it is hard to ignore that the authors' photo on the back of her copy has been defaced. A piece of white paper has been taped over Julee Rosso.

The controversy with her ex-partner is more interesting to the press than it is to Lukins. At this point, she is worried mostly that the kind of scrutiny Rosso's book got can't be good for anybody. She can't believe that non–food writers could be *that* interested in recipe testing.

Her major concern is still her health. "You can't imagine what getting sick does to you," she says. "Nobody knows what it feels like inside all the time—that I have to think about my balance *all the time.* Half the day, I have severe pain here"—she points to the area below her rib cage—"because when I learned to walk I didn't do it correctly, and I ripped apart all the muscles. It's such a simple thing for most people to walk across the room. It's a very big effort for me. Everything I do is an effort. I'm more flexible, but I'll never be graceful again."

Her consolation comes from where it always has: feeding people, and writing about it. "When I was at my sickest," she says, "there was not a doctor who did not ask me to sign a cookbook." Wherever she goes, she finds someone who wants to talk food. "I went to visit a friend in Mexico," she says, "and she had a houseguest who looked so familiar: it turned out it was Viva, from the Andy Warhol movies. We started talking, and she said, 'Look, I need help with this recipe. It's for dal [an Indian lentil dish], and it's so fantastic. The problem is, I got it at the ashram from the swami, and it's for 500 people.'"

That was when Lukins started considering the possibilities of cookbooks on CD-ROM, and computer programs that instantly recalibrate proportions, right down to the lemon zest. Even though the old Silver Palate recipes are available in that format, Lukins had never paid much attention to the new technology. In fact, she still writes her books by hand. But the computer might be a more practical solution to some of her more subtle cognitive problems. "I had to relearn how to read and tell time," she says, "and I still have some problems with them. Fractions, of course, are out of the question." □

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Kathleen Battle, the diva soprano, inspired admiration for her great voice and loathing for her erratic, scalding arrogance. After a high-profile dismissal from the mighty Metropolitan Opera, has she toppled from music's elite?

BY ANNALYN SWAN

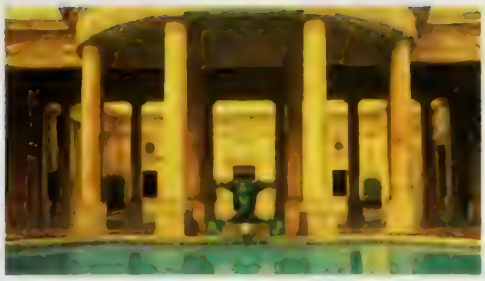
The moment the Metropolitan Opera fired Kathleen Battle, arguably the most hated person in the music business, the celebrating began. It was February 7, and the cast of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment,* in which Battle was scheduled to open in the starring role in one week, actually applauded the announcement. Down the hall on C Level, the rehearsal floor of the Met, the first of the many bad Battle jokes started circulating. Sample: "Do you know how to save Kathy Battle from drowning?" "No." "Good." In the chorus room, someone posted a David Letterman–style list of "10 things for Kathy Battle to do now that she is no longer employed." "Fill in Tonya Harding's slot at the Olympics," read one entry.

Elsewhere, the reaction was the same. A journalist inadvertently broke the news to one of Battle's record companies when he called for comment. He was amazed to hear, through the speakerphone, the sound of the staff whooping it up, clapping their hands and shouting with sheer delight. After several minutes of this impromptu party, the record-company spokesman shut off the speaker part of the phone and said smoothly, "We'll have no comment on Miss Battle."

In the papers the next day, writers gleefully recounted the more delicious tales of Battle's diva monstrousness. Never mind whether or not they were accurate; it was the spirit of the thing that mattered. Perhaps the best was the one about the chauffeur. Battle is riding in the back of a limo (in Switzerland, in New York, in California—there are people who will swear to each location) when she decides she wants the driver to do something—in most versions, to turn off the heat or slow down. Instead of tapping on the glass and speaking to him personally, she telephones her manager, who calls the opera house, which calls the limo service, which phones the driver, who obliges her.

Did you know, people asked one another, that Battle has an obsession with people looking at her mouth? Did you hear about the time she asked a conductor to play something for her while she sang along in her head—and then accused him of playing too fast? Or about the colleague whose Christmas card to Battle was summarily returned, with instructions that no mail was ever to be

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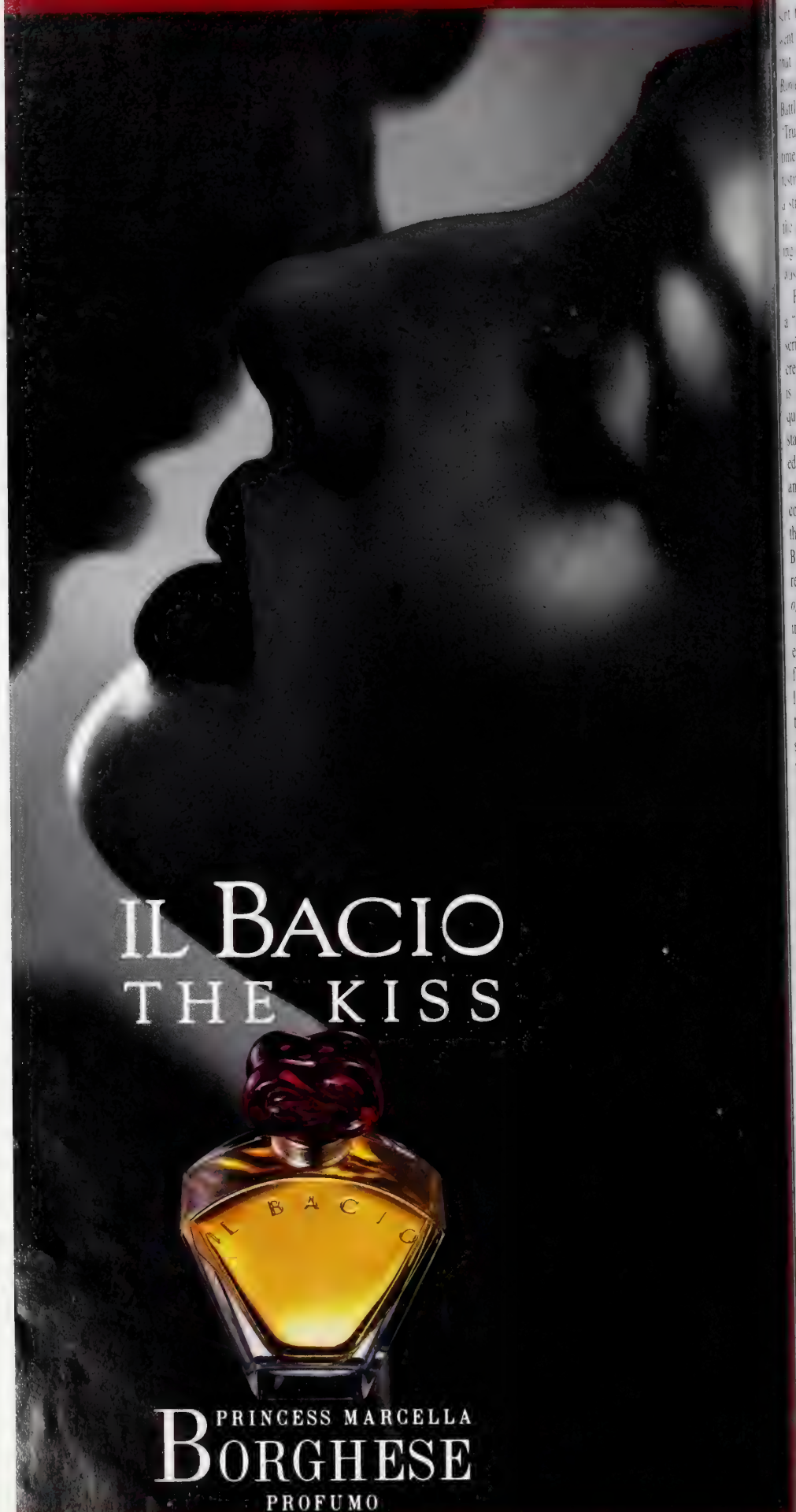
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sent to her directly? Have you heard, went the gossip, the in-house nickname that people at Sony Classical gave *Baroque Duets*, the album that paired Battle with trumpeter Wynton Marsalis? "Trumpet and Bitch." Or about the time, at President Clinton's inaugural festivities last year in Washington, when a stretch limo arrived to take Battle to the concert in which she was performing and she sent it back saying that it wasn't long enough?

For years, Battle has been stirring up a "froth of ill will," as one writer described it, wherever she goes. The discrepancy between what she is really like and her exquisite voice and charming stage presence has prompted endless gossip, anger, and outrage among the cognoscenti. And so, when the Met finally dismissed Battle for coming late to rehearsals of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, mistreating colleagues, and in general carrying on in a way that was "profoundly detrimental to the artistic collaboration among all the cast members," there was hardly a person who didn't seem ready to dance on her grave. "She's the only artist I know of in my 43 years of dealing with artists who has managed to alienate practically everyone in every single place where she's ever been," says Schuyler Chapin, the former general manager of the Met and now New York City's commissioner of cultural affairs.

The world of opera is a teapot that dearly loves a tempest. But amid all the rattling of teacups, one essential element was not discussed: this was also a personal, and quite poignant, tragedy.

Once upon a time, Kathleen Battle was not a superstar who ranked, with Luciano Pavarotti and Placido Domingo, among the most popular opera singers in the world. She was not a celebrity who opened symphony-orchestra seasons, starred in telecast after telecast, and earned seven figures a year. She wasn't even mean. Instead, she was "a terrific gal with lots of friends, as much an all-American girl as you could want," says Sylvia Plyler, an organist and opera coach at the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, where Battle studied. Battle was also someone who, in the classic American way, had risen in the world on the strength of her talent, pluck, and smarts.



Battle with Jessye Norman and maestro James Levine after the rehearsal for the TV performance of their enormously successful concert of spirituals in 1990.

"She's the only artist I know of who has managed to alienate practically everyone in every single place where she's ever been."

The seventh of seven children, Battle grew up in an all-black neighborhood in the depressed river town of Portsmouth, Ohio. Her father was a steelworker from Alabama. Even as a tiny girl, she had a beautiful voice; one local teacher described it as "angelic." Her father sang in a gospel quartet; he was, she said, her inspiration. She sang in churches and at picnics and with her high-school chorus, and was encouraged by her music teacher to attend the conservatory in Cincinnati.

The transition could not have been easy. Back in Portsmouth, Motown had ruled; Mozart wasn't even on the map. When Battle arrived at the conservatory, she later recalled, she had never heard a symphony orchestra perform and didn't know who Maria Callas was. There may well have been racial tension. Battle once said that the conservatory seemed "incredibly cliquish" at first. At the time, few blacks went there; Battle herself had not gone to school with whites until the age of 12.

Nevertheless, Battle flourished at the conservatory. "She had musicianship all over the rest of them," recalls Plyler, "sight-reading, pulling out what's inside a score. And with that pure voice, that was right for Haydn and Mozart, she was extremely popular in the choral department." Battle also had the rare gift of communicating directly with an audience. Plyler remembers how one colleague, describing a Battle performance in a local church, said admiringly, "She sings a song like you want to hear it sung."

While Battle's light, lyric soprano was universally recognized as beautiful, it was also deemed small—too small for opera. No one steered Battle toward performing. "There was nothing in her personality or demeanor to indicate that she would have a career," says Plyler. Battle herself chose to major in music education. Performing classical music was not what somebody like her did for a living. "I would never have done anything as impractical as be a performance major," she once said.

Then, in one of those improbable moments that make history, the Cincinnati Symphony went on strike. With time on his hands, the conductor Thomas Schippers let it be known that he would audition local singers. Battle was then already 24 and teaching music in an inner-city school. A friend dragged her along, and Schippers promptly chose her to sing the soprano role in Brahms's *German Requiem* that summer at the Spoleto Festival in Italy. That was the turning point. Newly intent on a singing career, Battle began to study the performing repertory.

Even more important was meeting James Levine the next year at the local May Festival. Levine, who would soon become the music director of the Met, was then appearing around the country as a guest conductor. The two Ohioans hit it off, and Levine recognized that Battle had a "remarkably beautiful" voice, as he put it, one that, while light, could soar and shimmer with silvery brilliance if cast properly. Soon Levine began to engage her for concerts and to act as an informal coach and adviser. In 1976, a year after he joined the Met, Battle auditioned for the company. She was hired for a "beginner" role—that of the shepherd in *Tannhäuser*—for the following season.

From there, her career fast-forwarded. By 1982, Battle was starring as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* at the Met, appearing in three other operas at the



Music

house, and singing frequently with the New York Philharmonic across the square. Her debut recital, in Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, was sold out. Her accompanist was James Levine himself, who was now the single most powerful person in American opera.

It was clear, by then, that Battle, against all odds, was becoming a superstar. Five feet three and a size 8, she didn't much look the part of the imperious, larger-than-life diva, a Joan Sutherland, say, or a Jessye Norman. And she certainly didn't sound the part. Diva territory is typically that of the heavier, dramatic soprano roles—Aida, Violetta, Norma, Tosca—which send shivers up the spine while bringing down the house.

In contrast, Battle's specialties were the so-called soubrette, or servant, roles, and those of the ingenues—Zerlina in *Don Giovanni,* Nannetta in *Falstaff,* Despina in *Così Fan Tutte,* Pamina in *The Magic Flute.* It is the realm of coquettish, as opposed to showstopping, artistry—personality turns coupled, ideally, with light, lovely voices that trip up and down dancing musical lines. "Thank God for the soubrette roles," says Marian Thompson, a voice teacher at Mannes College of Music in New York. "Those characters are so wonderful; they're the relief." At the same time, it is difficult to become a household name in this repertory. As Battle herself once said, "Divas don't do Despina. I do Despina, so do the two go together?"

As it turned out, Battle's talent, like that of Roberta Peters a generation earlier, transcended—and transformed—the repertory. It wasn't just the exquisite voice, which could negotiate difficult coloratura lines with flawless precision and soar up to high E with no trouble at all; it was the way Battle dazzled on the stage. In every sense, she was perfection in her roles—pretty and perky, an engaging actress with a ravishing voice.

Battle's ascendancy was crowned by reviews so rapturous in the usually restrained *New York Times* that one could almost feel the critics struggling for superlatives. "She kept the audience in a state of delirium," wrote Donal Henahan of Battle's performance in a hugely acclaimed concert version of Handel's *Semele* at Carnegie Hall in 1985. "It would probably be rash to say that Kathleen Battle is the finest Sophie in the entire 74-year history of *Der Rosenkavalier,* but the performance she gave Friday night at the Metropolitan Opera certainly raised the possibility," said Will Crutchfield. Critics praised Battle's "pristine musicality" and the intelligence of her singing; she was the rare opera singer who shone equally well in the lieder, or song, repertory. "I cannot think of a singer now before the public who is capable of providing more joy," wrote Tim Page of a 1987 recital.

Together, Battle's public acclaim and her critical success put her over the top. By 1988 she was singing with Pavarotti in Central Park. Their *L'Elisir d'Amore,* part of the free concerts-in-the-park series, drew 150,000 people. When the Met went to Japan later that summer, Battle and Placido Domingo were the stars (as, indeed, they already were on Japanese television, in beer and whiskey commercials). Mighty maestro Herbert von Karajan engaged her for Salzburg, and she performed in Paris and at Covent Garden. Records pairing Battle with other famous artists—Wynton Marsalis, Itzhak Perlman, Jessye Norman—began to appear and to sell as many as 100,000 copies,





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which is astonishing by classical standards. She became a crossover star as well, singing at the Grammys, doing a song on a Janet Jackson album. Battle seemed invincible.

Backstage, however, away from the adoring public and admiring press, Battle was beginning to self-destruct.

When Kathleen Battle arrived at the Met in 1977, insiders say, she was downright raucous—almost like a teenager. She looked and acted about 18, and ran around in blue jeans. Men in the *Tannhäuser* cast—most notably baritone Bernd Weikl, the first in a string of Battle boyfriends in the music world—couldn't take their eyes off her. Conductor Zubin Mehta was similarly smitten; he engaged Battle to sing no fewer than 10 times with the New York Philharmonic in the 1981–82 season.

Soon, however, the girlish high spirits were gone. On tour, Battle began refusing to ride in cars with other singers. In the next few years, she became increasingly difficult backstage. "You almost never see a singer be mean to the backstage people," says a Met insider—for the obvious reason that they are vital to the smooth running of a production. Battle, however, set new standards in clashing with production people. During the run of one opera, she was reportedly so cruel to the wardrobe mistress—ordering her to do menial tasks, complaining constantly about her costume—that she reduced the woman to tears. At the last performance, when Battle was singing her final aria, her spotlight mysteriously failed to come on, leaving her stranded on the darkened stage. The electrician in charge, as those in the know passed on gleefully, was married to the wardrobe mistress.

During that same season, in *The Marriage of Figaro,* Battle waged her by now famous war to replace Carol Vaness in Dressing Room One, historically the perquisite of the singer cast as the Countess, the role Vaness was singing. Battle finally succeeded—creating no small degree of ill will. In the 1987 *Ariadne auf Naxos,* she accused her understudy of shrinking her costume. But 1988 was her worst year yet. Trevor Pinnock, a renowned early-music specialist who had been imported from England to conduct Handel's *Giulio Cesare* that fall, was left reeling after runins with Battle. During rehearsals, according to one observer, "she'd stop, flinch, and go, '*Uh.*'" Finally she called a halt, went over to Pinnock, and proceeded to conduct the score for him—an unheard-of breach of decorum.

That same year the Met went on its grand tour of Japan. At that point, recalled another Met insider, Battle went over the brink from "extremely difficult to totally impossible." It was there, during curtain calls for *Figaro,* that Vaness finally turned to Battle and told her in no uncertain terms that she would never perform with her again. Far worse was the fact that Battle—although unbeknownst to her—had at last managed to alienate even Levine. Her longtime mentor, who had blown kisses to her while conducting her in performance, who had praised her extravagantly in rehearsals, who had indulged her for years as a chorus of in-house protests grew, vowed privately that he would never conduct her again.

By then, Battle's behavior was beginning to affect her performances. Whenever she was out of sorts or out of voice, she took to singing at half-voice. In the annual New Year's Eve concert of 1987 with the New York Philharmonic, she sang far too softly for the hall, letting her voice out on only one or two

songs, much to the frustration of the audience. That performance prompted a tart assessment from *Times* critic Will Crutchfield. Battle, he wrote, was at that "tricky point in an historic career" where "reaction has set in; the singer now has detractors as well as admirers." Her response, he went on, had been on occasion to "adopt a defensive exaggeration of her own style, especially in the very heavy reliance on pianissimo." Others noted her dependence on cute mannerisms while performing her familiar roles. It was as if, one said, Battle were doing an imitation of herself.

Sensitive as she was to musical scores, Battle displayed a blazing tone-deafness to how her actions might be greeted. In a damaging string of events that preceded her firing by the Met, she pulled out of a Vienna Philharmonic concert so late that, for perhaps the only time in its history, the great orchestra had to cancel an entire performance; drove the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra crazy when she opened the '92 season for them, harassing them with petty complaints about the hotel food and throwing the assistant conductor out of rehearsals; so alienated the chorus and orchestra of the San Francisco Opera while appearing with the company last fall that after she left they had T-shirts made up that read, I SURVIVED THE BATTLE.

Last year, Battle stormed out of the Met when she disagreed with conductor Christian Thielemann over how *Der Rosenkavalier* should be performed and general manager Joseph Volpe refused to respond immediately to her peremptory summons. The stage was set, then, for the final blowup. This time around, when Battle misbehaved, management acted decisively. When the announcement came—the first such public dismissal since Rudolf Bing fired Maria Callas in 1958 over contractual differences—the music world rallied behind the Met. "I personally called Joe Volpe to congratulate him on how it was handled," says Schuyler Chapin. From Europe, where James Levine was on a conducting tour, there was silence.

Amid the swirl of gossip and speculation that followed, two things seemed clear. First, Battle had appeared seriously troubled for some time. And, second, no one close to her had dared to tell her. As one music-world insider put it, "Why didn't someone take her in hand long ago and get her some help?" (In contrast, when the bad press began on Battle, so the story goes, Jessye Norman's manager, Harold Shaw, personally saw to it that Norman—who can be very grand—got every clipping. The implication was obvious.)

In the normal course of musical events, the opera world deals smoothly with outsize egos and temperamental behavior. "That's part of the whole suit of clothes that you put on when you take up singing," says Schuyler Chapin. Huge allowances are made for the pressures under which singers—whose voices, after all, are the most fragile of instruments—function. It is no secret that behind the temperamental behavior lies an equally outsize vulnerability. As Beverly Sills, the former diva and newly named head of Lincoln Center, said of Battle, "I think she is frightened to death."

"I cannot think of a singer now before the public who is capable of providing more joy," wrote *New York Times* critic Tim Page in 1987.

But there is a line, even for divas. "Callas behaved outrageously, but I don't know that she was ever late to rehearsals," says Henry Grunwald, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Association and the former U.S. ambassador to Austria. "She was a real pro." Battle's behavior was not just egomaniacal but also destructive: "We deal with divas all the time," says one Met insider. "Divas say: 'I want the last bow.' 'I want a new dress.' 'I want to stand down center stage.' 'This is the way I want the tempi.' 'I want this dressing room.' But most divas' behavior is left behind when they go onstage to rehearse. Not Battle. She is cold and contemptuous of everyone. She does widespread damage to the whole cast."

To some observers, in fact, such grotesquely self-centered behavior suggests the classic definition of narcissistic personality disorder, in which a person vacillates between enormous insecurity and a grandiosity that demands constant attention and admiration. The huge public arena in which a performer operates only exacerbates such tendencies, according to therapists who deal with artists. Stars' problems are the same as everyone else's, but they are magnified a hundredfold because of the glare in which they take place.

The fact that Battle is black adds another, highly charged element to her meltdown which the mostly white opera world can only speculate about. But to Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and a leading spokesman on racial questions, that is almost the first issue. "Opera is a grand field to begin with," he says. "To live up to its grand expectations puts a constant, terrible stress on people that may make them behave in terrible ways. Beyond that, I think there's always the pressure of being a token in those situations, which in and of itself is a stress. When you're a token, sometimes people do not respond to you in normal ways. They may overreact to the point that, to the performer, their reactions seem patronizing or condescending. Even compliments may be seen as racial."

To Poussaint, Battle's situation, while possibly more extreme, is similar to what other black singers—from Leontyne Price on down—have experienced. To them, opera is an overpoweringly strange and quite possibly terrifying world, in which they are a tiny minority. "Battle is rooted in the black community," says Poussaint. "She comes out of gospel. The opera world had to be a big transition for her. It may always feel a bit alien."

Battle has consistently been touchy about race. She has refused to discuss it in interviews and has said that she "resents" being described as coming from an underprivileged background. For blacks in her position, speculates Poussaint, even a retreat into narcissism is fraught with difficulties. "When you're black, narcissism is never secure," he says. "It is always being contradicted by other images in society. Blacks are playing against a stereotype, a feeling that a lot of people around them think they're inferior or suspect."

In light of that, the final irony may well be that Battle has treated whites in the classic way that many blacks say *they* are treated. She is especially haughty to stagehands and less important staff. Again and again, observers have commented on the way she seems to look right through people. "There's no there



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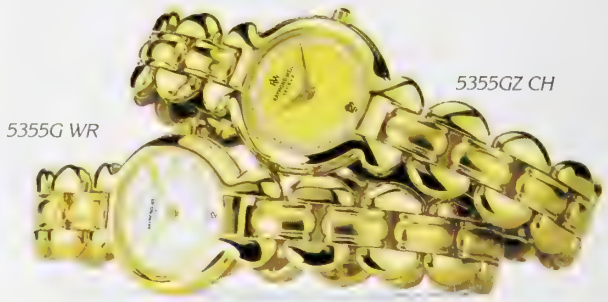


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here with her, and, worse, she makes ou feel that there's no there there with ou either," says a Met insider.

The question remains why things sudlenly came to a head for Battle. That nay well have to do with the fact of her ging. Mezzo-soprano Frederica von tade thinks the mid-40s are an especialy "fragile" time for opera singers, when a lot don't know exactly what to lo, and new singers are right behind ou." It's a time when the clock starts icking ever more loudly in the countlown toward the end of a career. But n Aida can be convincing in her late 0s, and a Wagnerian soprano even onger. For Battle, who is 45, the reperory that she has worked so wonderfully resents a visual as well as a vocal probem. If it were simply a matter of inging, says Marian Thompson of Mannes, Battle could go on for years. 'Realistically, though, who wants a 70-ear-old Despina?"

Thus Battle is caught in a trap. Either he moves into a heavier repertory, vhich she has steadfastly and intelligently refused to do, for fear of damaging ier voice, or she remains frozen in time, oxed into six or eight roles that are increasingly unsuitable for her years. It is ot a happy choice. As Richard Dyer, he outspoken critic of *The Boston Globe*, says, "She's been typecast as the erpetual ingenue, and she has to sound s sweet, as radiant, as glistening as she lid at the beginning of her career. And hat's impossible, of course."

In the immediate aftermath of the firing, Battle retreated into silence and seclusion, emerging only to sing a few rchestral dates. Her first, much-anticiated appearance in New York after her iring—singing with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on February 8—proved surprisingly anticlimactic. Battle swept out, in one of her usual ye-catching gowns, smiling and playing o the audience then proceeded to sing o softly that many notes vanished in midair.

In the usual way of superstars, she is ooked months, even years, in advance, it a reported $40,000 or more per booking. But there are hints of what may lie thead. Her future dates at the Met, of course, have vanished, and a perceptible chill has spread through the rest of the opera world. Next season, Battle is not singing with any of the leading U.S. opera companies. Although she continues to sell out at the box office, the list of orchestras that she has alienated is also long and the list of her appearances next season with major orchestras is correspondingly short.

Although David Gockley, general director of the Houston Opera, thinks that there is "probably responsibility on both sides" for the Met's firing of Battle, he would be fearful of hiring anyone in her situation. "Attitude goes a long way," says Gockley. "I refer to Placido Domingo in this context. He has a way of empowering everyone around him; they try to rise to the challenge of working with him. I think the major problem in the case of Miss Battle is that everybody is not pulling for her. They found her behavior abusive."

Still holding firm are the record companies. For them, Battle remains pure gold. Deutsche Grammophon has no fewer than four Battle albums awaiting release. The all-star pairings are likely to continue, both on disc and in telecast specials. Wynton Marsalis would like to collaborate with Battle again. "She's thoroughly cool," he says, "an impeccable musician." Frederica von Stade, a frequent collaborator, praises both Battle's high standards and her style—"that way of looking and dressing like a million dollars, which you don't see much anymore." Battle is certain of getting a hearing, at least on record.

Even as the music world gossiped, there were many who felt sadness for Battle, and regret. "I think the business makes a mistake, swaying to ridiculous demands and then turning on people," says von Stade. "Why didn't somebody deliver a softer blow 10 years ago—say, 'This isn't the way to operate,' or whatever." Others genuinely hoped that Battle would get help. But for someone as famous, and as grand, as she is, that could be very difficult; it would mean acknowledging that she, not everyone else, was the problem. Unless she makes an effort, though, things are not likely to change. As Joseph Volpe put it about future appearances at the Met, "If the time should come that Kathleen has been successful in working with other organizations, then of course I would consider it." Until then, we will miss those nights at the opera when Battle, as Susanna or Nannetta or Rosina, soared into the coloratura heavens. The tragic note in this cautionary tale is that, in rising so high and surmounting so much to become a star, Battle turned herself into her own worst enemy. □




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Hugh and Cry

Mention Madonna to the actor **HUGH GRANT** and his healthy pallor turns cadaverous white. After seeing Grant in Roman Polanski's *Bitter Moon* she called him twice to ask him out. Petrified, and perhaps wanting to be well-known for himself rather than as Madonna's dinner date, he turned her down. Grant should have been more sure of himself, for his career has suddenly taken off. He is starring in *Four Weddings and a Funeral,* opposite Andie MacDowell, with whom he has a one-night stand and falls in love.

For all his modesty Grant is pleased about his sudden success, but also mystified. "Agents keep saying it's a hot time for me, but all that 'hot' seems to mean is that you can't accept work. They keep telling me, 'Hugh, you can do better than that.'" —ANNA PASTERNAK

Photograph by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE

Hype & Glory

By HENRY ALFORD

Art Deco a-go-go in New York City! Troves of Joan- and Barbrabilia on the auction block

Common to the crowds who attended the auctions of Joan Crawford's and Barbra Streisand's possessions was a fascination with life's greatest elixir (Glamour) and a disdain for society's gravest malady (Retail). Turbans on their heads and bargains on their minds, they came from far and near to New York City, where they spent $130,000 and $6.2 million on, respectively, Joan- and Barbrabilia.

Each auction's tone was set at its previews. For the Crawford offerings, held at the Swann Galleries, the setting was intimate and informal. Posters from various Crawford films were sandwiched between pieces of cardboard; costumes from films such as *When Ladies Meet* and *Possessed* hung from coatracks like extravagant, wrinkly cocooning. Patrons carefully sifted through the memorabilia, like the star's personal script for *Sudden Fear* and her contract for *Johnny Guitar,* as if they were archaeologists on the trail of some recently discovered, shoulder-pad-wearing tribe; one gentleman stared at a scrapbook of news clippings in a manner that suggested he was looking for Crawford's claw marks.



Secondhand pose: Crawford and Streisand—both lovers of beautiful things.

The Streisand previews, which started on Purim, the Jewish day of feasting, were far more high-tech. Streisand's collection of Art Nouveau and Art Deco—all of it from her houses in Malibu, which she has donated to the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy, and much of it having already graced preview showrooms in Tokyo, Paris, and Los Angeles, as well as the pages of *Architectural Digest*—was divided between the auction house Christie's and its satellite Christie's East, the more expensive items going to the former, the tchotchkes to the latter. A video played constantly in each room of both previews; on it, Streisand told us, "It's hard to let go of these beautiful things," and attested to the allure of Tiffany lamps with the statement "They don't break."

It was impossible to rub shoulders with the polyglot Streisand preview audiences without encountering a multiplicity of pronunciations of the word "gorgeous": one heard "*gaw*-juss," reminiscent of the meat preparation au jus; "*gohrr*-jiss," a sort of Europurr emanating from the back of the throat; and "*gorges,*" a seeming tribute to Argentinean writer Borges. More representative of the Americans in the crowd, however, was one man who, looking at two of the collection's highlights displayed in tandem—Tamara de Lempicka's boldly geometric painting *Adam et Eve,* with a high estimate of $800,000, and Jacques Lipchitz's sculpture *Femme et Gazelles,* with a high estimate of $200,000—announced to his companion, "I can't believe I'm looking at a million!"

The tone of the Swann Galleries' auction and catalogue was, in keeping with the Crawford aesthetic, slightly arch. The auctioneer asked the assembled 70 or so members of the crowd to bid promptly and clearly—"If you blink at me, I don't know if you're bidding or asking me on a date."

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Vanities

When he announced that Lot 164 contained "two pairs of high-heeled shoes, both of plastic, one with blue stripes, the other with purple stripes," he opined dryly, "Oooh, I *like* this lot." An $850 bid won the plaque given to "Joanie" by "the Adoption of Babies through Conference Social Welfare and Delta Sigma Theta Sorority" in recognition of her adoptive motherhood of her four children (ironic catalogue copy: "HER GREATEST ROLE—ADOPTIVE MOTHER"); a $425 bid won the photo of Crawford and daughter Christina hugging each other while wearing identical dresses and blouses (ironic catalogue copy: "FRESH FROM THEIR HANGERS"). Withdrawn, sadly, from the bidding was correspondence between Crawford and her friend MGM publicist Isadore "Dore" Freeman, including both an adorable missive in which the star's poodles thanked the publicist's poodles for having sent them a Christmas card and a letter that ran, "How many petals on two dozen roses? About six thousand, I guess . . . and that's just about how many days we'll be friends."

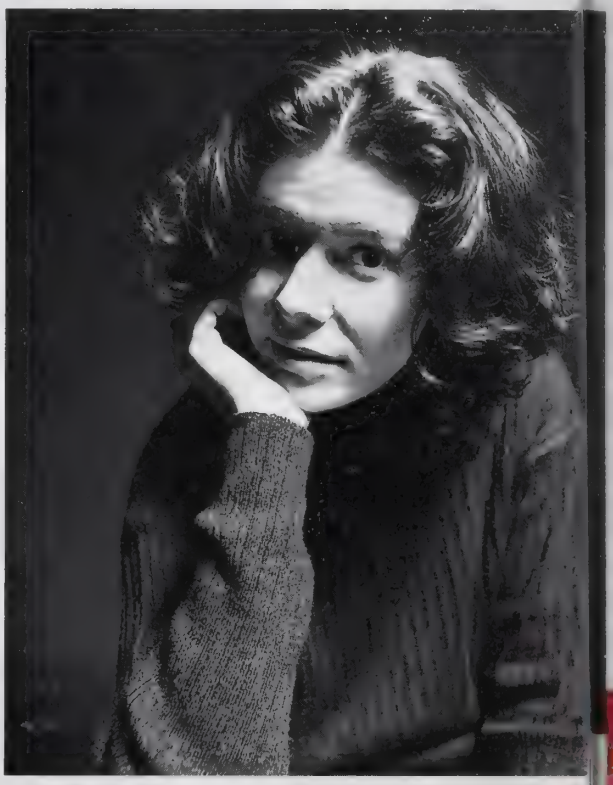
The Christie's auction was a well-oiled machine. Some 1,000 collectors and dealers filled two galleries, many of them middle-aged women whose faces were advertisements to the enchantment that is lip gloss. Abject, white-gloved Christie's employees brought the smaller lots out for viewing one at a time while Christie's British-born chairman, Christopher Burge, serving as auctioneer, offered a clipped and brisk commentary. The anonymous purchase, through a London agent, of the de Lempicka painting for $2 million set a record for the artist; Streisand, who listened to the auction over the telephone while she worked out with her personal trainer in her Beverly Hills home, screamed.

Given the obsessive, perfectionistic quality of Streisand's sense of décor—in her Malibu guesthouse, she brooked no deviations from the two color combinations she decorated in, even color-coordinating the wrappers on the candy in the candy dishes—it was refreshing to see, at the less formal Christie's East portion of the auction, Streisand's human side as borne out by her taste in slot machines and condiment dishes. The auctioneering reverberated with this *Gemütlichkeit* as well: sluggish bidding on a set of Victorian-style beadwork tea cozies was buoyed with the promise that "they double as hats"; unexpectedly heated bidding on the star's makeup chair from her Beverly Hills home occasioned the remark "This is an expensive little tush."

The intensity with which bidders disported themselves at the Christie's East auction bespoke the bidders' slightly manic nature. A Massachusetts couple who had bought a suite of wicker furniture explained that they were going to build an addition to their house to put the furniture in; a merchandise buyer for Disney-MGM Studios who buys celebrities' possessions to be resold at shops in the studios' theme parks bought a lot entitled "A Blue and White Ceramic Chamber Pot." This shopper explained, "Anything you can get that was hers will appeal to someone. A lot of times, the more personal it is, the more valuable it is to a fan."

Come and get it.

Briefly, Edie Brickell



Occupation: Ethereal Texas-bred chanteuse.

Former Occupation: Lead singer of New Bohemians.

Current Project: Her first solo album, due . . . imminently.

Title, Please? "I want it to be just one word. I was thinkin' about *Boo,* but I'm not sure."

The Album's Bluesy Feel Doesn't Come from Listening to Husband Paul Simon's Work. From Where, Then? "My mom always played old R&B records. So I got a lot of that in my ears early on." Also from the musicians, including Dr. John, various Neville Brothers and New Bohemians, and Barry White.

Is It Really Every Singer's Dream to Duet with Barry White? [*Shrieks.*] "It was definitely *mine.* It was a whimsical thought, but it grew to 'Well, why not?' "

Work Habits: "I sing every day. I don't play guitar as much as I ought to—I'm not such a great player, so I feel trapped melodically."

Play Habits: (a) "Tryin' to figure things out, and then tryin' to *not* figure things out." (b) "I love to play catch with a football."

On Marriage to Another Musician: "He hears things that I've never heard anybody else hear. As far as writing goes, sometimes I catch myself feeling intimidated. But then I say, 'Well, you know, this is what *I* have to say.' It's maybe not so eloquent, but it does mean something to me."

GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

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passing

made in America. But it lives up to a heritage of twisted Alpine roads. And lives up to them quite beautifully.

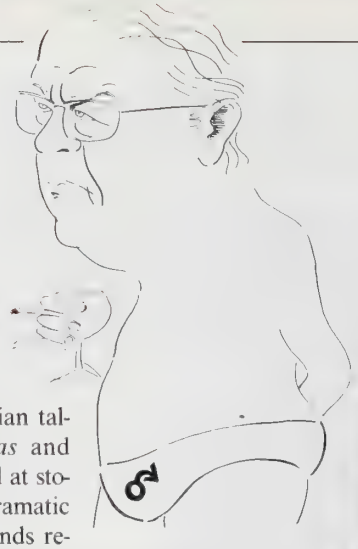
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The Mazda MX-6 LS has standard anti-theft protection and a six-speaker audio system. 4-wheel Anti-lock Brake System and Leather Package available. Its backed by a 36-month/ 50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. See dealer for details. For a free brochure, call 1-800-639-1000. © 1993 Mazda Motor of America (...

Vanities

Hot Type



Actress Elaine Kagan [illegible] the author of The Girls; *Sir Kingsley Amis, author [illegible]* The Russian Girl; *and an image from photographer Jed Devine's* Friendship.





Actress **ELAINE KAGAN,** whose thespian talents landed her roles in *GoodFellas* and *Coming to America,* now tries her hand at storytelling with *The Girls* (Knopf), a dramatic tale of six midwestern childhood friends reunited for the funeral of one of their husbands. Together they try to make sense of life and the man who secretly touched them all.

Also this month: *The Russian Girl* (Viking) is **SIR KINGSLEY AMIS'S** 21st novel. The First Mother loved Elvis, Liberace, and Bill, but there was a lot more to this straight-talking bon vivant, as evidenced in **VIRGINIA KELLEY'S** autobiography, *Leading with My Heart* (Simon & Schuster). **CAROL FLAKE** looks at *New Orleans: Behind the Masks of America's Most Exotic City* (Grove/Atlantic). **ALINE, COUNTESS OF ROMANONES'S** *The Well-Mannered Assassin* (Putnam) is a glamorously woven web of intrigue and suspense. In *Colored People* (Knopf), **HENRY LOUIS GATES JR.** chronicles his growing up in West Virginia in the 1950s and 60s. **REYNOLDS PRICE,** one of America's most esteemed men of letters, has been wheelchair-bound since 1984; *A Whole New Life* (Atheneum) is the eloquent account of his experience. *The Wild Girls Club* (Crown) is a collection of **ANKA RADAKOVICH'S** *Details* columns. **JED DEVINE** and **JIM DINSMORE'S** *Friendship* (Tilbury House) features the latter's soulful letters and the former's elegiac photographs. **TIMOTHY MAWSON** explores the pleasures of plants in *The Garden Room* (Clarkson Potter). **ARIANNA HUFFINGTON'S** *The Fourth Instinct* (Simon & Schuster) examines the search for meaning in everyday life. **GARRY WILLS** analyzes leadership in *Certain Trumpets* (Simon & Schuster). In *Of Long Memory* (Addison-Wesley), **ADAM NOSSITER** examines the racial legacy of Mississippi. **MORT ROSENBLUM** tells the story of *The Secret Life of the Seine* (Addison-Wesley). And in *Entertaining with Betsy Bloomingdale* (Beautiful America), the socialite reveals her party secrets.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Open Lindo



Delroy Lindo stars in Spike Lee's Crooklyn.

Whether in person or in character, Delroy Lindo brings a great deal of humanity to a room. That's what made him so fearful as West Indian Archie in Spike Lee's *Malcolm X,* and that's what makes him all the more endearing as Alfre Woodard's musician husband in this month's *Crooklyn,* Lee's chronicle of one summer in the life of a 10-year-old Brooklyn girl and her family in the early 70s. Born in England and of Jamaican descent (his name appropriately translates as "Beautiful King"), Lindo grew up in New York and in 1979 graduated from San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater. Now married and living in New Jersey, he continues to chip away at the recognizability factor. "The concept of matching the name with the face of an actor," says Lindo, "that's what I deal with." In the long run, he hopes, the cumulative effect of his continuing work on Broadway and in other films (such as the upcoming French production *Behanzin,* in which he stars as the last king of Dahomey) will prove what he's felt since *Malcolm X*: "I've been here all the time."

—DEVON JACKSON



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Anniversary Barbie

Highlights from the plasticine era

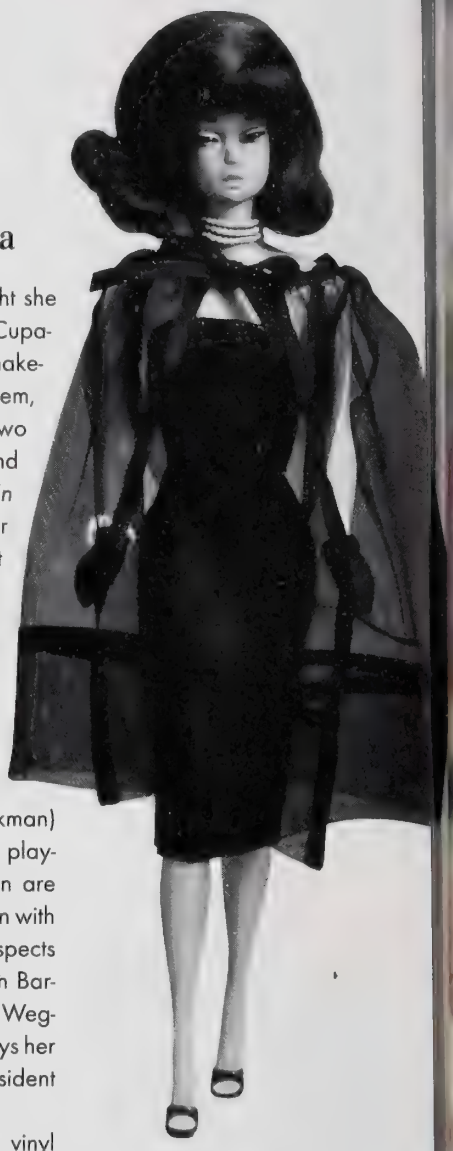
So Barbie is 35 this year, and you thought she was just a babe. The girl who gave us Cupa-Co-Co brown, not to mention endless make-out sessions with Ken (what was his problem, anyway?), glides toward summer with two new books, a clothing line for adults, and her very own fanzine. Readers of *Barbie: In Fashion* (Abbeville) will probably wonder why the most famous teen model didn't get around to wearing a mini until 1967, but the truth is she's always been a little slow on the uptake. "I've never been really good at talking about myself," she admits. Well, Barbie was no math whiz either, so think of this tiny folio as a flash book of big hair and party frocks.

As an icon, of course, Barbie more than excels, and the publication of *The Art of Barbie* (Workman) will no doubt confirm that she is more than a plaything. Karl Lagerfeld and William Wegman are among the artists and designers weighing in with commissioned portraits, though one suspects they've been secretly communing with Barbie for years. "I've always thought Wegman's dogs looked like Barbie," says her mentor at Mattel, senior vice president Meryl Friedman.

Meanwhile, Mattel is reissuing a vinyl replica of the 1959 Barbie, which many collectors believe to be her finest hour, and in June Bloomingdale's will launch a nostalgic collection of clothing and accessories based on her early wardrobe. The fact is, says Friedman, the model teen now cuts a wide demographic swath through toyland, appealing not only to little girls and gay men but, more recently, to pacifier-sucking college students. If all this sounds like booty for Mattel, which puts Barbie's worldwide population at 800 million, just imagine what will happen when America's eternal teenager hits the information superhighway. Futurist Alvin Toffler, who used Barbie as a role model for mass consumption in his 1970 book, *Future Shock*, now predicts that tomorrow's child will be able to order individually customized dolls right over her television screen. "The kid, in effect," says Toffler, "will be designing her own Barbie." Which means that by the time Barbie reaches the half-century mark not only will she be fabulous and 50, she'll be sitting on one of the largest computer databases in the world.

—CATHY HORYN





Nurse Barbie, 1961, armed with her diploma and hot-water bottle, wears a white cotton uniform and blue poplin cape. Socialite Barbie, 1964, in a strapless black sheath dress and sheer tulle cape.



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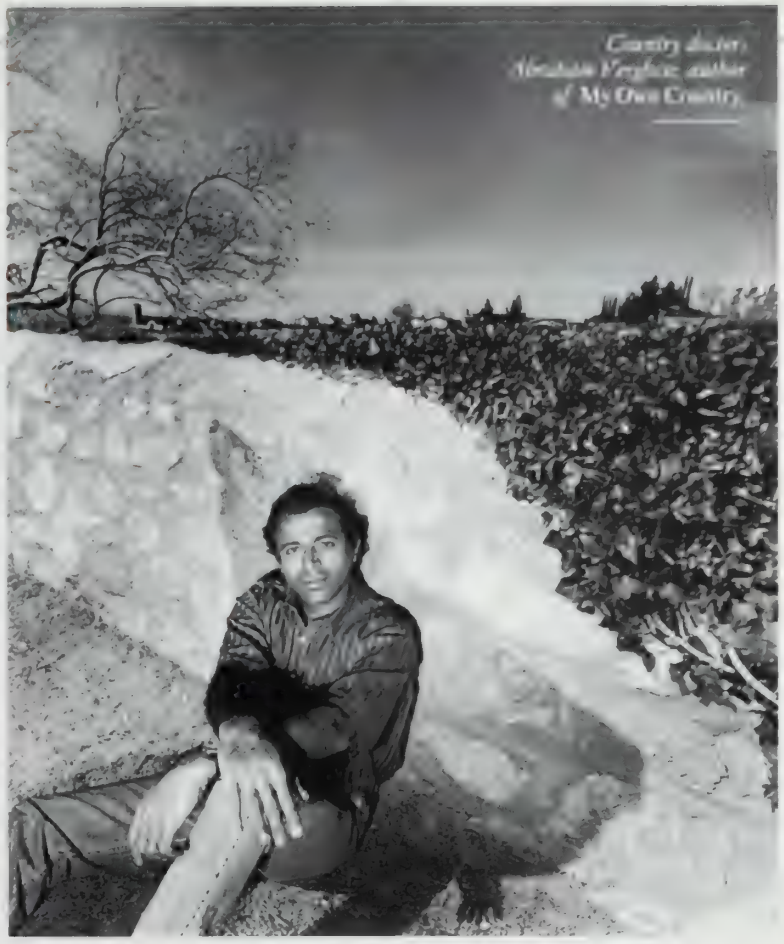


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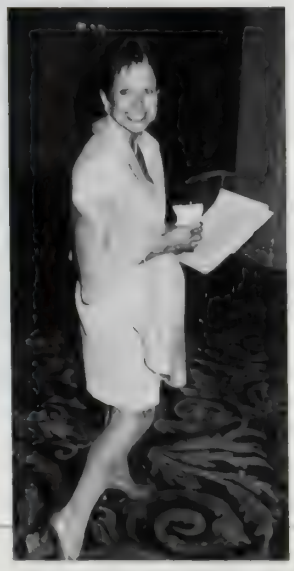
Country doctor: Abraham Verghese, author of My Own Country

My Own Country (Simon & Schuster) is the memoir of a young physician whose arrival in Johnson City, Tennessee, in 1985 coincided with the coming of AIDS to that small town. Dr. Abraham Verghese, an Indian born in Ethiopia, had arrived as a rookie doctor in the United States in 1980—at about the same time H.I.V. landed in the port cities of New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Dr. Verghese's residency in Johnson City was special: a foreign doctor observing the town from an outsider's perspective while the town's native sons were returning ill with H.I.V.—they were coming home to die, being outsiders of a different sort (by virtue of their illness and sexuality). His story is told from the closely observed heart of an epidemic. Far from being a sociological discourse, it is intensely personal; Dr. Verghese's vulnerability and his lucid prose give this book the emotional momentum of a good novel. Moreover, *My Own Country* was conceived and crafted while Dr. Verghese was holding down a full schedule of patient care and teaching—he is professor of medicine and chief of infectious diseases at Texas Tech University in El Paso.

Readers of *Granta* and *The New Yorker* are already familiar with Dr. Verghese's essays and short stories, but this impressive literary debut puts him in the esteemed company of such physician-writers as Sherwin Nuland and Richard Selzer. Abraham Verghese is currently at work on a collection of AIDS-related short stories; readers can hope that *My Own Country* will soon have a companion book of fiction.

—JOHN IRVING

Night-table Reading



Katie Couric
(co-host, NBC's Today *and* Now*)*
Live from the Battlefield, *by Peter Arnett*
Simon & Schuster
"I am reading Peter's book for pleasure, though it gives me great insights into my profession."



David Ross
director of the Whitney Museum
Rent Boy, *by Gary Indiana*
Serpent's Tail
"More great writing from a provocative New York character."

Russell Wong
(actor)
King, Warrior, Magician, Lover, *by Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette*
Harper San Francisco
"This is a fascinating book that delves into the male psyche and encourages self-awareness."



Editors at Large

Andy Warhol once said, "Do something that you love doing and, no matter what, you'll be able to sell it." Warhol's *Interview* was proof of that, and it, along with Nicole Wisniak's *Egoïste* and Kim Hastreiter and David Hershkovits's *Paper,* changed the face of pop-culture magazines. Today, the editors pictured here are expanding the limits by publishing what *FAD* founder R. J. Garbosky has dubbed "megazines." Megazines are independently produced collectible works of art that are at home more on your bookshelf than on the back of your commode. Like the aptly named *Visionaire,* these design-driven journals are the oracles for the fashion, art, and music industries, and presage what the mainstream media will be hot and bothered over in five years. Unlike glossies, megazines don't rely heavily on advertising dollars, so they can come out erratically and can feature the best of the avant-garde. Unlike Xeroxed 'zines, megazines have higher production values, and differ in their look and format. Some are gargantuan, like *The Manipulator,* which at 10 years old and 32 by 23 inches is the granddaddy of megazines, while *Fleabites* is pocket-size and handsewn. Their contents range from cyberculture and P.C. to the downtown fashion and nightlife scenes. All have their eye on the cutting edge. Ignore them at your peril. —E.S.



STYLED BY PAULA FOX. HAIR, MAKEUP, AND GROOMING BY CATHERINE FURNISS AND KARLO



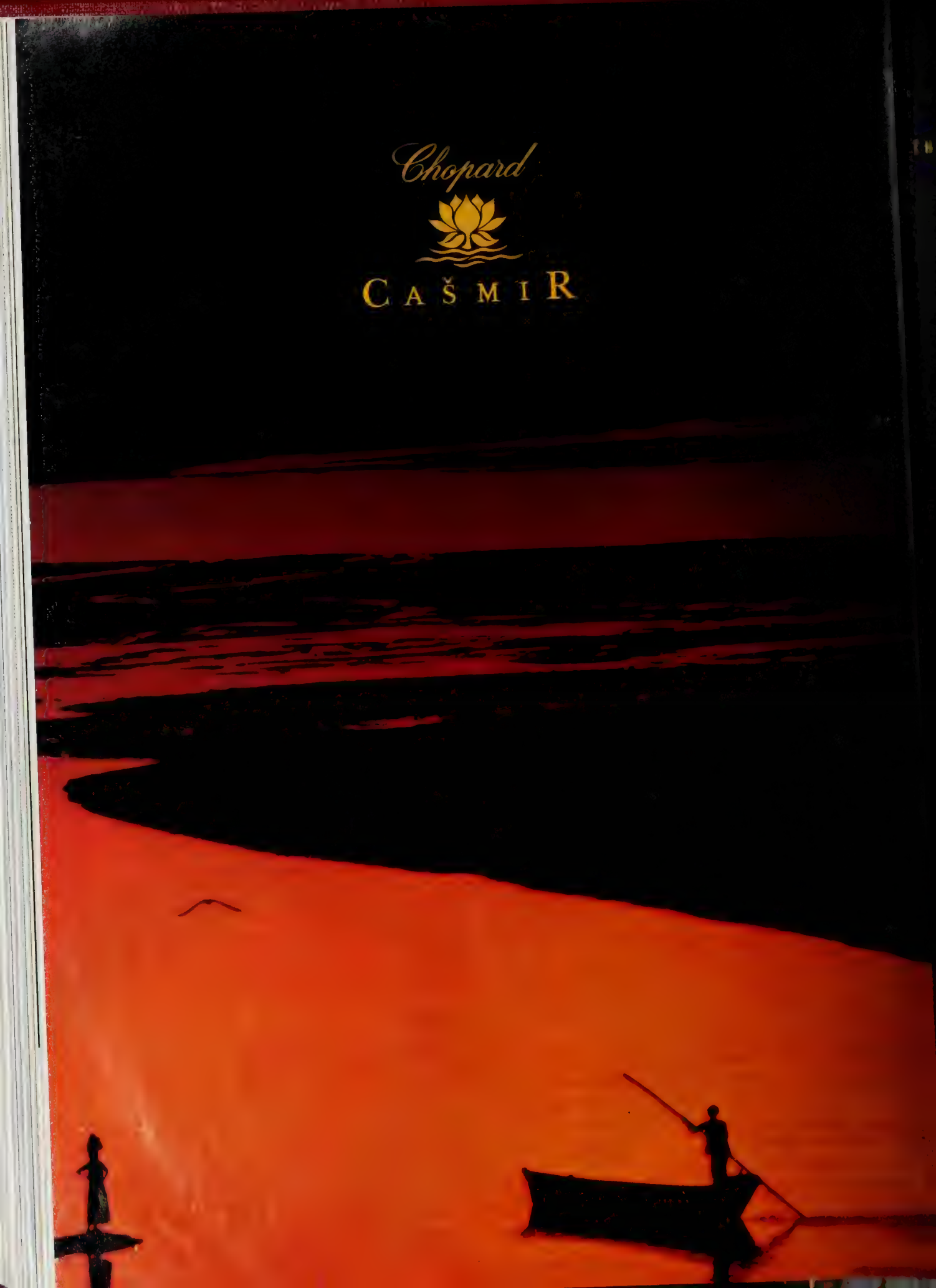
MEGA-STARS

Opposite, clockwise from top left: *Stephen Gan,* Visionaire; *R. J. Garbosky,* FAD; *John Knechtel,* Alphabet City; *Matt Byrne (standing in for creative director Richard Martinez),* Axcess; *Robert Bergman-Unger,* mAp; *Richard Klein,* Surface; *and, at center, Bice Curiger,* Parkett. Above, clockwise from top left: *Chi Chi Valenti,* Verbal Abuse; *Tad Lappy (co-editor with Pamela Ivinski, not pictured),* publicsfear; *Kim Zorn Caputo,* Blind Spot; *David Colby (co-publisher with Wilhelm Moser, not pictured),* The Manipulator; *Joseph Alpers,* Contents; *Robert Sommer,* Zone; *George Wayne,* ROME; *Maddalena Polletta,* Fleabites; *and Marcelo Jünemann,* Big

Photograph by DAVID ROSE

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With Jodie Foster, what you see is usually all you get. The two-time Oscar winner has enforced a strict news blackout on her private life, even as she completed her evolution fro child star to full-fledged Hollywood power by the negotiation of an unprecedented

Photographs by STEVEN MEISEL • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

JODIE



financing deal for her film company. But with a comedy Western, Maverick,
e for release in May and work starting on her first independent production, Foster opens
up to MICHAEL SHNAYERSON about the pressures of trying to do it all


CHARMED ADVENTURE
"Married
was an opportunity
and lightness
is a big
part of my life."
"If God had designed a perfect acting machine, it would be pretty close to Jodie."

Jodie Foster turns down everything. Everything! Doesn't matter who's in the package or what the pay is. It's always "I don't *connect* with the character here," or "What's the movie trying to *say*?" As if moviemaking were a sacred mission and actors were hired for their brains.

And yet here sits the Two-Time Academy Award Winner relating how she chose to play the faux southern belle in a frothy, $40 million remake of the 1950s television Western *Maverick*, co-starring Mel Gibson and James Garner. A comedy, mind you. "They sent it to me on a Thursday," she says cheerily of the script. "I read it Thursday afternoon, said yes on Friday, and had costume fittings on Saturday. I said, 'Yeah! I can't wait to start two weeks from now, and don't change a thing!' "

Is this a stand-in? The woman scrunched up in a big, round overstuffed chair doesn't look like Foster, either. She's smaller than you'd think: five feet four in her stocking feet. Her dark-blond hair is barely brushed, her face looks delicate but plain without makeup, and, for today at least, she's shunned Armani for a simple blouse, jeans, and sneakers, accessorized with a knapsack, which like a college coed she's just tossed onto the floor.

The looks are deceptive. As Mel Gibson says wonderingly of his new favorite co-star, you send Foster off to the makeup man and the girl next door comes back a bombshell, her perfect bone structure set off in the most breathtaking way, not a bad angle in sight.

The casual pose is a bit of a ruse as well. We are sitting in Foster's capacious office at Egg Pictures, her independent film company, financed with about $100 million from PolyGram Filmed Entertainment. Egg is situated somewhere in Hollywood—a walk, let's just say, from the Chateau Marmont. The company keeps such a low profile that its phone number isn't even *un*listed. Foster's assistant will call you, but you can't call her back; you have

to go through a public-relations office, which relays the message.

Foster's shelves are lined with scripts; outside her closed door, five lieutenants and as many unpaid interns spend their days worrying about what Jodie wants. For four months last year, they had to worry on their own, as *Maverick*'s leisurely shooting schedule took their boss from the California desert to a paddle wheeler on the Columbia River, then on to a put-together western town by Arizona's Lake Powell. Foster doesn't like to be disturbed on location. An assistant was allowed to call; the others had to resort to E-mail. Like Bill Gates, Foster was happier communicating by screen.

Her "charmed adventure," as Foster puts it with a grin, began when Gibson and his pal director Richard Donner learned that Meg Ryan preferred staying at home with her baby to gallivanting around the West with the boys. It was actually Terry Semel, the Warner Bros. president, who first suggested Foster for the film. If Donner had any doubts that the star of *The Accused* and *The Silence of the Lambs* could do Western comedy, her first reading convinced him—and Gibson, and Garner, and screenwriter William Goldman—that Foster would do just *fine*. The greater leap of faith was hers: could a self-professed control freak and doyenne of dark drama entrust her image to a director and star who had proudly careened through three *Lethal Weapon*s almost entirely on antic improvisation?

"I'd been looking for a comedy for 10 years," says Foster. "But I knew that drama is my strong suit and that I wasn't going to get involved in a comedy that wasn't quite there yet with people who didn't know what they were doing, because it's the hardest thing to do. And I never knew the steps you could take to make it better—whereas with drama I can say, Let's fix this or that."

Donner and Gibson were the old pros Foster had been waiting for, and after turning down all scripts for a year and a half, she was ready to take the risk. "This was an opportunity to do light," she says, "and lightness is a big part of my life."

"I'd never worked like this," Foster says. "But I've never been as happy and sane and unwhiny on a film before in my life. I just said, Well, this is not what I do—I'm just going to do whatever you say. And I figure if I'm having a good time it'll be O.K."

Foster hadn't ever seen the TV series. She didn't know James Garner had played the original Maverick, genial con man and cardsharp, or appreciate the way the show's refusal to take itself seriously had made it such a diversion from the dreary wagon train of 50s Western fare. All she had time to do, before going on location, was learn how to play poker.

"The first scene, there was no dialogue," Gibson recalls. "She was getting off the stagecoach as it pulled up to people whose wagons had been burned up. And there was a question of how she'd get down from the stage. She looked as if she needed assistance—this southern belle. Suddenly she took a huge pratfall, just on the spur of the moment. And because it was so against what she was doing and who she was, it was *funny*."

"From then on, my character was just incredibly clumsy," Foster says. "She tried to be so incredibly dignified, and then she would just fall or break a glass." Meanwhile, Gibson, as Maverick, acquired a penchant for babbling. Donner would let him babble away for 20 minutes, then have Foster react. "This is what I realized about comedy," Foster muses. "I'm very architectural and structural. I like things to be really simple—I'm always cutting dialogue. It's always about being more Zen and subtextual about it. The truth about comedy is that it doesn't matter how it looks, it doesn't matter how it cuts, doesn't matter what they're wearing, doesn't matter if it makes sense. The only thing that matters is if there's a spark."

Garner, who plays opposite his old role, as the straight-man marshal on Maverick's trail, admits he got a bit worried. "I said, 'We're having too good a time. I hope we're not laughing ourselves into oblivion.'" *So* improv were Donner and Gibson, with Foster playing right along, that Garner isn't sure William Goldman, 'literally out of the picture after Foster signed on, will recognize the movie he wrote. About Foster, Garner had no doubts at all—hasn't had, he says, since 1973, when he starred in a forgettable Disney picture called *One Little Indian* with the most precocious child actor he'd ever seen. "She had a presence even then—such a little professional, she could do whatever needed to be done." Garner laughs. "Her attitude and temperament haven't changed; she's just gotten better."

Garner, says Foster, "was then, and is now, one of the nicest guys in the business." About Mel Gibson, she can burble all day. "He's not so nice that he picks up birds on the highway and nurses them back to health. He probably has a temper; it's not like things don't get to him. But that's what makes him all the more special. He's complicated, but such a beautiful soul."

Typically, Foster has analyzed just how Gibson compares with her other recent co-star, Richard Gere, in last year's historical romance *Sommersby*. "I can't think of two more opposite people thrust in the same position—handsome men who every time a woman walks in, she responds to them in a really positive way. Richard is somehow completely internal; he doesn't notice anything that's happening around him. And then occasionally he'll put his high beams on you, and you feel like the most special person in the world because he just allowed you to come in for a moment. People die for that; they go over like dominoes. Whereas Mel is so unaware of himself, all he does is spend time doing magic tricks for people, or trying to think of things that will make them squeal, or disgust them. He listens in a way that's kind of innocent, and he disarms you because he's so unthreatening—he's like your best buddy immediately." Foster pauses, searching for just the right sum-up. "Richard feels very . . . *dangerous,* like a spiderweb you could get stuck in. . . . Mel's a kid."

How is Foster as a grown-up comedienne? Donner, pried away for a moment from the editing room where he's spent every waking hour of the last weeks readying *Maverick* for release, says she's superb. "I don't think she realized the extent to which she could let go and carry it off," he says. "When I told her to try something and it worked, she'd get gleeful about it, giggle and laugh as if it was for the first time." The marvel was that Foster could let go and yet remain in control. "Oh, *(Continued on page 167)*


"I'm in the best position because I have a talent, a commodity I can sell, that I can ram down people's throats."



Arafat in the Storm

P.L.O. chairman Yasser Arafat has fought to turn a historic handshake with Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin into a lasting peace agreement. In the wake of the Hebron massacre, he's had to fight for his own political survival as well. From Arafat's Tunis headquarters to the Occupied Territories, T. D. ALLMAN reports on the guerrilla leader's greatest battle

PROPHET AND LOSS
After leading his people so long and so far across the desert, will Yasser Arafat himself make it to the promised land?

"Chaos. Catastrophe. Bloodshed. Complete confusion." Yasser Arafat fires the words at me like bullets. "If you ask me honestly what is most likely to happen in the future, that is my answer."

"But the peace process—"

"You ask me to speak frankly!" Arafat interrupts. "Then you want different answers."

He's right. All evening long we've been sitting in the P.L.O. chairman's office in Tunis and I've been trying to prod him into saying something, anything, positive. But he won't. I've never seen him so pessimistic. It's difficult to believe that less than six months ago he was standing on the South Lawn of the White House, shaking hands with Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin.

"Nearly six months," Arafat continues, as if picking up the thought, "and nothing substantial is in our hands."

"But at the Cairo talks last week," I remind him, "everyone said there was a breakthrough, that all the problems on the borders had been solved, that soon there would be agreements on Jericho and—"

"No," he says. "Nothing has been solved." Then, as if he hasn't

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

"This is my worst crisis because, you see, I don't know what to do next."



made himself clear, he reiterates: "Six months without achieving anything!"

"Will you go to Jericho?"

"I don't know," Arafat replies.

Over the past two months of traveling in Israel and the Occupied Territories, as well as in Egypt and here in Tunisia, I've encountered growing gloominess about the peace process that began so euphorically last autumn. But no one—Israeli or Palestinian—has spoken as apocalyptically as the chairman of the P.L.O. Even the most pessimistic agreed with the optimists on one thing: whatever the delays and disputes, there would be an agreement in the end.

I now put the question to Arafat: "Will there be an agreement?"

"I can't give you an answer," he says. He continues, unprompted: "Guns! Guns are flowing into the territories. Those Jewish settlements are powder kegs, and the Palestinian factions are arming themselves too. I will not approve any agreement that does not provide adequate means to assure law and order and protect human life. I will not preside over another Somalia."

What makes these statements so remarkable is that Yasser Arafat is making them the night *before* the American-born Jewish settler Dr. Baruch Goldstein walked into a mosque in Hebron and massacred scores of Palestinians as they knelt in prayer.

Arafat's prescient sense of danger belies the growing complaints of his severest critics within the P.L.O., who have been telling me that the "Old Man," as Palestinians often call Arafat, has lost it. They've accused him of needlessly delaying the peace process, of creating problems where they've found solutions, of refusing to simply sign on the dotted line and go to Jericho to get on with the tedious work of laying the foundation for a future Palestinian state.

Many told me they suspect Arafat really doesn't want to become, as one Palestinian activist put it, "mayor of Jericho. Why should he? Now he's a glamorous world statesman. Who'd want to trade that for collecting trash in Gaza? Besides," the activist added, "every day he is going to have to live with the fact that some crazy Arab or Jew may try to kill him."

For the first time in my experience, I found that even Arafat's intimates now treat him as someone who must be handled carefully. "You'll find him moody," said one. Another warned, "Whatever you do, don't use the phrase 'mayor of Jericho.'"

"What's the biggest mistake you've made since shaking hands with Rabin at the White House?" I ask.

"I haven't made *any* mistakes," shoots back Arafat.

After retreating for a while into pleasantries, I ask, "Shouldn't you have gone home months ago?"

Arafat responds by making some mathematical calculations—something he, as an engineer by profession, loves to do. "Policemen!" he says. "In First World countries, the accepted ratio of policemen to population is 1 to 300; in the developing countries, 1 to 100." By Arafat's calculations, there should be 24,000 Palestinians in the "strong police force" called for in the Declaration of Principles the two sides negotiated in Oslo, Norway, last year. "But the Israelis say only 6,000!" he exclaims. "Only 6,000, even though they know better than anyone else that policing Gaza and the West Bank is one of the toughest jobs on earth. They want us to do all the security work they do now, but with only a token force—even though they know a strong Palestinian police force is absolutely necessary to achieve what they want most, peace and quiet in Gaza and the West Bank. That was why they agreed to a 'strong police force' in the first place, in their own interest. And now they are acting against their interest, as well as ours.

"No," Arafat says simply. "I cannot do the right work without the right tools. They will have themselves to blame if there is bloodshed. Mr. Rabin will have to take the responsibility if there is disaster. Love," he concludes, "cannot be all from one side."



MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
Arafat in his Tunis office, 1,500 miles from his homeland.

One measure of Yasser Arafat's transformation from feared guerrilla leader to respected statesman is the fact that his life has become steadily less fugitive. He no longer has to sleep in a different bed every night or switch offices constantly. To interview him tonight required no mad dash to an unmarked jet before it took off for a mysterious destination, nor a two A.M. summons to a safe house on the outskirts of Tunis where men carrying submachine guns patrol the corridors.

Instead, the rendezvous was set for the surprisingly early hour, for Arafat, of nine P.M. I was picked up by an unarmed chauffeur driving a large, late-model sedan, not a dented old car filled with armed men, as in the past. The location of his office, in one of the fashionable districts of central Tunis, is well-known. There's nothing palatial about this Art Deco building adorned with Moorish tiles—the P.L.O. has been in a financial crisis ever since the oil-rich Arab states cut off its subsidies in retaliation for Arafat's support of Saddam Hussein during the Gulf War; besides, Arafat has always been one of the few Arab leaders who are indifferent to luxury. When his 15-to-18-hour workday is finished, he goes home to a small villa just outside Tunis which he shares with his wife, Suha Tawil.

One reason Arafat's life is no longer like something out of a spy thriller is that under the Rabin government, Shin Bet, the Israeli intelligence service, seems to have shifted from targeting Arafat to plotting his movements in order to protect him. "I presume this is the case," a member of the P.L.O. executive committee told me. When I asked a member of the Rabin government exactly the same question,

"Who says I'll be president? Maybe *they* wo

he gave exactly the same response. It is now the official position of the Israeli government, he said, that Arafat "is our ticket to real peace."

Nevertheless, Arafat's security is still a no-nonsense affair. Just outside Arafat's ground-floor office stand four men in well-cut dark suits, their jackets concealing weapons. You see these same bodyguards next to Arafat in photographs or on TV when he meets such leaders as Bill Clinton and Yitzhak Rabin. These men have been by his side for years, facing death with him repeatedly. The most harrowing incident happened two years ago, when Arafat's plane ran out of fuel over the Libyan desert. The only way to save the lives of the passengers was for the pilots to crash the plane nose first—which meant they would be killed. When Arafat tried to prevent them from sacrificing their lives for his, some of these same bodyguards forced him to the floor, tied him up, and dragged him from the cockpit. They trussed him in blankets and pushed him to the back of the plane. Two Palestinian pilots and a Romanian technician were killed in the crash; Arafat lived, though he was thrown from the wreckage by the impact.

The door to Arafat's office unlocks only when he himself presses a button concealed under his desk, and even when you're alone with the chairman, you're not alone. Throughout our meeting, another man in another dark suit stood just off to the side, between us.

At 64, Arafat is slimmer, trimmer, more fit and vigorous than he was when I first met him, when he was in his 50s. On his desk, neatly positioned in the middle, is an open box of individually wrapped capsules labeled Arginotri-B. "Vitamin B_1," he explains, swallowing a capsule with a glass of his trademark tea, sweetened with honey. Under his scraggly white beard, however, his skin keeps growing paler and paler. The pigment seems to be disappearing; he seems to have become almost an albino. An aide tells me it's because he almost never sees sunlight. He spends his whole life in offices, planes, and cars.

Contrary to stereotype, Arafat has always been a scrupulously methodical person. Tonight there's not a wrinkle in his uniform; the creases in his trousers are as sharp as knives. The felt-tip pens he uses to annotate documents are as neatly aligned in a pocket on the left sleeve of his olive uniform as the bullets from his Smith & Wesson are in the leather holster buckled to his belt. The holster itself is dyed green to match his uniform.

Over the years Arafat has acted so successfully on the world stage that many equate the Palestinians as a whole with him and assume most of them wear head scarves, don't shave, and carry revolvers. In fact Arafat is the only member of the P.L.O. leadership who dresses that way. "He invented that costume in order to dramatize himself and the Palestinian cause," a founding member of Arafat's al-Fatah movement told me. "In the beginning he dressed like the rest of us." The official, like most successful Palestinians, was wearing a suit and tie.

Arafat's long desk is as organized as he is. It sits on a podium, elevated above the rest of the long room. Everything on the desk is in order: two staplers side by side; felt-tip-pen holders arranged by color; a leather diary; neat stacks of official documents, each dossier in its own transparent plastic folder. Behind Arafat's desk is what I've seen in all his other offices: a wall-size photo mural of the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem.

At the far end of the office, also elevated, is a large color television. Though the sound is off, it seems permanently tuned to CNN International. Thus, many times a day and many times a night Arafat—consciously or subliminally—sees a film clip of himself and Rabin shaking hands on the White House lawn flash before his eyes.

"I don't know what to do now," Arafat says, speaking with a vigor that seems at odds with his despair. "I have done all I can to reach an agreement. Only America can save the situation now. America must get involved, if we all are to avoid disaster.

"This is the biggest crisis of my life," he goes on. "I guess it's because this is my first experience with the Israelis. I've never dealt directly with them befo They've always had the upper hand—t allies, the weapons. But I thought on we started talking face-to-face . . . "

I mention all the other crises, a the other times things seemed hop less: Black September in 1970, wh the P.L.O. was driven from Jorda August 1982, when the P.L.O. was dri en from Lebanon to its refuge here Tunisia, 1,500 miles from the land once imagined it could get back fro Israel by force; the plane crash.

"No," Arafat insists. "This is n worst crisis because, you see, I don know what to do next."

Summits of exultation, vales of tear I've watched Arafat experience both. remind him about the time five yea ago when he talked to me excitedly the day he would go home to Pale tine. We were flying in a tiny exec tive jet high above the Sahara fro Mauritania to Morocco, battling fierc head winds and low on fuel. It was prefiguration of Arafat's later crash i Libya. "We may have to put down i the desert," the Tunisian pilot told m But in the tiny passenger cabin, cramme with crates of fax machines and als explosives, so the Israelis could neve take him alive, Arafat was cheerful.

"Don't worry, my dear!" he said i the primitive English he has since im proved. "The day is coming when th Israelis will understand they need m and the P.L.O. They will understan we are not their problem, we are thei solution. Remember what I am saying Much sooner than you imagine, the Is raelis will realize they will never know real peace without our help. They wil come to us, seeking that help!"

Against all evidence, Arafat remained confident. "I'm going to get some littl corner of this earth Palestinians ca call their own!" he told me. "And I'm going to do it in a way that leaves everyone, including the Israelis, *happy*."

I pointed out to Arafat that the Israelis insist he is a terrorist. "You really think you can end the entire 40-year conflict, just like that?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "This is the last 15 minutes."

"I simply cannot imagine the Is-

want me."



LIFE ON THE INSIDE
A Palestinian boy in the Gaza Strip throws back a tear-gas canister fired by Israeli soldiers.

raeli government negotiating such a settlement," I said.

Arafat explained: "Figuring out what s going to happen next in Israel is one of the biggest parts of my job."

"So you actually think that someday you will be president of an independent Palestine?"

"Who says I'll be president? Maybe," he said, "*they won't want me.*"

His aides and bodyguards laughed so hard that it seemed as if the laughter, not the storm outside, was making the little plane rock. Not want Yasser Arafat? For the Palestinians on this plane, as for millions of others, he was their Moses, leading them across the desert of exile to their promised land. To suggest the day might come when Palestinians might not want such a leader seemed ludicrous.

But as I finish this story, it's clear Arafat isn't savoring the memory.

"Yes, you're right," he says. "My policy of peace with Israel has lost the support of the masses." He pauses before adding, "As for me, if the people don't want me, I'll go."

I make one last effort to get him back on track. "What's the next step in the peace process?" I ask. "Are you going to meet Rabin soon, as your negotiators told me?"

"Who knows?" he answers. "He's not in a hurry. But Prime Minister Rabin must understand these delays will backfire. They will bring tragedy down on both our houses."

Has Yasser Arafat become a prophet without honor among his own people? Having led the Palestinians so long and so far across the desert, will he himself fail to make it to the promised land? One of his own aides, reflecting the doubts Arafat himself has expressed privately, predicts, "He's not going to make it. At the rate things are going, he's not going to make it."

In the aftermath of the Hebron massacre, there were, as always, the TV images of Palestinians throwing stones and Israeli soldiers firing back. But now there were also pictures of Palestinians burning the P.L.O. chairman in effigy. Arafat's own representative on the West Bank acknowledged the rage: "People have turned against not only Chairman Arafat but anyone associated with the peace process [because] we promised people that things would get better and instead we have witnessed one of the worst massacres in our history."

Whether they were made by liberal democrats or Islamic fundamentalists, the criticisms leveled by Arafat's fellow Palestinians seemed impossible to answer. If it takes a peace agreement with the Israelis to prevent such outrages, why did Arafat let months go by without producing an agreement? And if agreement with the Israelis can't prevent innocent worshipers from being killed, why shake hands with Rabin in the first place?

As the despair and anger built, even prominent Palestinians were saying what they once only whispered. "Ever since the White House lawn, he's been screwing up," one told me. As early as last December, some of the richest and most powerful Palestinian businessmen — the cornerstone of any future Palestinian state's economic future — issued a declaration accusing the chairman of making decisions "haphazardly," and appointing cronies to crucial posts. Just when careful organization was required to establish a Palestinian administration in Gaza and Jericho, they charged, Arafat was still acting like a guerrilla chieftain. "If the current situation continues, with its hastiness, hesitation, confusion and recalcitrance," they warned, "the leadership will soon lose the people's trust and the trust of all the countries that expressed their willingness to support our cause politically and financially."

A short time later, a delegation of the Occupied Territories' most eminent leaders flew to Tunis to try to make Arafat see the light. "He kept asking, 'What does this mean for the P.L.O.?'" reports Dr. Haidar Abdel-Shafi, perhaps the most universally respected Palestinian in the Gaza Strip. "He was much more concerned about preserving the P.L.O. than creating an efficient, democratic administration inside Palestine. Arafat is such a legend," he adds pointedly. "But how will people react when they see him as he really is?"

"He is our friend and our enemy," sums up Ehab al-Ahsqar, a member of Arafat's own Fatah movement. "He is our father and dictator. He is a symbol, but we want him to change."

Ironically, Palestinians were denouncing Arafat for exactly the same character traits that once made them revere him: his tirelessness, his obsession with detail, his refusal to sign off on anything until it comports with his own idiosyncratic, and often prophetic, vision of what it should be — and his long history of flying by the seat of his pants.

If it weren't for two primal forces



"Arafat's often out of sync with those he leads. .



HOME AWAY FROM HOME Arafat's wife, Suha Tawil, and bodyguards at their villa outside Tunis.

ıter, we catch up with him."

Arafat and the intifada—the Palestinians today would be just one more of the Middle East's vanished peoples, like the Sumerians and the Babylonians. Instead, he's led them tantalizingly close to a most extraordinary achievement: taking a nation eradicated by history and putting it back on the map—something achieved by only one other people, the Jews in Israel.

But, as Dr. Hanan Ashrawi, the admired Palestinian activist, explained to me, "Arafat's whole life and world were turned upside down by the Oslo and Washington agreements. Overnight he was expected to transform himself from a revolutionary into something he had never been before." She enumerated the problems facing the P.L.O. chairman. "He has a constituency inside the Occupied Territories, which is turning against him. Before, they kept quiet, but now everyone is expressing doubts about him they always have had." Second, "he needs to maintain majority support among *all* Palestinians—he has to speak, for example, for refugees in the camps in Lebanon, who are getting nothing out of this deal. This means he has to stay 'radical' at the very moment he also has to be moderation itself.

"In addition, he has to go on traversing the minefield of Arab politics while acting like a respected statesman in the international community. On top of all that," she concluded, "he has to build a modern, democratic state. And all these demands struck simultaneously."

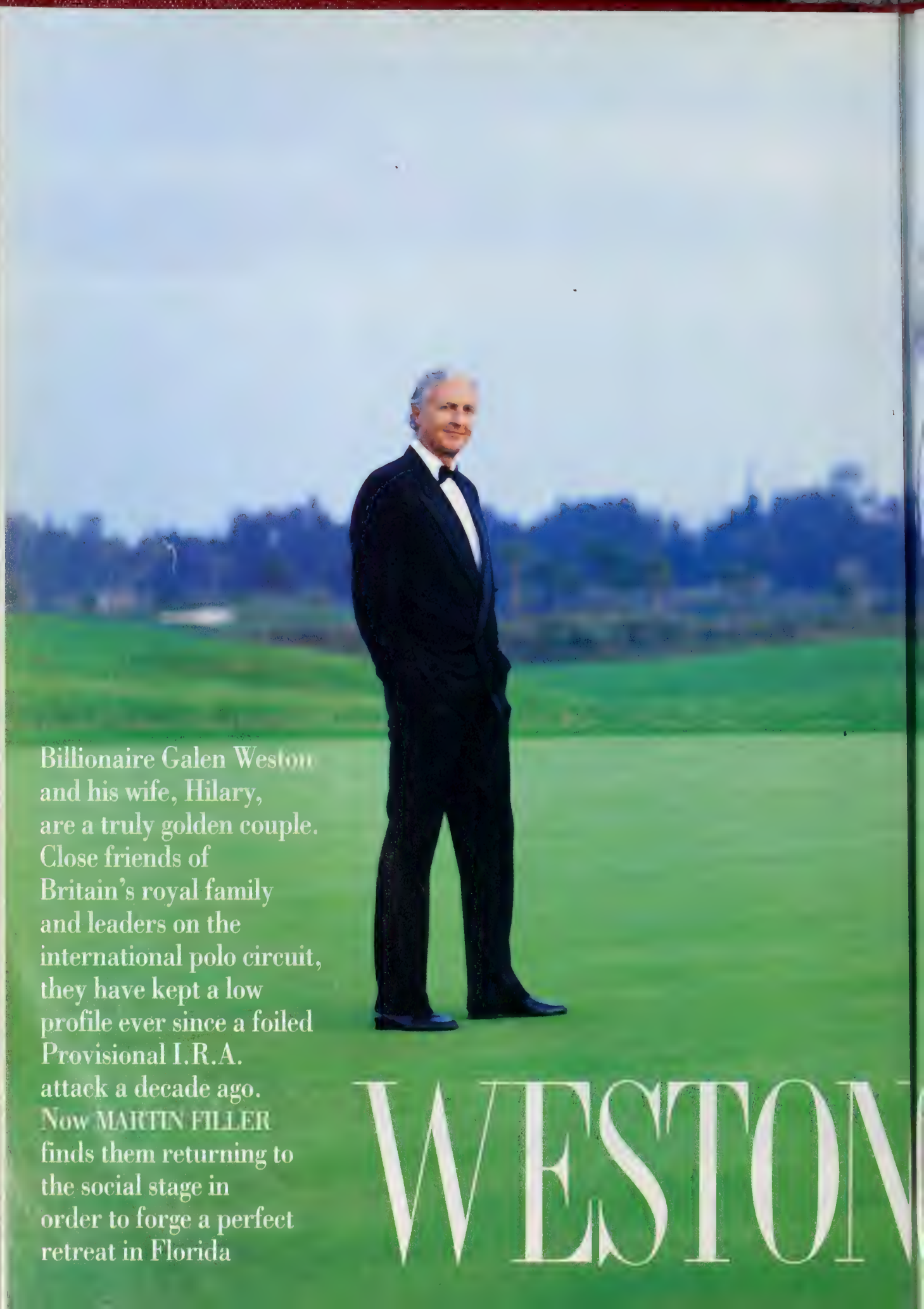
As the negotiations dragged on, Palestinians began asking the question posed recently on the cover of an Israeli magazine over a photo of the P.L.O. chairman: "Can this man govern?"

"If we administer Gaza and Jericho the way we've run these peace talks," a member of the P.L.O. executive committee told me, "we're finished." He went on: "We face a stupendous challenge to prove Palestinians are capable of governing themselves. In comparison, questions about border crossings and the size of Jericho are meaningless."

"Does Arafat understand that?" I asked.

"No," he answered. Contempt crept into his voice. "You see, our chairman is a man of vision."

His vision may now be causing him doubts about his own future. "We were flying back from Pakistan," recalls an intimate. "A *Continued on page 179*



Billionaire Galen Weston and his wife, Hilary, are a truly golden couple. Close friends of Britain's royal family and leaders on the international polo circuit, they have kept a low profile ever since a foiled Provisional I.R.A. attack a decade ago. Now MARTIN FILLER finds them returning to the social stage in order to forge a perfect retreat in Florida

WESTON



CIVILIZATION

Photographs by TODD EBERLE

In every decade there have been a husband and wife blessed with such a concatenation of wealth, looks, power, and style that it seems as though the gods of good fortune have been working overtime in their behalf. In the 50s it was Bill and Babe Paley, in the 60s Jack and Jackie Kennedy, in the 70s Gianni and Marella Agnelli, in the 80s Prince Charles and Princess Diana. Each of those golden couples summed up the aspirations of their peak moment, defining what a pairing of those at the top might be.

It is a sign of our cautious times that two current contenders for that exalted role are still virtually unknown to the general public, and are perhaps more titanium than gold. He is a movie-star-handsome billionaire who transformed his Canadian family's multinational food-and-retailing empire into a hugely profitable conglomerate, a dashing, whippet-thin sportsman called the most powerful man in his country. She is a svelte former professional model, a published author, a development partner in her husband's most daring new business venture, and a member of the International Best-Dressed List Hall of Fame.

Together they are the parents of two remarkably well-adjusted and motivated children, close friends of several members of the British royal family, fixtures on the international polo circuit, and nexus of a vast and admiring network of the rich and famous on six continents. Their synergy is central to their success.

Galen and Hilary Weston, says their friend Anouska Hempel, the London fashion designer, "are an incredible double act. They both absolutely enhance each other with their roles in each other's worlds. I think they're the ideal couple—both direct, both willful, both wonderful, both wild, and yet somehow they team up incredibly well."

Only now are Galen Weston, the 53-year-old Toronto-based supermarket tycoon, and his Irish-born wife, Hilary, two years younger, beginning to emerge from a decade of self-imposed obscurity after a foiled kidnap attempt on them by the Provisional Irish Republican Army. In August 1983, the Westons' favorite house, Roundwood Park—a 17th-century castle on 245 acres in the Wicklow Hills, south of Dublin—was attacked by seven masked gunmen. But police had been tipped off by an informant, and an anti-terrorist task force ambushed the Provisional I.R.A. squad, shooting five of them. Warned in advance, the Westons had left quickly and quietly for England, where Galen was playing polo with Prince Charles when the raid came down.

Though the Westons escaped harm, the incident spelled the end of their idyllic life in Ireland. "There are no more lovely dances at Roundwood," laments their friend the Honorable Desmond Guinness, a descendant of the brewery family and the founder of the Irish Georgian Society. "Hilary is very, very Irish and must have been desperately upset at having to give up the house, but it just wasn't worth the worry."

"That gave them all quite a fright," recalls Rupert Hambro, a London banker and longtime intimate. "Added to which, as a family they've always been somewhat publicity-shy. It's not till Windsor that the whole thing changed."

Hambro might be referring to the royal house or to its eponymous castle, on the grounds of which the Westons lease a famous landmark from the Crown Estate. But in fact he is talking about the 416-acre seaside resort community in Vero Beach, Florida, where the couple spend several holidays each year and which they are developing in the hope of its becoming their generation's alternative to the geriatric luxe of Palm Beach or the Wasp chintziness of Hobe Sound. The Westons are promoting Windsor with an alluring blend of regal cachet, architectural quality, and their own considerable glamour. They refuse to buy advertising to sell their development, as Miami's Fisher Island and local competitor John's Island do. Indeed, the best possible endorsement for Windsor is its most attractive inhabitants, and after years of masterminding other merchandising campaigns, Hilary and Galen Weston are finally learning to market themselves.

It is not a process that Galen Weston is entirely comfortable with. One friend of the couple's was visiting them in Florida last year when a *Tatler* fashion piece modeled by Hilary was published. "I was there when Hilary showed it to him," the informant reports, "and I could see that Galen obviously wasn't best pleased. But he *was* pleased that Windsor was mentioned. He's come to terms with what it all means now."

"I grew up in a family where there was a strong Methodist background," Galen says as he stretches out in a white wicker chair on the veranda of the Beach Cottage, the couple's ocean-front house at Windsor, 85 miles north of Palm Beach. "The work ethic was very strong and the rewards for work were perceived to be probable, perhaps even quite substantial, if one went after it intelligently. 'Luck' was typically not a word that was used at home. You got out of life whatever you put into it."

It is October 1993, and Hilary and Galen Weston are in London for the social event of the year, the wedding of the Honorable Serena Stanhope, daughter of their Irish friend Viscount Petersham, to Viscount Linley, Queen Elizabeth's furniture-making nephew, from whom Hilary commissioned an imposing marquetry model of Fort Belvedere, their royal rental, as a 25th-wedding-anniversary present for Galen in 1991. As the Westons glide through the public rooms of Claridge's at cocktail time—she five feet ten in a shimmering gold lace pants outfit by Giorgio Armani, he six feet three in a double-breasted dinner suit by the Savile Row tailors Gieves & Hawkes, both bought at Canada's Weston-owned Holt Renfrew department stores—heads turn to follow them, not because they are recognizable but simply because they are so damned good-looking.

They settle onto a chintz-covered sofa in a quiet corner, a bottle of Perrier-Jouët champagne is uncorked and poured, and in anticipation of the next day's ceremony they reminisce about their first royal wedding, that of the Prince and Princess of Wales more than a decade ago. Prince Charles is off on an official trip and will not attend his cousin's nuptials, but the Westons will see Princess Diana, whose program they helped arrange during

one state visit to Canada and with whom they have remained on friendly terms since the separation. "She gives you a big hug every time she sees you," says Galen to Hilary of the Princess. "I know," Hilary replies sadly. "She's sweet."

They will also see the Queen Mother, who stayed at the Westons' primary residence, in Toronto's Forest Hill section, for two weeks during her 1989 trip to Canada. (As with Fort Belvedere, the Toronto house was done up by the London decorator John Stefanidis.) There, too, will be the Queen, with whom the Westons dined earlier this year, at the Grosvenor Square residence of Fredrik Eaton, of the Toronto department-store family, who is now high commissioner for Canada, and his wife, Nicky, along with another Canadian friend, Conrad Black, chairman of the Telegraph P.L.C. In British circles that still cherish the idea of the Empire—or even the Commonwealth—Hilary and Galen Weston are everyone's favorite Canadians.

But their closest friend within the royal family remains Prince Charles. He has played highly publicized polo at Windsor, Florida, conferring on that newborn community an instant snob appeal outstripping that of any other real-estate development in a region overcrowded with them. Not all of the natives are thrilled by the royal seal of approval, however. The former mayor of Vero Beach denounced the Westons and their Florida-based co-developers, Geoffrey and Jorie Kent, for exploiting their friendship with the Prince to set up "an elite colony of supposedly superior people."

Actually, the Westons don't need Prince Charles for that. Their highly eclectic social life includes several distinct but overlapping circles, though, as their friend Harry Fitzgibbons, a London venture capitalist, points out, "they don't try to keep all of these little pools separate. Hilary and Galen quite enjoy mixing people back and forth."

Those little pools include the Westons' Irish set (Desmond and Penelope Guinness, Sybil Connolly), Canadian set (Brian and Mila Mulroney, Paul and Jackie Desmarais), American set (Alfred and Judy Taubman, Charles and



POLO LOUNGE
Weston preparing for action on the playing field at Windsor.

"Galen is a hard player, but not at all tricky or dishonest. There's no ducking and diving."

Carol Price), international set (the Begum Aga Khan, the Count and Countess d'Ornano), London set (Mark Birley, Viscount and Viscountess Astor), shooting set (the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Charles and Cherry Hambro), and polo set (Henryk and Barbara de Kwiatkowski, and, of course, the Prince of Wales).

The heir to the throne is a player on the Maple Leafs, Galen Weston's team, based at the Guards Polo Club in Ascot, and during the summer the Prince boards nine of his ponies at the Canadian's nearby Belvedere Farm. That superb equestrian complex, completed in 1989 to the designs of the London-based architect Demetri Porphyrios and conceived in accord with Charles's philosophy of traditional architecture, was praised by *Country Life* as "undoubtedly the finest [stables] built in this country since the First World War."

Last July 1 (Canada's national holiday) 500 guests, ranging from Prince Charles to Elle Macpherson, attended the spectacular $375,000 coming-of-age party the Westons gave in honor of their daughter, Alannah, at the adjacent Fort Belvedere. That 18th-century Gothic Revival folly's best-known former occupant was Charles's predecessor as Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII and Duke of Windsor, who used it as his hideaway with Wallis Simpson and signed his abdication instrument in what is now the Westons' sitting room. "One has a very strong emotional tie to the U.K.," says Galen Weston in a rare if understated admission of his personal feelings. For the son of a Canadian who once exhorted "the young men of Canada to see the possibilities of the Empire," glimpsing the maple-leaf flag floating over the turrets of that erstwhile kingly retreat is very heady stuff indeed.

In turn, Galen Weston foots the considerable bill for the Prince's playing on the polo team. Weston has also been a generous supporter of one of Charles's pet charities, United World Colleges, of which Charles is president and which was founded by his "honorary grandfather," Earl Mountbatten of Burma (who was assassinated by Provisional I.R.A. terrorists in Ireland four years before the attack on the Westons). And Weston underwrote the first conference held at the Prince of Wales's Institute of Architecture in London at the end of 1992, during the difficult fortnight between the fire at Windsor Castle and the official announcement of the breakdown of the Waleses' marriage. At that conference, the strain showed as the Prince promptly fell asleep in the Regent's Park meeting room, though he perked up at teatime, when Weston dutifully presented several of his Florida clients to His Royal Highness.

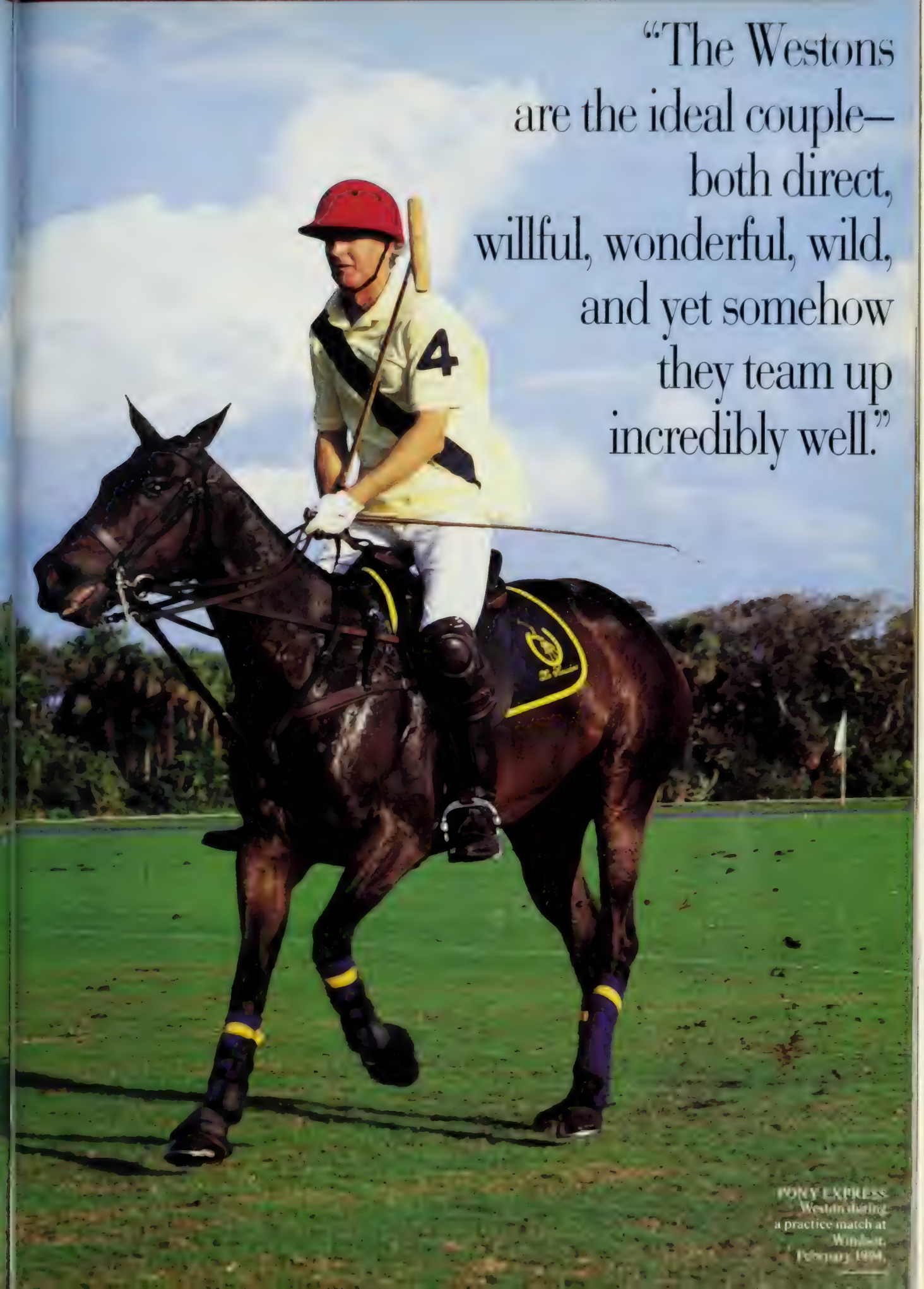
Thus the Westons were deeply chagrined by a report in a London tabloid that claimed they have made their English home a safe house for the Prince and his mistress, as well as appalled by what the royal family's advisers told them to say in reply to the newspaper. "Last summer there was a huge lead article with pictures of Fort Belvedere and the Prince of Wales and Camilla Parker-Bowles," says Hilary Weston in her impossible-to-place mid-Atlantic accent, "and how Galen had actually bought it for them. What can you do?

"Galen rang up the press office at Buckingham Palace," she continues, "which gave him the most ridiculous advice, that he write a letter saying, 'To the best of my knowledge . . . ' Can you imagine anything so stupid? So Galen wrote the only letter you *can* write: 'Mrs. Parker-Bowles has never been in Fort Belvedere in her life.' "

Like many of Prince Charles's other friends, Galen Weston sees a big gap between the private reality and the public impression. "He's a very serious person," Weston insists, "but unfortunately he comes across as being light, particularly in the sense of what has happened in his personal life and the fact that he's perceived not to have a real job, which drives him mad. In fact, I think he's in a position to do much more in his present position than he will ever be able to do as king, because he can go out in left field, he can criticize, he can talk."

Making one's own mark within the role of dynastic inheritance is something Galen Weston is quite familiar with himself. One of the few things that gets Hilary's Irish up is when her husband is portrayed as a lightweight. "I think that Galen has been afflicted





PONY EXPRESS
Weston during a practice match at Windsor, February 1994.



PALMY DAYS
Weston and friends dine alfresco at Windsor in February, with Hilary's yellow Labrador, Lottie. *Opposite*, the Westons at the Windsor complex.

with the image of being a polo player and the friend of the Prince of Wales," she complains, "as if that's the only thing he's ever done in his life, and that irritates me."

At an age when most polo players consider retirement (the 45-year-old Prince Charles has recently told his Canadian friend that he will play only a few benefit matches from now on), the preternaturally youthful Weston considers himself lucky to still be in the action at all. "I guess it's the excitement and glamour and speed of the game," Weston says, "and the opportunity, as somewhat of a frustrated athlete who would have liked to have been a good tennis player or a great swimmer at school and never quite made it, to be with the big boys—that is, to play on a team basis with the best players in the world. That's the real turn-on."

Peter, the Lord Palumbo of Walbrook, the London property developer who has crossed swords with Prince Charles over the place of modern architecture in London, was an avid polo player when he met Galen Weston, in the 70s. "Character does come out on the polo field," Lord Palumbo maintains. "Galen is a hard player, but not at all tricky or dishonest, as many of them can be. He's a very straight-shooting sort of man. What you see is what you get, and that's the way he plays polo. There's no ducking and diving."

According to Harry Fitzgibbons, "Galen is a tremendous natural athlete. He has one of the best hand-eye coordinations of anybody I know. Peter Fleming, who was the doubles champion with John McEnroe, is a friend of mine and partners me against Galen and his son. And Peter's constantly amazed at how quick Galen is around the tennis court. Galen has great grace. There are a lot of women with grace, but not many men."

And not just grace, but guts. His wife's worries aside, Galen Weston is in no danger of being seen as a dilettante heir. *Canadian Business* magazine has praised his "textbook turnaround" of the North American Weston properties since he took them over in a state of near bankruptcy 20 years ago and whipped that chaotic collection of more than 200 companies and subsidiaries (many of them



"He really uses Hilary as a sounding board, particularly on people."

competitive with one another) into a sensibly streamlined organization with 1993 sales of $8.7 billion.

The Toronto-based George Weston Limited is one of the world's biggest bakers, Canada's largest salmon farmer and canner, and 70 percent owner of the country's Loblaw Companies (including the Loblaw No Frills, Superstore, Valu-Mart, Zehrs, and Ziggys chains). Wonder Bread and Cadbury chocolates are among a number of Weston-owned brands familiar in the United States as well. And through the family's Associated British Foods operation (headed by Galen's London-based older brother, Garry), such quintessentially English icons as Twinings Tea and Fortnum & Mason add further upmarket luster to a conglomerate that has always stressed the higher-quality end of mass-produced food.

Nowhere is that better demonstrated than in what is generally agreed to be Galen Weston's most promising business move: the house-brand President's Choice line of 800 premium foods, introduced in 1984. "One is value-oriented in everything," says Weston. "One is trying to get the best of quality reinstated into the low-cost food product."

Weston knows that there are far greater profits to be reaped from house brands tailored to the specific needs of one's customers and available nowhere else. "In the food business you're constantly dealing with demographics," he says, "constantly asking where people are going with their desires and wants. Out of that you get some fairly clear ideas of the way people want to live. . . . Working close to the staff of life—bread and foodstuffs—those were family values that were inculcated in all of us and have been very sustaining in life through the ups and downs of the business cycle."

Willard Gordon Galen Weston was born in Marlow, Buckinghamshire, England, in October 1940, at the beginning of the Blitz. Though British children without any connection to Canada were being evacuated there to escape the devastation of the war, W. Garfield Weston would have none of it for his nine offspring. After *(Continued on page 164)*

Passion Play

It's them again. *Passion,* the new musical from Stephen Sondheim (music, lyrics) and James Lapine (book, direction), opens on Broadway this month. That's cause for fanfare. The pair's previous collaborations were *Into the Woods* and *Sunday in the Park with George.* And Sondheim's work has ranged from the elegant *A Little Night Music* to the dark masterpiece *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street.*

"I would describe *Passion* as rhapsodic, not light or dark," Sondheim says. "The music is closer in style to the romantic music in *Sweeney Todd* and *Sunday in the Park with George,* as opposed to *A Little Night Music.*"

Passion, a love triangle set in 19th-century Italy, has roots in an 1869 novel (*Fosca*) by Iginio Tarchetti and a 1981 film (*Passione d'Amore*) directed by Ettore Scola. It stars Jere Shea, Marin Mazzie, and, in what is said to be a Tony-worthy performance, Donna Murphy, lately seen in *Hello Again.*

"Steve saw the Scola film and came to me with the idea of adapting it into a musical," says Lapine. "But we're basing the show more on Tarchetti's novel."

"The big song is 'I Wish I Could Forget You,'" says Sondheim, who supplies its opening lines:

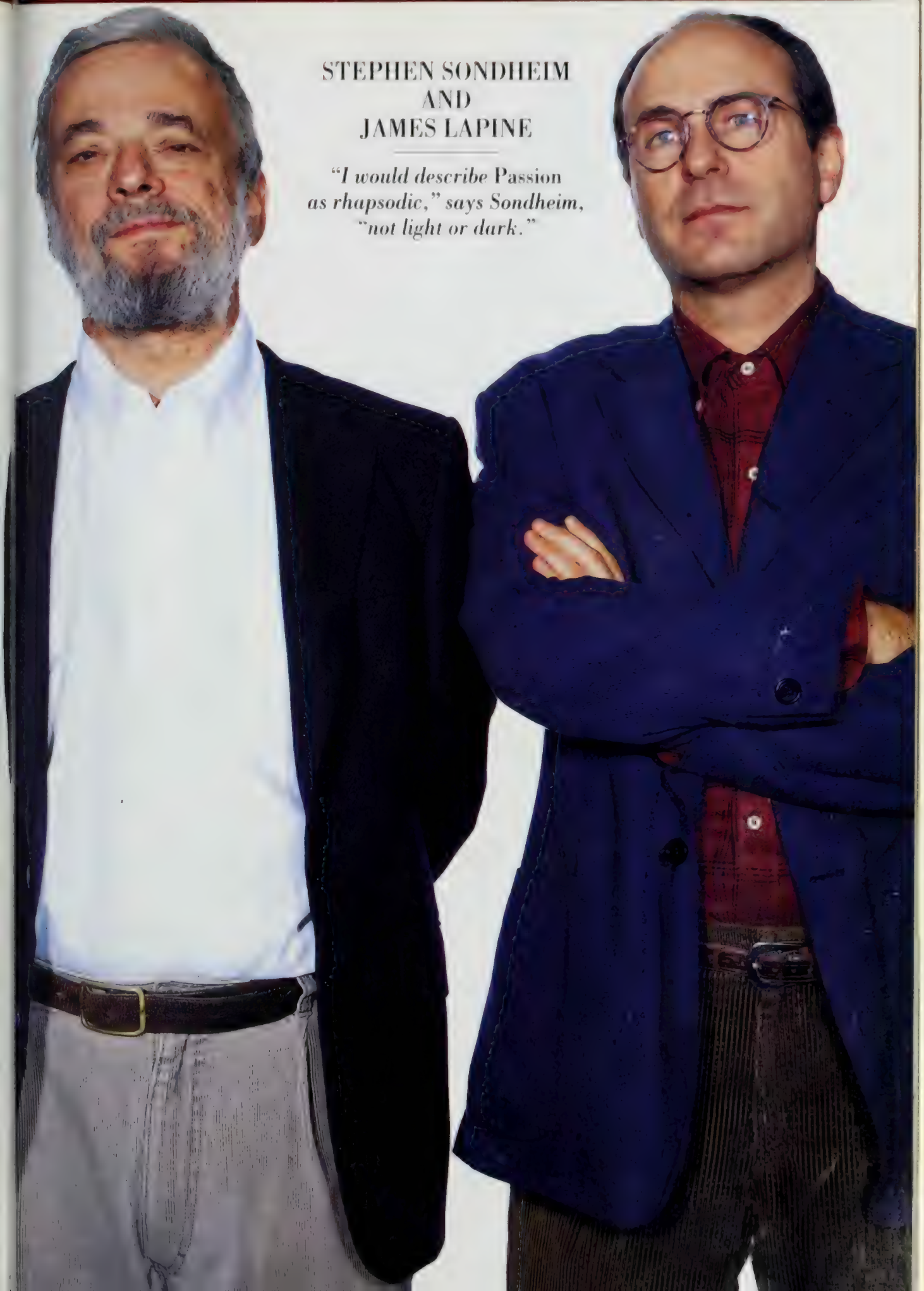
> I wish I could forget you,
> Erase you from my mind.
> But ever since I met you,
> I find
> I cannot leave the thought of you behind.

For the moment, we must be content with just this taste of *Passion.*

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

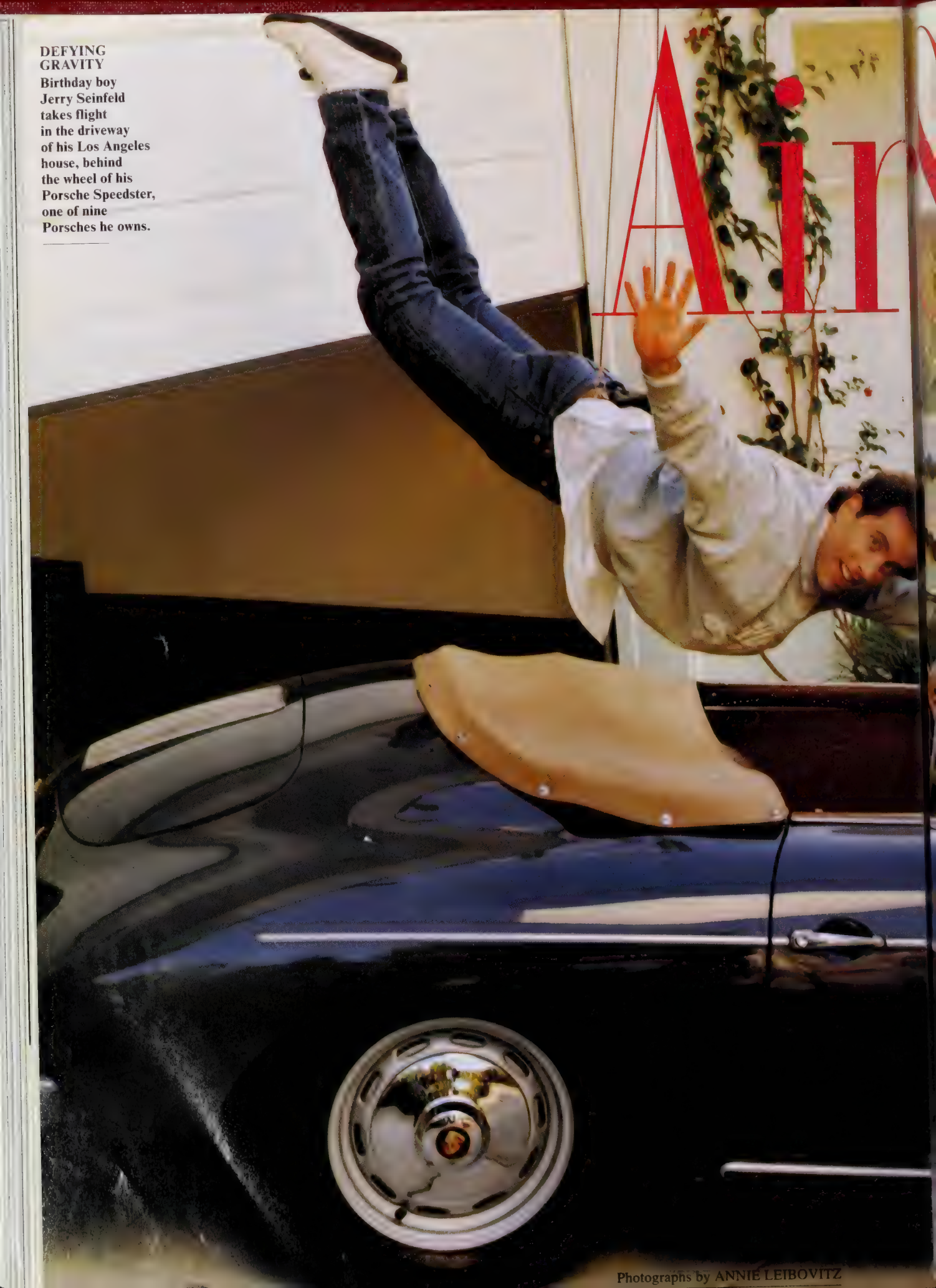
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Photograph by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE



STEPHEN SONDHEIM AND JAMES LAPINE

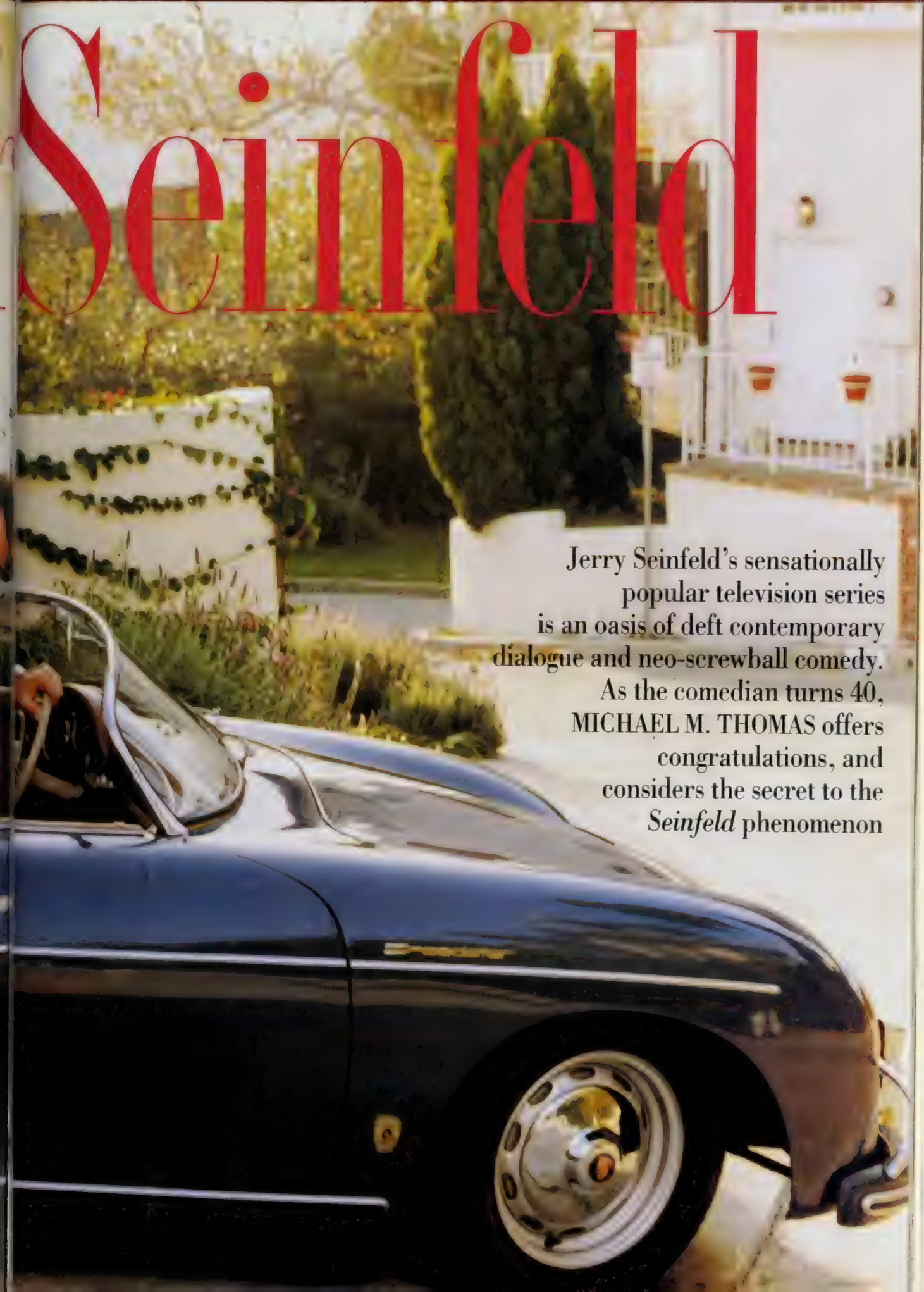
"I would describe Passion *as rhapsodic," says Sondheim, "not light or dark."*



DEFYING GRAVITY
Birthday boy Jerry Seinfeld takes flight in the driveway of his Los Angeles house, behind the wheel of his Porsche Speedster, one of nine Porsches he owns.

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Seinfeld



Jerry Seinfeld's sensationally popular television series is an oasis of deft contemporary dialogue and neo-screwball comedy. As the comedian turns 40, MICHAEL M. THOMAS offers congratulations, and considers the secret to the *Seinfeld* phenomenon

When you ask people—thoughtful people, insightful people—what *Seinfeld* is *about,* a lot of them will answer, "Nothing."

Of course, it all depends what you consider "nothing." In a world with the cosmic staggers, where the Four Horsemen (plus a recently added fifth called Dumb) are on an outright rampage, "nothing" can amount to a great deal. I know solitary men and women who, if Michelle Pfeiffer or Mel Gibson called out of the blue and asked for a date, would say without hesitation, "Sorry, but Thursday's my *Seinfeld* night."

As Jerry's sidekick George would say: this is definitely not "nothing."

When the stand-up comedian and his co-creator/writer, Larry David, originally pitched the series, they said it would be "about conversation." Conversation, good conversation, the kind of conversation you get on *Seinfeld,* is of course something, but to see where the show's appeal lies, I think you have to begin with a sense of what defines situation comedy in the 1990s.

Start with the inescapable empirical conclusion that the 90s sitcom is a show by, for, and about white people. The top shows in popularity and critical approval (and this is one category where the two seem to go together), such as *Roseanne, Home Improvement, Mad About You, Frasier, Larry Sanders, Murphy Brown,* and, of course, *Seinfeld,* are, ethnographically speaking, as pale as a bowlful of lilies. Look at the NBC Thursday-night lineup, of which *Seinfeld* is the anchor. When Blair Underwood finally heaves into view on *L.A. Law,* he's a shock to the system. Guess who's coming to dinner?

When sitcoms are lily-white down to the last member of the regular cast, the network powers that be who green-light them are assuming that the audience is the same color. What you have, then, is a closed context: to the classic Aristotelian unities of time and space you can now add race.

I don't say this pejoratively. This is not about racism as that careless word should be used. I've never heard a syllable I could call "racist" on any of these shows. The sad fact is that ethnic/racial homogeneity is the condition precedent for doing comedy today. Comedy has always been about people having fun with or making fun of other people. But the goodwilled sense of possibility which underwrote the phenomenal general-audience acceptan of Archie Bunker or the Jeffersons—or, when I was a k the Goldbergs—just isn't out there anymore.

So where does the deft, light-footed, updated series c ated by Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David fit into this c text? I find the show a refreshing throwback to an earl age of comedy—in which banal Darwinian or Malthusi reality was never permitted to intrude—a genial scre ballism designed to keep the bad things at bay. There something about Jerry that reminds me of Cary Grant, all people. Cary Grant in his Hepburn-Russell period. There an elegance to Jerry, along with an engaging semi-d tached quality: he's never wholly here or there; he's bo a participant in the business on-screen and sitting next us watching it, both chorus and participant, a mild ar self-effacing counterpoint to such scenery chewers as J son Alexander, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, and Michael Richard

To borrow from T. S. Eliot, he's the still point in th turning world—stylish, never a hair out of place, by mo ern lights a glass of fashion (casual) and a mold of forn It's this quality that made the famous "puffy shirt episode so wonderfully antic. *Seinfeld* may be the mo spotless, pulled-together series I've ever seen on televisio It's as visually attractive as it is lighthearted. I suspe that this—in a messy, filthy world—may be no small pa of its wide appeal.

There's a lot about the show that reminds me of th mid-70s films of Woody Allen, too: another stand-up fash ion plate who hit it bigger on the screen. Allen's charac ters never had money problems; they all seemed to hav interesting jobs and private incomes of about $600,000 year (in 1978 dollars).

Like a basketball team, a series thrives on good ball dis tribution: no one gets to hog the best shots or the bes lines, or mug his colleagues into a corner. This is true o *Seinfeld.* There are no second bananas, an awareness o which clearly underpins the players' easiness with one an other; these people are having *fun!* (By contrast, I have al ways felt there was something loose and rattling about the ensemble work on *Roseanne,* with everyone working to se Ms. Arnold up for the punch line.)

Seinfeld himself has pointed out that episodes are cre ated without punch lines in mind. It's all low-key and flowingly natural, a consideration which bears heavily on the affection *Seinfeld* fans feel for the series's principals These are people I would like to dine with, hang out with laugh with. People I can depend on for a certain con stancy of presentation and reaction. People I want to be— I am—friends with, living in a world I wish to live in, but never will.

It's this last which is the secret of *Seinfeld.* People speak and write of the show as if it depicted reality. But look at the world Jerry and pals inhabit. To begin with, money nev er seems to be a critical consideration. If the wolf is ever at the door in *Seinfeld,* it's because Kramer bought the beast thinking it was a pedigreed *(Continued on page 140)*



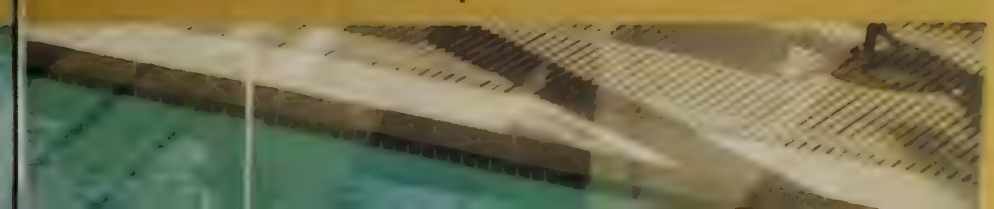
RETURN OF THE SCREWBALL
Roaring through the *Seinfeld* lot in a Calvin Klein shirt and Paul Smith jacket, Jerry is also wearing trousers from Barneys, Armani vest and shoes, and a tie from American Rag.

There's something about Seinfeld that echoes Cary Grant, in his Hepburn-Russell period.

There's an elegance to Jerry. He's the still poi

n the turning world, stylish, pulled-together.





LIGHT COMEDY
Floating above his terrace in the Hollywood Hills, the dapper Seinfeld is dressed by almost everyone: Armani (vest and shoes), Calvin Klein (shirt), Paul Smith (jacket), Barneys (trousers), and Donna Karan (tie).

(Continued from page 136) German shepherd. George is always said to be broke, but 9 times out of 10 when he makes his entrance he's come from a store where he bought something ridiculous. Comparative advantage doesn't divide these people. Dangers and triumphs are minimal (George gloats at nailing a prime hospital parking space), fleeting (George howls with rage when his car is wrecked by a falling suicide), and ultimately endearing (how can you not love a guy whose values are so totally solipsistic?). The inhabitants of this world, when they can be clearly heard (remember the woman with the subaudible speaking voice?), speak English. Their weirdnesses are beguiling. This isn't the stuff of realism; this is fantasy.

It is fantasy we who seem to be the *Seinfeld* audience desperately crave: we citizens of a guiltily affluent but overborrowed, Dow Jones–fixated, edgy, frazzled, disconnected white middle class. We dwell in a heavy, heavy, noisy, noisy world, where it is not enough for television merely to assault us with horrific images from Sarajevo, Crown Heights, and Hebron; it must then hammer these home with the elephant-footed analytical lucubrations of *MacNeil/Lehrer.*

We need a place to get away from all this existential weight and pounding. An urban Big Rock Candy Mountain to escape to, an East Side–West Side peaceable kingdom where the lamb can poke fun at the lion, an Oz on the up-and-up without the moral preaching and the tricks. For many of us, this Avalon looms out of the fog for a half-hour on Thursday at nine P.M. E.T. on NBC. Call it escapist if you will, but frankly, m'dear, we don't give a damn, because we think escape is precisely the point.

Now Jerry Seinfeld's about to turn 40. What does this augur for the show?

Not much, is my guess. Forty's an age which Seinfeld himself has said he looks forward to. Why not? He's a grown-up—only grown-ups are capable of freely displaying the child within and so, after four seasons, is *Seinfeld.* Both should age gracefully and prosper mightily. George, on the other hand, will worry this bone to death. That's another season right there. □

SPOTLIGHT

The Real McCaughey

Elizabeth McCaughey is surely the only person on record as saying, after reading the Clinton health-care plan, "I was enthralled. I couldn't put it down." Dr. McCaughey (who pronounces her name McCoy) is a senior fellow of the Manhattan Institute and the unlikely author of a devastating attack on the plan which sent shock waves through Washington. Unlikely, because, at age 45, Betsy McCaughey is a constitutional scholar with little experience of public controversy, still less of fame. Her life has been spent quietly between caring for three young daughters and writing a book with the snappy title *Beyond Pluralism: Overcoming the Narcissism of Minor Differences.* Then, last September, when she was reading about the health plan in the newspapers, she suddenly became obsessed. "I had this nagging question in my mind. I kept thinking: I don't know the missing pieces of this puzzle." What scholars do in these circumstances is go back to the original source. So she acquired a copy of the plan, took it to bed with her one evening, and ended up reading for most of the night.

Trained as a historian at Vassar and Columbia, McCaughey brought two qualities to her reading—curiosity and a formidable forensic intelligence. While most journalists and politicians seemed simply to have absorbed the summaries of the document, she mastered the whole plan and presented her conclusions in two articles for *The Wall Street Journal* and a third, which turned out to be the smart bomb of her assault, for the cover of *The New Republic.* The White House reacted sharply, issuing a fierce nine-page rebuttal that called the article "deliberately misleading." She came back at them with page references and a challenge to public debate. That debate never materialized, but she did go head-to-head with Michael Kinsley on CNN's *Crossfire,* and proved a worthy sparring partner. As her name suggests, Dr. Elizabeth McCaughey, M.A., Ph.D., is the real thing. **—HENRY PORTER**

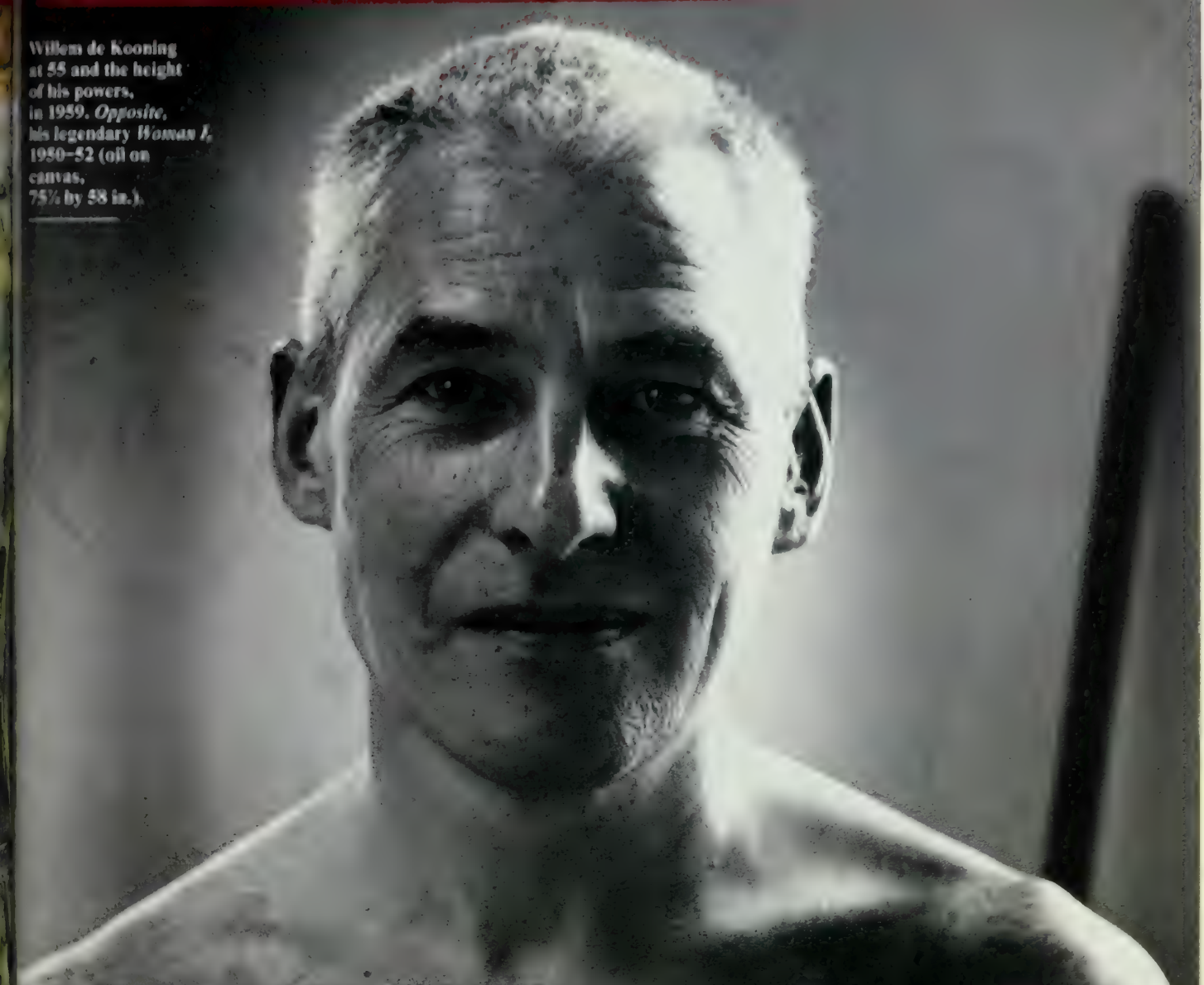
Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI



ELIZABETH McCAUGHEY

She took a copy of the health-care plan to bed with her one evening, and ended up reading most of the night.





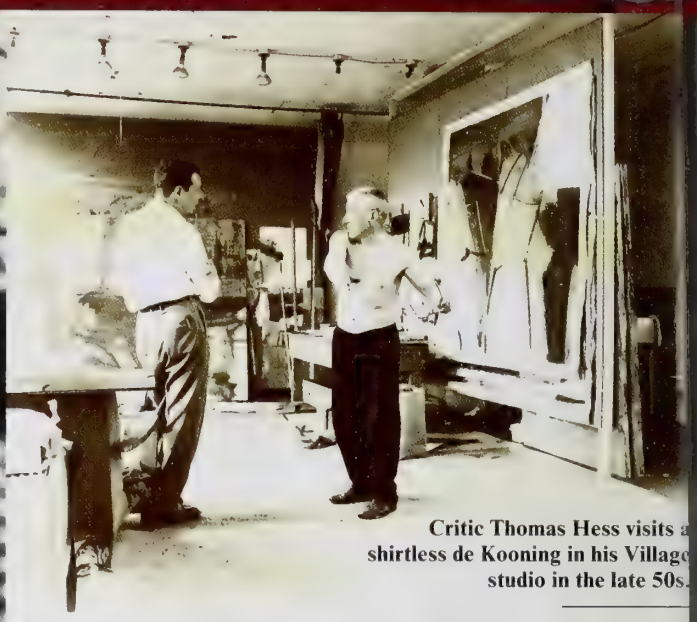
Willem de Kooning at 55 and the height of his powers, in 1959. *Opposite*, his legendary *Woman I*, 1950–52 (oil on canvas, 75⅞ by 58 in.).

De Kooning's Master Strokes

Willem de Kooning was the prince of the American art world in the 50s, its first modern star. This month, Washington's National Gallery celebrates his 90th birthday with a major retrospective, and in a preview of his long-awaited biography, MARK STEVENS evokes the idealism, boozing, and despair of de Kooning's glory years in Greenwich Village



Leo Castelli and de Kooning, second and third from left, at an opening at Castelli's 77th Street gallery, 1959.



Critic Thomas Hess visits a shirtless de Kooning in his Village studio in the late 50s.



De Kooning painting in his studio in 1950.



Joan Ward, the mother of de Kooning's only child, Lisa, in 1946, at age 17.

"He was everybody's hero," said the painter Jan

A painter of enduring vitality, Willem de Kooning, who turns 90 this month, created important pictures for almost 50 years. (He stopped painting about 1990, after developing symptoms of Alzheimer's disease.) Like Georgia O'Keeffe and Jackson Pollock, de Kooning also became one of those rare artists whose lives—or, to be more accurate, *personas*—developed an almost mythical significance for American culture. An immigrant, de Kooning seemed to have a romantic allure that many found irresistible. He also had a kind of existential charm. "In the beginning was the word," he liked to say, alluding to the Bible in his Dutch accent. It came out: "In da beginning was da void."

On May 8, the National Gallery of Art in Washington is presenting a large retrospective of de Kooning's painting, which will travel to New York and London. Last October, the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington put together an important scholarly show (scheduled also for Barcelona, Atlanta, Boston, and Houston) of its own extensive collection of the artist's work. The two shows together provide an obvious and necessary occasion for assessing de Kooning's complex achievement. There remain disagreements among critics over the value of the various periods in his art. Some think his work declined in the 50s; others would say the 60s; still others, the 80s. Many believe, as I do, that careful picking yields important work throughout.

The time also seems right to consider that related but distinct phe-



De Kooning in 1938, at age 34, with a painting that he probably destroyed.

Freilicher, "a tremendously charismatic figure."

nomenon, the seductive de Kooning persona. It was in the 1950s that "being an artist" suddenly began to arouse excitement and mean something important to a country that, for most of its history, had been notoriously indifferent to artists. And it was in the 50s that de Kooning became an emblematic figure—the first modern-art star. American art of the time surged in scale, aspiration, and power. The Great Depression was over, and the United States and its allies had just won the war; New York, many believed, was replacing Paris as the art capital of the world. Some American critics developed an almost imperial point of view, using words like "triumph" and "heroism." They often had in mind de Kooning, who provided many painters and poets of the 1950s with the preferred model of the major modern artist.

This period also gave rise to the vainglorious American art world that we know today. Money, fame, glitz, and the beetling about of sycophants brought to art the sort of trashy glamour that eventually seems to seduce everything big in America. "In the 40s, we didn't talk about personalities—only art," de Kooning said in the late 50s. "Art has now become something you can get something out of." During the 1950s, many American artists met, for the first time, the cellophane angel of celebrity. Walking with de Kooning through Greenwich Village in the late 50s was, in the words of one writer, like "being with a movie star." Heads turned. Strangers stopped.

De Kooning in the 1950s—the very idea, as the 20th century slowly fades out, has a nostalgic glow. The 50s were the midway mark. They set the tempo, for better or worse, of the art world of the following decades. And

Excerpt of Kenning Women emerges from



Elaine and Willem de Kooning in 1944, the year after their marriage. *Opposite, Marilyn Monroe*, 1954 (oil on canvas, 50 by 30 in.).

tsual flux—timeless but also of the 1950s.



JOHN GRUEN

being an American artist seemed younger and bigger then.

As 1949 drew to a close, a startling air of optimism began circulating through the lofts of downtown New York. Many artists in the area had known one another for a long time, scrounging through the Depression and war years in cold-water flats, making paintings that no one bought, and analyzing Picasso over nickel cups of coffee. They had remained mostly poor and unknown—but now, miraculously, critics and collectors were beginning to notice American as well as European art. Even *Life* magazine, the voice of Main Street, had just printed an article on Jackson Pollock. Suddenly the 50s were looking pretty good.

And so the downtown crowd planned a big New Year's bash. It was to be held at the Club, located on the second floor of a decaying walk-up on East Eighth Street which some artists had rented in September 1949 as an informal place to meet. On New Year's Eve the artists gathered to talk and drink and dance. And then when it was 1950 no one went home. For three more days the party rolled on. Occasionally, someone left for breakfast or a nap—only to return again, often with a fresh bottle. Philip Pavia, a sculptor and a founder of the Club, announced the theme of this party that would not end: "The next half-century," he declared, "belongs to us."

To most artists at the party, de Kooning was already considered first among equals, the one who, in the vulgar sweepstakes of history, was thought to have the best shot at claiming the next half-century. He was widely acknowledged to have the largest "gift," to be a draftsman of genius with a beautiful, hooking stroke that could express both impulsive energy and the tailing back of reflective thought. The question was always what he would do with his hand. Then, in 1948, he had had his first one-man show, of the so-called black-and-white paintings, a bravura performance that seemed to bring the *(Continued on page 172)*

When de Kooning went on a bender, "alarm bell



ent off in girls' rooms all over the lower Village."



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

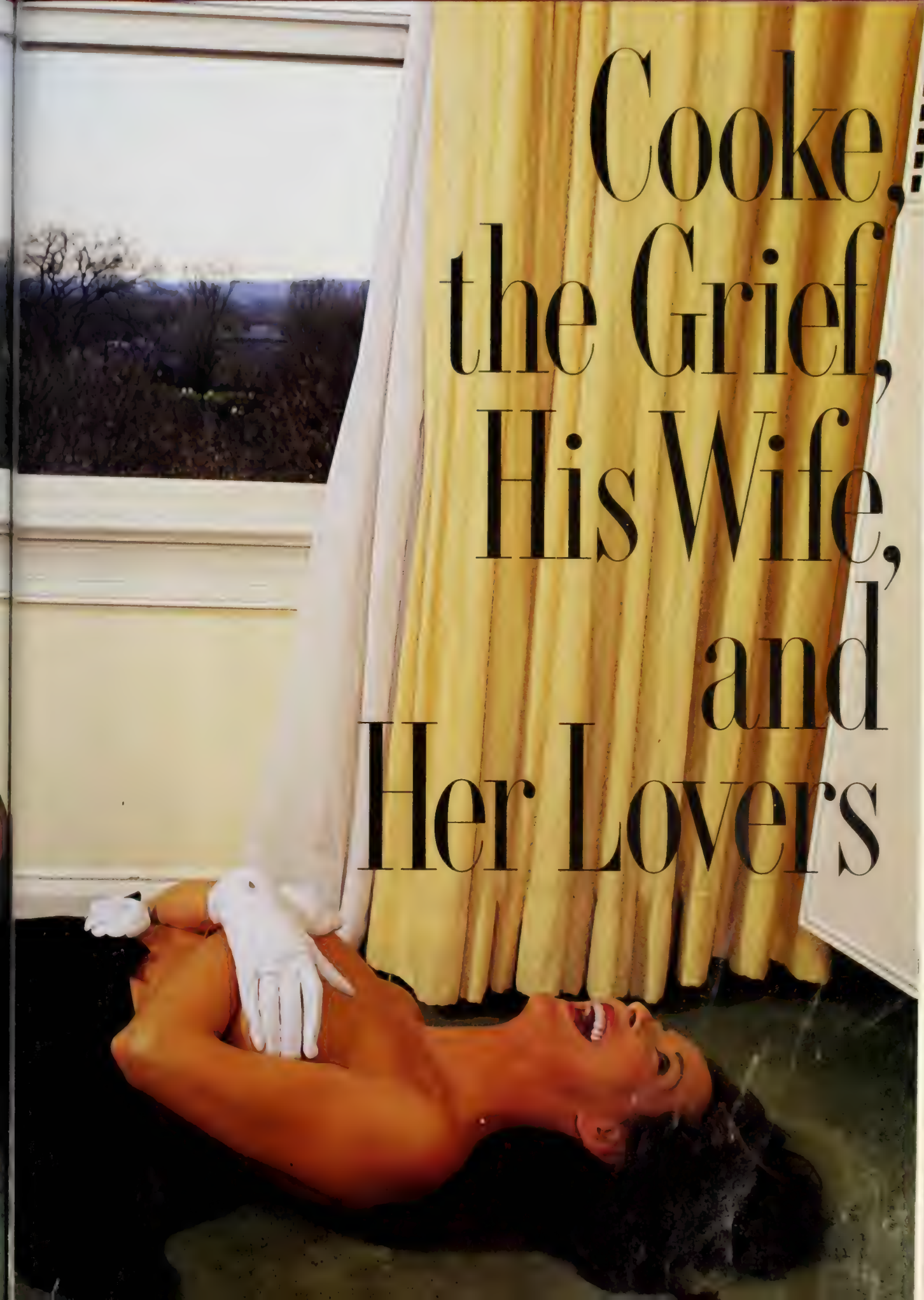


Jack Kent Cooke ("the billionaire bully") and Marlene Chalmers, whom he called his wife, play games in their private box at R.F.K. stadium. *Below:* Marlene takes a breather from Washington life.

Washington whispered when Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke wed Marlene Chalmers, a beauty with a past. Then she was arrested with another man draped across her Jaguar, and the talk grew louder. Now Cooke says the lady is not his wife, but Marlene isn't finished *yet*. JUDY BACHRACH reports

Photographs by HARRY BENSON

Cooke, the Grief, His Wife, and Her Lovers



Marlene is on the phone, calling from Las Hadas, weeping. The lovely lady, who for a time at least believed herself to be Mrs. Jack Kent Cooke, is in exile from Washington on the beach in Mexico. She has no intention of staying there—if she has her way. But things are so complicated now, more than she can bear.

In late December, full of anger and bravado, Marlene fled the capital and her rich old man, taking all the important articles of her life. "My beautiful, beautiful Indian earrings, gold with diamonds and rubies—I had them on when I left." Also accompanying her were her $30,000 Vacheron Constantin watch, her emeralds, her diamonds. Still, she had hoped she might travel unnoticed. But Marlene is rarely unnoticed, and her departure did not fail to rouse attention—from Cooke, the press, and her friends at the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The I.N.S. has, in fact, been following Marlene's adventures rather closely—like all of D.C. A one-woman festival swirling through the streets of the city, Marlene was local legend, the vibrant wife of the big man who owns the Redskins. Even Jack Kent Cooke, a brilliant and powerful businessman, who has conquered the governors of two states, the mayor of Washington, and legions of enemies, is unable to control this charming lady.

"I'm sick and tired. Just wait till I come back—I'll be the most beautiful woman in Washington," she said during one call. But unless the attorney general and the respective heads of the C.I.A. and the I.N.S. beckon, a prospect which seems extremely unlikely, Marlene will probably never be allowed to reside legally in the country that gave her so much: a prison term; youthful male admirers; a wardrobe of braided Chanel jackets that nip her narrow waist; the devotion, however provisional, of the very rich Mr. Cooke (worth an estimated $800 million). No wonder Marlene is crying.

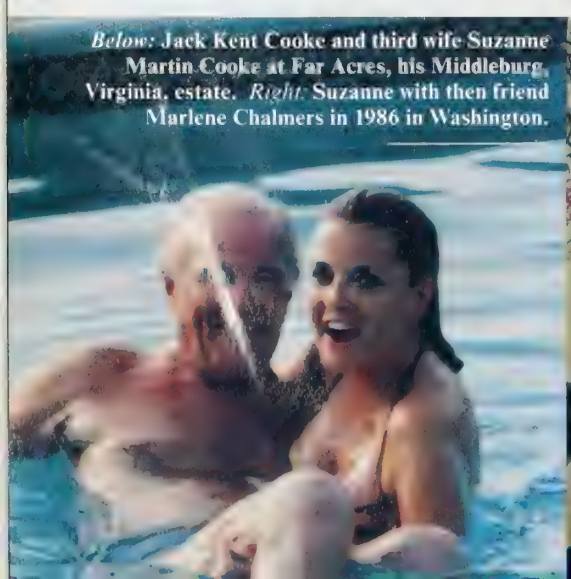
"All this is just a little bit more shit for Jack to dum on me, you know. . . . He told me I'd have my green car for Thanksgiving. Then he said I'd get it for my birthday Now all I'm getting from Jack is the damned dogs!" (On of which—the poodle—is named Chanel.) And Marlene i furious that it is she who must pay the groomers!

Bolivian-born, fiery by nature, the lady has been through some rocky times with her 81-year-old husband. Last fall their lives took a particularly public turn after her arres in Georgetown at one A.M. for drunken driving following an evening of Latin music at the Cafe Milano. On the hood of her dark-green Jaguar, police found one Patrick Wermer, a handsome Dutch-born waiter with a very square jaw and a clean brush of hair who is not her nephew, despite the fact that the cops said Marlene had initially claimed kinship. (This happened after she lobbed a gold pump at an officer.) The incident, though perhaps not the start of her troubles with Jack, was at least a downturn in the saga of their mutual enchantment.

By December, the scenario had grown more complex. Marlene had posed for *Vanity Fair.* Jack was not amused. "He said I've ruined his reputation. He said he's going to show me as a notorious person!" So she left, hoping to teach her husband a lesson by installing herself in a mansion in Mexico, the playground of her most recent ex-husband, Texas oilman David Chalmers, who she devoutly believes is still in love with her.

How rash. How truly Marlene, when you stop to think about it. But now her plans have misfired. Once courted by columnists, envied and lionized by bored Washington hostesses, pampered by servants and shopgirls, Marlene today is besieged only by the good men and women of the I.N.S. who have been reviewing her rather complicated history and are suddenly eager to ensure that her absence from the U.S. is a permanent one. The matter seems more pressing to them since Jack Kent Cooke's stunning announcement in February: "We're not legally married and never have been," Cooke declared.

The announcement, which came just five weeks after Marlene stomped out of his Middleburg, Virginia, mansion, shocked Washington. But not Marlene, who has told friends repeatedly that she had *always* spurned her hus-







Below: **Jack Kent Cooke and third wife Suzanne Martin Cooke at Far Acres, his Middleburg, Virginia, estate.** ***Right:*** **Suzanne with then friend Marlene Chalmers in 1986 in Washington.**

band's amorous advances. Jack had warned her around Christmastime in 1992 that if she left him he had ammunition as potent as anything she could devise. "When I said I am leaving him, that's when he gives me a letter: we're not legally married," Marlene recalls. Her divorce from her previous husband, explained Jack through lawyers, was "falsely obtained." After she left, the old man's pique was increased by the absence of the jewels he had bestowed on her during their three and a half years together. A million dollars' worth. Jack told a friend he wanted Marlene prosecuted. He was *wild*.

"Is that how much jewelry he gave me?" Marlene says, sniffling some more. "When you get a Christmas or a birthday present, do you give them back?" Naturally not. "Of course I have the cards that came with the jewels." She quotes: "For the most beautiful girl in the world." Later she adds, "When you're small, you get a doll. When you're bigger, you get jewelry. I like to show my jewelry to my friends, to my mother. I like to show my good intentions."

Marlene's sometime lawyer and occasional confidant, Juan Chardiet, explains it all like this: Jack Kent Cooke, he says, has known for "at least" a year that his marriage to Marlene, the fourth and most beautiful of the Mrs. Cookes, was not legally binding. Allegedly, Marlene's divorce from Chalmers was invalidly obtained in the Dominican Republic on August 4, 1986.

On that date, Marlene Chalmers, as it happened, was doing kitchen duty in the federal penitentiary in Alderson, West Virginia, where she had been sent up on drug charges. Though the exact circumstances surrounding Marlene's alleged divorce remain murky, Chardiet claims that to get a divorce in the Dominican Republic one party must establish residency. Because of her confinement, Marlene was in no position to claim this residency. Chalmers was also elsewhere. Hence, Marlene and David Chalmers are still married, and Jack Kent Cooke may never have to pay a dime on his prenup with Marlene, a contract which she estimates might, in more legitimate circumstances, have netted her $10 million.

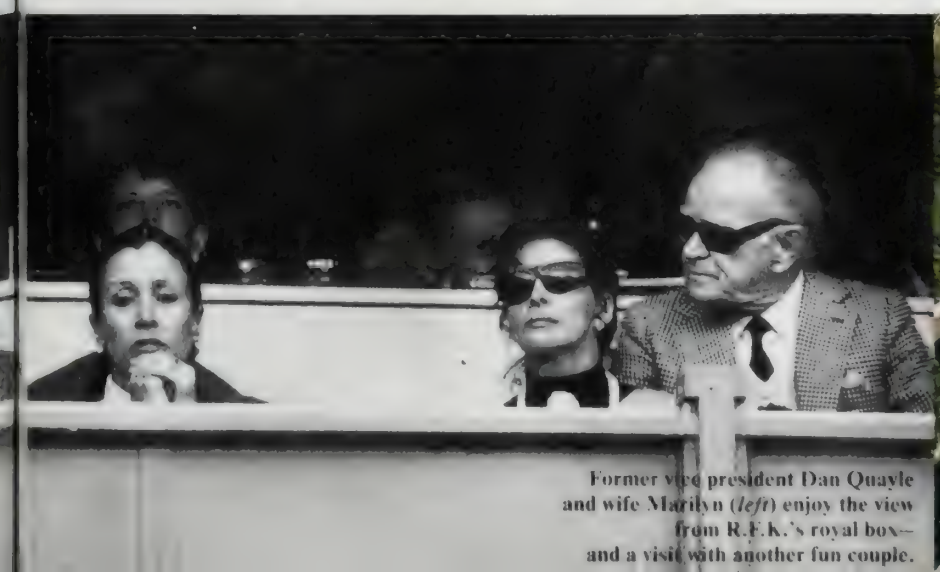
"It was Mr. Cooke, through his attorneys, who prompted the Santo Domingan court to void the divorce judgment," says Chardiet. "I know Jack, he's a very nice guy. . . . And I've known Marlene for over 10 years, and I'd characterize her as a volcano. And a volcano you can't tame. You just hope if it does explode it's not a Mount Saint Helens—you hope it's a bit of ash."

"What's the end of this story?" I ask, curious.

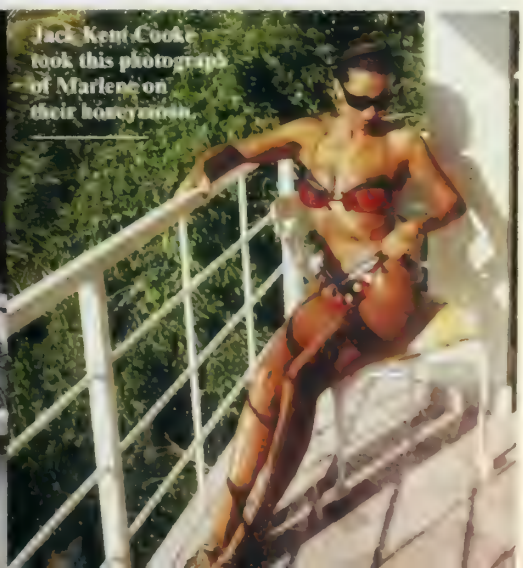
"If the immigration matter is not followed up on," he replies, "you'll probably see Marlene on the French Riviera." Then he tells me that Marlene's immigration lawyer, who hoped, in the days when she was Mrs. Cooke, to get her a green card despite her drug conviction, is withdrawing as her counsel.

So at 81, Jack Kent Cooke has proved again that he isn't known as "the billionaire bully" for nothing. But it is the utter casualness with which Juan dismisses the fate of Marlene, his beautiful buddy, that provokes a surprising reaction in me: sympathy. Of all the emotions, it is the last I ever expected to feel for Marlene. It was certainly the farthest thing from my mind when I first saw her a few months ago.

> "When you're small, you get a doll," says Marlene. "When you're bigger, you get jewelry. I like to show my jewelry. I like to show my good intentions."



Former vice president Dan Quayle and wife Marilyn (*left*) enjoy the view from R.F.K.'s royal box—and a visit with another fun couple.



Jack Kent Cooke took this photograph of Marlene on their honeymoon.

Lovely as the dusk, Marlene Cooke glides into Washington's Four Seasons Hotel wearing her signature white wool Chanel jacket, her right breast burning with a floral spray of diamonds. Blushes have been applied with great purpose; her face gleams like a glazed plate. Floor-length black velvet bell-bottoms hug a tummy gently streamlined into obscurity by plastic surgery a few years before her May 1990 wedding to Cooke—one of the most powerful men in the country and, some say, one of the most detested. At least these days.

Washington's animosity toward Cooke has increased since late last year, when he announced the imminent departure of the habitually defeated but deeply beloved Redskin football team. The news followed months of negotiations; the city of Washington had even agreed to allow Cooke to build his dream: a new stadium bearing his name. But, as sometimes happens with Cooke, his patience had vanished. He tired of battling with the city and the Feds, whose environmental studies were threatening to delay the erection of his eponymous edifice. Complaining of "obstacles being placed in my path, sometimes seemingly capricious ones," Cooke vowed to build his new stadium—a 78,600-seat facility—in unlovely Laurel, Maryland, next to a racecourse.

Marlene, not surprisingly, has seen the plans. She finds them "stunning."

Not everyone is so delighted. Before grudgingly assenting to the Laurel plan, Maryland governor William Donald Schaefer, who feared that no N.F.L. team would ever settle in Baltimore, initially made no secret of his distaste for Cooke's efforts to build in Laurel. The quarrel between the two was termed "Grumpy Old Men II" by local legislators. Other Maryland officials worry that the cost of preparing the Laurel site could far exceed the $36 million estimated by Cooke. And local residents, already anticipating more noise, more traffic, more trash, are worried that they may be asked to absorb the balance.

Former secretary of the army Cliff Alexander, who once represented Washington in its negotiations with Cooke, does not recall the experience with fondness. He says that the city hasn't ruled out the possibility of a lawsuit against the multimillionaire and then spews awhile: "First time that guy called me Clifford, I called him Jack. The goddamned son of a bitch ain't my father."

Marlene, otherwise occupied, remained aloof from the Redskin drama. But she is aware of Jack's reputation. "Once Jack hates you, you're a dead man. He just doesn't like anyone very much," she tells friends.

In Washington, power is only occasionally tied to wealth; you can be rich and yet ignored, middle-class and president. But Jack Kent Cooke has cash, clout, and the means to entertain the mighty. This combination has given him unprecedented visibility in the capital, where elections bring constant cast changes and outrageous shifts in the pecking order. Rising above the flux, the enduring Cooke has retained up until recently his aura of invincibility. Many heads bow to him. So fearsome does he remain that journalists, business contacts, and dear friends live in fear of offending. His marriage to Marlene, surprisingly, didn't hurt his reputation, despite the fact that she'd done time and he and everyone else in Washington knew it. The glamorous Latin in sunglasses, long gloves, and wide-brimmed hats endowed her husband with just what he needed: the impression of strength and virility. Curled beside him in their private box at the Redskins' current home, R.F.K. Memorial Stadium, her long graceful neck bowed over the stat sheets, Marlene preened like a proud *condesa* at a bullfight.

> "I've known Marlene for over 10 years, and I'd characterize her as a volcano. And a volcano you can't tame."

Juan Chardiet swears that four years ago, when Cooke married Marlene, "he was very much in love with her." And Jack's love carried power. It's amazing, in fact, just how docile the Immigration and Naturalization Service (which has wanted to deport Marlene since her exit from Alderson) became once Jack's attorneys got going. "She's apparently departed and returned to the United States eight times in the years since she's been ordered deported," declares one government source. Persons under threat of deportation normally have no right to return to the U.S. after they leave the country; they in effect deport themselves if they risk a trip outside American borders. Not Marlene. Until December.

"Before this time, I could leave the country and do as I pleased," she has boasted. Some morose government officials thought such exceptional treatment of a felon an outrage. It certainly did not go without remark. Indeed, it has become customary for one well-known Washington immigration attorney to close letters to the I.N.S. with "I hope you will extend to my client the same treatment you extended to Mrs. Cooke."

"In the 1990s on her way back from Mexico to Dulles airport, an I.N.S. inspector—a real ball-buster—comes on the plane and questions Marlene," recalls one government source. "And Jack says, 'This woman is exquisitely authorized to enter the United States!' And she gets in."

More than that. Just this past winter, U.S. Attorney Helen Fahey of the Eastern District of Virginia signed a 21-page report strongly backing Marlene's application for a green card. According to government sources, "the reason the U.S. Attorney's Office *(Continued on page 156)*

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COOKE

(Continued from page 154) gave for this was that Marlene was this national treasure: she had given up [one of her old lovers] and about 30 people after her own arrest," reports one official. (Fahey herself refuses to comment on the matter, but this is clearly a subject of mortification to the U.S. government.)

Why did Jack extend himself so forcefully for Marlene? "Jack has always lived on the edge," recalls a family intimate. Now in his last years, with his health looking uncertain (he has a heart condition), Jack Kent Cooke is living in midair. It is definitely the winter of the patriarch: the Redskins have just finished their worst season in 30 years. And the saga of Marlene may yet become a tale of royal comeuppance. There is a king, a queen, a lot of jousting, a few jesters. There is a lady-in-waiting of sorts, one Suzanne Martin Cooke, Jack's third wife, who paid for Marlene's tummy tuck.

It is Suzanne who summed the story up best. "I believe Jack has met his match," she used to say with inexpressible bitterness of her ex-husband's most recent coupling. "They are perfect for each other."

Marlene/Marlena/Marlen Ramallo Miguens/Chalmers/Cooke is a woman of immense charm and volatility. She is not easily contained. Even prison failed to diminish her natural buoyancy. Her three-and-a-half-month incarceration in Alderson in 1986 on charges of conspiring to import cocaine is recalled as one might an extended sojourn at Eugénie-les-Bains.

"This prison, it was like a country club," Marlene once said. "I tell you, no wonder people here continue to commit such crimes. There was a health club, there was great food. There were salads, if you like salads. There was your own bedroom. It was a good rest. I gained weight."

Memories of another arrest, in 1988, for writing bad checks (to a cosmetics store, where she had stocked up on, of all things, Opium perfume), have also been practically erased. All charges against her were in fact dropped, since, the government claimed, she had proved so helpful to the cause of justice.

Indeed, government sources claim, that is the line Marlene's attorneys (paid for by Jack) used to take while furiously fighting her deportation order: Maybe Marlene had a shady past, went the argument, but the "national treasure" more than made up for it. She had informed on the bad guys of the cocaine world, a group that included another discarded husband (common-law), one Angel Miguens. She deserved a green card.

Which makes Marlene's fond reminiscences to friends a little puzzling. "I really didn't know any bad guys," she used to say before her trip to Mexico. "The government could have asked for my help. But they didn't because I couldn't have helped them anyway. . . . They used me only one time to testify."

Legal aid and support were but a small part of the advantages of being Mrs. Cooke. There were the aforementioned purchases at the Chanel Boutique. There was the dark-green Jaguar. There were the thick gold bands tipped with snake heads slipped over her slender wrists. Marlene, however, was not always grateful. On two occasions, she gathered up her latest jewels and, in a fit of pique, flung them at the old man. Usually, however, the gems were not airborne. At the Four Seasons Hotel on the day we first met, Marlene's prettily shaped hands glowed with liquid solitaires: pear-shaped on the left, rectangular on the right. Jack, who until his most recent marriage was not known for his generosity, gave Marlene a canary diamond for her last birthday, an emerald one Christmas. It was the kind of largesse he seems not to have practiced in half a century, when he was still married to his first wife.

"It must be wonderful to be able to dress so casual," said Marlene, sizing me up at the Four Seasons. As I had just spent two hours in earnest deliberations with my closet and mascara wands, I felt this to be a bit harsh. "And no makeup on you," marveled Marlene. "I could never get away with this." Peering closer, I saw her point. Crowning the smooth dark forehead was a guerrilla gang of tiny pimples.

"Stress," Marlene used to say. "All these things jus' keep happening to me."

All these things. Even Marlene finds them difficult to explain. Take the autumn joyride in Georgetown with Patrick Wermer of the square jaw. Following Marlene's arrest, observers hoping to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Cooke's handsome young man stumbled across another of Mrs. Cooke's hunky admirers. "Blond hair, blue eyes, five feet six inches," reports one informed source. "The man was named Serguei. He was Russian, in his 30s. And all around his place are these photos of him and Marlene. And notes too: 'I love Marlene. Marlene loves me.' Like that."

In another notable incident, Marlene was shot in the finger (accidentally, she says) when a gun owned by her husband went off in her hand. More publicity; more sputtering from Jack, who, at this point, started to demand a more domestic agenda for his wife. Marlene, immune to the charms of bucolic Virginia, began to feel she was living a wholly different sort of confinement from that of Alderson, and she itched to escape. She, who used to rendezvous in Rio with drug dealers during Carnaval, claims that she was not permitted to make so much as a glass of orange juice in the Middleburg house, which looks, as a former visitor describes it, "like a spaceship about to take off." Cooke wanted to all but abandon his new house in Washington and retire to Middleburg, where the silver is Georgian, the beds are electric, and the horses, Tennessee walkers, graze on 641 acres. But, for all its privacy, there was no peace at Middleburg for Marlene.

She confided to friends that Jack taunted her for being a felon and a criminal. He told her, or so she said, not to go back to the Cafe Milano.

"And the next day it's always: 'Oh, Marlene, I love you so much, you are so beautiful, I forgive you everything!' And I think, For what? Jack knew my history the first day we met."

Washington is crammed with women who nip to work in jogging shoes. Naturally Marlene hated it. "I guess I'm payin' for being good-looking," she likes to say. Four years ago, on her wedding day, she was more secure, confident in her belief that she was marrying a fortress, great concrete blocks of invincible money. Yet to emphasize how little thought she put into the marriage proceedings, Marlene offers pointed evidence: "I got my wedding dress at Nordstrom."

In public, the often irascible Cooke was, for a while at least, amazingly supportive of his headline-plagued fourth wife. Following the Jaguar incident, he supplied, unasked, the Palm restaurant with a photograph of Marlene to go alongside his own and insisted on its prominent placement. In October, on the occasion of his 81st birthday, with Marlene perched by his side, Cooke deliberately expressed a grand passion for her in front of pal Tandy Dickinson over lunch at Duke Zeibert's.

Duke's is a restaurant of robust food,

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*Some treated patients. Patient Data Reported at [illegible]

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Safety Summary

Additional Information on Collagen Replacement Therapy℠ for Discussion with Your Physician.

All medical procedures are subject to certain risks. Although thousands of men and women have found Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen treatments to be a safe, non-surgical option for many skin contour problems, you should be aware of the safety issues and restrictions associated with their use. Although you should review these points at the time of your consultation with a physician trained in the use of collagen, we have summarized them for you as follows:

If you have a reaction to the required skin test, or previous allergic reaction to injectable collagen products or lidocaine, or have a history of serious allergic (anaphylactic) reactions, Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen must not be used. Also, if you are undergoing or planning to undergo desensitization injections to meat products, you cannot receive injectable collagen.

The onset of connective tissue diseases has been reported after treatment with collagen injections in patients with no previous history of these disorders. A statistical analysis comparing the number of collagen treated patients who were diagnosed with two rare connective tissue diseases (Polymyositis/Dermatomyositis) with the expected number of these diseases, suggests that the rate of occurrence of these two rare diseases appears to be higher than expected in the collagen treated population. However, a causal relationship between collagen injections and the onset of the diseases has not been established.

Also, patients with connective tissue disease may have an increased susceptibility to hypersensitivity responses and/or accelerated clearance of their implants. Therefore, injectable collagen should be used with caution in such patients with consideration given to multiple skin tests.

Since studies have shown that injected collagen may stimulate the deposition of your own collagen at injection sites, there is a possibility that part or all of the correction may last two years or more.

Use of Zyderm I Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. Use of Zyderm II Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 15 cc over a one-year period. The combination of these products or of Zyderm in conjunction with Zyplast in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. The safety of injecting greater amounts on an annual basis has not been established.

The risk of infection is always present with any injection and it is possible to experience a reaction to the process itself, such as mild bruising or a slight blush at the injection site. This does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatment. Previous facial herpes simplex at the site of injection may recur if provoked by the injection.

Though unlikely, it is possible for the needle to be accidentally placed through a blood vessel during injection, which could result in temporary discoloration of the treated area, or in tissue death leading to a scab and/or scar formation. Injectable collagen, like other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics and steroids injected into the head or neck area or the extremities), could be accidentally injected into a blood vessel. Although this possibility is remote, it could result in a blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Blood flow blockage resulting in permanent loss of vision in one eye has been reported once since product introduction in 1981.

Occasionally, injected collagen has been reported as visible in the skin, in the form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from a few weeks to several months. Some areas (such as compressed scars) resist precise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

People with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances require extra care when treated with injectable bovine products. Cautious use of Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen is recommended in such cases. In addition, caution is advised with people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy. (Patients on long-term prednisone or other steroid therapy should consult their doctor before beginning Collagen Replacement Therapy.)

More than one skin test is recommended prior to injectable bovine collagen treatment if you have a history of dietary beef allergy. It is possible that the collagen component of the beef may be causing the allergy.

If you are using drugs that reduce coagulation, such as aspirin and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, you may, as with any injection, experience increased bruising or bleeding at injection sites.

Active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes or hives) or infections require that treatment be postponed, until the condition has been controlled.

The safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not been established.

With more than 500,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen has proven to be safe. However, a small number (one to two percent) have developed an allergic reaction after one or more injections, which has consisted of prolonged redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all of the sites. On rare occasions, these reactions can proceed to a cyst-like reaction that can drain, and may form a scar. Between one and nine months is the usual duration, but a few cases have involved intermittent flare-ups which have exceeded 24 months.

Importantly, many people who developed an allergic reaction after treatment did not report or recognize a response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of the skin test, many of these later reactions could have been prevented.)

Systemic complaints have been reported in fewer than five per one thousand people treated and included flu-like symptoms (nausea, dizziness, headache, joint aches), rash, visual disturbances, anaphylactoid reactions (severe allergic reaction) involving difficulty in breathing, and various systemic diseases including immune-mediated diseases.

Since every patient's expectations and physical make-up are different and every physician's technique is unique, there have been cases reported where collagen injections have not achieved the desired result.

We encourage you to discuss this information with your doctor. He or she can best evaluate whether treatment is appropriate for you and can answer any questions you may have.

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COOKE

robust men, and robust backslaps from lobbyists, politicians, Robert Strauss, Sam Donaldson, David Brinkley—anyone in Washington eager to be seen. On entering, the diner is immediately confronted by three dazzling silver Redskin Super Bowl trophies. The team owner commands the star front table—on those days when broadcaster Larry King doesn't get to it first. So it was a fairly public setting for this birthday avowal from Jack to his friends: "Marlene's the love of my life. Of all my wives I love her the most and always will till the day I die."

But Marlene believes that he wanted to keep her on a leash. Why else, she asks, would he have ordered the architect of the Middleburg residence to add on a new gym for her? Why else the new addition for her younger son, Alex, who reminded Cooke so much of himself as a boy? Why did he tell her to redecorate in white fabrics and Oriental wallpapers around his prized Bonnard if not to keep her nimble hands safely occupied? Why else did he deny her the shopping trips all over the country that David Chalmers had allowed her to take? Her indiscretions, she told Cooke, are her problems, in any case. She can hold her own. "No, they're not your problems," replied Cooke, "because you have my name."

But it was a name, as Jack seems to have known by this point, that he could revoke at any time.

Next to being president of the United States, the most envied position in Washington is owner of the Redskins. "It's like Jack owns Washington," Marlene likes to say—with some accuracy. It is impossible for rational out-of-towners to grasp the unsettling degree of passion that Mr. Cooke's players can provoke even in a bad season. Two summers ago, when Jack got antsy and it looked as if the team were leaving for Virginia, the most mild-mannered citizens clamored for the removal of Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly (whose political prospects look so dim right now that former mayor Marion Barry, a man who did more hard time for drugs than Marlene Cooke, could replace her in the next election). In a city of staggering racial venom, the Skins have emerged as a symbol of unity. Divorce settlements have been held up because of disputes over custody of Redskin season tickets; the names of more than 42,000 locals are inscribed on a waiting list for season tickets they don't have a prayer of getting in the near future.

Even more to the point, being Redskins owner means being King of the Box, sole arbiter of the power seating above the 50-yard line at R.F.K. stadium, where the famous sip good wine. For almost 15 years this coveted honor belonged to Washington's legendary superlawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who actually owned only a minority share of the team. But Williams ran things during the years, pre-Marlene, when Cooke lived in California.

Fairly soon after Jack Kent Cooke moved to Washington in 1979 he made sure to rip The Box away from the control of Williams, who was not only his friend and business partner but also his attorney, the man who had helped him through his first difficult divorce. After Williams got the boot, Art Buchwald and Sargent Shriver, Ben Bradlee and Joe Califano, Ethel Kennedy and her tribe of children, largely vanished from The Box. In their stead, Cooke enthroned Larry King, the broadcaster; Larry L. King, the playwright; Lesley Stahl of CBS;

Stahl's husband, Aaron Latham, the columnists Carl Rowan and George Will, and former presidential candidates Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern.

"You gotta look at the front row of The Box—that's very important. Larry L. King, McGovern, McCarthy—they're not front-row guys," explains broadcaster Larry King. "Now, I've been out in front with George Will and Dan Quayle, special invited guys. I'm usually six, seven down from Jack. I'm told that's sort of status."

It is not, however, a status conferred out of friendship. King, who once referred to Cooke as "a horse's ass," still recalls the team owner's early behavior. "First time I met him I thought he was boorish," he now says with admirable blandness. "Jack and I have never gone out to dinner together. But he grew on me. I got to like him a lot. Jack's an acquaintance. You know, I've heard it said he doesn't have any close friends."

King thinks a bit. He was an old friend of the discarded Edward Bennett Williams and admits without a moment's hesitation that "I would not have been friendly with Jack Kent Cooke today if Edward Bennett Williams were still alive."

Williams died of cancer, after seven brutal operations, on August 13, 1988. A few months before his death, he had received a notification from Cooke's Redskins that he would no longer be getting his postseason tickets.

"He knew he was dying. That's what made some of us so pissed off. It bothered him," says someone very familiar with the circumstances. "I said, 'Ed, this is outrageous.' He said, 'I'm not going to sink to the level of battling with Jack Kent Cooke over football tickets at this stage of my life.' He felt it was undignified, undecorous."

At Williams's funeral, a massive affair at St. Matthew's, only one mourner among the 2,000—Bobby Mitchell—was a Redskin employee.

"For the record, all I'm prepared to say is that Ed Williams and Jack Kent Cooke had a solid and productive working relationship that certainly changed dramatically after Jack came to live in Washington," says Larry Lucchino, former president of the Baltimore Orioles. "Ed chose not to make a public matter of this, and I believe I should respect his wishes." His voice is shaking with an old anger and grief for his dead friend.

Two years before Williams's death, a young woman went to him claiming she had undergone two abortions because of Jack Kent Cooke. Ed Williams suggested that the woman, Suzanne Martin, sue Cooke for $2 million, $1 million for each abortion. "I want to flush that piece of shit out of this city once and for all" is how Williams put it. Instead, the woman became the third Mrs. Jack Kent Cooke, and Williams, like most of Cooke's many enemies throughout his long life, was thwarted in his dearest wish.

Jack Kent Cooke was a 35-year-old Canadian when he entered publishing by buying the magazine *Liberty*. Earlier, he had owned Canadian radio stations with media magnate Roy Thomson, his mentor. Already he was a brash millionaire. Nothing was ever handed to him except for the incredible luck of being born handsome and exceptionally clever. Age has hardly diminished his genetic endowment. To this day, he has a finely molded jaw and a defiant masculine stare that make observers forget his relatively diminutive physical stature.

> "Prison was like a country club," says Marlene. "No wonder people here continue to commit such crimes."

Cooke started life as modestly as possible in Hamilton, Ontario, the first child of a picture-frame salesman and a mother "who was in love with her son," according to a family intimate. "Her name was Nancy Jacobs and her family originated in Poland—they were Polish Jews—and they moved to South Africa. That is the word in the family. His father, Ralph Cooke, came from Australia, met Nancy when she was 16 or so, and they married and went to England and then Montreal before ending up in Hamilton.

"Nancy was overwhelmed by her son—he was the absolute reason for her being. Nothing made her happy unless she had her son's full attention. And she was abrasive, difficult, and small-minded." But there is no doubt that Nancy exerted the most profound influence on the boy. All Jack Kent Cooke's third wife had to do, when angry with her husband, was mention his mother's name and how disappointed she would have been in him. On one occasion, in fact, this tactic reduced the rich man to tears.

On one recent Christmas, Jack Kent Cooke's grandchildren were presented with impressive dark volumes entitled *Genealogy of Jack Kent Cooke*, the fruit of lengthy research into the Cooke tree, bound, as each book boasts, in "top-grain cowhide," embossed in gold, and prepared by the Family History Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints. Only the Cooke name and its branches are plumbed; the Mormons came up with solicitors, woolen-mill owners, and drapers as antecedents.

"Jack never told me his mother was Jewish," Marlene tells friends. "His mother was born in Johannesburg. He got this book with his biological tree and everything. And there's no way he's Jewish. He said, in fact, his mother—he thought—was born in South Africa. But no, she's from England."

Nancy herself might not have minded the slight: she had married a devout Anglican, never broadcast her past, and wrapped her eldest in the prickly blanket of her unrelenting attention. Jack, in turn, formed a band and, before he quit high school, tacked on the name Kent, which no one in the family had thought to give him. He became, briefly, bandleader Oley Kent. From this slender perch he pursued and won Jean Carnegie, a quiet teenager.

"They were married when she was 17," says the family intimate. "Her mother didn't think the relationship a good one and they eloped. Her father was a great-grandnephew of Andrew Carnegie. But she had great style, a charming, beautiful woman, very special—all of the things a man likes to see in a wife."

How happy Jean Cooke was is not open to question. In the course of the marriage she attempted suicide four times. Cooke was making money—lots of it, having bulldozed his way past the tiny

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radio stations of frontier Canada into, at one time or another, the ownership of the Toronto Maple Leafs baseball franchise, huge chunks of Teleprompter cable TV, the Los Angeles Kings hockey team, the Lakers, and, of course, the Redskins, which he has called "the greatest hobby a man could have." When the couple moved from Toronto to California, their Bel-Air house was painted the color of a Shirley Temple, and was tended by a houseman. Jean drove an Aston Martin and wore a valiant smile, always. Some years earlier, however, her husband had launched an affair with the singer Kay Starr, one of the worst-kept secrets of the day. He was, as former Toronto columnist Alex Barris put it to me recently, "not exactly a monk."

"We are the two unhappiest women in Toronto," Jeannie Cooke told her friend Margo Reid when she first learned of the affair. Margo, who had just lost a child, understood. "Jeannie was a beautiful girl, a wonderful person," she recalls now, more than 40 years later. "And Jack was charming, charming! But he was running around with Kay Starr."

In 1977, with two grown sons (Ralph and John) and a shaken pride to sustain her, Jean got a divorce. "Jeannie had absolutely wonderful jewels. That's what she had to use to pay her lawyers," remarks the family friend, "because she had no money at all." Judge Joseph A. Wapner (who would later become famous on television's *The People's Court*) presided at the divorce and boosted Jean's fortune substantially. After rejecting the initial $2 million offer her husband had made through his lawyer, the late Bill Shea of Shea & Gould, she got what was then a record-breaking settlement: for 42 years of marriage, $42 million. The figure made *Guinness.* Rumor had it that this largesse may have been the result of Wapner's learning that Jack had sent a Bekins moving van to the pink mansion in Bel-Air and stripped it right down to the last stick of Louis XV. (A court order got the stuff returned.)

Ralph Cooke, who sided with his mother during the divorce, found his relationship with his father affected for years to come. His brother, John, apparently also had problems as a result of his parents' split. "In 1985 or '86, John told me that Jack forbade any contact with his mother, but he did it anyway," reports Bob Pack, a journalist who used to be the team owner's friend.

As for Jean herself, "Jack Kent Cooke told me the greatest regret of his life was his divorce from Mrs. Cooke No. 1," says Pack. Nonetheless, as the divorce proceedings drew to a close, he took up with Las Vegas sculptor Jean Wilson, who became known as Jeannie II. They married in 1980, but the union was short-lived.

Oddly enough, Judge Joseph Wapner himself walks into Cafe Milano while I am interviewing Juan Chardiet, who is impressed. "Whaddaya know! What a coincidence: Judge Wapner! Here in town! Just as we were talking about Jack Kent Cooke's divorces."

Chardiet appears to be perfecting the skill of reading upside down: his eyes hardly stray from my note-taking, which is unfortunate, since I have just written, "Greasy hair, wide-cut gray suit, large gold ring on right hand, Ralph Lauren tie with giant snails crawling up it."

So friendly were Juan and Marlene that it was to Havana-born Juan that Marlene first confided her early, modest hopes in 1988. "Juan, you're not going to believe this! Guess who I'm dating!" Juan could not guess. Marlene showed him pictures of Jack Kent Cooke from his brash Canadian days. "Look! Wasn't he good-looking when he was young?" Cooke was 76 at the time of their courtship. And what did you tell Marlene when she revealed she was dating Jack Kent Cooke? I ask Juan.

"I said to her, 'Hang in there! Play your cards right and be a good girl. You never know what can happen.' . . . I never thought he would marry her—I mean, he was just getting through with the last marriage."

"And her immigration problems?" I ask Juan, since in his lawyerly capacity he was involved in these matters.

"They tried to deport Marlene after she got out of jail [in '86]," he says. "The government wanted her outta here. Then they offered her a deal: Help us, they said, get your friends out of the country. But, see, then there was this new change of administration. The judge [on the immigration case] saw Marlene on TV in Jack Kent Cooke's box at the game and says, 'Hey, I ordered that woman deported!' So then the shit hits the fan."

Aside from Cooke and himself, Juan tells me, Marlene was utterly alone in this world. Quite abandoned. Juan discovered this four years ago. "The bottom line is all her little friends . . . they all hid in the woods."

And as I hear these words, I can't help thinking how much Jack and Marlene have in common. A host of former friends, for starters. A stable of discarded spouses. A landscape of burned bridges. I think of what Jack's sometime friend sports columnist Mo Siegel told me when I lunched with him at Duke's: "I've known Jack 35 years and no one can stay close friends with this guy. I've never known anyone who could." I think of what former friend Bob Pack said, after Jack tried to ban him from ever setting foot in R.F.K. Memorial Stadium: "Being a friend of Jack Kent Cooke, you don't know how your friendship will end or why it will end or when it will end. But you do know it will end." And he also added, "You know, Jack is possibly one of the more miserable human beings, but if he asked me to lunch tomorrow, I'd do it. He's that fascinating."

Jack Kent Cooke owns or has owned many things aside from the Washington Redskins: the Chrysler Building, for which he paid $87 million in 1979; more than 1.88 million shares of Teleprompter cable, which he sold in 1981 to Westinghouse Electric for $650 million (earning himself a $70 million profit plus a lucrative multimillion-dollar consulting contract); the Los Angeles *Daily News,* for which he paid $176 million in 1985; Elmendorf Farms in Lexington, Kentucky, the oldest Thoroughbred-breeding farm in the country, for which he shelled out more than $43 million; the Los Angeles Lakers, for which he paid $5,175,000, in 1965 the highest price ever paid for an N.B.A. team; and the Los Angeles radio station KXLA, which he bought through his brother for $900,000 in the late 50s. (He lost the station without compensation when it was revealed that Jack was not an American citizen, that his brother Donald—who was a citizen—was a front for the station, and that certain fraudulent practices, such as the falsification of logs, had occurred.) He acquired his American citizenship spectacularly and rapidly in 1960, when Congress passed Private Law 86-486, an act "for the relief of Jack Kent Cooke."

The breathtaking Marlene Ramallo Chalmers came to Cooke just as speedily and spectacularly as his citizenship papers. But first there is the story of Suzanne.

In 1987, for a few disastrous months, the team owner found himself married to Suzanne Martin, a plump 31-year-old blonde who was pregnant by him for the third time. "Jack said they got drunk and

started sleeping together," Marlene tells friends. Cooke had been going with Suzanne on and off for two years, and he knew she was trouble, knew she was talking to his old enemy Edward Bennett Williams about a possible lawsuit against him because of the two previous abortions, as well as to a writer, who turned out to be Frank Sinatra biographer Kitty Kelley.

"I got a call from Cooke in '87 when I was still his dear friend," says Pack. "He tells me Suzanne's talking to some writer, whom I knew to be Kitty. I said, 'How could you have gotten involved with Suzanne? Didn't you have her investigated before you got involved?' Jack said, yes, he had had Suzanne investigated.

"I said, 'Well, obviously not well enough.' And Jack agreed: 'You're right,' he said. So Jack married Suzanne because she agreed to have the abortion."

With his fiancée in seeming concurrence on the issue of the pregnancy, Cooke submitted to a wedding ceremony on July 24, 1987. That night there was a celebratory dinner at the Palm with Mo Siegel ("Jack and I talked about the Redskins," Siegel recollects). In Cooke's engagement book a large *A* was scrawled by Suzanne's name for July 25.

But his new bride reneged. She stayed pregnant this time, enraging the groom. Moreover, her arguments for instant parenthood were not well calculated to lull the fears of an elderly husband. "I said, 'But, Jack, look at Strom Thurmond!' " recalls Suzanne. "My God, I wrote Jack letters when I was pregnant, saying, THIS WILL GIVE YOU A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!"

To no avail. Cooke washed his hands of Suzanne completely, leaving her to face childbirth alone. "I ended up being there with her at the hospital as her labor pains got worse," reports Barbara Harrison, a Washington TV journalist who had interviewed the expectant Suzanne. "I was in the position which a father would normally have been in: I assisted her in labor. . . . I felt Suzanne thought our interview was an advantage to her, and she was speaking to her husband through television. She said things like 'I love my husband, he's my mentor, my Svengali!'

"Present at at least one of these interviews was Suzanne's good friend Marlene," adds Harrison, almost as an afterthought. "She was curled up on the couch nearby in Suzanne's Watergate apartment. Marlene was always very concerned as to how her friend would be presented on TV."

Give her her due. Marlene Ramallo, Suzanne Cooke's former best friend, has a knack for manipulating the elements of drama, especially conflict. Take something as basic as a place of birth. Marlene says hers is Rio; the records say Cochabamba, Bolivia; a notarized document found in her possession at the time of her arrest in 1986 said Virginia. Other shifting details: Marlene's age (she claims 37; a notarized document suggests 39; her Bolivian passport says 41) and the exact spelling of her first name (Marlene/Marlena/Marlen). She toys with hard facts *and* soft figures. For example, Marlene says her father, Roberto Ramallo, owns lumber mills and real estate in South America. Whenever she really needs money, "I can call home and my father would give me the money." But if that were true, she probably wouldn't have listed her assets in 1988 as eight dollars in cash and five dollars in a savings account, and the rest of this narrative would probably never have unfolded.



Washington Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke roars up to the Maryland State House before a meeting with Governor William Donald Schaefer.

"We're not legally married and never have been," Jack Kent Cooke declared.

It is assumed that Marlene Ramallo arrived in the United States from her native Bolivia in 1972. By this time she already had one son, Rodrigo, six months old, and one failed marriage.

"I was in high school, the American Institute, a very fine boarding school. . . . I was supposed to go to Lausanne, but I got married in Brazil instead and my father wasn't against it. I'll tell you why. I was in favor of the Liberation Army Movement. You've heard of it? I was also sympathetic to Che Guevara. Pooh, I love this man!"

In Washington, Marlene worked at Loews L'Enfant Plaza Hotel as an assistant manager and then as a cocktail waitress. Within a few short years of her arrival, she acquired a lover, one Angel Miguens, who fathered her second son, Alejandro. The couple's Stateside troubles began in 1982, when Miguens, who had first been arrested for suspicion of drug trafficking in 1978 in Venezuela (with Marlene at his side), was arrested and later convicted of cocaine distribution and sent away on a 15-year prison sentence. (He was eventually deported back to Venezuela and is rumored to have been murdered in jail.)

"Miguens sold drugs to my son," reports an unhappy neighbor in Virginia, who discovered his true occupation only after Miguens's arrest. He had told her he was in the bicycle business, exporting bicycle parts to Venezuela. As it happened, he was certainly an exporter.

The neighbor remembers one incident vividly. "Miguens asked me to keep a suitcase of his, as he was being deported. . . . In that suitcase were two bags of cocaine and a small automatic covered with rhinestones."

In an earlier era, Marlene might have been called a gangster's moll. Her tastes in men run toward the dangerous. Or maybe dangerous men just run toward Marlene. For four years after Angel's imprisonment, Marlene and her two young sons shared an apartment at the Watergate at Landmark with Bernardo Zabala-

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ga, a Bolivian-born friend. In court testimony, Zabalaga was to describe Marlene alternately as his employer and his half-sister, but these days Marlene denies any kinship. "We grow up together, Bernardo and I, and people think we look alike. And you know how it is," she likes to say. "Finally they think you're brothers and sister. But Bernardo, he watered the plants and looked after the dogs."

But plant and animal life were not Zabalaga's only interests. Found in his floor safe in Marlene's apartment, according to sworn testimony by a D.E.A. agent, were a semi-automatic weapon (which on one occasion he had pointed at the head of a drug informant), 140 grams of cocaine, drug-packaging materials, triple-beam scales, and plastic bags commonly used for packaging coke. In sworn testimony, Marlene Ramallo, his flatmate, denied any knowledge of these items, except for the gun, to which, she claimed, she had been opposed.

Found in a car used by Zabalaga were photos of him kissing and hugging a skimpily clad Marlene, a Watergate courtesy pass stamped with the name "Julian Ramallo" and entitling him to the use of the swimming pool, as well as $90,000 worth of cocaine in various plastic Baggies. Zabalaga was packed off to the federal pen in Petersburg, Virginia.

In 1986, Marlene herself got arrested, and the full story of her involvement in what became known as the Bacarreza drug gang was unveiled. It seemed she had fallen in with a third drug dealer, Ariel Anaya, described as a lieutenant within the organization of Emilio Bacarreza (since sentenced). Kevin Tamez, an agent with the Drug Enforcement Administration, testified that Marlene and her lover Anaya, "among others, were involved in recruiting American citizens to travel to both Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for the purpose of smuggling multi-kilogram quantities of cocaine back into the United States in false-sided Samsonite-type suitcases." These activities resulted in the importation of 51 kilos of cocaine, worth about $20 million wholesale.

Altogether, Marlene made three trips to South America—two to Rio and one to Buenos Aires—to supervise couriers who were smuggling cocaine. In fact, the drug was found in Marlene's luggage when she arrived at Washington National Airport from Rio in February 1986.

For her part, Marlene denies the drugs were hers; denies that Anaya was ever her lover; denies she was in Rio for anything other than Carnaval. But none of these ardent denials prevented her from pleading guilty to a reduced charge of conspiracy to import less than a kilogram of cocaine—or from going to jail for four months. Asked why she was allowed to plead guilty to such a relatively minor charge, G. Allen Dale, her attorney at the time, emits a sharp cackle: "She had a good lawyer."

She also had a rich husband who paid the good lawyer. For on April 12, 1985, Marlene Ramallo had married genial Texan David Chalmers, the head of Coral Petroleum. Marlene estimates his net worth at "just $15 million." Chalmers gallantly testified in his wife's behalf at her bail hearing, and despite the fact that bail was denied her (she was assumed to pose a flight risk) it is likely his money and affable respectability helped his wife in sentencing. As did Marlene's other ace in the hole: her unsettling beauty.

To read the old transcripts is to see the whole history of human unfairness, which basically comes down to this: good or evil, guilty or innocent, it's best to be a stunner. A judge and a lawyer remarked on Marlene's amazing appeal and made little jokes about it. It was seen as a powerful lure to trap her old friends.

"The government thought they wanted me to be like a D.E.A. agent," Marlene recalls. "I mean like going to South America. But you can put your life in danger that way. I didn't do it."

At some point, David Chalmers got cold feet about the marriage. "David Chalmers divorced me in the Dominican Republic the day I pled guilty," Marlene tells people, adding that to this day she regrets her guilty plea, for which she got an 18-month sentence (she served about one-fifth of that). "Every lawyer who has ever seen this drug case says I was railroaded. I could have sued the government for what they did to me."

What is known for sure is that in 1986 Marlene occupied herself during her long prison days by working in the penitentiary kitchen. She grew plump. She really needed that tummy tuck when she got out, and all things considered, it was nice of her girlfriend Suzanne Martin to lend her the money to become even prettier.

Marlene and Suzanne had been through a lot together during the exciting 80s. Early on in the decade, they had met at a birthday party and socialized on such notable occasions as the Bachelors and Spinsters Ball at the Sulgrave Club. They knew the intricacies of each other's romantic lives. And they understood each other's vulnerabilities. So close were the two that Marlene was present at the bridal shower thrown for Suzanne on the happy occasion of her marriage to Jack.

"I only had one love in my life," says Marlene, and here she is referring not to Jack Kent Cooke but to a rich, light-haired, thirtysomething socialite named Chris van Roijen. In addition to hosting his famous Halloween party in Georgetown each year, van Roijen occupies himself with watching over his considerable family fortune. (His family traces its roots to Dutch aristocracy.) Following her release from prison, Marlene became intensely involved with van Roijen for two years, but a friend says that Chris's very proper mother, now deceased, was alarmed by the relationship. Other acquaintances suggest that at some point a South American polo player proved altogether too irresistible to Marlene, and that van Roijen found out. Marlene believes she knows how her old boyfriend got this idea: van Roijen was informed of her infatuation by her friend Suzanne Cooke, a suspicion that Suzanne denies to this day. Despite the denials, Marlene's reaction was vengeance. Of course. "I married Jack to get even with two assholes," Marlene likes to say. "Not for his money. Not for his name. Just revenge."

For Marlene, getting even was literally child's play. Suzanne had problems of her own by this point; Jack Kent Cooke refused to have anything to do with her or her baby, Jacqueline Kent Cooke. (The child would be almost three before he met her.) Marlene called Texas and asked David Chalmers's secretary to please hire her a limousine to take her to Jack Kent Cooke's Middleburg home. Marlene was looking extremely good. Her nose had been fixed following a car accident; her weight was down; her tummy was tucked; her sights were set. As for Jack, he had just gotten over a hideously embarrassing public split and the birth of a child that he didn't want. He was lonely. He wanted her, says Marlene, "for companionship." That was all he would ever get, according to the word around Washington.

"Actually, when Jack met me, a week later he said he was going to marry me," Marlene tells friends. "He got this beautiful diamond ring from Sotheby's." All the

wo of them, Marlene and Cooke, had to lo was bury Jack's former wife.

This proved wonderfully easy. In tressful times, Suzanne had talked for ours and hours to Kitty Kelley, who vas interviewing her for a local maga ine. Later, by the time Suzanne went to ourt to request a $15 million cash set lement from Cooke for the support of aby Jacqueline, the transcripts from Kelley's interviews had found their way nto the hands of Cooke lawyer Milton Gould, who read aloud salient passages of hitherto unpublished quotations from Suzanne. Some excerpts include: "Well, I vant to fuck Jack. Excuse my language. am a little drunk tonight, but I think hat every dog has his day, and I think it s time for Jack to lie down and die." Or, lternatively: "When I get the bastard, I am going to ring him and hang him by his balls. . . . I am going to sue him big and our prenuptial agreement is not go ng to hold up in court."

Another equally potent weapon against Suzanne: the ubiquitous Juan Chardiet estified during support hearings or little Jacqueline that Suzanne got pregnant so that the child would become "her ticket . . . her nsurance" to financial gain. To this day Chardiet is only mildly repen ant about his role in court: "I was very reluctant to testify, but Jack said, 'I'm telling you this child, on my word, will be taken care of.' So I got subpoenaed, testified, and said that Suzanne set Jack up, because in her little pea brain she thought this was her ticket to financial independence."

But what about the kid? I ask Juan, trying to pull him into the present. Jacqueline has a father who refuses to see her. A little tough on a six-year-old, no?

Believe it or not, Juan can live with the idea. "So he never sees his daughter. It's an insulation. It's cruel and unusual to see someone you know you cannot enjoy for long. It's a tough philosophy, but I understand that. Jack was deeply hurt. He looked at [Suzanne's pregnancy] as a business proposition. He said, 'She's trying to screw me and get my money without my permission!'"

And that's how little Jacqueline Kent Cooke, the very image of Jack, ended up with only $29,000 a year, despite her father's great wealth. The child, living in New York City now, attends private school and receives psychotherapy, which her father refuses to pay for. Suzanne, according to her lawyer, Peter J. Unger, is "living on borrowed money." She has had to hawk her jewelry to defray her daughter's tuition expenses. To get a little more money out of Jack, Unger may apply for relief under the Uniform Support of Dependents Law, a kind of deadbeat-dad law, originally devised to help out indigent spouses and their offspring.

Is this a ploy to shame Jack publicly? I ask Suzanne's lawyer. "No," he sighs mildly, "because, to be perfectly honest, in my opinion Cooke is an old man with a lot of money who doesn't give a damn about anyone but himself."

"You know, I came up with that phrase 'billionaire bully' for Cooke," the sleek and handsome lawyer Cliff Alexander tells me, almost shyly. Sharon Pratt Kelly's former negotiator with Cooke is not a bragger, but he's clearly very pleased about this invention because the epithet has stuck. In the only inspired moment of her administration, Mayor Kelly hurled Alexander's alliteration at the team owner in a press conference, and the city cheered. "She was very glad to say it," says Alexander. "I mean, she *wanted* to say it."

> "Cooke's always tried to do things his way with his money."

By the summer of 1992, everyone knew Cooke wanted a bigger stadium (the Redskins have the smallest facility in the National Football League), and to get it he was making all sorts of threats about leaving town. This was not news. What did cause talk was Cooke's patting Mayor Kelly on the fanny. (The mayor huffed privately that he had also called her "my darling girl.") And then! And then! Jack had gone off into the sunset with Virginia governor Doug Wilder and vowed to stick the Redskin team in Alexandria.

"Virginia gave him *such* a sweetheart deal," snorts Alexander, who was brought in by Kelly to save the day and lure Cooke back to Washington. As it turned out, he didn't have a lot of luring to do. Alexandria didn't want the Redskins.

"See, the problem [with Mr. Cooke] he just assumed he was with the Redskins, people will let him do anything he wanted," says Mark Moseley, a former Redskin kicker. "But instead of going in and trying to address the individuals who were worried about the stadium, Mr. Cooke just went in and said, 'This is what we're going to do . . . ' Well, people got their back up, and Mr. Cooke doesn't understand that at times. He's always tried to do things his way with his money."

So Mayor Kelly's felicitous little phrase caught on. The only problem is that it is less than accurate. Cooke's Chrysler Building, for example, which he actually leases from Cooper Union, has, in the indifferent New York City real-estate market, a reported 24 percent vacancy rate, and in 1991 his New York real estate ran at a $3.1 million loss. His beloved Lexington, Kentucky, horse farm, now run by his son Ralph, has plummeted drastically in value from its $43 million purchase price. His newspaper, the Los Angeles *Daily News,* which he bought almost a decade ago for $176 million and sank an additional $79 million into, might be worth around $200 million these days. "Cooke has been squeezed, but far from crushed, by the recession" is how *The Washington Post* summed up his wealth last year.

For all her animosity toward her old friend Suzanne, Marlene has never understood why Jack won't provide a house for his little daughter.

"Jack does not respect women," Marlene tells a friend. "If he respected women, he would pay for a house for Suzanne and the child. I tell him this. He says, 'No, the lawyers will not let me do this.' I say, 'To hell with the lawyers.' But he says, 'No.'" This past Christmas, says Marlene, she bought Jacqueline a "beautiful gold heart with diamonds from Neiman Marcus. It cost $4,000, and it says, 'From your dad, with love. Christmas 1993.'" Marlene recalls that Jack was apprehensive about the bauble. He worried that Suzanne might pawn it. But Marlene shrugged and declared, "At least she'll be able to pay the rent."

Marlene tells people that there's much about Cooke she has never understood. She has often wondered, it seems, why

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his children and grandchildren never dropped by the house in Middleburg or Marbella, the city house he bought after he married Marlene. "You know, I come from a culture where family is always around," says Marlene. "But Jack's kids, his grandsons, they don't even come for Father's Day. During Christmas, they only come for maybe an hour."

Behind the headlines of Jack's moves, Jack's team, Jack's wives, Jack's kids, lies what seems to be a fairly constant subtheme of perpetual loneliness. (Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* is one of Cooke's favorite novels.) Marlene has been saying that he is seriously thinking that he wants to have another child. "I say, 'What about the baby, the girl you already have?' He doesn't wanna talk about that."

To see Cooke on television, to hear him speak, is to listen to someone inexpressibly pleased with himself and all his doings. And yet, "about a year and a half ago he comes in here, all alone," says Mel Krupin, a co-owner of a Washington deli, who fell out with Jack long ago. "It was dinnertime. He was alone. We broke bread together. He ate a corned-beef sandwich, as a matter of fact." Alone in a deli at dinnertime? It is a startling image.

He may not be eating alone for long. From Las Hadas, Marlene told a friend, "The only way to grow old gracefully is by not being married." She may, however, live to change her mind.

In early March, Marlene crept quietly back to the U.S. and Washington and phoned the angry Jack. She told friends that he advised: "If I were you, I'd leave this town tomorrow." A few days later, a bunch of I.N.S. agents had placed her under administrative arrest and she was again facing deportation. While agents waited at her Alexandria condo, Marlene poured out her soul to Jack on th phone. Evidently much moved, he d manded to speak to an I.N.S. agent. Bu his pleas had no immediate impact.

On March 14, a Chanel-wrapped ap parition in spike heels appeared at I.N.S headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, t plead her case. She was not alone; a co terie of lawyers hovered around her. Th lawyers were, as Marlene might say stunning. The I.N.S. agents, determine to see justice done, brought up the mat ter of the lady's unauthorized trek t Las Hadas. But to no avail. U.S. Attor ney Helen Fahey refused to issue an ar rest order for Marlene, who was onc again, it seemed, under the protection o an old ally. "I'm falling in love wit Jack again," Marlene had confided to a friend the day before. In short order, af ter posting $50,000 in bail, the lady trad ed her cramped I.N.S. cell for a speed ing limousine, free at least temporarily from those who would attempt to pos sess her. □

WESTON

(Continued from page 132) years of incessant transatlantic travel to expand the baking-and-confectionery business his American-born father, George, had founded in Toronto in 1882, Garfield Weston moved to England with his family in 1936. Three years later, on the eve of the war, he was elected a Tory member of Parliament for Macclesfield and had no intention of abandoning the mother country in her finest hour. "My father was determined to keep us all there and go through the bombs," Galen Weston remembers, "and if we got hit we all got hit."

That, however, did not happen. Perhaps it had something to do with the tycoon's gift of £100,000 to the Spitfire Fund of the British Defense Ministry for the purchase of new fighter planes to replace those lost in the Battle of Britain. The younger children spent most of the war years with Garfield and their mother, Reta, at Wittington, the Westons' Thames-side mansion in Buckinghamshire.

Galen was the adored youngest child of a close-knit family that included six doting sisters. It says something about his innately sunny disposition and the security he felt during the anxiety-fraught period of his formative years that he can now assert, "I was brought up in a marvelous environment."

By the time peace came, the Westons had lived in England for almost a decade, and the patriarch began to worry about their sense of national identity. "My father thought that his was basically a Canadian family," says Galen, who still carries both British and Canadian passports. "He felt that his kids should be exposed to the Canadian scene and the wide-open spaces of the country—and the businesses over there, too."

The elder Weston groomed his three sons for the family empire early on. "We were never allowed to go to boarding school, any of us," Galen recalls. "We were always kept at day schools *so that* we would hear what my father had been doing during the day, the problems and successes he was having. We were always taken to the factories from a very early age, given hot biscuits out of the oven, and taken to the stores. The big treat in London was to go to the theater on Friday night and come back to Fortnum & Mason after it was closed and make our own ice-cream sodas and sundaes."

Garfield Weston's hands-on management style and ceaseless acquisitions made for quite a peripatetic life for the family during the expansive postwar years. "He was very much a front-line man, rather than a strategist who stayed at home and sent people out," his youngest child explains. "He went over the horizon and planted the flag and got the thing going."

It meant that Galen attended 17 schools in, he reels off, "Vancouver, Ottawa, Virginia, England, South Africa, England, Canada." Like other mega-rich families such as the Rockefellers and the Gunds, the Westons did not believe in pampering their children and expected them to work for what they wanted. "They were brought up with a puritanical streak," says Count Vincent Poklewski-Koziell, a close friend of Galen's. "Tobacco and alcohol didn't feature in their youth." At least not consuming them. As a teenager Galen picked tobacco in southern Ontario, sold Christmas trees, and packed gift hampers at Fortnum & Mason to earn pocket money.

When Galen was still a schoolboy, his two older brothers were already working for their father. Grainger Weston, 17 years Galen's senior, left the family firm more than 30 years ago. He later founded the Frenchman's Cove resort in Jamaica and, significantly, pursued a number of food-related ventures, including cattle ranching in Texas and cookie manufacturing.

The second son, Garfield H. Weston—known as Garry—is 14 years older than Galen and is now chairman of Associated British Foods. Garry Weston is known for his parsimonious habits. "He kept his Communion money, as we say

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n this country," observes one Irish friend of the Weston family.

"They're not very close," reports a London associate of Garry's and Galen's. "Garry sits on Galen's board and Galen sits on Garry's board, but they never go to each other's board meetings. Garry does not have very many friends. He's rather a loner and not particularly liked by people. . . . I've never heard anybody be unkind about Galen, and that's quite unusual about somebody who's a fairly public figure. He's the sort who might have engendered jealousy or envy, but he doesn't." According to another London friend of the brothers', "Garry has very little of Galen's grace and charm, whereas Galen has a much smaller quotient of the Wesleyan mentality."

The introverted Harvard graduate Garry is seen by business analysts as a number cruncher and cost cutter, while the extroverted University of Western Ontario dropout Galen is deemed a swashbuckling entrepreneur. Hilary Weston carefully explains Garfield's feelings about his successors: "He saw in his youngest son himself, probably, as a young man—very expansive, terrific personality, very outgoing. My father-in-law was never happy saying, 'This job is done now.' He just wanted to move on and on and on and on. And I think Galen is the same way. My father-in-law was clearly enormously proud of his sons and much admired Garry for his tenacity, but he was not of the same personality."

Garfield Weston summed up the relationship in *Business Week* in 1975, three years before his death: "The best thing that ever happened is that Garry is on one side of the ocean and Galen is on the other."

At the University of Western Ontario, Galen roomed with Dave Nichol, a working-class boy who went on to become Weston's closest business associate as president of Loblaw International Merchants (a position he left in January to become a private consultant), and also an intimate friend, serving as best man at Galen's wedding. Just one credit short of receiving his degree but impatient to get out into the business world, Galen decided to go off to Ireland to make a start outside the family holdings. He used an inheritance from his grandmother to buy a Dublin grocery store. Within a decade he had parlayed it into Ireland's first supermarket chain (prophetically called Power and renamed Quinnsworth) revived a financially beset department store and renamed it Penney's, and bought the Brown Thomas fashion specialty store, now a chain of 20.

Not long after Weston arrived in Dublin, an arresting series of advertisements caught his eye. In them was a striking blonde model, a girl from the nearby seaside town of Dunleary by the name of Hilary Mary Frayne. "You were on every billboard in town," Galen recalls with a grin that wins a dagger look from his wife, "wearing hot pants and Sheer Dynamite stockings." Their teasing, bantering relationship reminds one of a less curmudgeonly Spencer Tracy and a more pliant Katharine Hepburn.

They met on a blind date set up by mutual friends, obviously ones with a fine eye for genetic destiny. Aside from their tall, blond good looks, close family ties were among the few things the Methodist heir and the Catholic working girl had in common. "Hilary had a very strong and very astute mother who ran the family," Galen recalls approvingly. "There were five children and Hilary was the eldest. Her father died when she was 16, and so she had to leave college early and get out and fend for herself. She had to bring home some bread to share with Mother, who was determined that they were going to live a pretty good life—have a nice house in a nice neighborhood—and keep the flag flying even though the breadwinner was gone. Hilary learned a lot about how to cope and how to manage a family."

After dating for three years, Hilary and Galen were married in 1966 at an Anglican village church not far from Wittington, in clothes with an 1890s Klondike theme that honored the Canadian source of the family fortune. There were no children until the Westons' "Irish twins," as they jokingly call them, were born in 1972—Alannah (now in her final year at Oxford, where she was one of the first two women to play on the polo team in 20 years) in January, and Galen junior (now in his second year at Harvard, where he is captain of the varsity polo team) in December.

Unlike many tycoons, Galen welcomed his wife's participation in the family enterprises. "The great thing for us," says Hilary, "is Galen allowing me to be involved. That's been a great help in growing up together, and because of the interest I have in the business I don't feel left out."

With her background in fashion, Hilary first advised on the updating of the stodgy Brown Thomas store and is now a director of the Brown Thomas Group. After Galen returned to Canada in 1972 to assume control of George Weston Limited, he became more preoccupied with raising their children. But since the purchase of the Holt Renfrew chain in 1986, Hilary has taken on a more active role. She is now deputy chairman of the company and is closely engaged in the development of its lucrative private-label clothing. "And I *am* paid," she announces triumphantly, to her husband's evident amusement. "Now I'm paid. I *am* paid." She also collaborated with Nicole Eaton on the 1989 book *In a Canadian Garden*, and they are now putting together a sequel about Canadian houses.

It's not all work, however. The Westons shuttle between England, Toronto, and Windsor, Florida, with considerable frequency. They spend most of the summer at Fort Belvedere and weeks at a time in Florida, where they celebrated last Christmas and New Year's with the extended Weston and Frayne families and a number of their children's school friends. But that tropical sojourn was interrupted in mid-January by an invitation to shoot at one of England's great sporting estates, Dumbleton, with their friends the Charles Hambros.

Harry Fitzgibbons, who often shoots with the Westons, points out that "many Americans who made a lot of dough in the 80s have taken up shooting, but almost all of them go for quantity, not quality. Galen is just the opposite—he wants to shoot the high birds."

Galen Weston's riskiest flier to date has been the establishment and selling of the new town of Windsor. A shrewd judge of business talent, he has depended heavily on his wife in this scheme. "He really uses Hilary as a sounding board," says Harry Fitzgibbons, "particularly on people. If Hilary took a reading on somebody and it was negative, there's no way Galen would give them the time of day." As Rupert Hambro proposes, "What Galen feels Hilary can do is to add a European dimension, so that he can get a good cross section of people."

Why Galen Weston should have wanted to undertake the kind of real-estate project that has often brought experienced developers to grief is an interesting supposition. "It must be more amusing than selling knickers, don't you think?" offers Count Vincent Poklewski-Koziell. Yet, explains Weston, "most of my business life has been to take over an old business and fix it up. This was particularly exciting because it was a new venture where one could not inherit the good points or mistakes of somebody else, but instead start with your own."

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The slow pace of architecture, so different from that of retailing perishable foodstuffs, does not seem to faze the perpetual-motion-prone Weston. "A lot of my work has been bricks and mortar," he asserts, "building the right factory or shopping center or superstore at the right time. . . . Five-year plans are part of my life, and nothing that I've done has happened in any less time. Things that go up very, very quickly tend to come off very, very quickly, too."

Clearly, the Westons are building the development to last. The chief selling point of Windsor is its stringently enforced urban-planning and architectural-design code, devised by the Miami-based husband-and-wife team of Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, who created the acclaimed plan for Seaside, the Florida Panhandle new town that became the architectural media sensation of the 1980s. But, for all its good intentions, Seaside—built on the so-called Redneck Riviera—has no potential for becoming the kind of upscale enclave the Westons have envisioned. And the chancy Gulf Coast climate of Seaside makes it usable as a resort only in spring and summer, as opposed to the balmy winter weather in Vero Beach, sited in a former citrus grove on a coastal island between the Atlantic Ocean and the Indian River.

One problem is getting purchasers of land at Windsor—who must agree to begin building a house on their property within two years—to abide by a shared design vocabulary of traditional southern-American and Anglo-Caribbean architectural styles, especially when they are spending a minimum of $185,000 for a lot, or $485,000 for a lot complete with house. There is a closely vetted roster of approved architects inclined to abide by the tasteful but strict range of prescribed forms, materials, and colors that will prevent Windsor from becoming yet another chaotic Florida townscape. Among them are Hugh Newell Jacobsen, who designed Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's house on Martha's Vineyard; Jaquelin T. Robertson, who did the Southampton dacha of Ahmet and Mica Ertegün and Westerly, the villa of Henry Kravis at Casa del Campo in the Dominican Republic; and Scott Merrill, a talented young Vero Beach architect who has designed a number of the buildings at Windsor.

"I am an authority on the dying tribe of Wasp," drawls Jack Robertson over breakfast at Windsor during a visit to present his proposals for an inn and a street of shops. "They really have terrible taste, 80 percent of them, for all their money, education, and travel. They sit around ranting and raving about Beverly Hills glitz and you're looking around at the frog wallpaper and the T. Anthony leather pigs. That's what Hobe Sound is about. It's very seedy and cheaply done, characteristics of the kingdom of Wasp.

"Palm Beach is a horrible place," Robertson says. "It was a climax forest in the 1950s. It's a very old crowd, very unpleasant people. The whole place is populated by mummies and seems to have had a carpet face-lift. But Galen is a young man—he's young up here," says the architect, tapping his head, "so I think Windsor has a very good chance of becoming what Hobe Sound and Palm Beach once were, when they attracted people who believed in their lifestyle."

The human element in making a new community, especially a fashionable one, is at least as important as an architectural code. Thus far the Westons have sold 42 of a projected 320 lots, but have turned down two would-be residents, a luxury that only a developer with deep pockets is able to afford. According to Agnes Ash, vice president of communication at Windsor, "These weren't people who ate with their hat on. It had to do with the houses that they were planning to build. You have to understand, it's pretty much 'friends tell friends' at Windsor. You know, none of these are glitzy people. The buildings and the building codes, it's the same idea as the school uniform."



Weston with his friend Prince Charles at a Maple Leafs polo match in 1990.

The Westons take an equally patient approach toward their children's role in carrying on the dynasty. Though their offspring's career plans are still undecided, there will always be a place for Alannah and Galen junior in the Weston empire if they want it. "I think Galen would be very disappointed if his son didn't go into the business eventually," says Count Poklewski-Koziell. "But he and Hilary are quite clever in not putting any pressure on the children. Because if they had their noses stuck in it, the kids would probably be found in a nightclub in Gstaad for the rest of their lives, sniffing coke."

Hilary Weston sums up the long view she and Galen apply to family, architecture, and business much in the same way. "The essence of a family business is to build and to hold on to and build," she believes. "We've watched all those highfliers come and they go—from the oil tycoons to the paper-money people in New York. It's fascinating to watch all of that, but this family business is still running and operating the businesses that Galen's grandfather started. And there are not too many around." □

"He's in a position to do much more than he will ever be able to do as king."

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Continued from page 114 she's in command," says Donner. "She knows what she wants. She's one of the most disciplined people I've ever met in my life."

The question, at this juncture in her career, is whether Jodie Foster can truly do it all: add to her laurels as America's most distinguished actress under 35 and at the same time become a major player in the business. If anyone can do it, Foster is probably the one.

It's just that, so far, no one ever really has.

"Helen Hayes?" says Foster, trying to be helpful.

Over vegetable salads ordered in, we've been trying to think of other child actors who made the treacherous transition to grown-up roles—hard enough in itself. Elizabeth Taylor is the one I've come up with. Natalie Wood is another. Short list, though. Foster, as everyone knows by now, eased the strain by going to Yale, where she graduated cum laude in literature. But while the intermission gave her choices, it meant she had to start over. Foster survived because she had more talent—more poise, more swagger, more *control*—than other child actors. But also because, as *Sommersby* director Jon Amiel says, she was able to use what she'd earned, not be hobbled by it.

"She can be sitting, joking in French to the makeup man, with chewing gum and her glasses on," says Amiel. "You say, 'Jodie, you're on,' and within 30 seconds she's in front of the camera, delivering a scene that will break your heart. Her experience as a child actor is what enables her to move in and out of character like that." For a child actor, a role is as real as real life, perhaps more so. "As grown-ups, we develop overlays," says Amiel, "but Jodie combines all the technical facility of a child actor with the maturity of a really seasoned campaigner. If God had designed a perfect acting machine, it would be pretty close to Jodie."

The great anomaly of Foster's career is that she's risen to the top as neither a seductive beauty nor an unbeautiful character actor. Instead, from the street-tough daughter in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and the young prostitute of *Taxi Driver* to her girl-next-door role in the overlooked *Five Corners* to her Oscar-winning performances in *The Accused* and *The Silence of the Lambs*, Foster has radiated an outward strength and inner vulnerability, tested by a world of violent male predators. What she becomes, by quelling her fears and confronting her enemies, is something no other American actress of our time has embodied with such consistency and aplomb: a hero.

"One of the most important things that drama has always offered is a portrait of heroism," suggests critic Stephen Schiff. "Homer offers Achilles; Hollywood today offers Arnold Schwarzenegger. That may be heroic, but there's no humanity or depth, and it doesn't tell us what there is in us that might respond to the heroic challenge." *Silence*, Schiff feels, is a story of heroism built on classic mythic lines: the innocent who sets out to slay a dragon, but can do so only by gaining knowledge from a source so dangerous it may kill her. In *Silence*, that source is Hannibal Lecter; having learned what she needs to know, Foster's Clarice Starling then enters a literal underworld—the murderer's subterranean cavern—and kills him in the dark. It comes as no surprise that Foster studied mythic structures at Yale, or that, quite unprompted, she lays out the same parallel, almost verbatim. "I couldn't believe how well this fit that," she says, "except there had never been a woman character in film that's allowed to *be* that."

Foster speaks with such concentration—and such un-actress-like delight in shaping her thoughts into words—that her first forkful of salad remains in midair for what seems like 10 minutes. Taking pity, I ask her at some length how she feels—this screen embodiment of victimization—about the curious way our culture has taken up victimization, so that everyone's a victim now, from Tonya Harding and Lorena Bobbitt to killers as cold-blooded as the Menendez brothers.

At that, Foster puts her hand up as if to push the thought away. "I've just stayed so far away from any of these high-profile trials," she says, "mostly because I find it so uncomfortable to be glued to a public event like that." Foster is intrigued, though, by the broader issues—how, as she puts it, people's identities come to be defined by their victimization.

"There's this whole nationalism, these little tribes: 'I am not like you, because I have been perpetrated against,'" she exclaims. "And having really strong feelings about survivors and people who *are* victims. I'm much more in the vein of 'Yeah, victim may be a part of something I've experienced, passively or otherwise, but it's not everything in my life.' I think it's an understandable place we're moving toward, this using the emotional scars as decorations or badges, but I think it's undignified.

"I'm for plurality," she adds, warming to the subject. "I just hate bandwagons, and I don't like people telling me I'm on one. I don't like being *stuck*. But it's a very American phenomenon for people to jump on the back of some trend. Frozen yogurt!

"Or those 12-step programs, which are really helpful, and I have so much respect for. But then, I know people who go to five different 12-step programs because they have a social life there." And just as every victimization takes on the same value, so the "heavy 12-step people," as Foster calls them, lose sight of the lines between right and wrong, decorum and inconsiderateness. "You'll say something like 'You're an hour late, I've been waiting here an hour!' And they're like 'I'm really sorry you feel that way, I really regret that that causes you a problem, but it was really important for me to take that time . . .' It's the reverence of selfishness."

Silence, at any rate, seems to have cured Foster of needing to play victims or near victims on-screen—with the obvious caveat that should Thomas Harris actually publish a sequel Foster stands ready and willing to serve. *Sommersby*, with its post–Civil War setting, showed Foster the actress testing new ground as a romantic lead. *Maverick*, in its own shambling way, is every bit as much of a stretch.

There *was* one other good reason to do *Maverick*, which Foster is too demure to point out: her paycheck, reportedly $5 million, more than double what she'd earned for any movie before. That makes her the third-highest-paid woman actor in Hollywood, after Julia Roberts and Whoopi Goldberg.

It's the kind of offer that can pull a fledgling production-company chieftain right out of her corner office.

"I never understood why she wanted to do it," says producer Scott Rudin of Foster's foray into the business side. "I mean, she has influence as an actress as it is."

Rudin, who three years ago produced Foster's directorial debut, *Little Man Tate*, for Orion Pictures, may not appreciate how frustrated Foster felt when *Tate* nearly died aborning as Orion imploded.

Orion's troubles came, ironically, on the heels of *Silence*, one of its greatest hits ever, after years of shortsighted management. Mired in bankruptcy court, the company was unable to pay out full profits, and Foster never did get all that was

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due her. *Tate* was her greater concern. Funded by Orion, *Tate* had been shot but needed millions more to be released and promoted. Foster had to make the business case and fight for it. *Tate* was one of the few Orion films released during the turmoil, and it did make the profit she said it would: at last count, it had taken in more than $25 million, having cost under $10 million to produce. "In the course of doing that I started acting like a producer," Foster says proudly, "and I realized I liked that."

In fact, Foster had to battle two dragons for *Tate*—the other being Rudin. How Foster coped with the notoriously aggressive producer, given to meddling in his films' creative direction, bears out her growing reputation as a steely businesswoman. It was Rudin who had placed Scott Frank's original screenplay with Orion, and Foster who had begged to direct, as well as star in it. But as soon as Foster started shooting, the producer backed off.

At the time, rumors flew that Foster had had Rudin banned from the set. Scott Frank says it was more of a mutually agreed-upon standoff. Foster wanted to develop the strong parallels she saw between her own life as a child actor and the screenplay's depiction of a gifted child whose working-class mother is torn between keeping him to herself and sending him off to a school where his promise can be nurtured. Rudin disagreed with Foster's vision, but to his credit let her pursue it. Both Foster and Orion, it's probably fair to say, helped show him the door. "I *was* well-known and powerful enough in the eyes of Orion," Foster admits, "to get to use the best of him." With shooting concluded, Rudin returned to help fight for *Tate* as what Foster calls "the really nasty tough guy"—just his métier.

Rudin speaks admiringly of Foster as "an extremely well-oiled machine" whom he puts at the top of his wish list now both as actor and director. "In fact, I just offered her a movie to direct," he says. "She turned me down!" Foster emerged from *Tate* somewhat less sanguine about him. Rudin, she says, is "the person that exemplifies everything that's negative and everything that's a cliché" about Hollywood. "For him it's just about acquiring elements," she says. "I'm a filmmaker."

Determined not to repeat her *Tate* experiences, Foster spent a year negotiating terms with PolyGram. She emerged with a deal unlike that for any actress in the business—a deal, indeed, in which her acting was all but beside the point. Many stars sign production deals with a major studio that may give them office space and a fancy letterhead but allow the studio to approve creative decisions—from development to casting to packaging the film that gets made. The star can feel like a moviemaker, and the studio gets what it wants: the star in the film. But PolyGram isn't exactly a studio; it's a production-and-distribution network which owns various companies that act as studios themselves. By the terms of her deal, Foster is, as PolyGram executive Stewart Till put it, "a mini-Orion herself."

> "A lot of what acting schools cater to is how to make actors who don't have it...passable."

The goal is to make six films in three years—three in the $25 million range, three in the $10 to $15 million range—which PolyGram is committed to finance, along with the $10 million or more each film will need for prints and promotion. But Foster can make fewer if she likes; she also gets to decide if she wants to act in the films she makes, direct them, or just produce them. Plus she chooses *which* films she wishes to make, and whom she wants to distribute them green-light power, mitigated only by PolyGram's right to balk at, say, a $40 million budget with no stars. "PolyGram said there's no need for her to act in the films," confirms Egg's Stuart Kleinman, formerly a vice president at ICM. "They wanted her because she has taste and is fiscally responsible." The freedom this affords her—from producers and studio executives—is extraordinary; the prospect it suggests, of Foster as an unfettered filmmaker with decades yet to grow, is quite simply unique.

And yet almost two years after setting up shop, Foster has made not two films, not one, but none. "I really thought there was a lot out there," Foster says soberly. "There isn't." Can that really be, with scripts raining down by the dozens every week on every studio desk in town? "Maybe there *are* a lot of good scripts out there, but I can't connect to them personally, so I just don't care," says Foster. "Once in a while you'll get in something that has some wonderful writing to say, a story about two detectives combing Louisiana. A caper movie. Someone may go out and make a terrific movie from that, but I don't care." Foster imitates the fawning agent's response: "Yeah, but about the mentor/mentee relationship between the detectives, *that's* an important thing . . . " She shrugs. "It's not like I'm looking down on it. I just don't see it."

Scott Frank, who has remained close to Foster, sounds not unlike Rudin when asked if Egg has been an odd career move for her. "The irony is that Jodie could do whatever she wants to do without a company. She can act, direct, or produce. She doesn't need the housekeeping details of Egg. In Hollywood, because most people are so odious that you don't want to work for them, starting your own company can seem like freedom. But the deal you make with the Devil is that then you have to work for yourself!"

Now, at last, shooting is set to begin this spring on the first Egg production. *Nell* is the story of a kind of wild child in the forest who has little human contact until a country doctor finds her and starts trying, along with a psychologist, to socialize her. Foster clearly has a shrewd eye for talent: every player in the film's package has had a strong success since signing on. Director Michael Apted's latest film is *Blink*, screenwriter William Nicholson did *Shadowlands*, and Liam Neeson, who plays the country doctor, is fresh from *Schindler's List*. Foster, of course, will play Nell.

"I'm really scared of this one," Foster says. "I think it's the hardest thing I'll ever do." It's not the first time Foster has thought this before a film. But for every film it's true: that raising of the bar, higher and higher, when most American actresses hope merely to repeat past glories. Nell

speaks in an indecipherable language, and that's just for starters. "It's all physical and emotional," Foster says of the part. "She's this extraordinarily vulnerable innocent who doesn't know that when you're in pain you don't cry, and who doesn't know you're supposed to be ashamed, or that you're supposed to cover your body."

To prepare herself, Foster's been reading a book François Truffaut read for *The Wild Child* in the original French, of course. She's also been paring down: eating greens, staying away from red wine, and getting limber by speed walking, which is, as it happens, the next event on her schedule today. Dubiously, she looks down at my black Gap shoes. "You going to be all right in those?"

Reassured, Foster leads the way to the inevitable L.A. underground parking garage, and to her car: not a Porsche or Jaguar, but a black luxury-model station wagon, its black-tinted windows her only concession to stardom.

With an almost clinical curiosity about herself, Foster says the car is one of her few remaining possessions of value. "I've been going through a sort of interesting thing," she says, "which is that I have been compulsively selling and getting rid of things. I have like three cashmere sweaters, and they're all black, maybe I only need one! It feels so much better for me to get rid of things than to acquire."

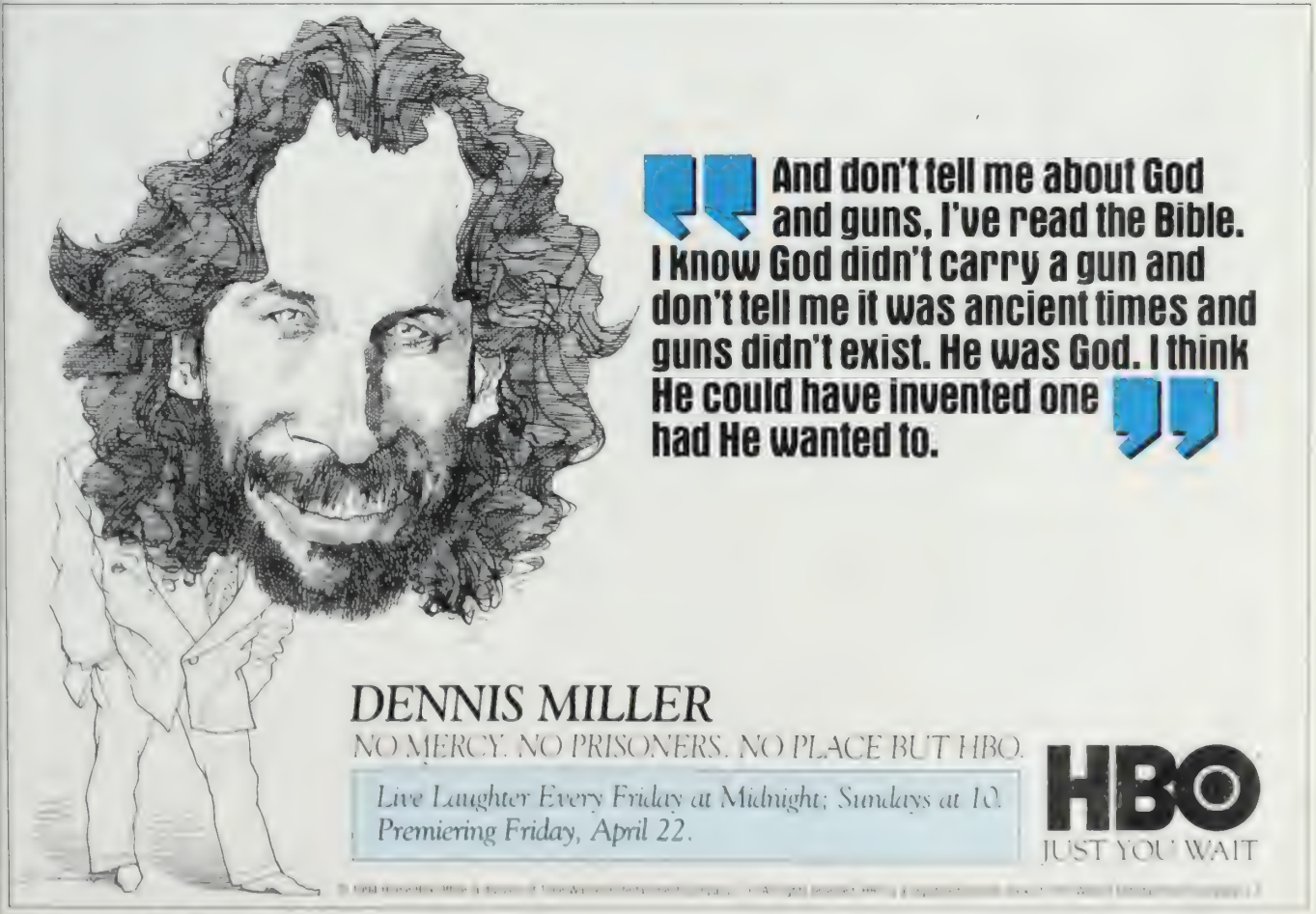
It's not that Foster dislikes beautiful things. She's just decided she doesn't need to own them. "People were saying, 'Why don't you get a vacation home in Montana?' I said, 'I don't want to have to go someplace because I own it, and then I get there and I have to worry that the gardening's not done.'" For more than a year, she hasn't even lived in her modest house in the Valley—too long a commute. Instead, she's rented a house in town. "This rental place where I've been living is just beautiful, and there's not a stitch of anything that's mine, and I've never been so happy!"

Aside from what remains of her wardrobe, Foster's only material love seems to be her collection of photographs. Most aren't valuable, but she loves them all, and has taken care in the choosing of fine wood frames. "It's funny," she says, "because I've been redoing my will on my computer, and the photography collection is the only thing objectwise that I even attended to, because it means more to me than anything else."

The notion of a 31-year-old single woman making out her will is momentarily startling, but Foster is nothing if not serious about her life. Of course, she also has a larger estate than most 31-year-olds. The more immediate reason, though, is *Nell*. "I'm about to inhabit and give life to a new character who is very pure and very physical and emotional," Foster says, "and I need to take care of everything and everybody, and know that they're taken care of before I start a new life."

We've been driving west and north into the Hollywood Hills. On our way, more or less, is Foster's childhood house, so we turn off Sunset and roll up into a labyrinth of tiny winding roads. In interviews, Foster has occasionally implied that her early life was one of hardship and tragedies, but that's not evident from the Spanish-tiled hillside house to which we draw up. "It's very deceptive," Foster says. "These are just garages on the bottom; it's really only two stories above." With three siblings, she points out, there wasn't much room, and you could always hear the Hollywood Freeway.

Still, Brandy Foster did admirably well for a single mother whose husband, Lucius, had walked out when she was four months pregnant with her youngest child. Yearning for tradition in an uncertain



life, Brandy named her newborn Alicia Christian, but Lucinda, Constance, and Buddy had settled on Jodie, and so Jodie it was. Brandy had worked as a publicist for film producer Arthur Jacobs and later as an occasional dealer of decorative art on consignment. The children grew up amid sculptures and antiquities, French and Italian tapestries, few of them their own. For a child actor, it must have made even home seem make-believe.

Jodie's brother was, in fact, the first of the Fosters to appear in commercials, and then in television as a principal character on *Mayberry, R.F.D.* Today, says Jodie, Buddy is in construction. "He's a real entrepreneur—he works with his hands, and with lots of teams of guys wearing lumberjack boots." He still tries acting in "fits and starts," which would seem to put pressure on Foster—who describes herself as the most easily guilt-tripped person she knows—to give her brother work. But Foster says no. "I don't believe in nepotism," she says tersely. "When we get together it's at Easter and we talk about risotto." Foster's two sisters are both married with children.

Foster's guilt complex is more about herself—about never doing enough. By her teenage years, she was her family's big breadwinner, and though a veteran of more than 50 television episodes and several feature films, she felt obliged to accept all the work that came her way. She still refers to herself as a martyr. "When I was a kid I just didn't think I was allowed to say no," she says. "I didn't think I was allowed to complain. I would get really bad frostbite because someone had forgotten to give me socks or something, and the pain would be excruciating . . . [but] I didn't want to tell them—I guess I thought I'd get fired or they'd be mad at me."

Just a few years ago, Brandy Foster still appeared to play a significant role in Foster's career—a well-meaning but also strong-willed stage mother. Jodie speaks of her now with a detachment that seems new. "I didn't choose my own movies until I was 16," she observes, "[so] I couldn't help but be in a position where I was putting forth her personal agenda about what was important for her in *her* life, and playing people that she felt a personal connection to. She would say that, because she had been a manager, these were 'career' choices. Come on! They were incredibly personal choices. *She* wanted those victims to survive. *She* wanted me to be someone who was substantial on her own, and I became that person." When Foster was last profiled in *Vanity Fair,* in 1988, her mother was interviewed and photographed with her. Now Jodie prefers I not call her at all. "She still serves a really important purpose in my life," Foster says of her mother, choosing her words carefully. "But I'm not 10 anymore."

The Hollywood Reservoir shimmers in the hills, ringed by eucalyptus and pine, as seemingly far from the boulevards below as Lewis Carroll's Wonderland. As we approach it, Foster points out a red-and-yellow striped castle of a home jutting brashly from the hills. "That's Madonna's house," Foster says, her voice taking on the working-class edge one hears in *Tate* and *The Accused.* "How do you like that? Do you *believe* that?"

Formerly, the house was painted white with hints of Mediterranean blue. Madonna's color scheme at this stage is more akin to a barber's pole. "She said, 'Oh, I'm going to distress it,'" Foster says. "We all laugh at that."

Gripping her hand weights, Foster sets off on the three-and-a-half-mile course around the reservoir. "I was thinking about how I was going to meet you," she says, "and how I had all these things to do, but everything I had to do I have to do alone. And I realized, That's 'cause I do everything alone!"

Foster is famously guarded about her personal life, and rather than risk being bonked by a hand weight, I circle the subject as we circle the lake. *Are you happy being alone?* "Yeah, I like it." *Can you be alone for a whole weekend and not get depressed?* "I always need one person. I just need someone to be in the room, but I don't need them to talk to me." *Is there anything, Miss Foster, you wish to say on the subject of relationships at this time?* "Nope." She pauses. "If you've been in the public eye as long as I have, your life is more important than the trivialization of your life to feed some sort of curiosity machine."

Foster's adamant refusal to talk about her love life is irksome in a way: why should public figures be allowed to have their fame and privacy too? But as Foster eases into her 30s without ever having disclosed a romance, without ever even being photographed with a beau, there starts to seem something marvelous about her success in keeping the hounds at bay. Will she be the first celebrity in the annals of Western culture to live her whole life without feeding the "curiosity machine"? *Bonne chance!*

As we cruise along, other walkers approach from the opposite direction. Hardly any seem to recognize Foster; one or two steal sidelong glances as they pass. "Well, I'm not Madonna," Foster says. And, no, it isn't hard being a star in L.A. "L.A.'s probably the best place in the world for that," she says. "At the same time, obviously, if I don't feel like being in a situation, I know not to do it. If you don't want to get photographed, then don't go to a premiere. And if you don't want to talk to a bunch of people who say, 'I've got this great script for you,' then don't go to a party."

Foster isn't so much cynical about Hollywood as seasoned. In fact, she's rather defensive about the business. "I get really sick and tired of this New York cliché of the film industry as *The Player,* and how everyone is a scumsucking pig, and how the film business is anti-art, and that basically movie producers are guys with cigars who sit around and talk about women's tits. You know, all of that is true, in the way that a lot of clichés are true. But that's not the heart and soul of the film industry.

"The truth is, one of the reasons I've survived as long as I have in the industry is that when people do business with me they know that I'm going to show up on time, that when I say something I don't lie about it, that I can be trusted not to repeat something that's none of my business, that I'm never going to screw them, and that I'll do the honorable thing." Of course, she adds, "it's hard to get to a place where you have the luxury of working on an ethical plane. That's hard. I'm in the best position I can be in, because I have a talent, a commodity I can sell, that I can ram down people's throats."

It was, ironically, in the driest spell of her career that Foster learned what good business it can be to be a good person in business. The time was 1988, when her post-Yale acting career had ground to a halt. From *The Hotel New Hampshire* to *Mesmerized* and *Siesta, Five Corners* and *Stealing Home,* Foster had slid from one financial disappointment to the next, usually drawing good reviews for her performance but losing credibility with the studios. A helping hand came from director Jonathan Kaplan, whose first work with Foster had been on an ill-fated project called *All Washed Up.* Kaplan adored Foster's honesty and wry professionalism. Someday, he determined, he would work

with her again. "The minute *The Accused* came up I called her. I said, 'Look, I don't have the power to just cast you, and I don't want to put you through torture. The first thing is, you have to meet [producer] Stanley Jaffe.'"

"He wants to see if I'm still fat," said Foster.

Kaplan sighed, more relieved than embarrassed. "Right," he said.

Foster *had* put on weight, but she'd already worked it off. That got her past Jaffe. To put her at ease for a screen test, Kaplan decided to shoot outside the studio. "I found a house with a lot of light that was empty—for sale—in Nichols Canyon," he recalls. "I shot on video with a minimal crew: three people. I wanted her to take her time, give her every opportunity to shine. Foster was phenomenal. The only thing she had trouble with was the testimony." Her court appearance, that is, as the rape victim. Foster was reading her lines realistically, but they came across too slowly.

"Maybe you should look at the jury," Kaplan suggested.

"You never look at the jury," Foster said.

Foster read again, more appropriately this time. With that, her new life began.

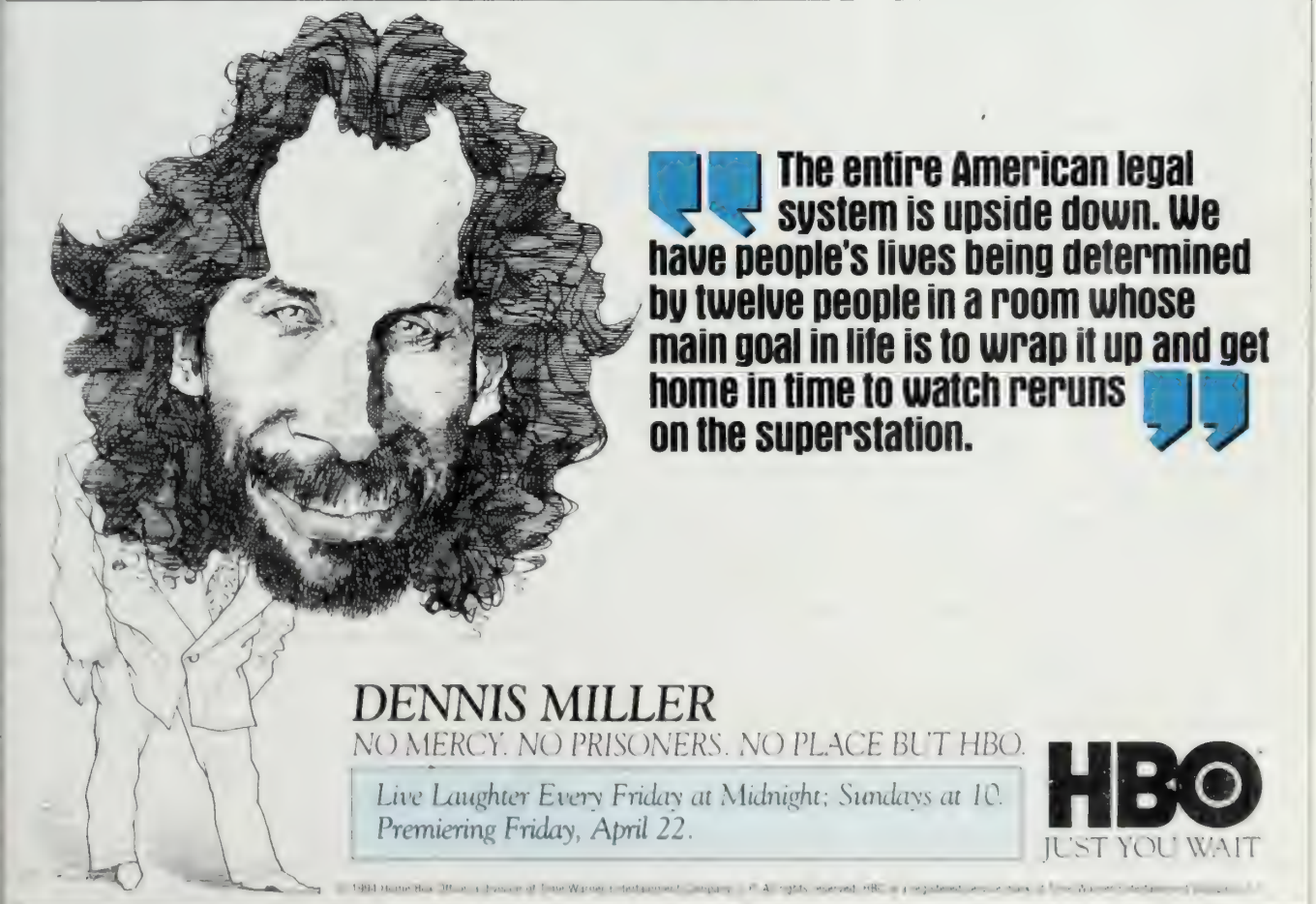
"*The Accused* was the big turning point," Foster agrees as we cross the reservoir's dam, but not just because it earned her her first Academy Award. Before that, as an actress, she'd felt like an impostor. Acting was easy—too easy. "When I was a kid," she says, "my mom said, 'Actors aren't very smart. And you're smart, so you don't want to be an actor, because that's what dumb people do. Acting is a hobby, it's a way to make money to provide you with the opportunity to do other things.' . . . I think I realized eventually that it wasn't the craft that wasn't engaging, it was me playing safe, and that it was my responsibility to etch out the intellectual and spiritual aspects in the material."

Since *The Accused*, Foster has averaged one movie a year, working on her choice "from the inside out." She tackles her characters' psychology with studious care—one of her pet peeves, she says, is films that reduce therapy to one convenient childhood trauma: flush it out and all is well. When Foster talks about psychology, she draws on serious books in the field, not pop-psych paperbacks. Even so, she says, acting's no big deal. "Because to a certain extent you either have it or you don't. A lot of what some of the acting schools cater to is how to make actors who don't have it . . . passable. When the truth is they don't really have access to something that's an unschooled skill. That's half the battle: this unschooled skill . . . and it doesn't require an ounce of energy on my part to do it." Foster, in fact, has never taken an acting class in her life.

Back at Yale, Foster did perform in at least one play, but she has done no stage acting since college. The reasoning she offers, as we round out our circuit, says more about her than perhaps she realizes. "I *have* thought about it a lot. But it's like what I felt about comedy: I don't want to do a bad play. And I don't want to do something that's too much for me, that I'm not trained for. And it's not easy for me to go out and do a play, because everybody's watching. . . . I don't like that they're allowed to look wherever they want to look."

"You like to control the shot?"

"Well, yeah! Because then it's not presenting somebody with life. You're *representing* life. Allowing them to look where they want to look—for me, it's just sociologically not as much of a touching experience. Everybody paid $50 and they're all in their suits, sitting next to each oth-



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er, looking for a night in the theater. It's not the same as witnessing a life."

When we drive back to her office, Foster stops the car to let me out. She's got another appointment, she says, and must head on; would I mind going upstairs to tell her assistant she's running late? "Oh, and don't forget to have her give you parking-validation stamps," Foster instructs.

Not to worry, I tell her, the magazine can pay.

"No, really," she says. "The garage is horribly expensive. *Get the stamps.*"

Upstairs, Foster's assistant tears off little stamps, one after another. Meekly, I wait for my share. "Here you are," she says, putting them into my hand.

We look at each other, and it occurs to me: Foster isn't even here anymore—and she's *still* in control.

Some days later, I call in the obligatory roundabout way to ask Foster one last question. The message is relayed, a time chosen, and Foster calls back. Why, I want to know, *does* she feel she has to develop her own company, taking all the risks that that entails, when, as Rudin and Frank put it, she could do what she likes without the risks?

"If I fail, at least I will have failed my way instead of failing someone else's way," she says. "That was something I said to Rudin: 'I want to make my own mistakes—I don't want to make yours.' "

With Egg, there's no one else to blame. "The company," she says, "is pretty much me."

Jodie Foster likes it that way. □

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(Continued from page 148) delicacies of Parisian Cubism into the bracing black and white of New York City.

By the early 50s, Pollock, whom de Kooning acknowledged as the first "to break the ice," was sinking into a painful, sodden, and sometimes violent alcoholism. He was not living in New York; he had moved to Springs, near East Hampton, in 1945. A soul in obvious torment, he was a source more of fascination than of emulation. (It was by dying that Pollock became a romantic hero in American culture.) By contrast, de Kooning was out and about—and always willing to talk to younger artists. He became the natural figure for the dreams of the decade to gather around. "He was everybody's hero," said the painter Jane Freilicher, "a tremendously charismatic figure."

People are often surprised to learn that in 1950 de Kooning was already 46 years old. There remained something boyish in his face, however, made all the more appealing by the weathering of middle age. His hair was whitening; he had the green eyes and stocky build of a Dutch sailor. Like Picasso, de Kooning never disappointed a camera. But it was not just his leading-man looks or his gifted brush that attracted the attention of the young artists and poets who came into the Village after the war.

There was a distance—a beguiling distance—about de Kooning. He was friendly enough. He loved a good backslapping joke, the cornier the better, and detested the fancy pants of the art world. But de Kooning had already come a very long way: from a deeply troubled and poor family across the sea in Holland, from 25 years of poverty and neglect in New York, from the ceaseless struggle to find a style of his own. The distance showed in his eyes and in what one friend called a kind of subtle "trembling," or tension, in his expression. The talk, the friends, even the lovers, seemed at best a respite. De Kooning appeared absorbed in larger dramas, both personal and cultural. His real life was manifestly alone, with his work.

In a dingy studio on Fourth Avenue, de Kooning began, early in the decade, what struck many people in the small art world of the time as a legendary struggle. For more than a year and a half, he tried to complete a single picture of a woman. And not just any woman, but Woman. Every day he would paint in the figure, attacking the canvas with sharp and often furious strokes; then, tormented by an inability to realize his vision, he would scrape down the picture. Regular visitors to his studio saw a host of fierce women take passionate form and then vanish back into the canvas—some of them part of stunningly beautiful paintings.

It was hard to know what impressed the art world more, the ferocious image that finally emerged in *Woman I* or de Kooning's struggle to render her. Some of his friends couldn't help laughing at de Kooning's "block." But they also knew that after his 1948 exhibition the artist could have settled down into a comfortable blue-chip style. Instead, he did the admirable thing: he painted what he had to paint at a time when many artists and critics believed that only abstract art could be "major." As a result, he made art look like much more than just a matter of making a picture. Art was also a way of being, a daily effort to wrest one's nature from the paint. To his contemporaries, de Kooning's painting transformed the existential struggle of the individual in modern culture into high visual drama.

The image of *Woman I*—and her many successors over the next few years—was like nothing else in American art. To this day, the images remain disturbing, the most difficult pictures in the American canon to fix with a settled meaning. Each of de Kooning's *Women* emerges from visual flux, an indeterminate space in which figure and ground never seem fully distinct. She is a timeless woman but also of the 1950s. Her eyes stare directly at the viewer, her knees and bust jut out, and her lips part in a frightening and toothy grin. In *Woman and Bicycle,* she has two mouths.

De Kooning's *Women* seemed to capture much of what excited artists and intellectuals in the 50s. There was an explosive and messy confrontation both with the Cubist grid from Europe and with Picasso's way of rendering women. And the images themselves, which de Kooning likened to ancient idols, evoked the period's obsessive interest in the unconscious, in Jungian archetypes, in psychoanalysis. Did de Kooning have a difficult mom? Was the sky blue? The *Women* also evoked contemporary female images—not just the matinee idols but also the dames in big boosting brassieres and spiked heels who were then walking the New York streets, draped in furs from which dangled little withered heads and paws.

De Kooning always insisted that the pictures were, among other things, funny—the sort of "funny" that the existential temper of the time revered as a profound response to the absurdity of existence. "I think [the *Women*] had to do with the idea of the idol, the oracle, and above all the hilariousness of it," he once said. "I do think that if I don't look upon life that way I won't know how to keep on being around." When a friend told him no women were as ferocious as his *Women,* de Kooning described going to Klein's, an

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inexpensive department store on Union Square, during a lingerie sale and observing scenes of broad Amazonian comedy around the underwear bins.

The *Women* paintings brought to art a fresh and unrepentant American vulgarity, while still reflecting de Kooning's training in the high European tradition. To give one of his *Women* a grin, for example, de Kooning snipped the smiling mouth from the face of a woman in a magazine ad for Camel cigarettes and pasted it on the canvas. *Woman I* remained improvisatory, open-ended, defiantly "unfinished," much like the jazz that de Kooning and his contemporaries admired so much. Nothing says more about the picture, in fact, than the way it was finally completed. The art historian Meyer Schapiro was visiting de Kooning, according to the story, and asked to see a canvas abandoned in the hall outside the studio. De Kooning showed it to him. Schapiro admired it. So de Kooning said, O.K., it's finished.

That story about the completion of *Woman I*—which comes in several variations—is remembered because it captures a certain flair, or style, important to the 50s. De Kooning works for months on his painting, which is highly charged with personal feeling, rich in contradiction, at once funny and furious. Then, as if by whim, he gives it up. A jazz soloist might similarly improvise for hours, working up a beautiful sweat, exploring and revealing the most intimate passages of his soul, then suddenly stop without finishing; and perhaps, as he turned his back on the audience, answer the applause with a cool nod.

In the early 50s, the downtown artists created their own, rougher, American version of the Parisian café. They did not do so intentionally, but that is what the Club and the Cedar Tavern together amounted to. Paris was no longer necessary. Founded as a place where artists could meet informally, the way Italians met to play cards and sip coffee in their Village social clubs, the Club evolved into a place for the downtown crowd to sling around its ideas. The Cedar, a workingman's bar around the corner, was the place to drink. Which didn't mean, of course, that you couldn't mix your metaphors and drink at the Club and think at the Cedar.

For the impoverished artists of the 30s and 40s, largely ignored by the outside world, alone in their studios without telephones or television, talking together was essential. They did so by dropping in at one another's studios or by meeting spontaneously at cheap cafeterias. In those days, they did not drink much—at most, a beer. A decade later, talk was also essential to the life of the Club and the Cedar, but now the character of the talk was beginning to change. The Club and the Cedar made quasi-official what had been informal. Critics were starting to show up, along with curators and collectors. So was the next generation of artists—not just painters but also poets, composers, and writers. For the first time, a certain pride and self-consciousness about their place in American culture informed the talk of the artists downtown.

In short, the talk became slightly inflated, slightly stylized. That's what the presence of alcohol and critics will do, to say nothing of a measure of success. But what a wonderful moment it was—when success was in the air but there was still no question of selling out, when talk still seemed what it had always been, yet richer, more knowing, confident, and juiced-up.

A naturally reserved man, de Kooning was not the type to dominate a table, but his way of speaking delighted the people around him and helped establish the period's intellectual patois. De Kooning loved America the way only an immigrant can. He was drawn to the swaggering style of Times Square, Hollywood movies, and the jazzy graphic style of the magazine ads. (He often cut out images from magazines.) In Holland, he told friends, a waiter would carefully pour out a cup of coffee, saving every drop. In America at rush hour, the counterman just lined up the cups and splashed the coffee down the row.

De Kooning had a great affection for American slang. "Terrific," he might say about almost anything, from a painting to a doughnut. Or, "I'm going to take a snooze." Or, "I'm not a—how do you say that?—a 'country dumpling.'" One of the things de Kooning liked about the painter Stuart Davis, whom he got to know in the 30s, was that Davis was always talking tough out of the side of his mouth, gangster-style. Part of the American assertion against the intellectual hegemony of Europe consisted in talking about ideas in this way. In the early 50s, artists and writers discussed the most important subjects in a slangy style.

De Kooning loved to make fun of too much reverence—"Michelangelo, he's terrific. [Pause] Muscle Beach." But de Kooning also brought a poetry, a beautiful allusiveness, to talk, saying penetrating but paradoxical things about art in particular that one could not quite wrap one's mind around. "An artist is forced by others to paint out of his own free will. If you take the attitude that it is not possible to do something, you have to prove it by doing it." Even if a work was made 5,000 years ago, de Kooning would talk as if the artist had made it yesterday—as if he wanted to ask the guy how he got that edge to do such a "beautiful t'ing."

De Kooning called himself, in his own painting, a "slipping glimpser." And his way of talking had that same fresh, slightly surprised quality: "Cézanne was always trembling, but very precisely." "The Greeks were hiding behind their columns." That is one reason poets were so attracted to him. De Kooning seemed to speak a partly homemade language, a slightly skewed English with a Dutch accent, which could not be confined to the straight and narrow. The painter Brice Marden called de Kooning's way of talking about art the "ruling koans" of the period. De Kooning once remarked to Jasper Johns that whereas Johns was a sign painter he was a housepainter.

De Kooning's way of talking was part of his style of living—a style, like his painting, that was much emulated. It seemed a wonderful thing to talk in the de Kooning way, particularly after struggling with one's art. De Kooning was one of the hardest workers of his period, a man utterly devoted to the difficult joy of painting. "Bill's work ethic was extraordinarily provocative," according to the painter Michael Goldberg. "You know how they talked about Cézanne as someone who always thought that his efforts never quite reached his aims? Bill had that quality. He was deeply dissatisfied." Even the photographer Robert Frank, no sentimental slob, would sometimes stare with awe through his own window into de Kooning's 10th Street studio and watch the painter pace in front of his easel, up and down the length of his studio, his head bent, his hands behind his back.

After a day's work, it seemed wonderful to take a stroll, in the de Kooning way, through New York. De Kooning embraced the city: he relished the newsstands, the cracks in the sidewalks, the billboards and lights, and helped establish the Village pride of the downtown artists. New York in the early 50s was no longer the same demoralized city it had been during the Depression and war years. Money was beginning to flow once

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again, but still not enough to corrupt. The sense of renewal was all the sweeter since the Depression remained fresh in many minds.

There were important figures, such as Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman, who were interested in creating an art of almost religious grandeur, of focusing and refining painting; but de Kooning never cared for the smell of a church. He found the idea of purity claustrophobic and constraining. He hated to leave anything out. The messy vitality, contradictions, and anxiety of the city excited him. "Art never seems to make me peaceful or pure," he once declared. "I always seem to be wrapped in the melodrama of vulgarity."

And it also seemed wonderful to uncork the day's tension, in the de Kooning way, at the Cedar. A dive of no distinction—which was its distinction—the Cedar had a narrow bar in front and booths with partitions in back where you could drink and eat bar food. The walls were a tobacco brown, and the light was a bilious yellow green. Framed English hunting prints hung on the walls. According to the painter John Sheehan, the bartenders, Sam and John, "had a disdain for artists."

"A decade-long bender," de Kooning's wife, Elaine, called the 1950s. Alcohol at first seemed a liberator, a way to celebrate after the Depression and the war. As usual with drinking, however, boozing at the Cedar was more fun in the early days. It could also be competitive. Pollock and de Kooning were regarded as great rivals; people would pick sides, Michael Goldberg said, "as if they were baseball teams." De Kooning and Pollock could also be good, sloppy buddies. A friend remembers seeing them wobbling together outside the Cedar, desperately holding on to each other.

Boozing provided a kind of permission—a way to challenge the containing edges, to release the genie inside. Pollock stood at the center of the romance developing in the 50s between alcohol and suffering. He set the fashion for a life lived on the edge. He would tear off the door of the men's room at the Cedar; he would ask a friend at a party if he wanted some air—and punch out the window. "You know more," he once told de Kooning, "but I feel more." De Kooning could also make his home in the philosophically charged gutter, but he had too much reserve, and too much wry humor, to match Pollock in this respect. De Kooning once named a painting—in a funny reference to the title of one of his favorite books, *Fear and Trembling,* by the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard—*No Fear but a Lot of Trembling.*

At a distance, even de Kooning's private life seemed a model of sorts. There were many women in his life during the 50s. Some represented flings, others more sustained relationships. This was no surprise. Artists, it was thought, were supposed to lead complicated private lives apart from bourgeois norms. Just look at the master, Picasso. What seems more interesting, especially for an artist whose life's work represents such a passionate affair with the female figure, is that de Kooning in the 50s appeared to cover the block—not like a tomcat but in the way of a man absorbed by all the various roles assigned to women.

To begin with, de Kooning had an extraordinary wife. In 1943, he had married a beautiful and high-spirited woman named Elaine Fried. A great talker in her own right, she became a critic and painter. (A fine collection of her writing was recently published by George Braziller.) In a macho period that was often hell on women artists, Elaine was one of those strong women who would go the boys one better. She had a quick wit and, like her husband, a flair for defining the style of the period. "Never scrimp on the luxuries," she liked to say. "The necessities will take care of themselves."

All her life—she died in 1989—Elaine was her husband's biggest fan, celebrating his work and behaving as if she had just spoken to him that morning. But the truth is that as early as 1948 they were mostly living apart. To many male artists, this surely seemed an ideal and very modern setup. Imagine being married to an attractive and powerful person who constantly praises and promotes you and your work, personally and to critics and magazines, and yet not be *really* married. Paradise? At least when seen from afar, as paradise always is.

De Kooning also had a formidable mother, who sometimes haunted her son during the 50s. When she visited de Kooning in 1954, they had some screaming rows, usually when she questioned him about his drinking. Although he did not talk about her much, his friends caught the glimmerings of a harsh and even desperate childhood—of an imperious, tyrannical woman of little maternal softness. They sensed that, somewhere in those ferocious *Women* paintings of the early 50s, there was a small and terrified boy. Elaine de Kooning once told the writer Curtis Bill Pepper, "That was no pink, nice old lady. She could walk through a brick wall." According to Elaine, Franz Kline, Pollock, and Bill all had tough mothers. "You can just see them on the prows of ships, breaking gigantic ice floes."

Among the other remarkable female figures in de Kooning's life in the 50s were three who seem to round out the artist's wide-ranging fascination with women. Unfortunately, they have typically been treated—in the press and in conversation among artists—as little more than caricatures. But each also reflected an important and different aspect of de Kooning. Each had a claim. The most colorful was Ruth Kligman, the woman with whom Pollock had a famous affair. In 1956, Kligman was in the car crash in which Pollock and another woman died. Her affair with de Kooning began two years later.

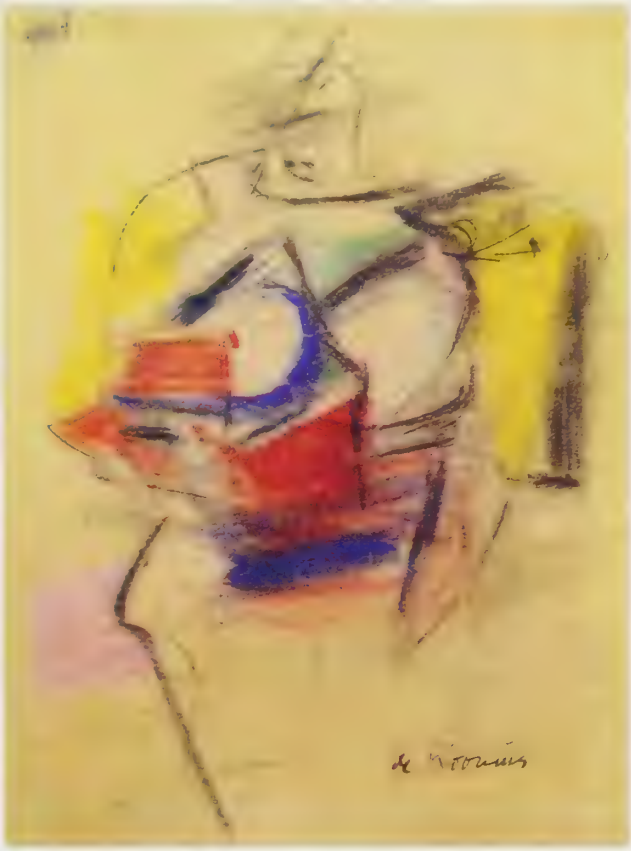
Kligman is often portrayed as a groupie and bimbo—sometimes as a dangerous bimbo. (The poet Frank O'Hara called her "Death-Car Girl.") De Kooning himself sometimes seemed surprised by their affair. "I always wanted one like her," he would say. "She really puts lead in my pencil." But Kligman was also a more interesting character than that suggests. For a while, de Kooning was entranced by her. Kligman, an artist herself, says that they could talk together through the night, that their affair was not just body-to-body. A man of de Kooning's spirit and intelligence, she says, would not have hung around for long with a bimbo.

In any case, Kligman put on one of the great shows of the 1950s. She reinvented the romantic 19th-century role of the artist's mistress. Kligman admired artists above all else; she wanted to play Camille Claudel to de Kooning's Rodin, to talk and inspire, to be the muse as well as the lover of genius. One artist said that Kligman had an amazing "Kiss me, my fool" look. She made herself larger than life, a woman who dressed extravagantly, provocatively, maybe a little trashily—a great version, in its way, of 50s movie-queen glamour. It's no surprise that de Kooning drew close.

If Kligman is frequently put down as a bimbo, Joan Ward, a far more important figure in his life, has generally been overlooked. De Kooning had an affair with Ward in the mid-50s; in 1956 she gave birth to the painter's only child, Lisa. A pretty, accomplished illustrator, Ward was relegated by much of the art world to the background, an "accident" in de Kooning's life, at most the keeper of the

house for the painter's child. This provides a fair indication of the value the art world assigned to mothers and children—to say nothing of its view of commercial artists. But after their affair, the role of mother-of-his-child was very important to de Kooning himself; he often complained bitterly that Elaine didn't want to be a housewife.

In the late 50s and early 60s, de Kooning tried to set up a household with Ward. He was not a man who could do that. De Kooning loved to be "in love," but love was best maintained at a distance. Living day in, day out with a woman led to haggling and arguments. During the course of his life, however, he returned to live with Ward and Lisa time and time again. "Bill had an intense distrust of women underneath," Ward says. "I wouldn't say he was madly in love with me, but I think he did trust me. He once said, 'You're so honest.' Then again," Ward says wryly, "another time he said, 'You're so devious.'" Smart, with a no-bull and no-nonsense attitude that appealed to de Kooning, she probably knew him as well as anyone in the world. But it was his daughter, Lisa, whom he cared about most. De Kooning was too absorbed in his art to be a particularly attentive father, but in the end Lisa was certainly the most important woman in a life filled with women—perhaps the only one about whom he finally felt no ambivalence. Today she lives with her family in a house built on her father's property in Springs.



Study for Woman VI, 1952 (pastel, charcoal, and pencil on tracing paper, 22 [illegible] by 18 [illegible] in.).

On May 4, 1959, an exhibition of de Kooning's work—the first important one in three years—opened at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York. The official opening was not until five P.M., but lines of admirers had begun to form before nine A.M. for previews. By noon most of the work had been sold. The five largest canvases cost $14,000 each, then a princely price for the work of a living American artist. (The record at auction for a de Kooning painting, set in 1989, is $20.7 million.)

Like the occasion itself, de Kooning's work was developing an air of almost imperial bravura. He was using very big brushes to create large, stroked forms. He liked to describe his admiration for the huge new highways then being built across the American landscape, and his brushstroke, as in *Montauk Highway*, passed through the implied landscapes in his paintings with the same sort of magisterial ease and right-of-way. "I'm just crazy about going over the roads and highways," de Kooning told the critic David Sylvester. "They are really not very pretty, the big embankments and the shoulders of the roads. And the curves are flawless—the lawning of it, the grass. This I don't particularly like or dislike, but I wholly approve of it."

For the first and only time in his life, de Kooning was also acting rather like a star. It was not until the mid-1950s, when he was 50, that he really had any money to spend. Now he had, if not a bundle, then much more money than he was used to. He started standing everyone to drinks. With Ruth Kligman on his arm, he was even starting to travel. They went to Rome, where the press treated them like glamorous honeymooners. De Kooning even bought a fancy Italian suit to add to his meager closet of painting clothes and throw-ons.

During this period, de Kooning also began the process of moving his studio. After leaving his Fourth Avenue studio, he had lived for nine years in an old railroad flat on East 10th Street. This street was now the center of a true "scene." Galleries were opening along it in the mid- and late 50s; those in the know would cruise the exhibitions. De Kooning's new studio was a large and spacious loft at Broadway and 12th Street, about four times larger than his old space. For the first time he got a telephone; he was nearing 60 before he ever had a phone. And he hated it, complaining to friends that if he had known that there was soon going to be a pay phone on the corner he would never have gotten one.

In the art world, there was now a creature of many heads called "everyone"—and everyone knew about the Cedar. In 1958, following a big piece in *Art News*, a bunch of Yale students wearing beanies piled in through the door. People from uptown, slumming around looking for action, would suddenly show up. De Kooning said he started to worry when a large man wearing a sombrero walked in and said, "Hi, I'm White Eagle. Who are you?" De Kooning would find himself surrounded by strangers hanging on his every word—and lots of pretty women too. When de Kooning went on a bender, according to Joan Ward, "alarm bells went off in these girls' rooms all over the lower Village," calling them into action. Another friend said, "Bill had to scrape them away."

He painted what he had to paint, when many believed that only abstract art could be "major."

DE KOONING

He was constantly written about. Two important critics of the period, his friends Thomas B. Hess and Harold Rosenberg, defined their personal critical visions through his work. Not only was de Kooning's art of passionate concern to them, but they also portrayed him as the period's leading figure or master. As the editor of *Art News,* the most influential art journal of the day, Hess made de Kooning seem all but inescapable, and was quick to damn other artists with faint praise by assigning them the role of followers of de Kooning.

The attention directed at de Kooning began to arouse resentments and jealousies. Younger artists who did not want to be "second generation" rebelled. Not only did they form new aesthetics—Pop, Minimalism, and so on—but they also sainted the safely dead Pollock and attacked de Kooning as what they did not want to be. This was a natural attempt to find some open space of their own. While Robert Rauschenberg, for example, was a passionate admirer of de Kooning's, one of his best-known early works is called *Erased de Kooning Drawing.* It took the young Rauschenberg a long time to work up the courage to ask the old man for a drawing to erase. Then he mumbled something about an unimportant drawing. De Kooning was not pleased: he understood perfectly Rauschenberg's iconoclastic, even Oedipal wit. But then, in a gesture of exquisite class, he told the younger artist that if he was going to do something like that, then he'd better go ahead and take a good drawing.

The old community of downtown artists was also beginning to dissolve. Until the end of World War II, the artists de Kooning knew were all frogs in the same small pond; some artists might be slightly larger than others, but they remained frogs. They were not innocent or naïve or sweet—it is a serious mistake to make a sentimental romance of that small pond. But there was simply not much opportunity to be anything but a frog. Now that some artists were being anointed with fame and money, the cruel distinctions—often absurd and unjust—began to cut to the heart of their traditional community. This was when the talk changed from art to money, galleries, attention. This was when people began to wonder whether it was talent or a gift for the art hustle that really counted.

This was also when even drinking began to divide people from one another. "We used to go to the Cedar Tavern and all the artists ordered beer," said the painter Conrad Marca-Relli. "Then, the moment you made it, you started ordering scotch or bourbon. That was a sign of first class versus second class." There was now drinking everywhere. An artist who attended a birthday party thrown for Lisa de Kooning in her father's studio remembers the ice-cream cake melting away, almost ignored, as the adults tanked up.

One day in 1959, an old and close friend of de Kooning's was standing in a secondhand-furniture store on the Bowery. The friend had been out of town for several years and had not seen how the art world had changed. "I was in the store and I saw a drunk standing on the street and pointing in the window and mumbling to himself. And I thought, God, I'd forgotten how horrible the Bowery is and how all these people are totally spaced-out at nine in the morning. And then the bum opens the door and starts calling my name. It was Bill, probably at the end of a week of drinking. I said, 'Oh, Bill, see you in a second.' He was having anxiety pains, which he thought was angina. He had literally slept in the gutter. Covered with dirt. It was very poignant, because I just saw this guy in the window, waving."

Some people who knew de Kooning early and well consider him an artist who burned for success in the art world, a rather Machiavellian figure who manipulated people in order to get ahead. Some think he was simply smart enough to let others—particularly his wife and the critics Tom Hess and Harold Rosenberg—do that for him. There are also those who consider him a genius innocent of any concerns but those of line, form, and color. If nothing else, these varied perceptions suggest how difficult de Kooning was to read, how much his reserve shielded.

De Kooning certainly had nothing against becoming a famous artist. After the war, he was envious when the collector and patron Peggy Guggenheim took up Pollock and Arshile Gorky, both then eager to make a splash; and he was angry that his close friend Gorky did not, in his view, promote him to his new rich friends. In the 1960s, after he had retreated to Long Island, the fashionable art world, then heading toward Pop, Minimal, and conceptual art, remembered de Kooning mainly to attack him—for being too European, for not quite "resolving" his pictures, for lacking the right historical irony. De Kooning sometimes took the rebuke hard. He once complained, when the conversation turned to Warhol and Warhol and Warhol, "*I'm* the hot potato!"

In fact, de Kooning always found fame more difficult than obscurity. Rising to the top merely delivered him to the bottom, to a bum's wave through a glass window. De Kooning began serious drinking only in the early 50s—developing alcoholism rather late in life—when the pressures of success and attention were mounting. He began to fear for his health. His heart would race; he worried about "palpitations." A doctor friend encouraged him to have a drink to settle his nerves, and the drink worked too well.

De Kooning could go weeks, even months, without alcohol. A classic binger, he drank when the pressures inside became unbearable. Then he disappeared for days on end. He was not alone, of course, in finding success a trial. To Rothko, the difference between high dreams and the tawdry art scene was one more unbearable misery; he committed suicide in 1970. Pollock already had the look of a man dying of alcohol poisoning before he was killed in the car crash. The genial Franz Kline relished his success (after one big show he bought a Thunderbird), but, despite the warnings of doctors, he couldn't, and wouldn't, resist the partying crowd. Kline's death in 1962 sent de Kooning on a desperate drunk; his worried friends finally found him coatless and trembling on the street. He refused the proffered coat.

To put it differently, this was not just kidding around. The artists who had paid their dues in the 30s and 40s may have longed for success, but they found that success when it came—whether desired or not, achieved or not—was finally irrelevant. It was not what made them work. They had been poor and unknown for too long. In fact, questions of success and failure only broke their concentration, disturbing the necessary solitude of the studio. Others might make a dream of de Kooning's persona—that handsome aura of the passionate, suffering genius—but de Kooning himself faced very real demons.

In the early 60s, when success and drinking made work almost impossible, de Kooning moved to Long Island. A friend encouraged him to settle in East

Hampton, but de Kooning didn't care for fancy moneyed people. (Once, when he was bicycling in East Hampton in the early 50s, a lady mistook him for her neighbor's "man.") Like Pollock and a few other artists who had moved there before him, de Kooning chose to live in Springs, the scruffy working-class section of East Hampton. He made a life there that contained some echoes from his Dutch background. He became obsessed with building a studio that had the air of a ship. The area's light and flatlands recalled Holland.

De Kooning's art began opening to the countryside, losing some city grit but gaining a more lyrical quality. He liked to ride his bicycle to Louse Point, a sandy spit of land that reaches into Gardiners Bay, to watch the reflections of water and sky. "Look at that," he would say to his daughter, pointing to a miraculous but subtle effect of light and color. Then, still staring at the horizon, he would move his painting hand through the air, very precisely, as if to capture the exact effect, letting out his breath in a very quiet and respectful *Sssssss*.

De Kooning painted almost every day, even as his mind faded. When people asked him how he was doing, he liked to answer with one of his favorite stories. "You know, it's like the old joke," he would say. "A man is standing by a window in the Empire State Building and all of a sudden he sees this guy named Jeff come falling by. So he says, 'Hey, Jeff, how you doing?' Jeff says, 'So far so good.'" It has been said that American lives have no second acts. De Kooning's has had many acts. He continued to challenge himself, kept working, staying with the paint despite that falling sensation. Somehow that seems more admirable than any persona—than any talk about "Abstract Expressionists" or "action painters" or "triumph" or "heroism." □

ARAFAT

(Continued from page 123) million people had turned out to cheer him—actually it was more adoration. People were struggling to touch the hem of his garments. After our plane took off, I said to him, 'You realize, of course, that once you go home you'll never get another reception like that.' He asked why and I said, 'Because you won't be a great romantic figure anymore. You'll just be the president of yet another tiny little Third World state.' The chairman was very unhappy to hear that. He went to the back of the plane and brooded for a long time."

Yet when I see Arafat five days after the Hebron massacre there is no sign he's troubled by all the criticism, no sign of brooding—he has no time for these things now. He's just received a delegation of officials from the European Union and given them a message for Rabin. As they leave, Palestinian leaders I last saw in Cairo and East Jerusalem troop into his office and take seats at the long table beneath his desk. "Four days, five hours sleep," one of them says, "and tomorrow morning the chairman wants me to fly to Europe."

Whatever their complaints about him, the behavior of the Palestinians shows what Israeli conduct still reveals: no one can come up with an alternative to Arafat's leadership. In the bloody mêlée following the Hebron massacre, even the survivors did what over the decades has become second nature to Palestinians: they telephoned Arafat, to seek his advice. For days they've been converging on Tunis, on this office, on this man. Nothing forces them to come here—or to obey the orders of a man sitting in an office 1,500 miles away from the homeland on which he has not set foot in nearly 27 years. Yet they do.

"One of the many ways Arafat is unusual as a leader is that he's often out of sync with those he leads," another top P.L.O. official explains. "But that's the chief reason he's still our leader. Months or years later, we catch up with him. We realize he was right."

As always in time of crisis, Arafat is a tornado—dispatching an envoy to Syria to confer with his arch-enemy, President Hafez al-Assad; sending another diplomat to New York to demand a special meeting of the U.N. Security Council. "I'm working day and night just to find some way to protect our people," Arafat says.

As he disappears into his office, the door locks itself with an electronic buzz and I realize I've been observing the answer to the question of Arafat's indispensability: he's the man who, whatever his faults, is never at a loss when all hell breaks loose.

But late at night, after the last delegations and telephone calls, one of his aides tells me, Arafat talks in a stream-of-consciousness way while he tidies up his desk, CNN still blinking at him from the other side of his office. If this is the end of it, if this is the end of me, so be it, Arafat muses. I will call all the Palestinians together in a new Palestinian National Congress. I will say: Peace has failed. I have failed. Judge me.

"Of course, everyone will cheer him," the aide says. "Everyone will say: Stay, our leader." The aide adds, "This won't be the end of Arafat. He will go on being the leader of a revolution even though failure will be a tragedy for Israel, and for him, and for every Palestinian." He then tries to put some spin on the story. "But what about Rabin? Arafat will have a future, but Rabin will have no future. He'll have to retire to some settlement and write his memoirs."

"What's been hardest for Arafat, since Hebron?" I ask.

The aide answers, "Talking with the mothers and wives and children of those who were killed."

Arafat has spoken with nearly all of them, the victims in their hospital beds and the bereaved in their homes. Everyone says the same thing: Please, Mr. President, stop the peace process. Please understand peace is impossible with the Israelis. Return us to armed struggle.

Arafat tells them things he is no longer sure he believes himself. "Your son was a hero," he assures a mother. "We are a nation of martyrs," he tells a widow, "I am so proud of your husband." "We are almost there," he says to a survivor. "You are a hero of Palestine, wounded in our most glorious battle."

When he puts down the phone Arafat is left to ponder the possibility that what he has said is not true, that an agreement will never happen now, that Dr. Baruch Goldstein from Brooklyn, New York, has determined the fate of Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin, of all the Palestinians and all the Israelis.

Think back to September 13. There, beneath a gleaming sunlit white portico of the White House, the handshake that thrills the world is being beamed to more than a billion TV sets. First there was the fall of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of the Soviet Union, then the end of apartheid in South Africa, and now generations of hatred between Israeli and Palestinian,

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between Arab and Jew, seem to be blown away too, in one telegenic instant.

This moment of historical grandeur is also a moment of personal vindication for Yasser Arafat. First secretly in the Oslo negotiations, and now publicly, in front of the whole world, the Israelis have done just what Arafat predicted: they have come to him, once their most hated enemy, to make peace.

Three months later, on the Sunday afternoon of the 12th of December 1993, the garden of al-Itahidiya Palace in Heliopolis, Egypt, is filled with a roseate sunset. As the sky begins edging into a chilly satin evening, the palace, like everything in Egypt, from the pyramids to the skyscrapers, looks as if it might collapse next week. But, like everything in Egypt, it will probably last 5,000 years.

Inside, about a hundred journalists and photographers are gathered behind frayed velvet ropes in the tacky, grandiose reception chamber, under a giant crystal chandelier. You could play a Super Bowl in this room. But—oh, this is a very bad omen—in the center of the immense chamber there is nothing but a single plywood lectern, with just one microphone. The presence of only one lectern means there will not be a joint Rabin-Arafat press conference, as planned. This means that tomorrow will not be the magic day, promised on the White House lawn, when Israeli military withdrawal and limited Palestinian autonomy begin in the Gaza Strip and Jericho.

Rabin walks to the lectern alone. "After more than 100 years of enmity," he begins, "a delay of one week is no setback for peace." The Israeli prime minister is a politician with the unfortunate talent of making clear how bad a situation is even as he tries to make things look good. "It will not take long to settle the remaining points," he continues. "Chairman Arafat and I will meet again here in Cairo in one week to sign the interim agreement." Then he corrects himself: "We will meet again in 7 to 10 days." He tries to finish with a display of confidence. "These minor delays are not important," he claims. "The important thing is that both sides are committed to peace. Both sides understand there is no turning back."

Rabin leaves. After a noticeable delay, Arafat enters. He looks as if a pyramid has fallen on him.

"You heard what the prime minister said," Arafat states. "We will be meeting again here in Cairo very soon."

Someone asks him what the reaction in the Occupied Territories will be to the delay. "Our masses support peace," Arafat replies before cutting the press conference short: "No more questions."



UNITED STATES
Rabin, Arafat, and the historic handshake at the White House on September 13.

"The Cairo Catastrophe." That's what Arafat's own negotiators called this disastrous encounter between Arafat and Rabin.

What went wrong? Who was to blame? Israelis were divided in their judgments, but Palestinians were unanimous: it was Arafat's fault. "There was absolutely no excuse for the chairman's behavior," one Palestinian told me. "We had briefed him very thoroughly on the correct way to deal with Rabin. He refused to listen."

Later, with the help of various Palestinians and Israelis, I pieced together what had happened. Following the normal diplomatic pleasantries, Arafat and Rabin disappeared together into a conference room. Alone—communicating with each other only in English—these two men somehow hoped, in less than two hours, to pick the nits out of all the disputes their most talented negotiators had not resolved in months of discussion.

"It was a superb opportunity to cater to Rabin's greatest belief," one Palestinian told me, "that peacemaking is essentially about moving around semicolons on pieces of paper. Had Arafat taken a very technical approach to the disputes, Rabin would have been charmed and we could have made a lot of progress."

Instead, according to another Palestinian, "Arafat subjected Rabin to a 40-minute outpouring about the suffering and injustices visited upon the Palestinian people. He even brought up Jerusalem. This is something you just cannot do with the Israelis at this stage."

Rabin, appalled by Arafat's performance, proposed they meet again in a week or so. Arafat, stunned his passionate soliloquy had not elicited an equally emotional breakthrough, reluctantly agreed. When the two men emerged, it was clear things had not gone well. "It's a pity we hadn't talked before," Rabin said pointedly. "Had I known the chairman better we might not have signed the Oslo accords."

"We had thought real negotiations would begin as soon as they came out of the room," said one P.L.O. official. "We had been waiting for hours to get down to work."

"It was Arafat's greatest screwup," another Palestinian negotiator told me. "No," he added, correcting himself. "His greatest screwup came two weeks later, when he derailed the peace process all over again."

The second Rabin-Arafat meeting never took place, because subordinates on both sides realized it was too risky to bring them together again until complete agreement had been reached. The summitry was bumped down one level, to Israeli foreign minister Shimon Peres and a skilled P.L.O. diplomat named Mahmoud Abbas, whom Palestinians call Abu Mazzen. The lower echelons also comprehended what both Arafat and Rabin later proved they simply did not grasp: time was running out. "We maybe have two weeks," one negotiator told me. "After that, God knows what will happen in the Occupied Territories."

More than two weeks passed before Peres flew to Cairo to meet Abu Mazzen, but the Israeli foreign minister arrived bearing an offer it seemed the Palestinians could not refuse. Peres had spent his time wringing concessions out of the Israeli Cabinet, bureaucracy, and military

concessions designed to placate Yasser Arafat. Most of these were symbolic, but it was Arafat's obsession with symbolism that had driven him to veto agreement after agreement. The Israelis took a conciliatory approach. Did Yasser want a Palestinian flag flying at the border crossings? O.K.! Did the P.L.O. chairman want a little more land around Jericho? Fine.

After nearly three days of the usual grueling give-and-take, Peres and Abu Mazzen gave a joint press conference. They were almost beside themselves with relief and glee. There had been, in addition to a host of tentative agreements on petty details, "a meeting of the minds."

But one mind had not been met.

Arafat, having pledged to maintain a serene distance, was in Khartoum, in the Sudan, on one of his constant rounds of airborne diplomacy. Flying back to Tunis late that night, Arafat directed his pilot to stop off in Cairo. Summoned to the Cairo airport for a three A.M. rendezvous with the chairman, the Palestinian negotiators, exhausted and euphoric, expected to have gold stars stuck on their foreheads. Instead, they were treated like errant schoolboys.

In a growing number of Palestinian minds, a horrible suspicion began taking full form: was their own leader trying to scuttle these negotiations, the Palestinians' best chance to get back some of what they had lost?

The questions fed the escalating tensions between what Palestinians call "the Inside"—Palestinians inside the Occupied Territories—and "the Outside," the exile leadership based in Tunis. The Inside was feeling betrayed by their chairman. "He promised us," one leader of Arafat's own Fatah organization told me in Gaza, "that on the morning of the 13th of December, for the first time in more than 26 years, the Israelis would be off our backs. It was like December 13 was our birthday and we'd been promised a wonderful gift. Then your birthday comes, and instead of a sports car, you get a beating."

By this point, according to public-opinion polls, Inside support for the peace process had dropped from 69 to 45 percent. On the Outside, within Arafat's own administration, confidence in his leadership had probably fallen even faster and further.

Caught between the unsatisfied expectations of both Arafat and people in the Occupied Territories, several negotiators told me the same story. Every time they submitted what they had negotiated to the leadership in Tunis, someone would contemptuously ask them, "What are these, the *Israeli* conditions?" At the Cairo airport, that was Arafat's basic reaction, though he did not use those words. He flew back to Tunis to convene a special meeting of the P.L.O. executive committee in that same office where I had met with him. Ranged along that long table, with Arafat up on his podium, it unanimously "rejected" the proposal. Fatally, there were not even a few words of praise for Peres and Abu Mazzen and no vague prediction of eventual success.

Then, without sleeping or stopping to reconsider, Arafat flew back to Cairo to deliver the bad news and complete the second Cairo Catastrophe. It was a classic example of Arafat's inexhaustibility. It was also his most stupendous blunder yet. At a stroke he crystallized all the doubts about his leadership, and all the anger about him personally, that had been mounting for months both Inside and Outside.

Even worse, he pushed Rabin into doing what Rabin and most Israelis find it natural to do when they think people are being unreasonable: hang tough. Faced with Arafat's rejection of the Israeli concessions, the prime minister decided to suspend negotiations for a while and let Arafat twist in the wind. "We are in the position of strength," Rabin announced. "Let them sweat."

Arafat's most fateful blunder was prodding Rabin into *his* most fateful blunder. Rabin's great strength is also his great flaw: he adores making tough decisions. He was at his best when he made the difficult decision to recognize the P.L.O. But it was also Rabin who decided to establish the first Jewish settlements in Gaza in 1975. Later, it was Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin who opted for the policy of "might, force, and beatings" to deal with the intifada—which radicalized more Palestinians than Arafat's hortatory faxes from Tunis ever did.

And it was Rabin's tough decision to expel more than 400 Hamas activists to Lebanon that did more to strengthen the Islamic fundamentalists than anything else in recent memory. Encamped on the Israeli border, the deported fundamentalists granted TV interviews and planned future activities in their tents. "We owe our unity to Rabin," one Hamas leader in Gaza told me. "Before he expelled us, I didn't know any of the Hamas leaders on the West Bank. They didn't know anyone in Gaza. Now we coordinate everything."

Following Cairo Catastrophe Two, Rabin decided to make another difficult decision, to hang tough once again. But, as would soon become evident, Israel wasn't in a position of strength in the Occupied Territories, where the last thing to do was to make people sweat. The intifada had shown long ago that no Israeli government could truly control the Palestinians. Rabin was soon to discover something else: no Israeli government could control the Jewish settlers either—a revelation that would plunge Israel into one of the great moral and administrative crises of its history.

A month after the second Cairo Catastrophe, negotiations on security issues were still going on in Taba, Egypt, on the Gulf of Aqaba. Under the cloudless cobalt sky the cold blue-black waters of the northernmost prong of the Indian Ocean cut through the stark, naked mountains of the Sinai and Arabian desert, a scimitar of blue. This elemental fusion of earth, air, and water is not pretty—it is achingly beautiful, a beauty so indifferent it leaves you speechless. No need to say: How small we are, how meaningless our quarrels, how stumbling our attempts to transcend them.

Geographically we're in Egypt. But Taba is right next to the Israeli resort of Eilat. Just beyond Eilat is the port of Aqaba, which is in Jordan; just beyond Aqaba, Saudi Arabia begins. From Taba you can see four countries, and if history and people had less of a penchant for dividing up the world with guns and barbed wire, this could be a fascinating nexus. Instead there are Jews who have spent their whole lives in Eilat, and Arabs who have spent their whole lives in Aqaba, without visiting the other town, just a few hundred yards away, because if anyone tried to cross from one town to the other over the barbed wire he would be shot. In order to get back to their homes in Jordan, Palestinian negotiators have to travel seven hours over the Sinai Desert to Cairo, and fly from there to Amman—even though you can almost swim to Jordan from here. No official spokesman will ever say anything more revealing about the Middle East conflict than this view.

In the Taba Hilton, the latest press conference is being held in the lobby, where the Israeli and Palestinian officials are outnumbered by the German tourists. When the disco music is turned off so the press conference can start, the tourists are not curious. It simply does not occur to them that there could be some connection between the Middle East crisis described in their newspapers and this interruption in their music. An Israeli attending the press conference is

envious of the German tourists. "They can take holidays from history," he says. "We haven't reached that stage yet."

Later, Nabil Shaath, a multimillionaire computer entrepreneur who is also the chief Palestinian negotiator, invites me up to his suite. I run the same questions past this eminent Palestinian that I've asked many other Palestinians. He answers the same way the stone throwers in Gaza do.

"Would it be fair to state," I ask, "that the chief reason the negotiations have not succeeded so far is President Arafat?"

"Yes," he replies.

"Would it be accurate to report," I continue, "that every time so far you have reached an agreement President Arafat has prevented it?"

Shaath inclines his head deeply, both in assent and fatigue.

"Has Arafat destroyed the peace process?"

"Not yet!" he laughs. "Of course, he still could ruin everything."

His good humor has been restored after a 20-hour day, soon to be followed by yet another trip across the desert to Cairo. "When people get angry at our chairman," he says, "they tend to forget something. They forget he's self-correcting."

Two days later, Arafat flew alone to Davos, Switzerland, to meet Shimon Peres, raising fears he was going to derail everything again. But Arafat performed superbly. He picked up the wreckage of the peace process and put it back on the track.

This was partly because, temperamentally, Peres and Arafat are much closer to each other than either of them is to Rabin. A Palestinian who has had the chance to observe Peres closely many times described him as "egotistical, vain. Convinced he is a great man and determined to prove it. Acutely aware his life is drawing to an end, and obsessed with leaving his mark on history before it does. In sum," the Palestinian concluded, "a wonderful peacemaker, a true hero of peace! He understands peace is about people, not paper."

Astute Israelis I met applied many of the same descriptions to Arafat. But the chief reason Davos went so well is that Arafat, too, understood time was running out. Realizing that rapport and momentum had to be re-established quickly, Arafat treated a delighted Peres to an extravagant display of classic Arafat charm. Whenever there was a TV camera in sight, he embraced Peres; he held his hand; he practically fondled him.

In Tunis I told Arafat I found the spectacle of his holding hands with Peres even more surreal than the earlier image of him shaking hands with Rabin. "Sure!" Arafat agreed. "That's politics, that's why I did it. What is it you say in English, media is the message?"

In private, Arafat now tried to make Peres an offer the Israelis could not refuse. In Arafat's hotel suite, on a pad of his official stationery, he started fiddling with one of his felt-tip pens, drawing maps of the Jericho area. Finally, he thought he had it, an outline of the P.L.O. enclave he was convinced Peres would accept. Later, in Tunis, Arafat gave me a copy of the same map he'd given Peres. I studied it closely. No doubt an expert in the political cartography of the West Bank could have discerned things invisible to me. But less than a real map, it seemed more an example of Abstract Expressionism—Yasser Arafat's graphic depiction of his eagerness, at last, to strike a deal.

"What was the Israeli reaction to your map?" I asked.

"Nothing!" Arafat answered. "I offered them everything. No answer."

Holding hands in public with erstwhile enemies, scribbling proposals on the backs of envelopes—for decades this has been how Arafat has kept the Palestinian cause alive, through charm and improvisation. But Arafat was right when he told me that a major part of the crisis was that he'd never dealt with Israelis before. When it comes to war and peace, Israelis such as Rabin don't want Abstract Expressionism—they want satellite imagery. So, in the sincere pursuit of peace, two different illusions of the way to make peace kept making peace impossible.

There was another illusion. "The Israelis believe every problem can be solved before it arises," a Palestinian negotiator named General Abdul Razzak al-Yahya told me one night in Cairo. "They have the illusion that every contingency can be worked out in advance."

Now in his late 60s, Yahya is old enough to remember the Palestine destroyed when Israel was created. He had no delusions. "As for my old home in Haifa," he told me, "let them keep it, let them enjoy it. But once we make peace, I'd like to look at the view of the Mediterranean again, and collect some wildflowers in the mountains. I would like to visit Israel as a tourist."

Then he said something that, in the later light of the Hebron massacre, seemed especially wise: "Nothing is going to turn out the way either side expects. Everything we negotiate will be the prelude to events no one can foresee."

After Davos, the two illusions struck a compromise. There would be no more attempts at emotional breakthroughs. But quibbling would stop; both sides would simply hammer out the agreements they should have months before. "We're all moving together in the right direction," said Hassan Asfour, a Palestinian negotiator who had played a key role in the Oslo breakthrough last year.

The negotiators were still moving in the right direction one week later—when the Hebron massacre occurred.

As the Israeli military convoy rattles down the rutted, muddy main street of Khan Yunis, the second-largest town in the Gaza Strip, the Palestinian schoolboy standing next to me undergoes a metamorphosis. He puts down his schoolbag and picks up a stone.

He then lets fly with accuracy and great force. The stone hits its target, the screened windshield of an Israeli jeep, and bounces off. The boy, a software geek, is wearing an M.I.T. sweatshirt, because that's the American university where he'd like to study.

It's between a bang and clack, this sound of Palestinian stones hitting Israeli jeeps you hear in the Occupied Territories—so often you stop noticing, the way you stop noticing rain in places where it rains all the time—except this time there's gunfire. CRACK! The Israeli soldiers have fired at the stone throwers, hitting someone; there's a glimpse of spurting blood. Everyone scatters, several people carrying the limp human form. The schoolboy picks up his books and walks into a video shop.

Inside, while he scans the martial-arts section, I ask the Palestinian student some questions, including what he thinks of Arafat.

"Arafat?" he asks. Before answering, he leads me out of the store, across the street, where some garbage is piled up against a wall covered with graffiti lauding Arafat, welcoming him home. But the graffiti is faded now and stained by urine. Only now does the boy provide his answer. He spits—directing this projectile with the same force and accuracy with which he threw the stone.

"Had the Israeli withdrawal begun, as promised, last December 13," a foreign-

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ıd worker tells me, "and then Arafat had ome here, there would have been an ex- ılosion of joy." Now people all over the Occupied Territories are worried about nother kind of explosion.

"I guess Arafat could come to Gaza," ne of Arafat's own supporters told me, "but to guarantee his personal security he would have to come in an Israeli heli- opter and be escorted by Israeli troops." Said another P.L.O. official, "Maybe it will be safe for the chairman to come iere in three or four years."

"When the Israelis pull out," an Arafat epresentative said, "we don't want a sec- ond occupation, by Arafat and he guys in Tunis. We want to e a real democracy, like Israel, iot another Arab dictatorship."

Like Israel! As I talked to Palestinians in the Gaza Strip, he West Bank, and East Jerusa- em I couldn't decide which was nore astonishing: that Arafat could have lost the support of so nany Palestinians so quickly or hat so many of them dreamed of a country "like Israel."

Israel, in fact, provides one of two sharply contrasting mod- ls for a resurrected Palestine. The other model is Islamic fun- lamentalism. Religiously and in nany other ways, the Palestini- ans are one of the most tolerant peoples of the Middle East. Not one in 20 really wishes to live under an Islamic theocracy—but this has not stopped Palestinians from appreciat- ing that Islamic fundamentalists, like Is- raelis, have virtues as well as defects. "They're honest; they're sincere. They suffer alongside the people," a Christian Palestinian on the West Bank told me. "In university and professional elections, many Christians vote for them, because they truly represent the people's frustra- tions."

In Gaza I attended a human-rights conference at the local Y.M.C.A. The topic was Palestinian—not Israeli—vio- ence. "We must purge ourselves of the notion violence is an acceptable political tool," one speaker said. "If we wind up repressing our own people after the Is- raelis leave, we will simply be continuing the occupation by other means."

Palestinians in the Occupied Territories are deeply concerned about "the intifada generation" the boys, now men, who came of age throwing stones at Israeli soldiers. It is these young men who will form the "strong Palestinian police force" that will replace the Israeli soldiers. "For them," one Gaza activist told me, "a man in uniform is someone who breaks bones and shoots at unarmed civilians. When they put on uniforms, will they act like the Israelis have?"

Many Israelis more or less hope so. Just before the Hebron massacre, Prime Minister Rabin said something that reflected the lingering Israeli belief that, even after they leave, the only way to govern Palestinians will be by force. Asked about Arafat's evident inability to control events in the Occupied Territories, Rabin replied, "Among the Arab peoples, there is no democracy. It's either totalitarian or authoritarian regimes. . . . Therefore, don't [compare] his capability at the present, while he is in Tunisia, to his capability once, in an orderly way, we transfer to him and to his people all the authority on the Gaza Strip . . . and Jericho."

> "We had briefed Arafat on the correct way to deal with Rabin. He refused to listen."

Amnon Rubinstein, one of the doves in Rabin's Cabinet, puts it this way: "We want the P.L.O. to police the Gaza Strip. I pray they can do it."

"You *like* Israel?"

My Palestinian friend was taken aback at what I'd just said. The Hebron massacre had confirmed his worst night- mare—that the killing would never stop, no matter what agreements the P.L.O. made with Israel.

I'd spent a month in Israel, and I told him that this time I'd found Israel more likable than ever before. "Most Israelis just want to live normal lives," I said. "More and more of them understand they can't lead normal lives until you do too. Yes, I enjoyed myself there."

My friend is now part of the Pales- tinian intellectual elite that over the years has had a strong influence on P.L.O. policy. But when we first met, nearly 25 years ago, he was a student at Oxford. At that time I thought all Palestinians were terrorists. But the first few I met in England argued for peace- ful coexistence with Israel. Far from hating Jews, they identified with the ex- perience that led to Israel's creation.

"I thought you were Jewish," I replied to the first person who told me he was Palestinian.

"That's because I'm a member of the Palestinian diaspora," he said.

The parallel between the Palestinian quest for a homeland and the Jews' own struggle to establish Israel, while not exact, is strik- ing. After the wars of 1948 and 1967, many Palestinian exiles found themselves in ghettos—refugee camps that, in some cases, became death camps. Oth- ers of the Palestinian diaspora, such as my friend, became mem- bers of a cultured, affluent, and far-flung elite. But whether they thrived or suffered, almost every- where the Palestinians went, es- pecially in the Arab countries, they were persecuted, convincing them they would never know real security until they estab- lished a homeland of their own.

The parallels keep deepen- ing. A month after Arafat's forces were driven from Leb- anon in 1982, more than a thousand Palestinian refugees were murdered in the Beirut refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila by Lebanese Christian militia- men allied with Israeli forces—twin massacres Palestinians called "our Masada." Today, pro-Palestinian politi- cal and fund-raising organizations in the United States are modeled on AIPAC, the Israeli lobby, and the Unit- ed Jewish Appeal. Many Palestinians compare Palestinian terrorists to mem- bers of Irgun and the Stern gang, such as former Israeli prime ministers Me- nachem Begin and Yitzhak Shamir, who resorted to terrorism in the struggle to found Israel. Today, as the P.L.O. is riven by disputes, like the World Zionist Organization before it, some Palestinian critics of Yasser Arafat compare him to David Ben-Gurion, who was far more successful in lead-

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ing his people in the struggle to establish the state of Israel than he was in governing it afterward.

For decades Israelis and Palestinians had something else in common: adamant rejection of the rights—indeed, the reality—of each other. But this has changed dramatically. People on both sides have laid the foundations in their minds, hearts, and daily lives for a peaceful future. I saw this everywhere I went in Israel. More than what politicians and experts said in interviews, the incidents of everyday life revealed how much, and how fast, Israel has changed.

One afternoon on the freeway between Tel Aviv and Herzliyya, the elite Israeli beach resort, traffic slows, then coagulates into gridlock. Mired in this traffic jam, along with all the Israelis with yellow license plates on their cars, is a Palestinian driving an old station wagon with the white plates that show he's from the Occupied Territories. Not that you need to look at his license plates. His car is festooned with Palestinian symbols: decals on the windows, a fringed Palestinian flag dangling from the rearview mirror.

Not very long ago, this man would have been stopped by the police and arrested. Instead, in the middle of this traffic, something revelatory happens: nothing. Israeli motorists who once would have been outraged at such a spectacle take no more notice of the Palestinian and his decals than he does of their I ♥ ISRAEL bumper stickers. As the traffic waits to move, the eyes of an Israeli driver and the Palestinian driver meet. There's no hostility in their eye contact. No gleam of brotherly love either. They're just two guys stuck in traffic. They exchange rueful shrugs.

In Jaffa, the old Arab city next to Tel Aviv, an Israeli friend tells me to meet him in front of a Palestinian bakery—"The best bread in Israel," he says. "Everyone goes there." After showing me the Jaffa flea market, he decides we should have lunch at a fish place. But there's a problem. He's parked his car next to the Jaffa mosque, and when we get back to the mosque, his car is hemmed in by Palestinian cars, many with Gaza plates. There's no way to move it. This is because it's Friday, the Muslim day of prayer. "We'll just have to wait until they finish praying," he says with a shrug. This man is about as far to the right within the Israeli political spectrum as you can get; he's against the creation of a Palestinian state under any circumstances. Yet, in his daily life, he long ago accepted the fact that, here in the heart of Israel, there are Palestinians, there always will be, and among their basic rights is the right to pray.

It's important not to idealize the living arrangements Israelis and Palestinians have worked out together. Most non-Jews in Israel consider themselves second-class citizens; the typical Israeli-Palestinian modus vivendi is one of indifference. Yet I met many Palestinians who discussed the various strata among Israelis far more subtly than I could. "Many of these settlers who kill us," one devout Muslim told me, "do not believe in God. That is why they commit these evil acts." He gestured to a passing Hasid wearing the black hat and earlocks and said, "That man looks strange to you because you, too, are an unbeliever. But he and I worship the same God."

Israel and the Occupied Territories together are so small that there's simply no way for Israelis and Palestinians to live

Credits and Fashion Information

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Pages 110–11: Dress from Charivari, N.Y.C., and Shauna Stein, L.A.; sheets by the Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 212-642-8700.
Page 112: T-shirt from A/X Armani Exchange, N.Y.C.
Page 113: Jeans from Agnès B., N.Y.C. and L.A.
Page 115: Robe from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion, N.Y.C
Page 121: Photograph from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Pages 134–39: Prop stylist for Cloutier.
Page 137: Shirt from Barneys New York, jacket from Paul Smith, both in N.Y.C., vest and shoes from the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills, tie from American Rag, L.A.; groomers for Cloutier.
Page 138: Shirt, trousers, and tie from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; vest and shoes from the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; jacket from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Page 141: Dress from OMO/Norma Kamali, shoes from Barneys New York, jewelry from Tiffany & Co., all in N.Y.C.
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Pages 152–53: Photograph, third from left, from *The Washington Post*
Page 155: Donna Karan outfit from Saks Fifth Avenue, earrings from Barneys New York, dress from Bonpoint, all in N.Y.C.
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Correction: The sheets on pages 124–25 of the April issue were incorrectly credited to the Ralph Lauren Home Collection

without their wires constantly crossing. Jericho, Yasser Arafat's putative headquarters on the West Bank, has the same telephone area code as Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's office in Jerusalem. Gaza is part of the same electric grid as Tel Aviv. Palestinian TV will reach almost every home in Israel, as Jordanian TV already does.

One night in Bethlehem, which is in the Occupied Territories but just over the hill from the Jewish suburbs of Jerusalem, I watch the Hebrew news on Jordanian television, then the Arabic news on Israeli TV. Jordanian TV runs an interview with Israeli foreign minister Peres, and the Israeli station broadcasts an Arafat press conference—both unthinkable in the past.

Then I tune in to Tel Aviv's go at *Saturday Night Live*. Besides the stand-up comics and rock musicians, this program has a special guest: Leah Rabin, wife of the prime minister.

"Will there be peace with the Palestinians?" asks the host, who is young enough to be her grandson.

"*Inshallah*," Mrs. Rabin replies in Arabic. "God willing." The audience is neither astounded nor appalled that the wife of the leader of the Jewish state should reply in Arabic. They just give her a warm round of applause.

Words, nearly as much as wars, measure the enmity of peoples. In 1989, Arafat startled Israelis, and Palestinians, by going on TV on the Jewish New Year and wishing Israelis well in Hebrew. Most Israelis dismissed the gesture as a cynical ploy; many Palestinians denounced it as a sellout. But words have a way of changing people without their fully realizing it—until leaders have the courage to proclaim what their people have already accepted within themselves.

In January 1993, Yitzhak Rabin's government decriminalized contacts with the P.L.O., an extraordinary act of political courage that cut the Gordian knot. Within a few months there they were, Rabin and Peres and Arafat, smiling and shaking hands on the White House lawn. For decades Arafat had been Israel's Public Enemy Number One. Now Israelis were being told by their own government that, if all went according to plan, in just three months Yasser Arafat himself would be setting up a P.L.O. administration in Jericho, a 25-minute drive from the Western Wall in Jerusalem.

Along with victory in the Six-Day War and Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, this was the most stupendous, and sudden, transformation of the Israeli political, strategic, and psychological landscape since independence. But from one end of Israel to the other, the day after was just like the day before. The vast majority of Israelis reacted as Palestinians did: with hope, or at least with acceptance. "It's amazing," a member of the Rabin Cabinet told me. "I walk down the street and hear Jews referring to him as Mr. Arafat." The whole landscape had changed, but the earth did not so much as tremble. Instead, Israelis, like Palestinians, sat back, watched, and waited for the miraculous Oslo-Washington timetable to unfold before their very eyes. As one young Israeli put it, "Are we so weak that letting Arafat come to Jericho will give us a nervous breakdown?"

Of course, all this was before the peacemakers squandered the momentum; all this was before the Hebron massacre.

The massacre forced everyone to ask the question neither side had seriously examined: Why is it that Palestinians and Jews act totally differently in the Occupied Territories than they do anywhere else? Gangs of Palestinian youngsters don't stone cars in Jordan or Lebanon, even if they live in refugee camps. And nowhere else do Jews walk out of their houses every day carrying assault rifles, ready to use them. But when you leave Israel and enter the Occupied Territories, you enter a world where the civilized norms do not prevail.

I say "leave Israel" deliberately. According to international law, U.N. resolutions, and Israeli law, the Occupied Territories have never been a part of Israel. Israel has never annexed the Occupied Territories, the way it annexed East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. It has never applied Israeli law there. Above all, it never extended Israeli democracy there.

And this is the answer that even the Israeli government could not deny any longer. Whether the Occupied Territories someday become an independent State of Palestine or remain forever under the military occupation of the State of Israel, no one living there will be secure as long as there is a double standard of justice. Until all the terrorists, Palestinian and Jewish alike, are disarmed and compelled to live under the same rule of law, it won't matter which flag flies—real sovereignty will lie with the political, ideological, and religious criminals.

"We must face tragedy with high spirits and not let this awful massacre defeat us!"

Arafat presses the mute button on the remote control; at the far end of his office, CNN falls silent. "I think we can save the peace talks," he says.

It's the same office, the same desk, the same time of night—but a very different Arafat. Now that everyone else is pessimistic, he's sanguine. He's also exhausted after nearly three weeks of nonstop work. Periodically he rubs his eyes and massages the back of his neck. At one point he stands up suddenly and I think he's ending the interview. "No, no," he says. "Keep asking questions, but I must stretch my back."

Prime Minister Rabin is in Washington, meeting with President Clinton. The United Nations is about to vote on the resolution concerning human security in the Occupied Territories that Arafat demanded weeks ago. Once again, Arafat is at the center of the diplomatic storm.

"Why are you so calm?" I ask Arafat.

"I'm used to facing troubles," he answers. "It is one of my character traits. I face crises without getting upset, but with—what's the word in English?—guts."

I ask him what his conditions are for resuming the peace talks.

"Not my personal conditions," he stresses. "Objective conditions, necessary to make real peace on the ground, between people, not just on paper." He ticks them off: an international or U.N. presence, as agreed in Oslo and Washington, to monitor security measures; "confiscation of the weapons of the armed settlers with the aim of preventing further bloodshed." The third condition: "The few fanatic settlers living in the center of Hebron should go live in another Jewish settlement. We are not demanding they leave the Occupied Territories. They can move to Kiryat Arba, just outside Hebron. I propose this as a simple security measure, necessary to protect lives on both sides. We want Jews, Christians, and Muslims to live peacefully in our territories just as they do in Israel. We say: Welcome everyone! But no guns."

To these three conditions he tacks on the "suggestion" that "Hebron, as well as Gaza and Jericho, should be patrolled by our Palestinian police force. This will help restore faith in the peace process and," he adds candidly, "strengthen my hand."

This remark opens the way to the major question that has shaped the peace process so far: Can talented, well-meaning, and flawed leaders like Arafat and Rabin learn from the criticism of their own people and from their own mistakes?

"God bless the man who criticizes me," Arafat replies. *(Continued on page 18)*



A drawing of Sir Harold Acton that appeared in the magazine *Isis* depicts the uniform he devised for himself at Oxford. The pants became known as "Oxford bags." *Left,* Acton in 1949, photographed by Cecil Beaton.

Sir Harold Acton

The wealth of Sir Harold Acton, who died in February at 89, came mainly from his American mother, but on his father's side he was a descendant of a dynasty of Neapolitan statesmen, and he was born where he died, at La Pietra, his magnificent Florentine villa. Educated at Oxford in the 1920s, he was the undisputed king of the aesthetes; his college friend Evelyn Waugh based a type of character on him in his novels which he called the "aesthetic bugger." In the 30s he lived in Peking, where he adopted Chinese dress and smoked opium, and then in the 40s he settled at La Pietra to reign amid his art treasures and to write books, including *Memoirs of an Aesthete*. There he received visitors with elaborate formality, beguiling them with his memories. He had wanted to leave La Pietra to his old Oxford college, but Christ Church was too poor or parsimonious to take it on, so he turned instead to N.Y.U. And if students strolling their new 57-acre Florence campus should encounter an immaculate old gentleman with a raised hat, bowing his head, they will know that they have seen Sir Harold's ghost.

ALEXANDER CHANCELLOR

ARAFAT

(Continued from page 185) "That is one of our famous sayings in Arabic, going back to the second caliph, Omar. Palestinian democracy is one of my shields. It is necessary that people criticize me."

"But when you see Palestinians burning you in effigy—"

"Lies!" he snaps.

"I saw it on TV."

"A provocation!" he says. "Done by certain Arab intelligence services who want to prevent peace."

"Syria?" I ask. "Iraq?"

Arafat waves away my words: "Next question?"

"Mr. Chairman, lately I've been thinking about you and Abraham, the Jewish prophet."

"Abraham was *everybody's* prophet," he says. "Abraham was the father of us all."

"Anyway, Abraham led his people across the desert."

"You've forgotten your Bible lessons!" Arafat wags his index finger at me. "Moses led his people across the desert."

"O.K., you're right. But my point is that while Moses led his people across the desert he never made it to the promised land himself. He saw it, but he never got there. Mr. Chairman, are you going to wind up like Moses?"

"Wrong again!" Arafat says, smiling indulgently. "Moses did get to Palestine once. He got married there. It was only when he got back to Egypt and started leading his people that all his troubles began."

"Just like you got married?"

Arafat is extremely sensitive about his private life, partly no doubt because his decision to take a wife, so late in life, compromised his legendary status as a leader "married to the revolution," totally dedicated to the Palestinian cause at the expense of any personal consideration. He's been known to terminate interviews simply because the subject was raised.

But this time he keeps smiling, relaxed. "Yes," he says, "I got married." Then he returns to the Moses metaphor. "His problem was that his people did not want to do the right thing. So they revolted. But our people understand what is happening. Our people are stronger than any leader—me or anybody."

"Look at the TV," he says suddenly. He's been keeping his eye on the television screen, which is behind my back. On the screen are Yitzhak Rabin and Bill Clinton. Arafat doesn't bother to turn up the sound.

"What do you suppose they'll be talking about in private?" I ask.

"Oh, Mr. Rabin will be up to his usual maneuvers," Arafat says. "How that man loves to maneuver! But now the time has come to stop maneuvering and make real peace."

It's no secret that Rabin and Arafat—unlike Peres and Arafat—dislike each other. But, as Rabin himself has said many times, you don't make peace with friends.

"Rabin," Arafat says, "wants to live in peace but he doesn't want to *make* peace. We want to live in peace too, but we can't do that until peace is made—created, wouldn't that be the better word? Hebron showed that."

"Your own Palestinian critics now say peace is impossible with the Israelis."

"Wrong!" Arafat says in the same tone of voice he told me I was wrong about Abraham. "Look at the Germans and the French. No one can tell me that Israelis and Palestinians are inferior to them. We can turn hatred into a better life together too."

He looks at the flickering image of Clinton. "After we all met in Washington," he says, "the United States heaped rewards on Israel for trying to make peace. We Palestinians want a reward too. We want arrangements that will protect us from being killed."

"Don't you ever wish you could escape all this?" I ask. "Don't you wish sometimes you could just become a normal human being?"

"No," Arafat answers. "This is my destiny. No one can escape his destiny. My only wish is to be beside my people, to share their sufferings and help as best I can.

"Those people in Hebron proved we Palestinians are not animals," he continues. "Hebron showed we are human beings. Now we must prove they did not die in vain. I must prove it." He gestures toward the two men on the television screen. "They must prove it. You know how little power I have, in comparison to Rabin and Clinton. Now it is up to them to do the right thing. I have done all I can during these terrible weeks to keep the possibility of peace alive."

One of the great sacrifices Arafat has made is his own popularity. As one Palestinian tells me in Tunis, "All he has to do to make himself a hero again is make one ranting speech denouncing the Israelis and the Americans and exhorting every Palestinian to take a Jewish eye for every Palestinian eye. This," he added, "the chairman will not so much as consider."

The last time I met him in this office Arafat doubted he would make it to Jericho. Now I point to the big photomural of the Dome of the Rock behind his desk. There's no need to verbalize the question.

"For sure!" he answers. "Sooner or later, I am going to pray in that holy mosque. I know it for sure.

"That time we crashed in the desert," he explains, "two visions flashed before my eyes before I lost consciousness. One was that golden Dome in Jerusalem."

The other?

Arafat points to a poster on the other side of the room. It shows many of the co-founders of al-Fatah and the P.L.O., all dead now—some killed by Israelis, others by various Palestinians and Arabs. "I saw their faces too as the plane crashed," Arafat says. "So I knew: I will survive this crash. I will live to redeem the sacrifices of all our martyrs. I will continue on this march with my people until we pray in Jerusalem."

"Mr. Chairman," I ask, "what's the end of my story? Are the peace talks going to be resumed?"

"Stick around," says Yasser Arafat. "I have great expectations. But Mr. Rabin and Bill Clinton have destinies too. Anyway, please explain this to your readers: in my line of work, you never stop, and you never give up hope." ■

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Vanity Fair (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Si Newhouse, Jr., President; Steven T. Florio, Executive Vice President; Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President; Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Publication Mail No. [illegible] Canada Post International Publications Mail Product (Canadian Distribution) Sales Agreement Number 1[illegible]. Subscription rates: U.S.A. $[illegible] for two years; $[illegible] for one year. Canada $[illegible] (GST R[illegible]) for two years; $[illegible] for one year. Single copy: U.S.A. $[illegible]; Canada $[illegible]. Foreign subscriptions and orders, except Canadian, $[illegible] for one year, payable in advance. Payment in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank. Please allow 4 weeks for processing of change of address. Please send both old and new addresses. Address all correspondence to: *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Manuscripts and photographs submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, or other materials.

Subscription inquiries. Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322.

Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Thanks to Venus, on the surface you may appear quite sane. Underneath forget it. If you took your rage and confusion to the limit, the police would probably have to be called in. But unless you're a Tibetan monk, leaping into the void could be dangerous now. The moon's south node in Taurus, which will last for another year, is partially responsible for your wackiness. On top of that, the new moon and Mars in your 12th house in mid-April could send you into orbit for weeks—good news only if you are an astronaut. So rediscover God or stay in therapy—or both.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

It would be more fun to stick your head in a bucket of Krazy Glue than be smothered under rules made over martinis and cappuccinos by a bunch of stuck-up executives. When you look at it astrologically, with Saturn in your 10th house, some big decisions governing your fate are probably going to be fueled as much by alcohol and caffeine as by good judgment. The minute you have a chance to get out from under the heavy thumb of management, go for it. Don't burn your bridges quite yet, though. You may need a favor from one of those control freaks at the top.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

You may indeed be ruled by soft moonlight, but how long would you be happy out on that peaceful lake you dream about, with no sounds but the *plip, plip* of the water against the side of the boat and the call of a lonely loon? It's been hectic with Uranus and Neptune opposing you, causing some nutcase or other to be constantly changing the rules on you. Get political. Keep your shoes on your feet and your head on your shoulders. Remember that winners fight when they have to. With Mars overhead, you can't just click your loafers together and land in Cabo San Lucas.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

You need time alone once in a while to sort out feelings and figure what to do next, and you can't do it simply by sprawling on the couch and watching Court TV. While 1994 will be the year to mend fences in your own backyard and deal with domestic challenges with vim, if not with total vigor, for the moment there's action abroad. Sooner or later you'll have to take the heat for whatever goes down at home, but for now, what the hell, just jump into the mouth of the nearest cannon, have somebody point it toward the East, and whammo! GO!

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Saturn is teaching you how to be loyal to those who definitely don't deserve it, how to have compassion for those who cannot hear your sweet, helpful little words of wisdom, how *not* to be dragged into the riptide by drowning swimmers, and, above all, how to control yourself, not others. Face it: you have needs. Passion is not merely something nuns confess to dreaming about. Right now you have to figure out a way to act on your higher motives of service while still satisfying a demanding sexual appetite, which, yes, even Virgos have.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Be honest, now. When certain individuals get aggressive and start attacking other people, does that turn you off? Or does it turn you on? Whichever, with Mars transiting your 7th house for six weeks beginning in mid-April, you need a little jab now and then. It's good for the soul, and it can actually put a bit of hot zip into an old relationship. Oh, you can't stand strife? It reminds you too much of screaming matches in your childhood? Some people firmly claim that you are drawn to the fray, need the sparks flying, and even create rage in other people.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Nobody had to tell a great artist like Michelangelo to put a little red here, a little blue there, round off the arm or square off the chin. But even Michelangelo, after his death, came under censorship, when the authorities barged into the Sistine Chapel and ordered that draperies be frescoed over the private parts. Geniuses like you have an instinct for purifying their creative urges. But take a hint from Michelangelo and clean up your act. Make a ferocious attempt to work hard, and remember that proving you are a genius doesn't mean you have to use your teeth.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

If you were going to get a grip on yourself right now and be good, with Saturn in your 4th house, you'd spend all your time feeding the hungry, peeling potatoes for the worn-out single mom upstairs, or running to the grocery or liquor store for the ailing senior citizen downstairs, and never, ever make a peep about *your* needs. Feelings? You shouldn't have any, because feelings always screw up the works. Well, with Mars entering your 5th house on April 14, your feelings are apt to be more overt than a centerfold in a naughty magazine.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

There's bound to be a hot time in the 4th house this month. "Daddy" is getting tired of "Baby"'s lack of discipline. "Baby" thinks "Daddy" is a selfish, narcissistic, thoughtless, inconsiderate, controlling, hurtful, and charming-when-it-pleases-him manipulator. "Daddy," on the other hand, thinks "Baby" is inconsistent, undependable, erratic, sneaky, rebellious, outrageous, and absurd. In the end, love may conquer all, but in the meantime you had better get straight in your mind just who is playing "Daddy" and who is playing "Baby."

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

The benevolent universe that New Agers talk about hasn't exactly been following your directions to the letter, has it? Mice and men have had better luck laying their plans than you've had dealing with Uranus and Neptune in your 12th house. Don't sweat any of it. Let people plot everything from voting you out of the company to surgically altering your behavior. When Mars enters Aries on April 14, show them all that nobody bosses you around. Whatever you do, don't start thinking that Big Brother controls everything right down to who sits next to you on the plane.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Haven't you had it with the cynics who won't accept that you've turned over a new leaf, who believe that you are still existing on cigarettes or worse? That's so unfair. Your life is much more than one long recovery program punctuated by periods of backbreaking work. With Saturn in Pisces and Mars in your 2nd house, you're trying to stay motivated, freshly showered, and poofed up with enough powder and spray to make it appear that you give a damn. And it will work as long as you don't start thinking. In a hundred years, who's gonna care about any of this?

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

You were born to pass on the right, shove your way into parties you weren't invited to, and loudly bitch and moan about everything. Oh, there are some Aries wusses in the world, but your true path is the one you hack out of the jungle with a machete. No curtsying before the queen or hanging around hospitals for you. And a preoccupation with failure is certainly *not* your style. You could consider turning things over to a supreme being, but with Mars in Aries from April 14 on, you're more likely to give the supreme being an elbow in its divine ribs.



As a man who has devoted his life to women, Oleg Cassini has paid them the ultimate tribute with Cassini, the fragrance collection. Discover the intoxicating allure of Cassini. Sophisticated and seductive, it is a warm and harmonious blend of Patchouli, Iris and Amber combined with the voluptuous aroma of Osmanthus flowers, Jasmine and Bulgarian Rose. Cassini skillfully combines timeless elegance with sensuality in this highly concentrated perfume collection which comes alive on the skin. Cleanse and soften with the Perfumed Soap or Bath and Shower Gel (which can also be used as a Shampoo). Gently caress with Body Lotion or luxurious Body Cream and seal with Talc or Dusting Powder containing minute gold flecks to leave the skin shimmering. Finish with the fragrance itself – it is pure liquid gold...

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Social Study

Penny Marshall



When Laverne took a career turn and became a director, some were in doubt. But today Penny Marshall is one of Hollywood's most bankable talents and, as she proves in her latest film, *Renaissance Man* (and *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire), one of its star wits

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Making love endlessly with a man with a sense of humor—or a foot massage.

What is your greatest fear?
Not finding perfect happiness.

When and where were you happiest?
I'm still waiting.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Which one said, "Off with their heads!"?

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Being obsessive—it makes me tired.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Could you get me a . . . " (fill in the blank).

What is your most marked characteristic?
Smoking, whining, menstrual trouble, dental problems.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Intelligence; pride (especially about not smoking).

On what occasion do you lie?
Never, none, sometimes. I'm lying now. When I don't want someone to know the truth.

Which living person do you most despise?
Whoever keeps saying our earthquake wasn't the Big One.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Tracy, my daughter, and Spencer, my grandson.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Raising a daughter who doesn't hate me.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My face and body, my age, my mortality, my release date.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Good gums for everyone—it's a family problem—and a tendency to whine.

What is your most treasured possession?
My friends, and most of them are possessed by something, and my Handel lamps.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Dating, relationships, editing, screenings, and parts of this interview.

What is the quality you like most in a man?
Brains, humor, kindness, unmarried.

What is the quality you like most in a woman?
Same, but I don't care if they're married.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Dishonesty and grandiosity. Also, politically correct people scare me.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To sing—I think it's the highest art form.

Which living person do you most admire?
Anyone who sings.

Who is your favorite hero in fiction?
Nancy Drew.

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How would you like to die?
After doing something heroic, I die in my sleep.

What is your motto?
"Thank God that's over."